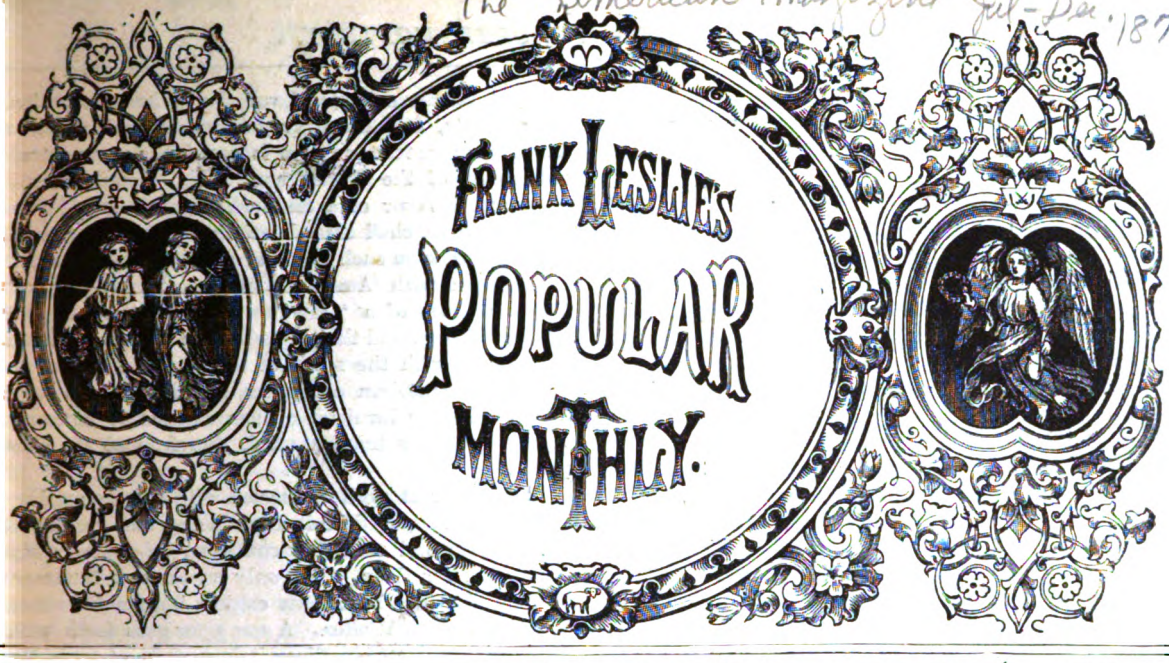
The University of Chicago
Libraries

RECEPTION OF HERNAN CORTES BY THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA.

The American magazine Jul-Dec. 1878



VOL. VI.—No. 1. JULY, 1878. Pd vols in stacks $3.00 PER ANNUM.

SMUGGLING IN THE UNITED STATES.—SMUGGLING HAVANA CIGARS IN NEW YORK BAY—PICKING UP THE BAGS.

AP2 A4 v.6

SMUGGLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

ITS EXTENT, ITS PERILS, AND ITS PENALTIES.

SMUGGLING is the clandestine introduction of prohibited goods, or the illicit introduction of goods by the evasion of the legal duties. Excessive duties present a temptation to men to evade them; and the law loses a great part of its moral influence when it first tempts to violation of it, and then punishes the offense.

The crimes and moral evils which are the offspring of smuggling can only be prevented by a wise tariff. It annihilates a traffic which no ingenuity can put down; for all experience proves that, so long as a profit can be made by smuggling sufficient to counterbalance the risk, it will flourish.

From the earliest days of the institution of import and export duties by governments, unprincipled men and women have been prompted, by greed of inordinate gain, to devise means of evading the payment of Custom House duties. Cunning, ingenuity, lying, deception—schemes so wily as to outwit the sharpest of sharp experts, culminating not unfrequently in murder—have been resorted to.

The record of the dodges and subterfuges brought into requisition by smugglers would fill volumes. The catalogue of offenders would include all classes of society, from the aristocratic lady who endeavors to "run" her diamonds, gloves, and laces, from the superb state-room of an ocean steamer, to the desperado who haunts the lonely bay and unfrequented inlet, seeking his prey by sea and land, like some amphibious and uncanny animal.

The history of smuggling would abound with humorous and ludicrous incidents, and present many thrilling scenes of daring, many ghastly records of blood and shame.

The great centres of smuggling in the United States are New Orleans, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and New York. Considerable "running" is also made by the "underground railway," as the system adopted by the smugglers on the Canadian frontier is termed; the operators of this system being largely in the confidence of a certain class of mercantile men, while it is alleged that an extensive capital stands behind it.

The great inducement to smuggling is the tariff. If the tariff of a country is high, the gain to be derived by going behind it will be great; if low, the profit will not be worth the risk.

On passing the Straits of Gibraltar, it was formerly the practice of vessels to stop at the Spanish town of Tarifa, and to pay certain tolls or duties on their cargoes; hence the word Tariff, which term, as understood in the ordinary commercial intercourse in this country, means the rate of custom duties imposed by our Government on articles of foreign merchandise imported into any port in the United States.

These rates are fixed by Congress; and it has heretofore been the policy of the Government to change these, from time to time, according as the revenues of the country demanded, or the interests of certain branches of American manufactures or industries required, the fostering aid and protection of the Government. The numerous changes which have been made in these laws, and which are still being made—repealing portions of former laws by implication, and by implication leaving other portions unrepealed—render them frequently obscure, and their application, especially to undefined and non-enumerated articles, often very difficult.

Importing merchants, as a class, are in favor of free trade, or a tariff of duties which shall be uniformly imposed, without discriminating in favor of any home manufactures or products, and the aggregate amount of which shall afford no more revenue than is requisite for the actual current wants of the Government. The manufacturers, as a class, are in favor of a tariff which, while it will give adequate revenue, shall also discriminate by imposing higher rates of duties on such kinds of foreign goods as enter into competition with American manufactures or products. The advocates of a "low revenue" or "non-discriminating" tariff, contend that the adoption of their system is in accordance with the spirit of the age, is essential to the success of American commerce, and is due to the community at large, as furnishing them articles of necessity and of luxury at the more natural, therefore at the cheaper, prices.

There is great peril connected with the smuggling life, and the men engaged in it are a daring and reckless class. The dangers and risks they run seem to possess a strange fascination for them. Not only on the soft Summer seas do they ply their hazardous calling, but amid the marrow-chilling blasts of Winter. A smuggler goes forth with his life in his hand, and he flings it down as his stake in the terrible game he elects to play. He will part with it in a desperate effort to retain his ill-gotten prey; nor will he hesitate to spill the blood of his opponents, should the exigencies of the occasion demand it. One of our illustrations represents the tragic end of a revenue officer, who, having captured a smuggler, was conveying him to the revenue cutter, when the ruffian suddenly seized the officer by the neck, and plunged overboard with him. The smuggler, an expert swimmer, regained the boat and escaped, but the officer sank beneath the water, and was lost.

The extent of smuggling, and the consequent loss to the revenue of the United States, cannot, from the very nature, and, doubtless, from the magnitude of such operations, be enumerated in figures. The facilities for smuggling on our extended and varied frontier are so great as to make it a physical impossibility to exterminate the smugglers. The Government does much, but all that it can do is threaten, and when a good case is "dropped upon," to make such an example of the delinquent as to deter others from following in his or her footsteps.

"No one," said a high official, alluding to the facilities for smuggling on our coast, "can fully realize them, who has never traveled along our northern boundary, from Eastport, Me., to Port Angeles, W. T., a distance of from 3,000 to 4,000 miles, or who has never attempted to stop blockade-running along our southern coast. But, perhaps, after all," he adds, "the port of New York—a labyrinthine world of itself—affords as great, if not greater, facilities for defrauding the revenue, by evading special payments of duties, as any other locality; and I have reason to believe that the most of what is done there is done on a large scale."

With a view to prevent smuggling, the Government maintains a fleet of steamers called the "Revenue Marine," three of which are attached to the port of New York. One of them, the *Grant*, is used in taking the inspectors along the coast, at stated intervals, on tours of inspection. The *modus operandi* of Revenue Marine at the port of New York is thus described:

"The inspectors and special agents and detectives are required to assemble daily for duty at the Revenue Barge office, a small building located at the Battery, at the southern extreme end of New York City. There one of the two tugs kept for boarding purposes is always in waiting. When a steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook as entering the harbor, the tug steams up, and, with its detail of inspectors, varied in number according to the size and character of the steamer arriving, puts off to meet the

Lib Per.

spoken vessel. When the two meet, the steamer, recognizing the revenue flag, with its vertical stripes, at once comes to. The tug runs up alongside, and the inspectors march boldly on board—that is, most of them; but one, at least, of the more experienced detectives *smuggles* himself on board unobserved, and at once mingles amongst the passengers. He observes the actions of each, and picks out, with educated eyes, every smuggler on board. The old ones he knows; the amateurs betray themselves by manner, if not by word.

"In the meantime, the chief of the inspectors has examined the passenger-list, and is prepared to begin an examination of the baggage. On reaching the dock, communication with the shore is prohibited; the passengers become prisoners, and baggage, for once, takes precedence of owner. When all the baggage is on the wharf, the examination begins. Owners are called upon to point out their trunks. The keys are demanded, and the contents examined.

"When the passenger is suspected by the special detective, who conveys his suspicion to the inspector by signs, or by the inspector himself, in consequence of nervous manner and uneasy movements, the trunks are searched a second time, more thoroughly; or, perhaps, the person of the passenger is also examined, or 'gone through.' Where nothing contraband is found, the trunks are passed through the gates of the dock, and the passengers are at liberty."

The number of Custom House inspectors on the docks at New York, for the purpose of protecting the revenue interests, is 269.

Many persons returning to our shores bring contraband articles with them which they declare in due form, and for which they pay duty. The amount thus collected by the officers on the dock in this port amounts annually to $150,000; whilst the sum paid on goods sent to the stores, the parties being unprepared to pay the duty on the dock, amounts to $50,000.

The annual number of cases of smuggling detected at the port of New York is on the decrease. In one year to July, 1873, there were 511; in '74, 608; '75, 416; '76, 333; '77, 361, and '78, to May 24th, 365. The sudden falling off in detection is attributed to the operation of the Anti-Moiety Act, of June, 1874. Prior to the passage of this act, the person making the seizure became entitled to one-fourth of the gross receipts, if less than $500 in value, and if over that sum, to one-fourth net.

When a seizure is made, the articles seized are at once conveyed to the seizure-room in the Custom House. Suit is then commenced by the District Attorney against the goods; the United States Marshal advertises the fact, and fifty days from date of advertisement, the goods are sold to the highest bidder. Under the provisions of the Anti-Moiety Act, the Secretary of the Treasury has power to recommend the outsider or officer who physically effects a seizure to be paid one-fourth of the *net* proceeds of sale; but this sum, after the deduction of all expenses, in addition to the full duties, simply means *nil;* and the inducement to immediate personal exertion having been removed, the especial feature in the service is more or less emasculated.

The law prohibits the importation of less than 14 gallons of liquors, or of 12 quart bottles, or 24 pints, and less than 3,000 cigars. When the law is violated in these cases, by the attempted introduction of a quantity of liquor or tobacco less than prescribed by the statute, the goods are seized, and, if the smuggle is done in ignorance, subsequently released on a payment of a fine equivalent to the duty.

The information as to a proposed "run," usually comes to the Custom House authorities anonymously; but, as many dark hints are thrown out as mere blinds, or to fling the officers off the right scent, all such communications are received under reserve, and acted upon according to the reasonings of the experts.

The Seizure Room at the Custom House at New York is a large circular apartment supported on groined arches, known as "The Crypt." It is jealously guarded by iron gates and iron railings, and in order to enter its sacred inclosure, the visitor must pass the lynx eyes of the Superintendent, who sits Cerberus-like at a desk close to the entrance.

Around in luxurious profusion lie boxes of cigars, and *such* cigars! cases of brandy, barrels of gin, baskets of wine, boxes of gloves, immense cases of linens, packages of cigarettes, and other commodities, against the introduction of which *minus* the payment of duty, the stern tariff bars the passage.

With a duty on cigars of $2½ per pound, with an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent., on silk of 60 per cent., on gloves of 50 per cent., the inducements to "trust to luck" are particularly inviting.

Upon the occasion of our visit to the Custom House, Captain Brackett, through his "reserve men," had just made a seizure of 14,000 cigars. These genuine Havanas had been flung overboard from a vessel trading between Cuba and New York, in india-rubber bags, each bag containing 2,000 cigars. Some few boxes were slightly damaged by salt sea wave; but as the bags were constructed so as to float with the opening about three inches above water, except in a boisterous sea, they may be considered waterproof.

Cigars costing $60 in Havana, will fetch $120 in New York; and Captain Brackett assured the writer that from 7½ to 10 per cent. of the entire importations are smuggled. About 70,000 cigars are "caught" each year, the average value being $150 per 1,000. The best quality of cigars alone is smuggled, as the specific duty is the same on good and inferior.

An old cigar smoker, a man who has placed more contraband tobacco upon the market than any half-dozen of the experts engaged in the illicit traffic, thus relates the *modus operandi:*

"To make the thing safe, I had to square captains, officers, and deck hands sailing between this here port and Havana, and make individual arrangements with them to buy a certain brand of cigars. I have invariably found the captains the most difficult to approach; but when I succeeded in getting a captain to 'see 'em in,' I felt secure; for the captains are least liable to suspicion. The captain once secured, I then felt safe in dealing with the officers and men; allowing a per centage of from $1 to $2 per hundred cigars, according to circumstances; but always, of course, making the best terms I could for ourselves. I found on many occasions that the firemen on board the steamers were safe accomplices. They have better facilities for stowing away the cigars than many of the officers have, and they are, besides, generally satisfied with a percentage of $1 a hundred. For instance, a fireman can readily hide from 500 to 1,000 cigars in the coal alone, not to speak of the several nooks and corners at his disposal. The next act in the programme was to start down the Bay a few days before the vessels we were in trade with were expected to arrive at quarantine. This had to be done under all sorts of pretenses, and every imaginable disguise in order to deceive the revenue authorities. Fishing was a favorite amusement with our boys while looking out for the incoming Havana vessels, and spotting the revenue cutter.

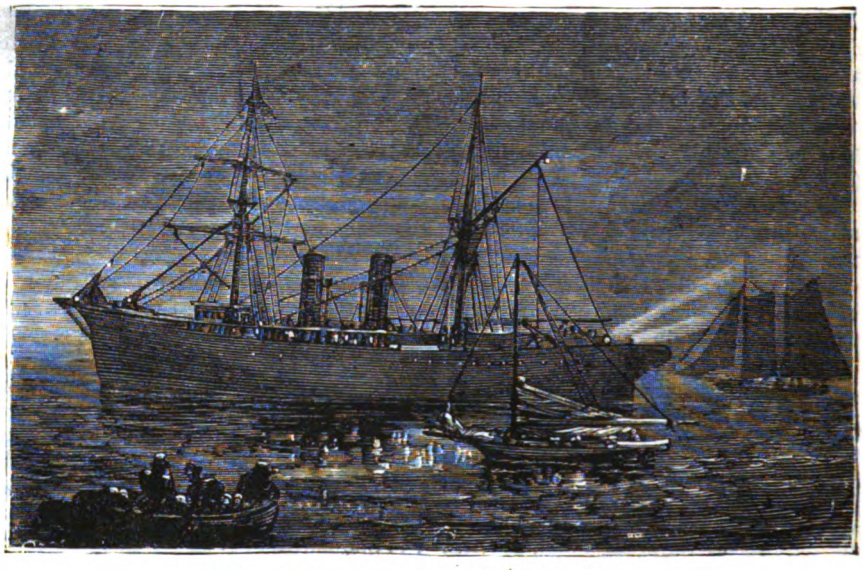
During the daytime we used often to land, and have a

SMUGGLING IN WINTER.

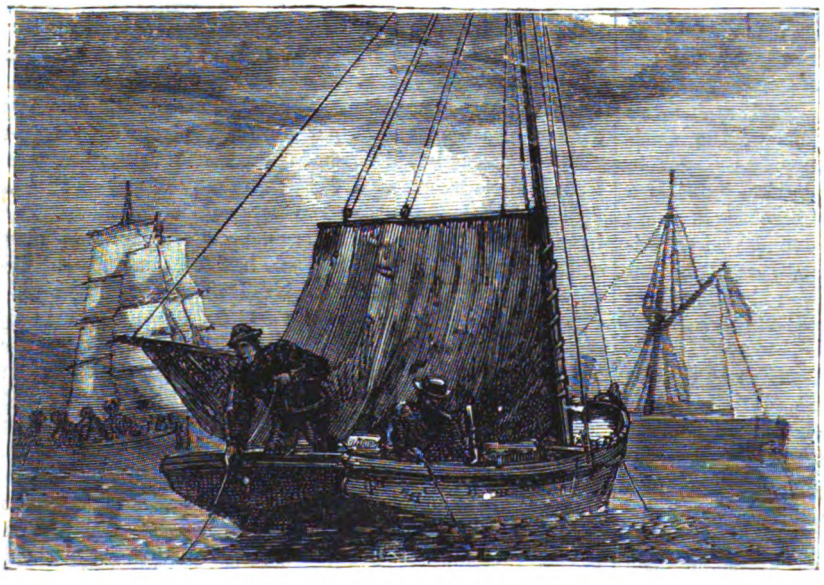
good time at various places along Bay Ridge and Staten Island, and in that way throw the the revenue officers off their guard. But we never landed in the night-time, unless compelled to do so by a storm, and then we hugged the shore, or took shelter under some of the rocks that overhang it. Then comes the work of taking the cigars from the incoming vessels without being detected by the revenue officers. Sometimes this is easy enough when the revenue officers board the particular vessel that we are expecting, and having searched her, they leave. Then our friends on board throw out signal lights indicating that the coast is clear. If the officers hang on to a vessel, the signals tell us so, and we let the vessel slide, taking our chances that our colleagues on the wharf will be able to land the goods.

"I should have said before now that there are three classes of cigar-smugglers, namely: the run smugglers, the wharf smugglers, and the chance smugglers. They are all in league with each other, but each class has its own particular line of business. The run smugglers have always friends on the wharf, and at certain places on the North and East Rivers.

"Well, if the signals tell us that the coast is clear, we put for the vessel by a route suggested by the circumstances of the moment, as the most judicious and least likely to attract the suspicion of the revenue men. When we get alongside the vessel, provided there be no apprehension of danger, our friends on board drop the cigars—which are generally made up in packages of five boxes each—into our boats, and we make for the shore as fast as we can; but when the revenue men are near at hand, the packages are tied in oil cloth or india-rubber bags, and quietly dropped into the water, when our boats come along and pick them up."



SIGNAL TO SMUGGLERS FROM AN HAVANA STEAMER.

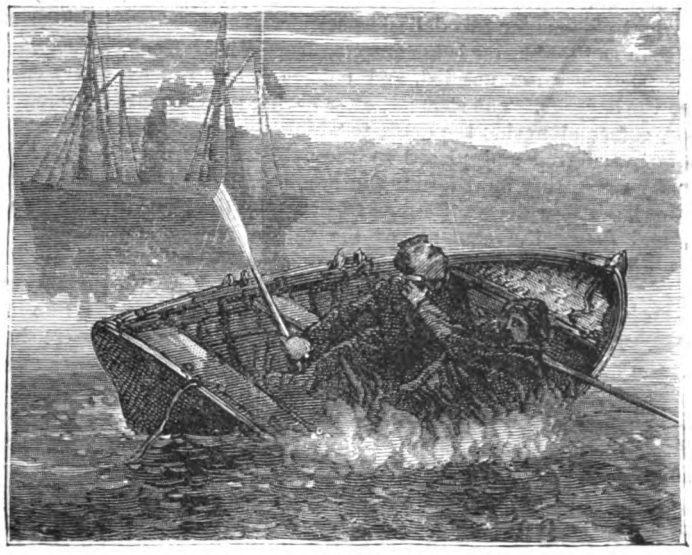


SMUGGLERS DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN.

Several countries of Europe contribute special articles to the "consideration" of the Customs authorities. France sends us brandy; Germany, snuff, cigars and gold-leaf; England, cutlery, silk and brandy; Spain, wine; Belgium, diamonds; Scotland, woolen stuffs. Thousands of bottles of brandy are brought in by sailors on French ships. One of the crew comes ashore with a couple of bottles for his personal use. He is carefully shadowed to a liquor store, and in due time the two bottles increase and multiply, till the revenue officer arrives upon the scene.

The German snuff is that dark, rich, pungent article, which causes a man to sneeze his head off. It is

A NOTED SMUGGLER'S RETREAT.



A REVENUE OFFICER KILLED BY SMUGGLERS.

conveyed in packages to the lager beer saloons in Hoboken, and distributed from thence through the vast German population of the country. A seizure of 100 dozen packages was made a few days ago. The writer was induced to take one tiny pinch of the aromatic mixture, and his subsequent sensations were of a nature scarcely to be imagined and impossible to describe.

Belgium being a centre for the delicate operation of diamond-cutting, much of the contraband diamond trade is done from that country. To-day, diamond-smuggling is virtually defunct, owing to the reduction of the duty to 10 per cent. The "dodges" being so varied and extensive, the opportunities for concealing the precious stones so exceptionally favorable, and the detections so few in proportion to the amount of business done, the revenue authorities resolved to emasculate the "trade" by reducing the tariff; and now the operations are so insignificant as scarcely to call the attention of the authorities to their existence.

The ingenuity practiced in introducing diamonds duty free forms the theme of many an interesting and amusing story. Captain Brackett narrates the following:

A WOMAN SMUGGLING KNIVES.

"A letter reached the Customs authorities, stating that a man, a well-known smuggler, would leave Liverpool by a certain steamer on a certain date, carrying with him diamonds to the value of seventy or eighty thousand dollars. A telegram announced his departure, and in due time the steamer was boarded by the revenue officers. The man was found in his stateroom, suffering from a bad cough, a plaster on his chest; but, despite his indignant repudiation, not only were his effects searched, but his immediate person came beneath the hands and eyes of the vigilant detectives. Their search was repaid; for in the lining of his coat were the precious stones discovered.

"When the diamonds were brought to the seizure-room at the Custom House, a lapidary, to the intense disgust and mortification of the officers, pronounced them paste. The experts had met a little more than their match. The man was traced to his hotel, and again subjected to a microscopic search. When his chest was bared, lo! the plaster had disappeared; but the white indentions showed where the diamonds had lain concealed, whilst the officers sought them elsewhere."

On another occasion, through a letter forwarded by Minister Washburne, a large quantity of diamonds were discovered in the back of a hair-brush, the property of a passenger on a Cunard steamer, whom nobody would have dared to suspect.

Woman as a smuggler is met by woman as a detective; but it was not until since 1861, and after considerable deliberation between the Department at Washington and the Collector of the Port, that four lady examiners were appointed, and designated as "special aids to revenue service." In 1867 the number was increased, with the title Inspectors appended, and the service at

EXAMINING A SUSPECTED SKIRT.

this port now requires the services of no less than eight competent persons for this delicate position.

As soon as the steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook, the inspectresses are notified, and officers detailed to examine the baggage. The steamer, after having passed quarantine, comes alongside the dock, to which the baggage is rapidly transferred and placed in rows. The passengers arrive by steam-tug, and, forming in line, present their declarations. These declarations are filled up by the passengers, and detail the contents of the valises, trunks, etc. Appended to this printed "passenger baggage declaration," is a notice specifying what is and what is not dutiable, with the condition on which baggage will be detained or confiscated. The declaration is prepared in the form of an oath, anent the administration of which, discretion is left to the revenue officer.

It is upon the opening of the baggage that so much depends, and it is a common sight to behold a "howling swell," or a fashionably attired lady, drawn mysteriously aside for the purpose of being searched, while their baggage is quietly "discussed" by the calm and intelligent officials whose duty it is to see that the revenue does not suffer by the "little ventures" of enterprising speculators.

The bold confidence exhibited by some of the lady smugglers very often betrays them; for it is a well-attested fact in the mental history of woman, that "she who carries a dangerous secret steps with the greatest consciousness."

The office of Inspectress is not an enviable one. It is a position that will lead a person lacking great intuitive knowledge of human nature into dangerous pitfalls, while it is also one that demands a calm intelligence and dauntless courage, and a never-failing politeness. Mistakes will be made at times, and, while it is easy enough to make a *faux pas*, in the receding lies the difficulty.

If every woman is at heart a rake, so is every lady at heart a smuggler. Silk! lace! diamonds! Surely there can be no harm in bringing home from Europe the materials for a couple of handsome silk dresses, or a few yards of lace, or those diamonds which were bought so cheaply in Brussels! The silk is adroitly run into the semblance of a skirt, the underwear is trimmed with costly Valenciennes or priceless Point, and the diamonds are occasionally hidden away in the recesses of false plaits or some unsuspected portion of the clothing.

To professional female smugglers there is but scant courtesy shown, inasmuch as their ingenuity would seem to be born of that crafty serpent which beguiled their mother Eve; and the eight women searchers whom the Customs department employ at our docks, are ever on the lookout for the daring speculators of their own sweet, fair sex.

A considerable source of anxiety to the executive is the "swell" milliner. This lady is an adept in the art of packing, and can force a room full of silk into a Saratoga trunk. The oldest expert cannot imagine how it is done, and as fold after fold comes forth from its limited receptacle, both wonder and admiration are excited, that so very much can go into so very little. She is artless, is the "swell" milliner, and gentle as a sucking dove. She would not defraud the revenue of the tenth part of a cent—not she. Any goods coming to her from the other side shall be exposed to public gaze, and if duty is to be paid, it *shall* be paid.

Upon the arrival of the vessel, she is on hand. Of course she expects a dear friend from Paris, and hastens to the stateroom to give her joyous and welcome greeting. The dear friend is exquisitely and newly attired. For a lean face, she possesses a very plump, not to say ungainly, body, and moves down the gangway in a somewhat elephantine manner. She is asked for her keys, which she surrenders with a facetious willingness. There may be one or two things to pay duty upon, and she playfully asks the Custom House officer to let her down easy—she has been very candid. Some yards of silk and velvet and lace are pronounced contraband, and the duty is instantly paid—but not without some pouting.

Her baggage passed, she is about to move away, when the female searcher solicits a private interview. This raises her indignation to a white heat. How *dare* this person presume to offer her such an indignity! She will appeal to the President. She will have the perpetrator summarily dismissed. She will *not* submit to such an outrage!

She is led, fiercely gesticulating, to the official den. Here she cools off a little, and prepares to break her fall by declaring that perhaps there are a few pairs of gloves, a few yards of lace, and a few ditto of silk upon her person. The inflexible officer proceeds to do her duty. A whisper of a fifty-dollar bill—seventy-five—a hundred! The officer divests her of her garments, and lo! lace, silk, velvet, gloves and other contraband articles reveal themselves, and the "fat woman of Brentford" suddenly becomes one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

One of the "swell" milliner's pet dodges is this: She writes to her correspondent in Paris, "Send me a sharp, clever girl, who can assume the air, manner and language of an actress—she must pass for one. She has come to the United States on speculation, and has been promised a lucrative Western engagement. Let her theatrical wardrobe be very extensive. Have the articles, as enumerated, amounting to several thousand dollars; and advise me of her name, and the steamer she comes by."

In due time the aspirant to histrionic fame trusts herself to the mercy of the waters, and arrives in New York. Her immense wardrobe, consisting of the very newest fashions and of the costliest materials, cannot be pronounced contraband, inasmuch as it is all her own, and for the purposes of her profession; and the Customs officer has to grin and bear it, while mademoiselle gayly departs, having dramatically evaded the law.

One of our judges having pronounced a seizure on the dock as illegal, the mere landing of the goods on the dock not being a clearance, the officers have now, in the case of the "swell" milliner, to operate outside the précincts of the dock; and upon a recent occasion, a well-known *modiste* was considerably astonished upon finding herself arrested, just as she was joyously chuckling at having outwitted the authorities.

Not long since, from off one of the Inman steamers, there came a magnificent, gray-haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air was of Society spelt with a big S; her dress, *à ravir;* and if she had been, possibly, a little less *prononcé*, she might not have aroused suspicion. Reluctantly obeying an invitation into the office of the inspectors, an official diagnosis was made of her condition; when she was found to be suffering from four *point de l'Aguile* shawls, two *point appliqué* sacques, and a *rotonde*, or round mantle, of Chantilly lace of considerable value. Her smuggle did not end here; for attached to her skirts were seven hundred yards of narrow lace, and in the plaits of her dress were collars of a "supreme" point lace, which, from the exquisite fineness of their quality, rolled as closely together as gold-leaf.

It is stated that German women are the most constant smugglers, and act in a singularly stolid manner when detected; while Frenchwomen are "abyssed" in shame and mortification if caught red-handed. The Swede can not see why her confiscated treasures should not be delivered up to her, and the Irishwoman considers confiscation akin to robbery, fighting out the question to the bitter end. The officials find it easy enough to deal with smugglers of

these nationalities, having their peculiar habits well in hand; but it is the English and American lady upon whom the inspectress is compelled to exercise her uttermost skill and detective sense. These talented personages are experts at counterfeiting ill health, obesity, haughtiness, and even insanity.

Some instances of female smuggling denote an amazing spirit of enterprise. On one lady was found a double quilted petticoat lined with Shetland shawls, caps and stockings. On another, a quantity of the finest silk bindings, ten valuable watches, two silk dress patterns, two dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, and eight pieces of silk galloon. On a third, seventy-three bundles of sewing-silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid gloves. One lady had in the facings of her dress, cigars; and in her petticoat, meerschaum pipes. A German woman endeavored to evade duty by hanging nine watchchains around her neck, a valuable watch at the end of each chain. A little Frenchwoman who was invited into the office of the inspectress, was found to have on her husband's red flannel drawers, which were here and there tied in puffs. These puffs contained "a Bohemian toilet glass set, two dozen salt cellars, three dozen silver spoons, three dozen silver forks, several little articles of *bijouterie* in bronze and crystal, and some fine Swiss wood-carvings; all of which were put up in the softest tissue-paper, that they might not strike against each other."

Another amusing instance of enterprise may be quoted: "Not long since, a lady, arriving on one of the French steamers, was observed to bring a small box from the steamer to the dock. From this she took a velvet sacque, putting in its place an ordinary-looking Paisley shawl, which was evidently warm, and which she had at first thrown about her shoulders. Her trunks were examined, but nothing dutiable was discovered. After the officers had finished their duties, the lady traveler returned her sacque to the box, and again put on her shawl. She was then requested to show the sacque, which proved to be a costly and elegant Paris-made garment, having the "ticket" still appended to the lining. The lady was then invited into the office of the inspectress, and on her person were found laces of great value, sewed into the artificial rotundities of her figure, not to mention a silk dress pattern as drapery *en panier*. Inside of the very ordinary Paisley shawl, so carelessly thrown about her shoulders, was found an India shawl of a quality so uncommonly fine that it would have escaped the vigilance of any but a woman put upon the track of another."

Our illustration represents a lady whose crinoline was adorned with Cremona violins. This dame became very angry upon being asked if she happened to have any dutiable articles concealed about her person, and perfectly panted when ordered to be searched.

Within the past year, some work of importance has been done toward breaking up the systematic smuggling of silk goods at this port. The attention of Captain Charles N. Brackett, U. S. Treasury Special Agent, was drawn to the fact that certain dress silks were sold at public auction, at prices far below the market value. An endeavor to obtain the names of the parties concerned was unsuccessful, the auctioneers positively refusing to give names of either owners or buyers; but a small piece of the silks in question was obtained about the middle of June, 1877, and was submitted to the inspection of a leading dealer in such goods. He stated that the silk was of a width not usually sent here, and made, probably, for the London market. This directed suspicion toward vessels of the National Line of steamships, which came direct from that port. A close watch was thereupon kept on the deliveries from the steamer *Denmark* on the 23d of June. Five barrels, which had the appearance of containing cement, were traced to an express office, and thence to a stable, where, upon being opened by the Treasury officers, the contents were found to be 3,500 yards of dress silk goods, wrapped in enameled paper.

The clue was followed further, till the rendezvous of the smugglers was found over a drug store in South Fifth Avenue. There more than 10,300 yards of guipure laces were found in boxes under a bed. A set of books was also discovered, in which were the accounts of transactions in smuggling silks from 1869 to 1875. The names of the purchasers were given in these books, and include some of our most respectable merchants. The goods were in general consigned to certain jobbers, among whom John Scott was prominent, who effected the sales.

So long as the business was confined to these channels, its secrecy appears to have been secure. But in order to obtain quick sales, after the amounts of smuggled goods increased, they were sent to the auction-houses. The exposure was thus brought about, since goods worth $1.80 to import, were sold at $1.30.

An examination of the accounts by the Treasury officers, showed that from two to five barrels of silk goods had for years been smuggled at each trip of certain steamships. The barrels were landed as containing cement, and left, along with others actually containing that substance, upon the wharf; the ones containing silk were afterward picked out and sent by express to the rendezvous. Another method was adopted in smuggling silks in cases, which need not be detailed here.

There seems to be reason for believing that the officers of the Custom House knew nothing of these frauds, as the deliveries from the vessel were always made to square with the manifest. This was carried out by collusion between the storekeeper and purser of the vessel, the dock superintendent and the coopers employed.

It is estimated that the smugglers' records which were obtained, cover about 50 per cent. of their entire transactions. About eight pieces of dress silk, of 100 yards each, worth, in all, probably $2,000, were usually packed in a cement barrel. The estimated total value of fraudulently imported goods is about $1,200,000, the evidence secured covering half that amount.

Too much credit can scarcely be awarded to Captain Brackett and his assistant officers, Cutter and Jackson, for the skill and energy with which these discoveries were accomplished, the arrests of the smugglers effected, and the evidence against them presented in the courts.

In the course of the prosecutions the steamships *Denmark* and *England* were libeled, and it was proved that the profits of the smugglers were divided with some of the minor officers upon those vessels.

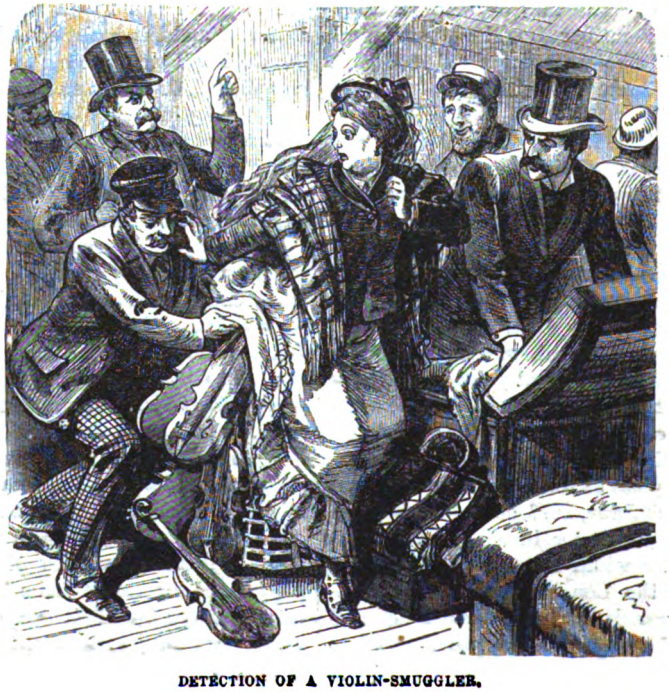
The trials lasted several months, and resulted in the conviction of Thomas C. Owen, purser of the *England*, and Alvin Graff, dock superintendent of the National Line of steamships. Each of these offenders was sentenced, on January 25th, 1878, to two years' imprisonment and $1,000 fine. There is no evidence that any other systems of smuggling silk goods are at present carried on upon an extended scale.

The results, so far as restitution is concerned, are strikingly insignificant. The loss to the Government may be estimated at $500,000; the sum recovered at two-fifths of one per cent.—not enough, probably, to pay the counsel fees. The condemnation of the steamers *Denmark* and *England*, if the present suits for that purpose are successful, may, however, largely increase the amount recovered, as the vessels are subject to forfeiture, and are under bonds for $545,000.

A LADY DETECTED SMUGGLING DIAMONDS IN HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

The case of a well-known importer in Philadelphia, was somewhat remarkable, attracting considerable attention at the time. This firm was extensively engaged in the importation of diamonds and other precious stones, jewelry, clocks, bronzes, fans and other articles of ornament and *vertu;* and the purchasing and shipping of its clocks and bronzes in Europe were habitually intrusted to the house of Meyer Iflaenger & Versepuy, Jr., of Paris.

In the entry of goods so purchased at any port of entry in the United States, the law requires that the invoice of the goods, as sent from the consignees, with all its charges for commission,



DETECTION OF A VIOLIN-SMUGGLER.

packing, boxes, and similar incidental expenses, shall be produced and sworn to at the Custom House, by a member of the importing firm, and that the entry shall be made out in exact conformity, as to amount, with the invoice. The law requires also, or, rather, as part of the requirement just stated, that the member of the firm who takes the oath upon the invoice, shall swear or affirm therein that it contains "a just and faithful account of the actual cost of the goods, of all charges thereon, including charges of purchasing. . . . putting up and packing . . . that I do not know nor believe in the existence of any other

OFFICERS WATCHING SMUGGLING-BOATS NEAR CALAIS, MAINE.

or different invoice or bill of lading than these now produced by me . . . that I have not in the said invoice concealed or suppressed anything whereby the United States may be defrauded of any part of the duty lawfully due on the said goods, wares and merchandise; and that if at any other time hereafter I . . . receive any other invoice of the same, I will immediately make the same known to the collector of the district."

It is perfectly obvious, from the language of this oath or affirmation, and these requirements of the law, that if an importing firm is found to be regularly in receipt of two invoices with each importation of goods, one of which is smaller in its aggregate than the other, as is used at the Custom House, while the other is suppressed, the duty estimated upon the smaller invoice will be below the true amount of duty; and that the firm must know that such will be the effect of such a device.

This is precisely what this Philadelphia concern did in forty-six importations made by them in three years. And this is the little game which is being played all over the country, under the very nasal organs of the authorities at the present moment. For example, take an invoice by the Cunard Steamship *Russia*:

Date.	Vessel.	Goods.	Custom House Entered Value.	Private Invoice.	Difference.
1878.	Russia.	Silks.	$9,000.	$10,000.	$1,000.

During the present year another committee, composed of General Appraisers Meredith and Bingham, and Special Agent Hines, has been appointed by Secretary Sherman to investigate the subject of frauds upon the revenue by undervaluation in invoices. This committee has visited Chicago, Portland, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and is about about to begin its sessions in this city.

An ingenious artifice of a New York house is also worthy of mention. The principal article of importation by this firm was tin in sheets, which paid a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem. They were also, previous to the passage of the Tariff Act of 1865, extensive importers of cheap statuary. They had molds in England, in which pig lead was converted into counterfeit presentments of the Father of his country, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of him who drew the lightning from the skies and tamed it for the use of man. These statues soon found their way to the smelting-house, and George Washington came out in bars of pig lead, and—duty free!

Notwithstanding that the Niagara frontier affords marked facilities for carrying on contraband operations, from the close proximity of the American to the Canadian shore, that portion of the coast of Maine which is shown by our engraving has, from its nearness to the province of New Brunswick, become an important rendezvous in this relation. Iron-bound as it is, and embarrassed with dangerous reefs and cliffs honeycombed into gloomy caverns, it offers almost an impenetrable retreat to the contrabandists who may select any point of it as their headquarters. Of this fact our Custom House authorities seem perfectly aware, and they consequently station their agents and officers at places where they are most likely to intercept smugglers with effect before they get in among the rocks and caves, where pursuit becomes fruitless or impossible.

Our illustration represents those officers lying in wait for an approaching boat. In this case the smugglers were too much for those "revenue cruisers," as the boat contains nothing but some "empties" and worthless packages that are not contraband, the real cargo having been landed some miles from this point by another wily party. This is one of the pet "dodges" of the smugglers in this particular portion of our continent.

The question of glove duties is at present engaging the attention of both the authorities and the trade. The General Appraiser Ketchum has presented a very able and valuable report to the Collector of the Port upon the subject, and as he quotes the prices at which gloves are put upon the American market, it might not be out of place to give them in this article, since the smuggling of gloves has assumed such formidable dimensions:

The firm of Lord & Taylor buy 1,000 dozens a year; ordering as much as 40 dozens at a time, and pay $18 for the two-button glove, with a cash discount of 6 per cent. in ten days, or 5 per cent. in thirty, and an additional or trade discount of 7½ per cent. E. S. Jaffray & Co. pay for the same glove $18, with same discount for cash, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. E. F. Hovey & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with same cash discount, but a trade discount of only 5 per cent., with certain conditions at the end of the year, depending on the year's business. R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and get what they call a drawback of 10 per cent. Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 5 per cent. H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. The same is true of J. B. Farwell & Co., of Chicago. Berling, Moore & Emery, of Kansas City, have a trade discount of only 5 per cent. John Schlictor, of Cincinnati, who purchases 4,000 dozens a year, obtains, in addition to the usual cash discount, a trade discount of 10 per cent.

In consequence of the operations of the Anti-moiety Act, the writer has been assured by "those who ought to know," that smuggling is on the increase. If this stat ment be borne out by facts, the attention of the legislature should be drawn to the question, with a view to repealing an act that works the wrong way. So long as high duties continue, so long will there be an inducement to smuggling; and this brings us back to where we started—to the supreme question of a wholesome tariff.

The writer cannot conclude without thanking Captain Brackett and Mr. Phelps of the New York Customs, for the courtesy with which those gentlemen received him, and the information which they so cheerfully accorded.

RUINED BY A SPIDER.

SPIDERS crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses, foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand.

Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland; and victory seemed certain, if the severe frost continued.

The Dutch envoys had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider forewarned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that this weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen; and its generals, who duly estimated his character, relied upon his

assurance that within a few days the waters would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat; within twelve days the frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated, and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

APRONS.

Aprons have, in one form or other, and of one material or other, formed a conspicuous part of female costume from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day. In Chaucer's time they were called "harme-cloths":

> "A *harme-cloth* eke, as white as mare milk,
> Upon her lences, full many a gore."

Meaning that her white apron was tied round her loins, and was ornamented with gores, or puffings, in the upper part.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the apron was worn tolerably plain, and was generally confined to good housewives; but in the sixteenth century they were again adopted by ladies, and were made of so fine a texture, and so elaborate in decoration, that they provoked the ire of some of the satirists of the period.

Thus, in 1596, Gosson wrote:

> "These *aprons* white, of finest thread,
> So choicelie tied, so dearly bought;
> So finely fringed, so nicely spread,
> So quaintly cut, so richly wrought—
> Were they in work to save their costs
> They need not cost so many groats."

At this time they were edged with the most costly lace, and worked with gold and silver thread, and with various colors.

In the reign of William and Mary, aprons became an indispensable part of the dress of a lady; they were very small, edged and puffed with a profusion of lace, and were worn over the upper part of the rich petticoat, the front of which was fully displayed by the open gown then worn.

In the time of Queen Anne the apron grew to somewhat larger proportion, and was worn by every lady—the Queen not excepted. In her reign it was often decorated with gold and silver spangles, rich needlework of divers colors, gold lace, rosettes, puffs of lace, and even pictures painted on pieces of satin and stitched on.

In the time of George II., and the early part of the reign of George III., aprons were worn very long and plain, without lace or ornament—simply long, white aprons, and nothing more. These long, white aprons, *circa* 1750-60—certainly not being very becoming to ladies—attracted the attention of "Beau Nash," the master of the ceremonies at Bath (or King of Bath, as he was commonly called), and provoked his rage to such an extent that it was decreed no ladies should appear in white aprons at any of the public balls in that fashionable city.

So stringently was this rule enforced, that it is recorded on one occasion, when the Duchess of Queensbury infringed the regulation and made her appearance in a white apron, Nash walked up to her grace in the ball-room, and, without ceremony, quietly took off the offending garment and threw it among the waiting women, observing that none but Abigails wore such things!

With such an example before them, it is no wonder the ladies of the "Assembly" at Derby should enact that "no lady shall be allowed to dance in a long, white apron," and that fines should also be levied on the wearers of other articles of dress which fashion desired to abrogate.

THE MARGUERITE.

Ere the swallow's homeward wing
  To its native bower hath flown,
Or the genial airs of Spring
  Prompt the cuckoo's monotone-

When an unseen presence fills
  Every pulse with fresher life,
And the warm, moist air distills
  Dews with honied fragrance rife-

Hidden from the garish sun,
  In some nook of tender green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
  Peeps the violet from her screen—

Coy as maiden modesty,
  Bowed the common gaze beneath;
Blue as fair Floranthe's eye;
  Fragrant as her odorous breath—

Redolent of pleasures past—
  Hopes that no fruition knew;
Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last:
  Faith, no vows can now renew—

Remembrancer of love and Spring,
  Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring
  Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue—
  To mingle flowers might break the spell;
And fain would try the test anew
  That may her saddest doubt dispel!

Such ordeals now are idle all;
  If needed, love is love no more;
And tests that wishes vain recall
  But tell us what we knew before!

"He loves me not!" "He loves me still"
  Of that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will
  That says, alas! "He loves me not!"

"He loves me not!" It cannot be,
  Till honor, faith itself be dead;
I'll not accept the sad decree
  Till every leaf I hold be dead.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
  What recks it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
  When love and hope for aye depart!

ALICE'S CHILD.

By Eben E. Rexford.

Robert Braithe took up the letters the servant brought him, without thinking very much about them. He was thinking more about the face he had dreamed of last night.

It had been a long time since he dreamed a dream so vividly real as that one last night. It had been twenty years since Alice Graem's face had shone across his pathway, with the halo clinging to it with which he always invested it in his thoughts of the old days.

Twenty years! And he was forty years old and over, and gray hairs were thick about his temples; but last night he had dreamed that the woman he had loved so long ago, and whom he never had forgotten and never could forget, came back to him, and walked with him down the old avenue of russet beeches, in the long November days, as they had walked together long ago.

Long ago! What a sorrowful cadence the two little words held for him! Life was bright with hope then; but

EXAMINING PASSENGERS' TRUNKS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, VANCEBORO', MAINE.

the hope had gone out of it when the woman he loved had been forced into an unwilling marriage, and passed out of his life, but never out of his heart.

He broke the seal of the first letter with scarcely a thought of what he was doing. He drew the letter from its envelope and unfolded it. As he did so, a long, yellow curl fell out, and immediately coiled itself about his fingers like a quivering circle of sunshine. How he started at sight of it! Only one woman of the many he knew had such beautiful hair as that.

He turned to the letter with eager interest in his face now. It was written in a trembling, half-illegible hand, as if the fingers that held the pen were too weak to guide it.

"DEAR FRIEND—I am dying. They tell me I can live but a few days. Before the end comes, I must ask you to do one last favor for me. I must leave my child to the mercy of strangers. In all the world I have no friend to give her to, unless you will take her. It wrings my heart to think of leaving her with no one to care for her when I am gone. For the sake of old times, Robert—for my sake, take my Winnie. She will love you for her mother's sake, and for her own. She will brighten your life, I know. I cannot write much more. I am sure you have never forgotten. *I* never have—I could not. I send you a curl of the hair you used to call beautiful. Let it plead for Winnie.

"ALICE LEITH."

A SALE OF FASHIONABLE LADIES' DRESSES SEIZED FOR ATTEMPT TO SMUGGLE.

Robert Braithe's eyes were wet with tears when he had finished the letter. So she was dying—this woman he had loved so well!

He looked at the other letter. It was from the same place. He opened it hurriedly. It was as he had thought—

Alice was dead, and the tidings of her death had followed her dying message closely. The letter concluded:

"I am all alone. Mamma says you will come and take me home with you, she is sure. WINNIE LEITH."

When Arnold Braithe came in, an hour later, he found his uncle getting ready for a journey.

"Where to?" he asked, astonished at such a sudden preparation.

"A friend of mine died in Virginia last week, and he left a child to my care. I am going after her," Robert Braithe answered

He wondered, as the train roared and rattled on across hill and meadow, if this child was anything like her mother. If she were, it would be pleasant to have her about the rather lonesome old house. Childhood would brighten it up wonderfully with gayety and mirth. It would be a pleasant task to care for her and watch her grow up to womanhood.

You see he took it for granted that she was a child yet. He never once thought of her as anything else.

But it was not a child that came down to meet him on his arrival at the place where Alice had lived and died. He started in surprise at the vision of a beautiful girl, whose feet were on the borders of womanhood.

He could almost have sworn that Alice had come back to him as he had known her twenty years ago. There was the same sweet face, there were the same tender eyes, and yellow hair.

"You are Uncle Robert, I am sure," she said, gravely, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, I am Robert Braithe," he said, tenderly. You are the picture of your mother, and I know I shall love you for your own sake as well as hers."

And then he stooped suddenly and kissed her. The caress won her at once, and she put away for ever all restraint between them. They were not strangers, because of a common love for her who was sleeping on the hill.

"I thought to find a little child," he said, when they went up the hill to Alice's grave together. "Somehow, I keep forgetting that you are not your mother, as I knew her years ago."

Arnold Braithe met them on the steps when they came home to Braithewood a week later. His face was full of astonishment when, instead of a child of ten or a dozen years, his uncle helped a young and beautiful woman from the carriage.

"Winnie, this is my nephew, Arnold," Robert Braithe said, simply. "You will be friends, I hope."

Arnold Braithe was sure of that, if he could have his wish in the matter. He was already half in love with this yellow-haired girl, whose black robes only served to heighten her beauty.

The Winter came and went. Winnie was the sunshine of Braithewood. She won Arnold's heart away from him completely. In the long evenings they sang together in the parlor, and read together in the library. They had long, delightful rides together over the splendid country-roads. She wound the meshes of her yellow hair about his heart, and he was a willing captive. But never, till he told her that he loved her, did she dream that his love was more than that of friendship.

ALICE'S CHILD.—"'WINNIE,' HE CRIED, 'I LOVE YOU. I AM AN OLD MAN WHO LOVED YOUR MOTHER YEARS AGO, BUT MY HEART IS YOUNG. COULD YOU BE AN OLD MAN'S DARLING?'"

One day Robert Braithe counseled with his own heart, and he found out something that he had scarcely understood before. He found out that he loved Alice's child as he had loved the mother. The love that he had kept for Alice he had transferred to Winnie.

"I lost her mother, and I must lose her," he said, bitterly. "Well, it is better as it is. I am an old man."

But, for all that, it cost him a sharp battle with his heart to give her up to Arnold. He told himself that it must be done, however, and Robert Braithe was not a man to argue with what he felt to be duty.

One day Arnold told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. She was half frightened at first. She had never thought of this. They had been the best of friends and nothing more. She told him so, and that she did not love him in the way he had hoped she did; and then at sight of his pain and bitter disappointment she ran away from him and walked up and down the beech avenue, with a sorrowful sense of having wounded a dear friend sorely.

Robert Braithe found her there in the sunset-time. She flushed up readily at the sight of him.

"I have been talking with Arnold," he said, briefly. "You are quite sure you do not care for him ?"

"Not as he wants me to," she answered. "Oh, Uncle Robert"—with a sudden, eager impulsiveness, as if her heart was speaking in spite of her—"let me stay with you always. I promised my mother to love you, and I don't want to love anybody else !" and then she stopped, with a sudden, sweet shame dyeing cheek and brow.

"Winnie," he cried, "I love you. I am an old man who loved your mother years ago, but my heart is young. Could you be an old man's darling ? Think of it all before you answer me. Don't mistake pity for the love I want."

"I don't," she answered, softly. "I *love* you, Robert," with a shy, sweet dignity in voice and manner. "Let me be to you what my mother would have been if nothing had come between you, if you can trust me with your happiness."

And so the sunshine Robert Braithe's early life had missed came into it at last.

SALMON IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THESE fishermen are phlegmatic fellows, and, while they wondered, said nothing about it, but left it to chance to come to light. There they were, fat, shining salmon, splashing and gasping hard for breath, on the fishdealers' tables in Beal Street Market, Memphis, one day this Spring, evidently fresh from their native element.

"Why, where did you get these salmon ?" asked the passing buyer with wonder.

"Out of the river. Buy some, sir ?" as coolly as though salmon, not cats, were the natural piscatorial inhabitants of our muddy river.

"What river, man ?"

"Miss'ippi, of corse ; jes over by the bar there."

"Many of them ?"

"Lots. Buy some, sir ? How do you like this fellow ? Not even dead yet, you see, sir."

There is but one explanation of the presence of these fish of northern waters in the great mud river. Two years ago the planting of fish eggs in foreign rivers was given great attention, and Congress made a small appropriation for the stocking of rivers as an experiment.

Several hundred thousand eggs were placed in the river near Wolf River's mouth, Mr. W. W. McDowell footing the experiment. The result, long since despaired of, is seen now in the fine fish sold in the city markets. The theory, founded on observation, is, that fish will always return to their place of incubation to spawn ; hence the presence of salmon at this season at that point in such great numbers.

This successful experiment should further attempts to stock the Mississippi River with new and desirable fish.

INK.

THE writing fluids of the present day are the result of our commercial requirements, and are altogether unlike, in composition and properties, the ink of the ancients. They wrote ; but their ink was what we should term a varnish, or paint, being composed of carbon in very fine division, say either ivory or lamp-black, held in suspension by any drying oil which was most approved of, or mixed with glue after the manner of Chinese ink, which requires to be dissolved in water before being used. The ingredients were combined by being rubbed together between stones, as we see painters of the present day grinding their paints. We are even told that the pleasing process of grinding was, in schools, placed as a punishment on the most indolent ; or, failing this, the poorer scholars were pressed with the honorable task of keeping the school in ink.

There can be no doubt that the carbon contained in these inks, and which is well known to possess peculiar qualities of durability, is the cause of the fresh and black appearance which many ancient manuscripts retain, even after several centuries, while those written by our grandfathers fifty or sixty years ago have, in many cases, almost disappeared. Even the best modern ink in that time shows decided symptoms of old age.

From the care taken in the formation of the letters in the ancient manuscripts, it is very evident they were not written in a hurry ; neither, indeed, could they be, seeing that the pens used were small brushes, and the ink itself a varnish.

To produce a good modern ink, we must bear in mind certain qualifications : namely, a good ink ought to be so thin as to flow freely from the pen ; it should be so thick as not to spread or blur on the paper, and it should possess sufficient depth of color to retain its blackness for many years.

THE DEATH OF FOORSUT—A TALE OF TIGER-HUNTING.

WHILE encamped below the hills, near the village of Tanda, in India (says Gordon Cumming), about ten A.M. Dhokul came in, having left some of his men on sentry over a very large tiger, which he had come upon suddenly that morning. I was not long in turning out, and on arriving near the spot, we arranged the plan of attack. I was accompanied by Lieutenant MacTier, who had joined me that morning from Sirdarpore.

The only tree which we could find in any way suited as a position was one standing near the head of a slope, some fifty yards in length. This tree had, at about eight feet from the ground, strong shoots growing from the stem. On these I took my stand, accompanied by my gun-bearer, named Foorsut.

At the foot of the slope a dry nullah crossed from left to right, and beyond it was a level jungle, thinly covered with trees and bushes. The tiger was to be driven from our left down the nullah.

Having seen me to my place, Dhokul went off to bring on the beat, and soon after the tiger came trotting down on the far side of the nullah. Unfortunately, my shot struck him too far back, and, turning sharp to the left, he went off at a great pace, while I fired my remaining three shots at random, in the hope of doing further damage. Seeing the tiger go off, I did not at once reload, intending to do so when I descended to follow him upon the elephant. Suddenly a man on a tree cried out that the tiger was coming back, and on looking up, I saw him coming toward us at a sharp trot.

On reaching the nullah, he crossed it, and slowly ascending the hill, stood immediately below our tree. With a breech-loading rifle, I might have shot him ten times over, and possibly, as he was coming on, I might have reloaded that which I had, but I knew that any movement on our part would probably make him charge, and we were too near the ground to make such a contingency desirable.

All might have yet gone well had the man kept quiet. In an evil moment he spoke, saying that the tiger was below us. The beast looked up, caught sight of us, and at once sprang up the tree. Getting a momentary hold for his claws upon the trunk, he seized Foorsut by the waistband with his teeth, and dragged him down, and as he fell, bit

him three times through the back of the thigh, inflicting twelve deep wounds. I shouted loudly, and hurled my hunting-cap at the tiger, on which he slunk off, and went down the hill.

Presently the men came up, and we made a litter of boughs, and sent the wounded man off to the camp, where he was attended to by the native apothecary, who always accompanied my office. I mounted the elephant along with Mr. MacTier, and we presently came on the tiger, at which I fired, and on going up, found him dead. I believe he had died from the first shot. He was a full-grown male, very large and heavy.

The wounded man progressed favorably, and the bone of the leg seemed uninjured. He was doing well on the following day; but on the morning of the second we observed a slight twitching of the points of the fingers. Toward three P.M. he fell off suddenly, and by four o'clock he was dead.

This was a sad termination to what had been a brief but successful "chasse"—my bag, during the trip, consisting of seven tigers, a panther, and a bear.

RECEPTION OF HERNANDEZ CORTES BY THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA IN MEXICO.

(See Colored Plate.)

On the 8th of November, 1519, Cortes and his party passed along the great causeway into the imperial city of Mexico. The road, the lakes, the towers, temples, and houses, were crowded with people assembled to gaze upon the wonderful *white devils*, and still more wonderful quadrupeds, of which they had heard such terible stories. "*We*," says Diaz, "were occupied by very different thoughts. Our number (Spaniards) did not amount to four hundred and fifty. We had perfectly in our recollection the accounts we had received on our march, that we were to be put to death on our arrival in the city, which we now saw before us was approachable only by causeways, whereon were several bridges, the breaking of one of which would effectually cut off our retreat. And now," he adds, with a pardonable boasting, "let who can, tell me where are men in this world to be found, except ourselves, who have hazarded such an attempt."

Truly this brave little band had some cause to quake as they passed on; for they were throwing themselves upon the hospitality of a warlike population of at least three hundred thousand, whose supreme head would gladly have given one-half his empire to have sacrificed them to his gods, and the brave princes who surrounded his throne would have effected this at his slightest intimation. But the superstitious fears of the weak sovereign were to be the ruin of himself and his empire, and the salvation of the Spaniards.

As the Europeans and their Tlascalan allies approached the great street, which passed through the heart of the city, the glittering retinue of the Emperor of Mexico burst upon their sight. The royal palanquin was one blaze of burnished gold, surmounted by a canopy of green feathers, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver. It was carried by noblemen who, barefooted and with downcast eyes, walked at a slow, measured pace.

As the procession approached nearer, the army halted, and the general respectfully dismounted. Montezuma then alighted, supported by his brother, nephew, and two other great princes.

The ground was strewn with tapestry that his imperial feet might not touch the ground; and the people of every rank, from artisan to prince, who lined the sides of the causeway, either prostrated themselves or cast their eyes upon the ground, as it would have been considered profanity to gaze upon the imperial person. Such was the slavish adulation of the Mexicans to their sovereign.

Like his palanquin and the attire of his chief attendants, his dress was of barbaric magnificence. He wore a square cloak and girdle, sprinkled with pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, richly embroidered sandals, with golden soles, the leathern thongs of which were embossed with the same metal and studded with jewels. Upon his head he wore a feather ornament of green, the royal color.

At that time Montezuma was about forty years of age, tall, thin, black hair, and a complexion somewhat lighter than the rest of his copper-colored race.

The Mexican sovereign bade the Spanish general welcome to his capital. Cortes replied with the most profound expressions of respect, and many acknowledgments of the magnificent presents he had received on his road to Mexico. He then placed around the neck of Montezuma a chain of colored crystal, and attempted to embrace him. But this action was prevented by the Aztec princes, who were greatly horrified at the sacred person of their master being thus profaned.

The Mexican monarch having then ordered his brother to conduct Cortes and his troops to the quarters prepared for them, withdrew. This was, however, only to show additional respect to the Spanish chief; for, as the army approached the great palace which was to be their barracks, he was in the courtyard awaiting them.

This building, which was of immense size, had been the palace of Montezuma's father, Azayacatl. As the general entered the courtyard the emperor approached him, and, throwing a gorgeous golden chain around his neck, said: "This palace belongs to you, Malinche, and your brethren. Repose yourselves after your fatigues, for you need it, and I will visit you again."

So saying, with a delicacy scarcely to be expected in a barbarian, he withdrew with his suite.

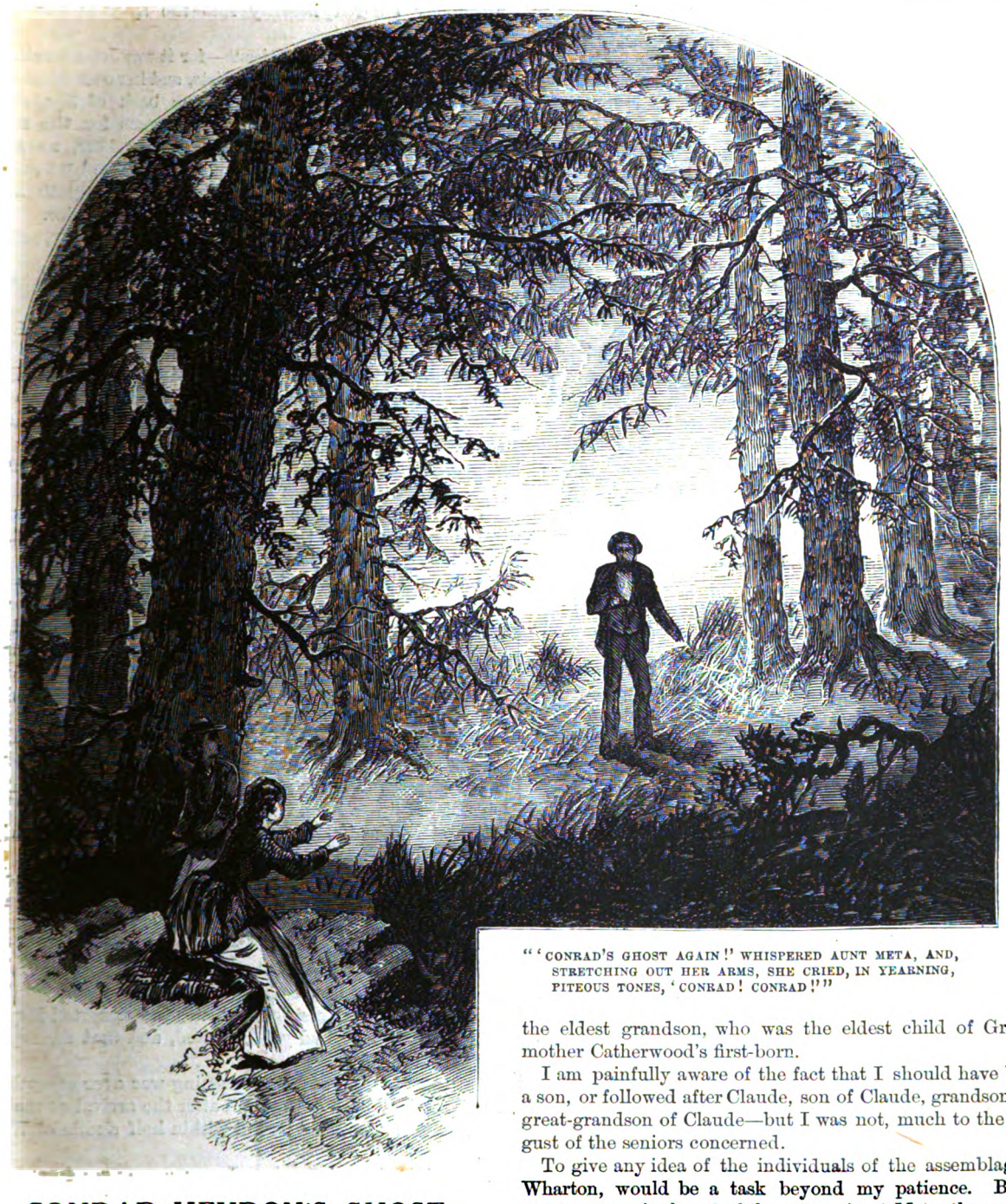
WHY POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns on assuming their vows and popes on ascending the Pontifical throne usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the popes is a superstitious belief that unless this is done the new Pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII.

Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1555, Marcellus Servius was elected and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his election. Since that time no pope has ventured to offend against the tradition.

It is a little singular that while the name John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-two popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII., in 1415. The first pope bearing the name Pius took the position in 142, and the name did not reappear after his death till 1458.

THE DEATH OF WASSOON—A TALE OF TIGER-HUNTING.—SEE PAGE 14.



"'CONRAD'S GHOST AGAIN!' WHISPERED AUNT META, AND, STRETCHING OUT HER ARMS, SHE CRIED, IN YEARNING, PITEOUS TONES, 'CONRAD! CONRAD!'"

CONRAD HEYDON'S GHOST

I WAS fifteen years old when there was called together a great family gathering of the Catherwoods, at Wharton, where Grandmother Catherwood had resided since Grandfather Catherwood brought her home, a bride. It was an immense house, built in the English style, with long corridors, countless rooms, and a boundless capacity for guests.

Upon the occasion of the above-mentioned gathering, there was need of every bed and every room, for Mrs. Catherwood was to celebrate her one hundredth birthday, and upon the occasion had called together her descendants, comprising nine children, with their respective husbands and wives, seventeen grandchildren, and thirty-three great-grandchildren, of which later generation, I, Elsie Catherwood, had the honor of being the eldest, also daughter of the eldest grandson, who was the eldest child of Grandmother Catherwood's first-born.

I am painfully aware of the fact that I should have been a son, or followed after Claude, son of Claude, grandson and great-grandson of Claude—but I was not, much to the disgust of the seniors concerned.

To give any idea of the individuals of the assemblage at Wharton, would be a task beyond my patience. But I want you to single out of the group Aunt Meta, the youngest of Grandma Catherwood's children.

There is one son, also single, Uncle Mark, and it is fully understood in the family that, although the old lady's great wealth will be divided amongst the children, Wharton itself, the homestead, will belong to these two for life.

Aunt Meta was fifty-five years old; but, to one who knew nothing of her age, she might have been mistaken for twenty years younger.

To the younger members of the family, Aunt Meta is the living personation of every gentle grace, kindly impulse, and stately, slightly old-fashioned courtesy. In her presence, the fastest of the city cousins became subdued, and it would have been considered little short of sacrilege to use slang, vulgarity, or rude language in any form before Aunt Meta.

To her the children carried all their petty quarrels for arbitration, the young people all the joys and sorrows of their love experiences; the widows, the mourning mothers, sent for Aunt Meta in their hours of deepest sorrow; the brides, the affianced couples, asked for her gentle sympathy in their first gladness.

In her youth she had been very beautiful, in a sparkling, brilliant style of beauty that made her the belle and boast of the country far and near; but at last her own heart was taken captive by Conrad Heydon, one of the rising lawyers of his time.

Certain it is that he tried to rule the proud, wayward nature with lordly sway; and many were the quarrels, fierce and loud, ending in a few days of separation, and a reconciliation as gusty as the rupture.

While the engagement was still young, another suitor appeared on the scene—a wealthy man, older by some ten years than Conrad, and one whose riches were almost a proverb. He yielded at once to Meta's charms, and placed his hand and fortune before her, although he knew of her betrothal.

All agree, however, that she certainly gave her new wooer far more encouragement, and many more smiles, than was consistent with the dignity of a betrothed maiden, playing off one suitor against the other with the arts of a finished coquette.

To a man of Conrad's nature, it was a matter of simple impossibility to submit to this state of affairs, and it was soon evident that a crisis was approaching.

Covert hints and sneering words between the rivals, led at last to open insult, and the final outrage of a blow.

One morning there was a duel fought in an open space upon the estate of Conrad Heydon. One combatant was fatally wounded, and the other fled for his life across the ocean, far from home, sweetheart and country.

The bleeding, dying man was carried into the house his rival had lived in from birth, and there firmly refused to make any statement to inculpate his opponent.

"It was a fair, honorable duel," he said, as the lifeblood oozed steadily from the tiny wound over his heart.

Yet after that day Conrad Heydon was seen no more. His father watched and waited many long years, then died, and the fine estate was deserted and neglected, no heir appearing, and the claims of more remote kindred only resulting in endless litigation.

Far away, with the stain of blood upon his soul, the lover of Meta passed from his old life for ever. Tidings of his death finally came.

For many weeks, Meta, prostrated by remorse, lay raving, calling upon Conrad to return and forgive her—to take the burden of her sin from her conscience. Her life was long despaired of, and when her physical strength seemed returning, fears were entertained that her reason was permanently impaired.

Time, however, the great restorer, gave to the young girl her health and her rationality; but there had fled for ever the pride, the caprices, the wayward temper and strong will, that had made her, indirectly, the cause of death.

A pale, subdued, mourning woman moved sadly about the old house, till, as years rolled away, the sorrowing soul learned to crush down its own weight of misery, and live for others. In the large family, and with Grandmother Catherwood always to be cared for, there were plenty of calls upon the only maiden aunt and sister.

When we entered the drawing-room on the evening of the day before the birthday, we found a merry party ready for a week of perfect enjoyment. Grave men forgot their business cares, mothers put aside domestic tribulations, and everybody entered heartily into the spirit of the great occasion.

Aunt Meta, in soft gray tissue—for it was June weather—with white lace at throat and wrists, and her own glossy fair hair knotted in a thick coil at the back of her small, shapely head, was portioning out rooms for the noisy, chattering crowd. So many girl-cousins here, so many boys there; aunts and uncles disposed of in the best rooms; sisters and brothers scattered everywhere through the many apartments; babies disposed of in couples and trios.

"Elsie rooms with me!" I heard Aunt Meta say, as I entered.

"You always take Elsie!" pouted one cousin.

Partiality," said another.

"Hush! she is here," whispered a third; and I was wrapped in Aunt Meta's cordial embrace.

I knew in the depths of my sensitive heart why I was always taken to Aunt Meta's room, next that of Grandmother Catherwood herself, why she favored me and petted me. It was because of all that healthy, happy family, I am the only blot. A fall from my nurse's arms in infancy had injured my spine, and I am hunchbacked.

When something like quiet was restored, and the many travelers had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner, Aunt Meta took me to the pantry to see the wonderful cake that was to be the centre of the birthday-feast. It was immensely large, and in the icing were left spaces. Nine encircled a bouquet-holder in the centre, and every child had put in his or her space a twenty-dollar gold piece; seventeen encircled this, and here the grandchildren had placed ten-dollar pieces. On the edge thirty-three gold dollars represented the last generation.

"The bouquet will have emblematic flowers, Elsie—full-grown blossoms, and opening buds—just one hundred in all—a flower for every year of my dear mother's life. A long life, Elsie—a long, long life."

She sighed, as if it wearied her to think her own might be so prolonged.

While she was busied in putting the gold into its place in the cake, before locking it up, I sauntered over to the window of the large pantry, and looked out. We were on the lower floor, some seven feet from the ground, and the window commanded a view of the front garden and the avenue of elms leading to the road.

To our right, and just in sight, was the deserted Heydon estate, that no heir had yet inhabited, and that was rapidly falling into decay.

The soft twilight of a June evening was over everything, for dinner had been delayed till after the arrival of the last train from Boston, that passed within half a mile of Wharton.

I was idly dreaming, when I saw a man coming slowly toward the house, dodging behind the trees, and peeping round them, as if anxious to avoid observation. He was shabbily dressed, and looked like a tramp or beggar.

I was about to warn Aunt Meta to hide the gold, when I heard her step behind me, and in a moment her hand was on my shoulder. At that instant, the man leaned forward, bringing a pale face, with large dark eyes and haggard features, full in the bar of light streaming from the window.

I heard a faint moan, felt the little hand slide from my shoulder, and turned, to see Aunt Meta lying white and insensible, at my feet. Thinking she was terrified at the idea of a robber, I cried out for Martha, her own servant, who came running from the kitchen in great haste.

"Laws bless me!" she cried, "she is just worn out with work, directing the servants, and getting ready for so many people. Get some wine, Miss Elsie! There, she is coming round."

And the color was returning to the white lips, while the soft blue eyes opened slowly and wearily, as if, indeed, the active housekeeper was worn out, as Martha said. We made her drink some wine, and when she was better, Martha assisted her to her own room.

"Now just lie still," she said, tenderly, "till the bell rings. I'll see to everything; and Miss Elsie will help dress her grandma."

I assented, and Martha bustled away. As soon as the door closed after her stout figure, Aunt Meta sat up, and, clutching my hand, whispered:

"Elsie, I am going to die! Conrad has come for me. He looked in my face when we stood at the window—Conrad, whose death was reported in an English paper nearly twenty years ago."

"It could not have been he!" I cried.

"It was his spirit, white and fixed. He has come for me."

The idea, so far from terrifying or shocking her, seemed to give her some deep, peaceful happiness. The softest smile was on her lips, the most radiant light in her eyes, that I had ever seen there.

"You will not repeat this," she said to me. "I do not want to sadden them. But when all the rest go home, will you stay here?"

I promised readily; and, without further conversation, Aunt Meta went to her mother's room, and allowed me to dress the snowy hair and arrange the white lace cap, while she dressed our grandmother in the black silk, white kerchief and white shawl she had worn for so many long years.

In spite of her great age, Grandmother Catherwood's eyes were as keen and sparkling as in youth, her figure as straight, and her mind as clear. She listened while we told her of the housefull waiting her welcome, asking for each one with strong interest. Some of the younger ones were strangers yet, for the invitations had traveled far to greet some of the large family.

"It is the last time I shall see them all," she said; "but they shall all remember to-morrow."

The week passed merrily. Aunt Meta seemed to have forgotten the supposed summons, and was the presiding genius of everything. It was from her hand each one of the guests received the gift they were to cherish as a memento of the occasion, from the tiny finger-rings for the toddling babies to the snowy locks of hair in golden lockets given to the older ones.

Every gift was of gold, and on each was engraved the date of the birthday.

It was Aunt Meta who arranged croquet parties, made up impromptu picnics, pasted kites for the boys, dressed dolls for the girls, arranged impromptu charades, dressed characters for tableaux, played waltzes, quadrilles and country dances, was the referee for all disputes, the head of all pleasures.

She never spoke to me, even in the night hours, when we were alone, of the spirit she had seen: but I knew that, despite the fatigue she must have felt, she spent long, sleepless hours in that week of boisterous merriment.

They were all gone at last, leaving me for the only guest. Uncle Mark returned to his farming; for Wharton cattle and Wharton vegetables and fruit were famous through the whole county.

Grandmother knitted little squares for counterpanes that were the wonder of the rising generations, or dozed away the long Summer afternoons in her easy-chair.

I wandered from library to music-room, or took long, lonely walks; while Aunt Meta drooped into a strange, listless indolence, very new to her busy, active life.

Uncle Mark noticing her pale face and languid step, Aunt Meta said she was tired after her busy week, and felt the increasing heat.

I wondered if she was still thinking of Conrad Heydon's ghost.

It was the third day after the gay party had left us, when, after sunset, one warm evening, Aunt Meta invited me to walk with her. We took the path leading to the Heydon estate, and for the first time I set foot in the garden—a perfect wilderness of weeds, flowers, and large, noble trees.

"I have never been here, Elsie, since Conrad Heydon shot his rival for the sake of my false face," said Aunt Meta; "but to-night the desire is strong upon me to see the scene which has haunted my dreams for many long, dreary years."

"You are not strong enough," I said. "Dear Aunt Meta, come back."

"No. We will go on."

A few steps led us to an opening amongst the trees—a spot where the grass was long and rank, but where there were no flowers or shrubbery.

Aunt Meta was trembling so violently that I feared she would fall; and, spreading my shawl over a large, flat stone, I made her sit down. She did not speak, looking mournfully at the spot so fatal to her happiness, till suddenly she grasped my arm, and gave a low, shivering cry, which I echoed; for, standing in the inclosure, facing us, was the man I had seen peeping in at the pantry window on the night of my arrival at Wharton. He wore no hat, and his hair fell in long, rough locks on each side of his pallid, haggard face.

"Conrad's ghost again!" whispered Aunt Meta; and, stretching out her arms, she cried, in yearning, piteous tones: "Conrad! Conrad!"

Instead of vanishing into thin air, as it was the proper business of a spirit to do, the man turned his face slowly toward Aunt Meta; and then, with one headlong rush, he sprang forward, and was fairly groveling at her feet.

"Meta! Meta!" he sobbed, kissing her dress, her hands, and even her feet.

For a moment she grew so ghostly pale that I feared the sudden shock had taken life itself; but she rallied, and bent low over the kneeling, crouching figure.

"Conrad, is it indeed you?" she said.

He raised his face to hers, and then burst upon us both the appalling truth that the mind was gone. The large eyes looked into hers, and a smile was upon the pale lips; but he would only murmur, "Meta! Meta!" with such thrilling sadness, and yet such tender love, in every tone, that the tears rolled down my cheeks, even to hear him.

"Go for your Uncle Mark!" Meta whispered to me.

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid of Conrad? Oh, no!" she said; and I hastened away.

Uncle Mark's amazement vented itself in a long whistle as I finished my recital.

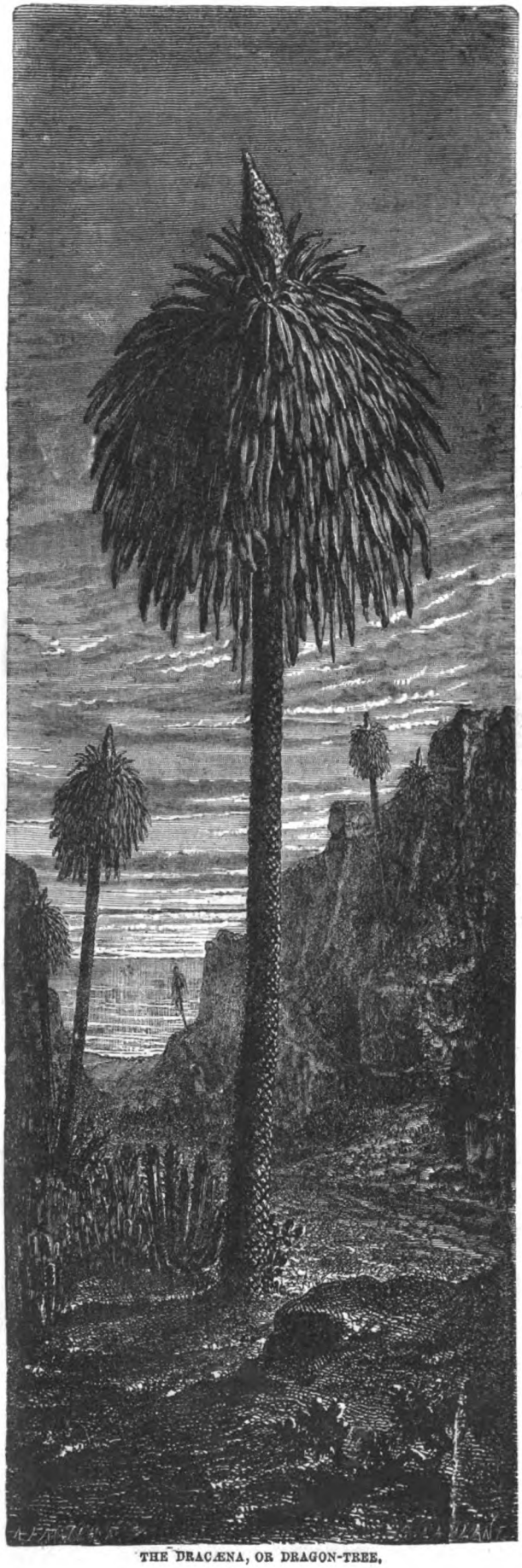
"Conrad Heydon! Foolish, you say?"

"Certainly not sane," I answered.

"Show the way, Elsie. Dear, dear! to think of Conrad Heydon coming home! It is thirty-five years, Elsie—bless me! it is thirty-five years *this very day* since Conrad Heydon fled from home and country."

We were not long traversing the space between Wharton and the spot where I had left Aunt Meta.

When we emerged from the grove into the open space, Conrad Heydon was lying upon the ground, and Aunt Meta was kneeling beside him, looking into his white, still face.



THE DRACÆNA, OR DRAGON-TREE.

"Hush!" she said, softly, as we drew near them. "He is asleep."

But Uncle Mark bent over his sister, and lifted her, very gently, into his strong arms. Too plainly was the seal of death set upon the features of the wanderer.

"Meta," Uncle Mark said, sadly and tenderly, "he will not awake again. Come home, sister, and I will see that Conrad follows."

She knelt again, and softly kissed the dead face, whispering the name of her lover in tenderest accents. Then she allowed her brother to lead her home, I following, weeping over the piteous ending of the bitter, tragic love-story.

Grandmother Catherwood gave willing consent to the funeral from Wharton, and Conrad Heydon lies in the churchyard, where Meta can deck his grave with flowers, and steal alone to weep and pray.

There was close and tedious investigation made, but no light was ever thrown upon those long years of wandering, nor the fatality that led the fugitive home to die upon the scene of his crime, at the feet of the woman he loved.

Grandmother Catherwood saw no more birthdays. Quietly and peacefully she gave up her spirit to her Maker in the early Spring of another year.

Uncle Mark and Aunt Meta still live at Wharton, and I am a frequent guest, my deformity leading me to love the seclusion and quiet of the stately home.

There are many love-stories in the large family, some happy, some merry, some sad; but there is none that awakens so keen an interest, so vivid a regret, in all our hearts, as the tale of Aunt Meta's love and Conrad Heydon's Ghost.

THE DRACÆNA, OR DRAGON-TREE.

A REMARKABLE tree, now assigned to the order of *Liliaceæ*, is the Dracæna, or Dragon-tree. Its home is in the tropics, but it appears only at widely separated spots.

Dracænas, or Dragon-trees, are found growing on the west coast of Africa and in Cape Colony, in Bourbon and in China; but it is only in the Canary Islands, in Madeira and Porto Santo that they attain such gigantic dimensions as to entitle them to rank among the vegetable wonders of the world.

Near Orotava, in Teneriffe, still flourishes the venerable Dragon-tree which was already reverenced for its age by the extirpated nation of the Guanches, the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, and which the adventurous Bethencourts, the conquerors of the Canaries, found scarcely less colossal and cavernous in 1402 than Humboldt, who visited it in 1799. Above the roots, the illustrious traveler measured a circumference of forty-five feet; and according to Sir George Staunton, the trunk has still a diameter of four yards at an elevation of ten feet above the ground. The whole height of the tree is not much above sixty-five feet. The trunk divides in numerous upright branches, terminating in tufts of evergreen leaves, resembling those of the pineapple.

THE QUEST OF THE ROSE.

AN OLD MIDSUMMER EVE LOVE-SPELL.

I.—MIDSUMMER EVE.

SWEET-SCENTED June! with fragrant hay
About the new-mown meadow tossed,
Where lad and lass turn work to play
Upon a Summer holiday,
And hearts are won and lost.

When fairies dance in magic rings
All underneath the Summer moon,
And weird St. Johnswort answer brings
To maids whose sweet belief still clings
To old-world spells in June.

When sun in Summer solstice glows,
And bonfires flash from hill to hill,
And maidens seek the magic rose,
Then in awed silence seek repose,
The while the world is still.

Hence reddening blaze on distant height,
Each lovelorn wight looks fondly on,
As ushering in the blessèd night
Whereon to practice mystic rite,
The Eve of good St. John.

II.—In the Hayfield.

Bashful Colin all the day
Nigh sweet Phebe lingers;
Turns for her the half-tanned hay,
Lest she tire her fingers.

Scarce a word he dares to speak,
Frowning answer fearing;
Crimson glows his sunburnt cheek
When her voice he's hearing.

Phebe, with well-feigned disdain,
Out beyond him glancing,
Pouts her lips; tho' love's sweet pain
Sets her heart a-dancing.

Stupid Colin turns away,
Ne'er the truth divining;
Dark and clouded grows the day,
Though the sun was shining.

So two foolish hearts aside
  May turn Love's smiling river,
Knowing not but that its tide
  May flow away for ever.

III.—Oberon.

Through the forest, by the river,
Lo, the fairy torches quiver;
Oberon in state is sitting,
Darting fireflies round him flitting;
By his side
His fairy bride;
And the nightingale is singing;
And the lily-bells are ringing;
Fairy trumpets gayly pealing;
Fairy music softly stealing
Underneath the night-blue ceiling,
Painted with gold stars a-shining
Through the moss-set branches twining,
Leaf and stem with lamps a-glow
That the glittering glow-worms show.
Acorn-cup with nectar filled,
  Takes the Elf-king in his hand;
Greets he first his queen self-willed,
  Greets he next the fairy band;
Drinks he, "To each mortal lover!"—
  "Fairy subjects, prove your power;
Round the magic roses hover,
  Lend enchantment to each flower.
Give the lover courage true,
  That his heart no more despair;
Dry the maiden's eyes of blue,
  Wrinkles smooth from foreheads fair.
Fairy subjects, prove your might,
In the rare midsummer night."

IV.—Gathering the Rose.

Nigh a cottage blooms a garden
  Where the roses blow.
In the garden, 'mongst the roses,
  In the silver glow
Of the moonlight, stands a maiden
  Glancing not to left or right;
Backward moves she 'mongst the roses
  Rival-streaked or red or white;
Moss-veiled roses, maiden-blush-rose—
  Surely this the magic flower;
Trembling, snatches she a blossom
  In the lonely midnight hour.
To her lips the rose she presses,
  Silently doth own,
In her heart for aye and ever
  Colin reigns alone.
Silent still—the rose she layeth
  All in folds of white;
Mortal eye must not behold it
  Until Christmas night.
Then if fresh the rose is blowing,
  Colin will be true;
And he'll take from her the blossom,
  And she'll smile anew.
And no more with coy deceiving
  Will she mar her bliss;
Colin, bolder grown, his thieving
  Crowns with loving kiss.

So she muses, never speaking,
  While the moonlight pale,
In and out among the roses
  Weaves a silver vail.
Silent still—her couch now seeking,
  She in slumber lies.
Who can tell the love-sweet visions
  That her sleep-sealed eyes
See amongst the fadeless roses,
That her spell-bound dream discloses
  In a fairy Paradise?

V.—Fairy Serenade.

Sleep, maiden, sleep!
  We guard the rose,
And safe will keep
  It from all foes.
No cankerworm nor cruel blight
Shall harm the blossom plucked to-night.
  Sleep, maiden, sleep!

Sleep, maiden, sleep!
  We guard the rose;
Though skies may weep,
  Though rough wind blows,
When Christmas snow lies on the ground,
Thy rose shall fresh and fair be found.
  Sleep, maiden, sleep!

Sleep, maiden, sleep!
  Whilst visions bright
Entrancing creep
  Round thee to-night;
Yet sweeter shall the moment be
When Colin takes the rose from thee.
  Sleep, maiden, sleep!

Julia Goddard.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ANCIENT ROME.

The following vivid pen-picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Ford:

"If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble, which outnumbered the living inhabitants—so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair-dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in recent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass-cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered a genuine sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bedroom. A banquet-dish of Drusillus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at $800,000. Drinking-cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise-shell and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their

houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes, executed in lively colors.

"But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were 'citizen-nobles' who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be $5,000 per day, when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now."

ST. HELENA IN 1878.

"SEE the land there, sir—about a point on the port bow? That's St. Helena, sir, that is."

Of course I didn't see the land, but experience had taught me that I might have confidence in the marvelous power of a sailor to make out the dark streak on the horizon, and I went down to breakfast in a confident hope of seeing the island on my return to the deck. Nor was I disappointed; for, coming up soon after nine o'clock, the island was plainly visible as a line of cloud on the water. Four hours of steady sailing with the reliable southeast trades brought the good ship alongside of the precipitous rock, rising so strangely in mid-ocean, which has so absorbing an interest in the history of the world.

The only landing place at St. Helena is Jamestown, the capital and only town of the island, nestled down in a ravine, with sheer cliffs running up on either side. Off Jamestown, therefore, we dropped anchor, and at once the health officer was alongside, and satisfied himself as to the propriety of our landing.

On his leaving, we were surrounded by boats innumerable, some of them anxious to take passengers ashore, others bringing women with necklaces and ornaments of native work to sell. A great number of washerwomen came, too, with letters of recommendation from former customers. I have known instances where these letters would not have been so readily presented had the laundress been able to read English. One such letter ran, "Never had my things so badly washed in my life." Another, "The woman only expects you to pay half what she asks."

Taking one of the many boats that were fighting for precedence at the foot of the gangway, a few vigorous strokes from the swarthy oarsmen brought us to the stone steps of the landing place, and we were in St. Helena. Our first greeting was from a small boy, who had been vigorously ringing a bell, and now came forward and gave the bell into our hands. Examining it, we found pasted upon it an announcement that, by special request, "The School for Scandal" would be performed that evening at the Old Rock Theatre.

Here, indeed, was a surprise. Upon this island—the whole population of which would scarcely fill either Booth's Theatre or the Grand Opera House in New York—was a theatre, and in that theatre was to be acted no less distinguished a comedy than the masterpiece of Sheridan. We thought with some fear of what the result might be in the hands of the St. Helena stock company, but, nevertheless, mentally determined to see for ourselves.

Following the quay for about one hundred yards, we came to the gates of the town. The inhabitants seem scarcely alive to the fact that their illustrious prisoner is no longer with them, and accordingly their gates are closed every night at half past nine o'clock, and no one can leave the town after that time without an order from the Governor.

Passing through the gates, we enter the main street of Jamestown. The town, indeed, consists of one main street, which follows the winding of the valley. On the right, immediately on entering the town, is Ladder Hill, on the top of which are the barracks, and which you ascend by a terribly long flight of steps. On the left is the garden attached to the Governor's town house, which is open to the public; and adjoining the garden is the site of the house, recently destroyed by fire, in which Napoleon passed his first night in St. Helena, and where the Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, also passed a night on his return from India.

The island is very barren of vegetation, and the fruits produced are not many. Dates, bananas, grapes, mangoes, guavas and figs are perhaps the most abundant. Meat is very scarce and dear, the inhabitants relying a good deal on Australia for the supply. When an ox is killed, the joints go to a few favored residents and to the barracks. We were to have brought a bullock for them from the Cape, but the animal unfortunately broke its neck coming on board.

In the evening we set out for the Old Rock Theatre, the ladies walking down in evening dress, without any need for shawls or hoods, although, as we were in the month of June, it was the middle of the St. Helena Winter. The room dignified by the title of the Old Rock Theatre is reached by a very shaky flight of steps, dimly lighted by an ancient lantern. The stage, a very diminutive one, is at one end of the room, and raised about a foot from the floor. The band, by a wise arrangement, plays in the yard. We found the room well filled, and learned that the comedy was to be played by ladies and gentlemen from the principal families in St. Helena, with reinforcements from the garrison stationed there.

Of the performance, suffice it to say that it equally surprised and pleased us, though, had the ghost of Sheridan been present, it must have been greatly puzzled when two of his characters sat down to examine an album of photographs!

The following day we devoted to the object of our stay upon the island—a visit to Longwood. To the stranger, anxious to visit Longwood from Jamestown, there are three courses open. He may drive, or, rather, he may sit in a basket pony-carriage, with a man walking at the pony's head; or he may ride, in which case he will be accompanied by a small boy, who fearlessly holds on to the animal's tail; or, thirdly, if he is energetic enough, he may walk. The distance is probably not more than three or four miles, but the road is a continual ascent, and the walk is fatiguing to any but the robust.

The horses of the island are rather a sorry crew, and some have a vicious habit of pounding the rider's legs against the wall of rock that skirts the road. So we decided for the pony carriage, and, in a leisurely way, started on our journey. When the winding road has brought you about halfway to the summit of the cliff, you see on the right "The Briars," a substantial, comfortable-looking house, with a pavilion adjoining it, which was placed at Napoleon's service by its owner whilst the furnishing of the house at Longwood was being completed. Leaving on the left the footpath leading to Napoleon's grave, you reach a little colony of houses, amongst them the "Rose and Crown Hotel," a primitive little establishment, at which prudence suggests your ordering some lunch, which may await you on your return.

This accomplished, another mile of level road brings you

to the gate of Longwood. However thorough a Briton you may be, I think the feeling on seeing the desolate little one-storied house must be, "What a terrible place for a man who had lived the active, restless life of the fallen Emperor!"

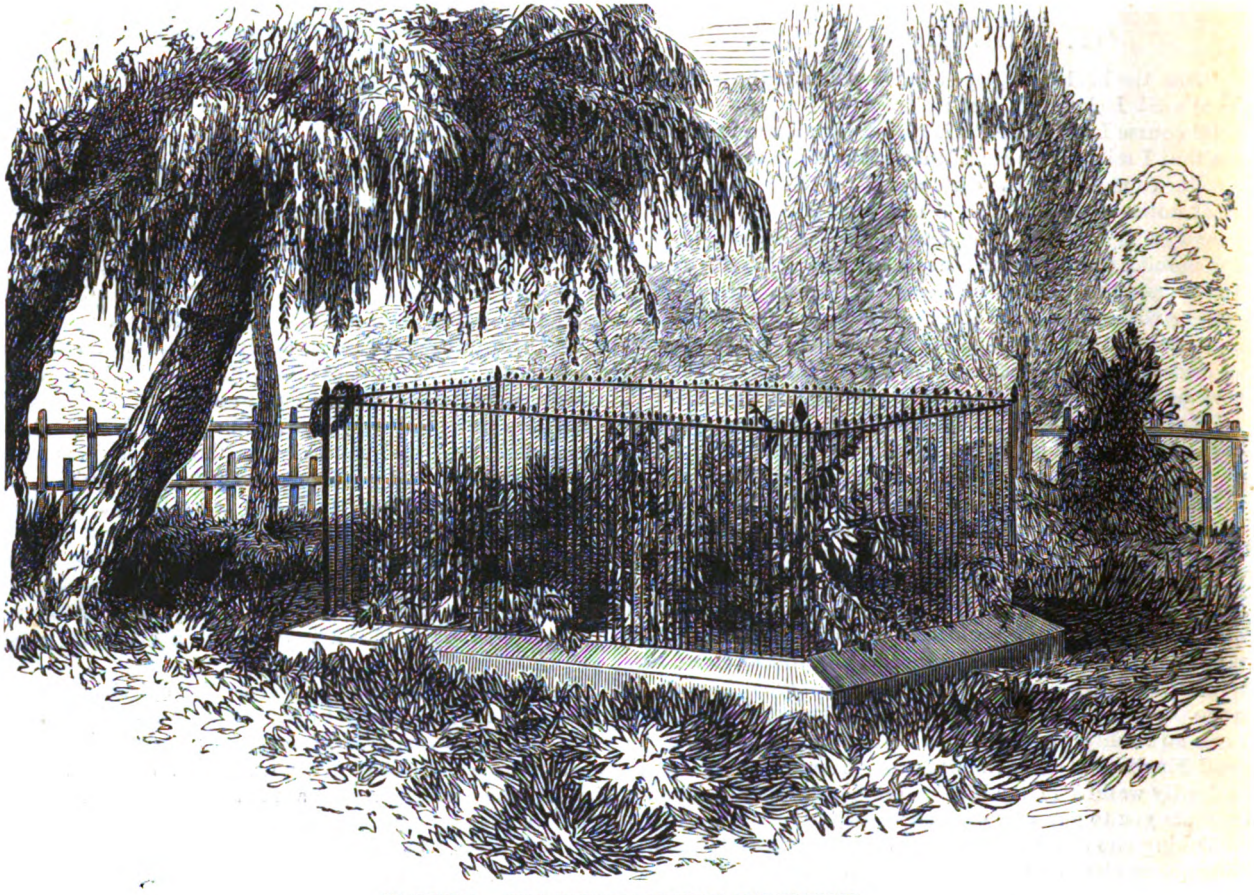
High up on a barren cliff, bleak and unsheltered, with watch-houses and signal-stations on every point of vantage, with a regiment encamped upon the adjacent plain, and a cordon of sentries round the house, he may well have felt that he was needlessly reminded that he was a prisoner, and have instituted imaginary comparisons between his condition there, and the way he would have been treated had he surrendered himself to the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, or the Emperor Francis II., of Austria. It is easy to realize the feeling that must have been in his mind when, on seeing Longwood for the first time, he exclaimed, "Nous n'aurons de trop que le temps!"

Old Longwood and Napoleon's grave were bought by the French in 1858, the house having then been allowed to fall into a very dilapidated state. The buildings were repaired, and each room was repapered with paper of the pattern used when Napoleon was in residence there.

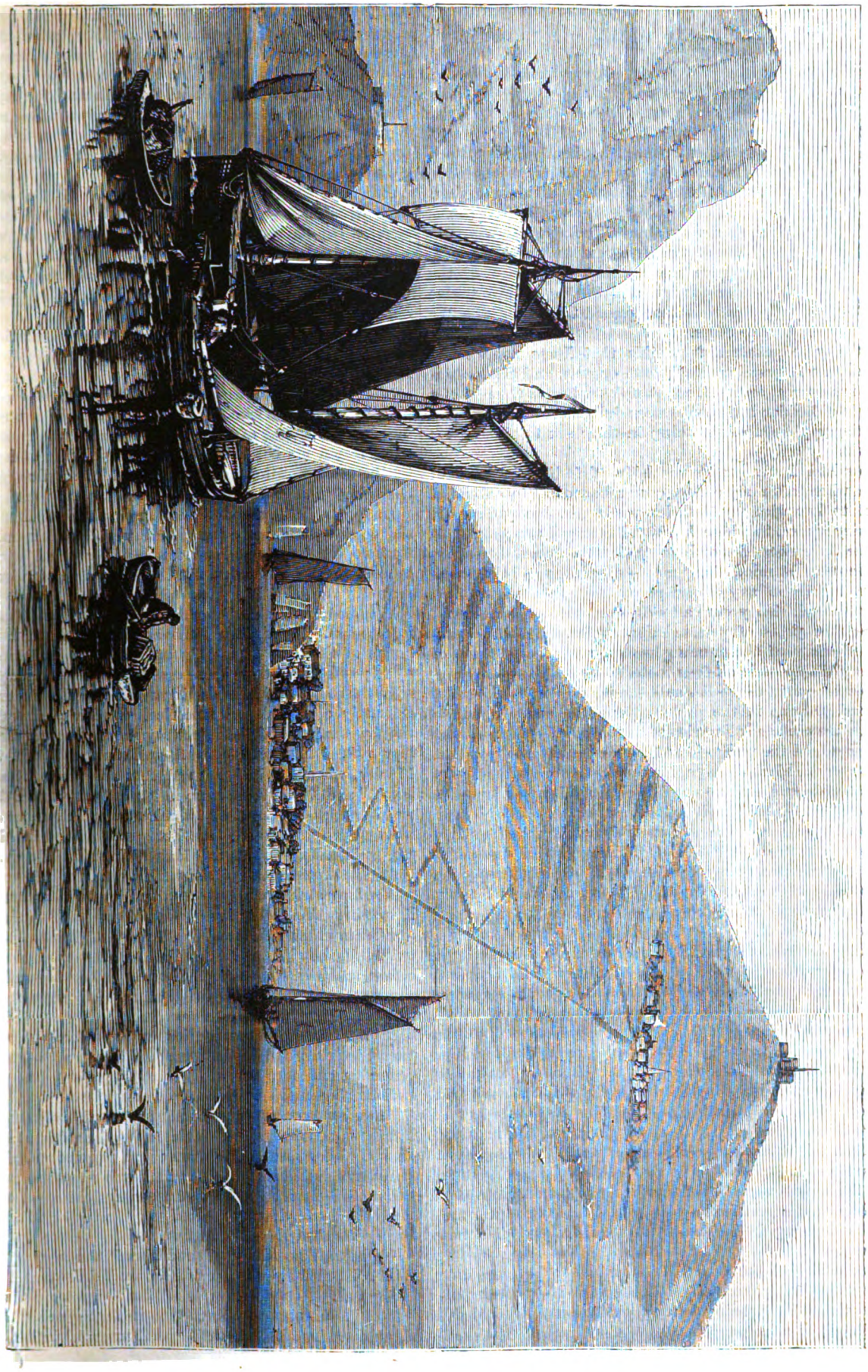
The French Government, with characteristic good taste, forbid the attendants to receive any gratuity from visitors to the house or the grave, the one condition being that you shall inscribe your name in the visitors' book. Perhaps, at some far distant date, a Frenchman will be able to visit the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, without being pestered for sixpence at every turn.

The first room you enter (they are all miserably small and low) is the drawing-room, in which are placed the French and British flags. From it you pass into the room in which Napoleon died. Where the head of the bed stood is now a fine marble bust of the Emperor, surrounded by a wooden railing; with these exceptions, the rooms are destitute of any furniture. You pass from the dining-room, in which Napoleon died, to his bed-room, bath-room, library, and billiard-room. Leaving the house, you pass through the garden, in which Napoleon used to work so vigorously, and turn your steps to New Longwood. This house was built for Napoleon's use after his arrival, but he never lived in it. An iron railing still separates the garden from the field adjoining, and Napoleon considered it was put there to remind him that he was a captive. Of course nothing of the kind was intended, and Sir Hudson Lowe gave orders to have the railing removed; but before this was done, Napoleon's increased illness rendered it unnecessary. Leaving Longwood, we returned to the "Rose and Crown," where we got lunch and some beautiful bouquets of flowers, and then set off to visit Napoleon's grave. The grave is down in the valley, by a stream of deliciously cool and pure water. Napoleon was in the habit of walking down to the stream and sitting by it in the shade of the trees, and he desired that when he died he should be buried by it, as the only thing that had given him any pleasure on the island. M. Morilleau and his wife—the courteous attendants—show you the grave and give you a glass of the water. Here again you inscribe your name in the visitors' book, and then ascend the hill to the main road, where the carriages await you.

On the following day we joined our good ship again, and were soon under way, bearing with us many pleasant associations and memories of St. Helena.



ST. HELENA.— SPOT WHERE NAPOLEON I. WAS INTERRED.



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN, ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

MY TWO LOVES.

By Annie Thomas.

AM a man of thirty-five now, at the time of my writing this, and I venture to start with a bold statement of only wanting five years of those "forty" which sensibly suggest to us that we have done with romance, and deal solely with realities; though the romance of my life is but just commencing.

Yet, on looking back sometimes, it seems such a very short time since I—a young fellow of twenty-three—met my first love. She gave me my first experience of the tender passion, and during all the twelve years that have passed I have only known one other.

It may be gathered from this that I was not what is called an "impressionable" youth or man, and this deduction is a correct one. Brought up as a boy at the feet of a couple of maiden aunts, who were dull, dictatorial, and distressingly plain, I saw nothing in their sex to make their "looks my only books."

Nor had I any strong revulsion of feeling in favor of them when, after my college career had come to an end, I went to live with my bachelor uncle, Mr. Jocelyn, an old country squire, to whose lands and money I was heir.

The living beauties of Jocelyn Court were not dangerous to the peace of mind of any man—unless he was led to back them heavily in any of the respective contests on which they entered. They were all well-born, thorough-bred, and perfect in point of personal appearance. But the sentimental heart of a man never knew a pang through one of them, for they were all four-footed.

The horses in the stalls, and the hounds in the kennels, the red Devons in the pastures, and the sheep upon the hills, were each and all unrivaled in that county-side. But no man grudged the possession of such excellence to popular, generous old Mark Jocelyn, for the hounds were kept up at his own expense, and no careful, clever rider ever lacked a "mount" from the Jocelyn Court stables.

I had been living with my uncle about six months, when I first began to experience a slight sensation of discontent with the manner of my existence. I had shot away the Autumn, and hunted away the Winter, and now Spring, with all its tender, relaxing influences, had set in, and I began to feel dull.

The house was always full of staying visitors, and a large dinner-party once a week was a standing invitation; but the guests were all men, and all men of my uncle's generation. Hard, heavy-headed old sportsmen, who rode gallantly up to hounds still, but who were rather shaky as to the voice and legs after dinner; first-rate fellows to follow if you wanted a good lead over the country, but rather dreary to pursue through the involutions of their oft-told tales of adventure over field and stubble.

I had learnt the country pretty well during the hunting, but then I had looked upon it merely with sporting eyes. It bore quite another aspect now that the crops had sprung, and the hedges were full of flowers and ferns, and I tried to develop an interest in its new aspect, and to amuse myself by working in ignorance in the formation of a new fernery.

The work did not progress very rapidly; for some days I forgot to bring home any specimens, and on other occasions those I did bring home were broken, withered and mutilated, or were worthless weeds. However, fern-hunting gave me nominal occupation, and so I pursued it in a desultory way, in the intervals of fly-fishing and otter-hunting.

One day I found myself a long distance from home, riding slowly along a little, narrow high-hedged lane, which was rich in ferns, that, even to my inexperienced eye, were both beautiful and rare. I was just making up my mind, lazily, to dismount and secure a root or two, when my eye lighted upon an object a short distance ahead of me, which, by some magical law, drew me on toward it at once.

It was only a girl!

But such a girl! I can see her now, vividly, after the lapse of all these years, as clearly as I saw her then. A slender, supple young figure, every line of which was distinctly traced by the well-fitting blue cloth habit; a small, shapely head, crowned by a neat little riding-hat, from underneath the brim of which some glossy, closely-braided chestnut hair peeped; and such a face!

Every lover worthy of the name of one thinks his mistress's face perfection; and I was her lover from the instant I first looked upon her.

She glanced around hastily from her occupation of tugging with her tiny hands at the strong roots of a refractory fern, as the sound of my horse's hoofs fell upon her ears; and I raised my hat in involuntary admiration, as a tribute to the most bewitching embodiment of all that is most charming in woman, as she did so.

In the fresh, unconventional atmosphere of that sweet old country lane, we came to know each other in a way that, to our ignorance and innocence, seemed very well, indeed, in the course of the half-hour's intercourse that ensued.

It came about naturally enough that we should have this intercourse. As a man, I was bound to relieve her little hands of the task of tearing up that fern by its defiant roots; and as a woman, she could but gracefully acknowledge the slight obligation under which I had laid her. Her delicately complexioned face flushed with pleasure when she saw the prize of the refractory royal fern was her own. Her soft, dark-brown eyes flashed out gratitude to me. Finally, when she had avowed that she "must be going home," and I had put her up in her saddle (what a feather-weight she was!), her little hand gave mine a most cordial farewell pressure, as she bent her graceful head in adieu to me, and slackened the rein of her high-bred little chestnut.

As she trotted out of sight, rising to the well-marked, rather long stride of her mare as easily as she breathed—as if trotting came to her by inspiration, indeed—a feeling of desolation crept over me like the ague. I had let her go away into that life of hers which had never crossed mine before, and might never cross it again, without learning who she was and where she lived! She had gone from me without leaving me the slightest clue by which I could trace her. I had wasted the precious moments which we had passed together in idle chatter about ferns and wild flowers generally, and now she was gone without leaving me the least link by which I might find her again.

For a few moments a wild fancy reigned, ordering me to feel that I should be justified in riding her down and demanding her name and address; but my natural timidity soon put this fancy to flight, and I was about to remount and moodily make the best of my way home, when I saw her little glove lying by the hedgerow, where it had fallen during her struggle with the fern.

Need I tell how I seized and kissed the pretty, dainty trifle? Need I say what absurd elation I felt when I found, neatly written on the inside of the gauntlet, the word "Alice"? It seemed to me that in that glove I held the silken thread which, followed, would unerringly lead me to my love.

I said nothing of my little adventure at home. Jocelyn Place was scarcely the theatre for the portrayal of such emotions as were filling my breast at this epoch. Moreover, though I was quite ready to write myself down an ass, I had no great yearning to show other people that they would be justified in doing the same thing. Accordingly, I kept my own counsel, but at the same time made incessant and earnest inquiries respecting every lady who rode in the neighborhood. To my intense chagrin and heartfelt disappointment, the Summer passed away and I heard nothing of my lady of the fern.

It was not till the commencement of the hunting season, when we had a lawn-meet and breakfast and the whole hunt at Jocelyn Place, that I was roused into a state of anything like interest outside of the stables and kennel again. Dear old Uncle Mark was in great form this day. Perhaps he had upon him the presentiment that he was inaugurating a search for the last time with his famous pack; or perhaps it may have been that his family heart was gratified to find what good progress I had made in the estimation of our country neighbors since my coming to reside, just a year ago, among them. Whatever the cause, however, the effect was this: no one ever saw "old Jocelyn in finer form" than he was on the morning of this eventful day.

I have not mentioned that the usual meets were at just such a convenient distance from a garrison and naval seaport town that the sailors were generally well represented in the field. They were rather trying, it must be admitted, to the steady-going old hunting-men, who never went larking over unnecessary gates, or fooling about in any way; but still, their debonair presence added greatly to the excitement and charm of the meets, in the eyes of the ladies. Whenever a new ship came in, and a new set of mighty naval hunters performed prodigious feats of valor and indiscretion after Jocelyn's hounds, we were sure of having full meets, and line upon line of carriages full of the prettiest women in the neighborhood.

"I hear that my old friend Sir Harry Lakers has just come down to hoist his flag at Weymouth. He'll be out to-day, for a certainty, Archie, my boy," my uncle said to me, with an exhilarating degree of satisfaction in his tones, as we stood together at the head of the long table whereon the breakfast was set.

"We sha'n't be able to show him much sport to-day," I responded. "These lawn-meets mean loafing about till the morning's gone, and by the time we 'find,' half the field will have to go home to dinner."

"I think Harry Lakers will like this rather better than the stiff work we'll show him next week," my uncle said.

Then, with an exclamation of pleasure, he went forward, lugging me by the arm with him, to meet a new arrival who was just being ushered into the room.

"Welcome, old friend! Let me introduce my boy, Archie Jocelyn, to you," my uncle cried, warmly. And I found myself bowing to a fine specimen of an old naval officer—a gallant-looking, upright gentleman, with a face of bronze and eyes of honest blue. A fine old fellow of sixty-five, who was as little at home in the saddle, I saw, presently, at a glance, as an infant just born.

In the bustle and confusion of the start, I did not take any notice of two ladies on horseback just outside the hall-door; but as soon as we all began to move on, I observed that they were strangers, and under the protection, apparently, of Sir Harry Lakers.

From my position, about ten yards behind them, I took careful stock of their seats and of the way in which they managed their high-couraged horses; and suddenly, with a throb that amounted to a pang of joy, I recognized in one of them my lady of the fern!

She was mounted on the same breedy-looking little chestnut in conjunction with which she had made such a pretty picture in the Spring; riding the fretful, fiery mare quietly, as only a woman who understands a horse's mouth can ride it, and poised squarely and lightly in her saddle.

Every tongue around me was whispering wonder as to whence she came, and every eye was bent admiringly upon her; for, though we had many daring and skillful lady riders in our hunt, we had never met with a combination of such perfect hands with a perfect seat before.

Habitual indolence, as regarded women, supplemented now by a shyness that was new to me, held me back from riding up abreast of her and giving her the option of recognizing me before I requested an introduction to her from Sir Harry Lakers.

It was pleasant, too, to study the poetry of motion as exemplified by her light, swaying figure; pleasant to think that it bid fair to be a loitering day, instead of one of real hard running and work; and interesting to mark the points of contrast between herself and her lady companion.

The latter was a fine, well-built girl—square-shouldered, flat-backed, tall, and not ungraceful altogether. Her face, too, from the glimpses I caught of her profile now and again as she turned her head from side to side in animated conversation with Sir Harry and the lady on the chestnut, was that of a handsome, sparkling, fine-featured brunette. But handsome as she was, undoubtedly I found myself unable to admire the type of beauty of which she was such a good representative just then; compared with her friend, she looked too large, too sturdy, too masculine almost, as it seemed to me, and I felt no manner of interest in the speculations, which were rife around her, as to whether she could be the Miss Lakers whose reputation for beauty had preceded her.

By-and-by, when we were all waiting about on the edge of a wood, which the hounds were drawing, the moment came for me to be made known to the two strangers.

"Let me introduce you to Lady and Miss Lakers—my old friend's nephew, Mr. Jocelyn," Sir Harry said, as he presented me to the pretty, smiling women. He spoke hurriedly, for the field was moving on at the moment, and, with sailor-like impetuosity, he wanted to be well to the fore.

"Come on, my dear," he added, to the brunette; "we may leave Mr. Jocelyn to look after Alice, I think, as the path looks rather narrow."

My heart bounded with exultation at this proposition, and as Alice, apparently, was not at all loath to fall in with it, we fell back, and rode slowly on together. How I blessed fortune that she was the *Miss* Lakers whose reputation for beauty had preceded her. How grateful I felt to the other equally young woman for being the wife!

As far as sport went, it was a bad day from beginning to end, but to me it was a foretaste of Paradise. During the long hours of waiting languidly about for a "find," or of taking solitary short-cuts from one cover to another, I never left her side, and, without vanity, I could see that she was very glad to have me there.

There was not the faintest hesitation or embarrassment in her manner of accepting me from the first as an intimate acquaintance. Nor, on the other hand, was there the slightest touch of boldness or garrison-town hardihood about it. Her simple, perfect, courteous frankness finished the process of enslaving me, which her beauty had commenced.

She treated me with cordiality, with a flattering, trusting kindness that made me ask myself a dozen times an hour, "What had I ever done to deserve so rich an honor?" I told her bluntly—and perhaps, irrelevantly—what my life

THE POWER OF VEGETATION.— SEE PAGE 31.

had been, how devoid or all feminine influence, how ignorant of all feminine power of the purest, highest kind. I poured out my confidences with a fervor and an eloquence that surprised myself, and she listened, as only a woman conscious that her magic touch has wakened the marble into life, can listen.

Once, and once only, did she manifest confusion and perplex me, and that was as we were slowly jogging home late in the afternoon. Half the field had fallen away, and as Jocelyn Place lay between us and Weymouth, my uncle had asked Sir Harry to stop for a glass of sherry and bitters on his way home. The two ladies refused to dismount, and as my uncle and Sir Harry went into the house, I took the opportunity of standing close to her to say;

"You lost a glove the day I saw you first—I have it now, Alice."

In a moment, the sensitive face that was so sensuous, so brilliant, so maddening altogether in its ever-varying beauty, went crimson.

"Give it to me!" she said, rapidly; "it's a peculiar make; Sir Harry always gives me my gloves; you must not keep it; give it to me!"

"When I do myself the honor of calling on you—on Lady Lakers," I corrected myself, as a timely remembrance of the young brunette wife flashed across me, "I will bring it back, if I must."

She gave my hand a smart tap with her whip as it rested on her pommel.

"Hands off, and no blundering, please, Mr. Jocelyn," she said, lightly, "and don't call me 'Alice' any more—before other people," she added, in a whisper.

I was chilled, frightened, bewildered as she spoke. Half a dozen times, at least, that day she had let me mutter her Christian name unrebuked. She had suffered my hand to touch hers. My blood boiled now at the idea that I had given my gold for dross, and that I had been the plaything for a few hours of a coquette. In my heat I spoke, and spoke foolishly.

"If I am never to call you 'Alice' again, you had better not ask me, you had better not permit me, to call on you, Miss Lakers."

"I said 'not before other people,'" she whispered, with a flush, as Sir Harry came out and passed close to us.

"Come along, my dear," the bluff old sailor shouted out, as soon as he felt himself fairly in the saddle. "Good-by, Jocelyn. I shall always be glad to see you, for your uncle's sake, and for your own, too, for that matter; I hope my wife has thanked you properly for looking after her to-day. Good-by."

They all then rode off as he finished speaking, and I was left, hat in hand, feeling a considerable amount of awkwardness at having been chaffed in such a way for my marked inattention to the "married woman," the handsome brunette. "Anyway his parental pride ought to teach him to forgive me," I told myself, as I made my way immediately to my own room, in order to avoid, until the dinner-hour, at least, the rather strong stream of badinage which would probably be made to flow in my direction, on account of my unprecedented conduct to my uncle and his friends.

Piqued as I was, uncertain of her real meaning, and distrustful of myself, as I had every reason to be, I could not, after a couple of days, restrain the ardent desire I had to go and see more of Alice Lakers.

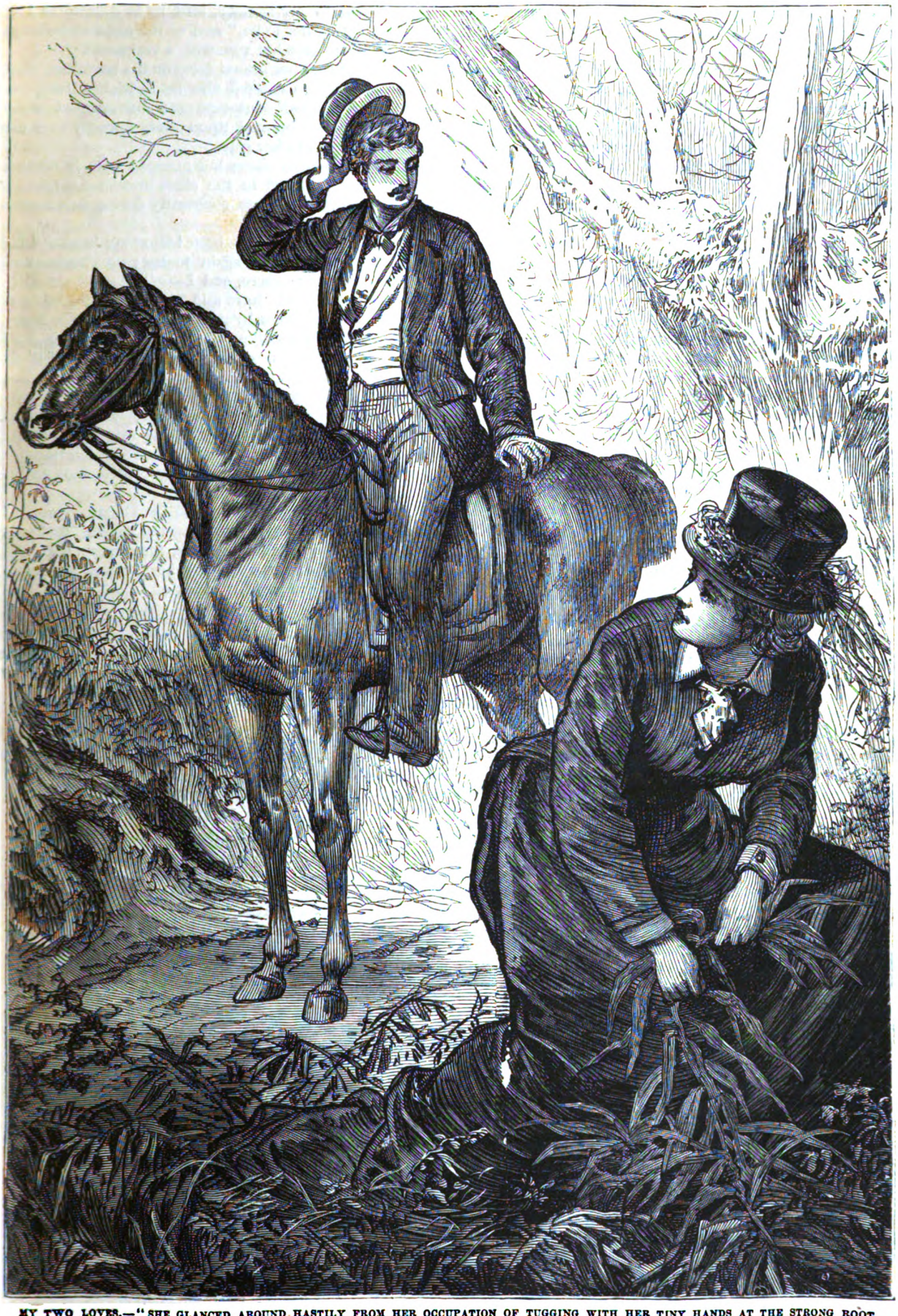
The same impulse which urged the Laird of Cockpen to put on his "best sword and cocked hat" when he went wooing, urged me to ride my finest horse, and whistle up three or four of my best bred grayhounds and retrievers on the occasion. I pictured her coming out into the garden of Government House, patting my horse, and caressing my hounds, and letting me see the whole time that she was doing these things for my sake.

Even the servant who admitted me must have seen the cloud of disappointment which lowered over me when, in answer to my inquiry for the ladies, he told me that "my lady was at home, but Miss Lakers was out riding." Why had fate not permitted me to meet her? Why did etiquette compel me to go in and pass a desolate, *distrait* quarter of an hour in the society of the young wife of an old man, when it was that old man's daughter I was pining to see?

I conceived a decided aversion to handsome, vivacious, uninteresting Lady Lakers, as I followed the footman upstairs, and told myself emphatically that she must be wanting in soul, sentiment, and all the softer and more winning feminine qualities, as she had sold her youth and good looks to age for wealth and position.

The revulsion of feeling was almost overpowering, and I have no doubt but that I looked a most abject fool when, on my name being announced, the lady seated at the end of the long room rose and came forward to meet me warmly. Fate had not been malevolent! Fortune in her kindness had not dealt cruelly with me. I forgave May for a

FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS—THE DUCK TREE.— SEE PAGE 31.



MY TWO LOVES.—"SHE GLANCED AROUND HASTILY FROM HER OCCUPATION OF TUGGING WITH HER TINY HANDS AT THE STRONG ROOT OF A REFRACTORY FERN AS THE SOUND OF MY HORSE'S HOOFS FELL UPON HER EARS."—SEE PAGE 26.

mercenary marriage with December, for it was Alice Lakers herself who welcomed me, and not her dashing young stepmother.

"They told me you were out riding," I began, in a voice that I could hear trembled with eagerness, with joy, with hope, with fear.

"No; I thought you might call this morning, and so I resisted all entreaties, all warnings as to my little chestnut becoming unmanageable from a day's want of exercise, to see you."

She sank her voice as she spoke the last three words, and I, after muttering something unintelligible by way of reply, found myself following her into the well-filled conservatory, where we loitered about among the flowers and ferns for an hour; during which hour I fondly and misguidedly trusted that we were learning to know each other better, and to love each other more.

She held my heart in the hollow of her hand long before that interview ended, and without my having expressed it in so many words, she knew to a nicety the depth and force of the passion that permeated my being. In a hundred delicate, subtle ways that were new to my untutored senses she made manifest that she understood and accepted my devotion, and

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might,"

producing such a melody of passionate bliss as I had never imagined in my wildest dreams.

"May I write to you?" I asked, as I was leaving; and a look of alarm dimmed the radiant features of her face for an instant, as she answered:

"No—no, you must not think of doing so; the letter might fall—who can tell into whose hands an indiscreet letter might fall? Be good and patient, and we shall see a great deal of one another, Mr. Jocelyn; but be unguarded for one moment, and our intercourse, our *friendship*, will come to an untimely end!"

It was in vain I pleaded desperately; she was very firm; and I was obliged to submit to her decision, though I thought her over-cautious for coming to it. But any compromise was better than the dire alternative with which she threatened me—the probability, namely, of our friendship coming to an end.

So I did myself the wrong of entreating her to let me carry on the siege I was raising so loyally against her heart in an underhand, roundabout, sneaking manner that was altogether foreign to my nature.

She led me on to make this plea, and then she surrendered with such apparent unwillingness to it, that I almost believed, before I left her, that I had been the one to wish and scheme that we might meet in secret and alone.

But when I got clear away from her dazzling atmosphere, I *knew* that my darling had given me my first lesson in deceiving both myself and others.

How many times during the bewildering week that followed was I perplexed and pained, mystified and maddened, by this woman and her wiles! A dozen times a day I must have been on the brink of finding her out, for I must do her the justice to say that her efforts to avoid discovery were slight and careless enough.

Then the light dawned upon me—in fact, it was her own hands that drew aside the curtain which had vailed the truth from me.

The hounds met about two miles from Jocelyn Court on the day that sealed my fate as far as Alice Lakers was concerned, and she kept her promise of being early in the field. She had, on the previous day, in the course of our stolen ride, given me the assurance that she would, very shortly, "put an end to my anxiety, and be as definite as I was always imploring her to be," and on this never-to-be forgotten occasion she kept her vow with a vengeance.

I caught sight of her lissom form on the bounding chestnut the instant she entered the field with Sir Harry, and disregarding the half-contemptuous, half-amused smiles which immediately beamed upon every friendly face near me, I rode at once to her side.

As I came up—she chose her moment well, it must be admitted—she rang out in the clear, sweet tones that had caressed my foolish ears so constantly during the last few days:

"Mr. Jocelyn, I have just been telling my husband that I shall ask you for a lead again to-day; my chestnut will follow your horse anywhere, and I——"

What more she would have said I know not, for her flow of eloquence was arrested by an exclamation from Sir Harry.

"Good heavens! Jocelyn, what's the matter with you? Here, Mark, the boy is fainting!" and so I was, for the first and only time in my life.

I recovered quickly, and rode like the devil that day—rode in such a way that even daring Lady Lakers did not care to follow me. Only once did the exigencies of the chase bring us near enough together for the interchange of a few words. Then she turned a piteous little face toward me, and said:

"Oh! I have played with fire, and I am burnt myself. I began in fun, and it has grown to be the one *real* feeling of my false life. Say something to me, for mercy's sake!"

By way of reply—I was bitterly hurt, be it rememembered—I merely hummed the words of an old song:

"I came here misled by a false woman's vow,
I'll stay and drink health to the Baroness now;
And oh! it will be *quite as pleasant to me*
Since Lilla, Lilla, Lilla's a lady."

"You're only a man—you don't understand the temptation," she said, softly.

Then she rode after her husband, and shortly after the husband and wife left the hunt, and for twelve years there was silence between Lady Lakers and me.

I buried my love in that silence, and no one dared to attempt to disinter it. The Lakers left Weymouth very soon after that day of my discomfiture. Rumor had it that the relations between the old husband and the young wife were not so agreeable as they had been before she had indulged in that "fytte" of gay fooling with me. At any rate, they left, and gradually the remembrance of the way the married woman "had sold young Jocelyn," faded from every mind but my own. Thus my first love died by violence, and was buried.

Just a fortnight ago the manager of the Weymouth Theatre called on me at Jocelyn Court—of which I am the master now—to ask for my patronage for the forthcoming benefit of a *débutante*, who was to make her first appearance "upon any boards" at the Weymouth Theatre as a dramatic reader.

"I can't tell what sort of stuff she is made of yet," the manager said; "but she is a beautiful woman, and a lady, and if she has anything of a voice, she ought to be a good draw. She is as candid as the day, too," he went on, "for she tells me she has only taken to this as a forlorn hope; she has tried teaching, writing, music—everything that a woman can try that's honest, in fact, and she has failed. Her family have cut her altogether."

"Why?" I asked, with languid interest.

"Because she stood by her stepmother when there was a division in the camp; and now, that lady's resources having failed her, this poor young woman is sadly put to

it to keep the wolf from the door. Do the best you can for her, Mr. Jocelyn."

"I will," I promised, absently, as my memory retraversed some paths I had trodden in company with the stepmother of another beautiful, well-born woman.

I had a premonition that something would occur which would interest me deeply, either for pleasure or for pain, when I entered the theatre on the night of "Miss Elliot's benefit"; and it happened soon enough to satisfy the most impatient nature.

The moment this new dramatic reader made her appearance on the boards, I recognized in her the handsome brunette daughter of Sir Harry Lakers, and I seemed to understand and grasp the situation at once. It was for Alice, for my fatally fair and false first love, that this noble-hearted woman was working.

My tale is soon told now. I saw Miss Lakers that night, and heard from her that Sir Harry had never forgiven nor forgotten the deception his lovely young wife had practiced on me.

"Papa was cruel to her from that hour," the girl said, hotly. "Yes, Mr. Jocelyn, *cruel;* though he never beat her nor neglected her, nor anything of that kind; he was cruel in a way that only a woman can discern, and I did discern and resent it. He nearly crushed the life out of her by his unspoken suspicions and unworded reproaches; and because I would not let papa think that I thought him right and her wrong, he punished us both to the best of his ability, by leaving me penniless and depriving her of everything but the pension, which he could not cut off."

"So your father is dead?" I asked, with a beating heart.

"Yes; didn't you know it? How odd!"

I shook my head. I could not tell her that no one had ever dared to mention the name of Lakers to me, and that whenever I had seen it in the columns of the naval intelligence I had hastily skipped it.

"Would you like to see Alice again?" Miss Lakers went on, bluntly. "Speak out honestly, as human being to human being, Would you like to see Alice again?"

"Is she Alice Lakers still?" I asked, hesitatingly. "Of course she is not, though. How should it be that such a lovely woman should remain unmarried!"

"She is Alice Lakers still, and she isn't so wonderfully lovely now?" Miss Lakers laughed. "Just consider, Mr. Jocelyn, it's twelve years since she took you by storm as a sylph. She is a substantial, sensible woman now, so probably you will not like her half as well as you did of old."

Tacitly, as Miss Lakers spoke, there came into the room a woman whom my heart recognized, though my eyes might have failed to do so; and quietly during the next hour she talked to me, and established her empire over my soul. Yes, my second love, the one that will last to the end of my life, is my first beloved to me, purified by the pain the *reality* of my love had cost her through twelve long years.

THE POWER OF GROWING VEGETATION.

Last year some curious experiments were made as to the strength possessed by growing plants. A pumpkin was so arranged as to act on a weighted lever, and much amusement was made, as it day by day demolished theories put forward as to the power it could exert. We do not recollect what the final burden was, but the pumpkin fought it steadily, gaining, by insensible atoms, size and strength, even against a solid dead weight.

A lad, with a similarly inquiring mind, slipped a mucilage-bottle over an apple just formed on the bough, and left it to its own devices. It grew on, having air and light till it touched the sides of the bottle. Then the struggle began. It adapted itself to the form of the bottle, sought escape at the mouth, but this did not relieve its steady growth; then it burst the bottle, and grew out there in a succession of knobs; for the bottle merely gave way in one point; and the apple, thus relieved, did not exert pressure enough on the other parts to break away the confining glass.

The apple, when ripe, has been drawn, and shows how much power is exerted, and how the plant adapts itself to circumstances.

Very little has been done in this country in torturing vegetation, but the Chinese delight in, and have become perfect masters of, the art of producing strange and monstrous forms. Plants will, in this way, afford opportunities for many curious experiments to while away idle moments.

FANCIES OF OLD TRAVELERS.

Myths and fables springing from the old Teutonic and Norse watch-fires found their way into records when civilization and Christianity dawned and a local literature grew up. Even when printing came, some of these stories held their own and were repeated.

What travelers expected to find in countries, they asked about, and people, finding their visitors insist on the existence of certain wonders, probably thought it their best policy to gratify them. Imagination filled up the picture, or simple things were confounded in vague descriptions.

Many kinds of trees and plants, notwithstanding their calm and peaceful life passed in the broad light of day, have still their legendary history and their superstitious traditions. Some have become celebrated on account of the strange animated progeny which has been attributed to their leafy tops; others for their medical or cabalistic power.

Rousseau complained that plants had been defiled by transforming them into disgusting remedies. We should be more correct in accusing those who attribute ridiculous virtues to them.

Several water-birds were long considered to be the produce of certain trees which grow in the marshes or borders of the sea. Our credulous forefathers were persuaded that there was one of these growing in Scotland or the Orkneys, the fruit of which, as large as eggs and having the same shape, opened at maturity and allowed each a little duck to escape.

The vulgar would not have dared to doubt such a fact, for it was quoted by the most renowned scholars. Sebastian Munster attests the truth of it in his great work on "Cosmography."

"We find," he says, "trees in Scotland which produce a fruit enveloped in leaves, and when it drops into the water at a suitable time, it takes life and is turned into a live bird, which they call a *tree-bird.*"

In order to produce a still fuller proof, the writer himself gives a drawing of it! We see the young ducks opening the fruits in order to escape, whilst the newly hatched ones swim in the water near at hand!

Others represented that barnacles grew on this strange tree, and that from these the ducks issued; so bent were they on serving up fish, fowl and vegetables on one dish.

Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding, never grows old.

PATAGONIAN INDIAN DANCERS.

ARGENTINE CATTLEMEN ATTACKED BY PATAGONIANS.

GUINNARD'S ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA.

LIKE many others who have left their homes to seek for fortune, I had come, in the year 1855, to Montevideo, hoping to win the favor of the fickle goddess. I did not succeed. Going to Buenos Ayres, I found it a prey to one of its periodic revolutions, and again saw my hopes dispelled. Mulita, Bragado, Azul, Tendil, Tapalquen, Quenquen-Grande —points on the Argentine frontier, were visited in turn, but with the same disappointing result.

Refusing to yield to despair, however, I resolved to make my way to Rosario, where, I had been assured, I would have better chance of success.

An Italian, named Pedritto, a wanderer like myself in this wild country, volunteered to accompany me, and together, we prepared to cross the Pampas.

To replace the guides our lack of means prevented us from procuring, I drew a plan of our route on a card, supplied myself with a compass, and, trusting in our strength and youth, set out on foot with my companion. We carried with us a small store of provisions, and for further supplies, trusted to our weapons. We knew that numerous difficulties, dangers even, would present themselves, but we had determined to brave and overcome them.

We commenced our journey on the 18th of May, 1856. It is at this season Winter sets in in this region, and at our very departure we were assailed by torrents of rain, and an intense cold, rendered more rigorous by a cutting wind. This weather lasted four days, during which we could neither hunt nor kindle a fire: it was even with great difficulty we could preserve our arms and ammunition on which our lives depended.

On the evening of the fourth day the rain ceased, the sun shone out. We gained a little rest, and ate the little that remained of our rain-soaked bread. After recruiting our strength and examining the plan of our route, we resumed our way, keeping a lookout, in the meanwhile, for any game which would furnish us with a meal.

Our progress over the muddy ground was but slow, and our shoes suffered so severely, that on the following night they became entirely worn out; obliging us henceforth to encounter the bitter cold, and the roughness of the way with naked feet.

Despite the difficulties which opposed us, we made fair progress, and on the morning of the fifth day reached a deep and narrow river imbedded in a steep, rocky ravine. To descend to the surface of the water was the difficult task. The remainder of the day was spent in seeking a passage by which we could cross to the opposite bank. We had succeeded in finding it, when the idea occurred to us that it would be better to postpone our crossing until the following day, as the bank on which we stood offered us a better protection against the wind than would the other.

We even hollowed out a sort of cave in the rocks, and kindled a fire within it to protect ourselves against the cold and damp of the night. But, alas! we had neglected to give any attention to the rapid rising of the river, which had become quite perceptible during the day,

Scarcely had we closed our eyes, when our cave became suddenly filled with a whirling, angry mass of water, and threatened to become our grave. I had only time to awake my companion and seize our arms before taking flight.

Escape was not an easy thing to two men suddenly roused from a heavy sleep, forced to make their way through the water in the darkness, and possessing no ladder but their knives, with which to climb the steep precipice above them.

Providence, no doubt, came to our aid; we reached the summit of the bank safe and sound, and with our arms. Our losses comprised a portion of our ammunition, and some articles of clothing we had left behind us.

The two succeeding days—two long days of absolute starvation—we were forced to wait until the waters should lower sufficiently to permit our crossing.

On the third day we tied our possessions in bundles on our heads and entered the water, holding our rifles aloft with one hand, while swimming with the other. The current ran with such force that it was only with the greatest difficulty we could succeed in holding our own against it; and when we reached the opposite bank we were completely worn out and exhausted. A good fire soon warmed us, and dried our clothes and weapons.

If these rude trials increased our confidence and gave us a contempt for danger, on the other hand they delayed our progress. Besides, we suffered cruelly from our blood-stained feet, which we possessed no means of protecting against the roughness of the ground and the cold.

Toward noon we killed and roasted a biche-gama, a sort of squirrel. Of its skin we tried to fashion sandals, but the texture was too delicate to afford any resistance to the stones and thorns. Our pace became much slower; but we resolved to walk day and night, and to accord to the imperative claims of sleep and hunger only what time we should be forced to yield. Despite our economical resolves, our provisions became exhausted, and it was impossible for us to replace them.

We had then entered a desert, or pampa, on which neither trace of vegetable nor animal life could be discovered. When night came we were obliged to stretch ourselves on the open ground, and take what sleep the cold and hunger would permit us. During the following day our hunger and thirst increased, and at nightfall we found it impossible to close our eyes. The third day our torture was still more terrible; we became delirious, and our progress suffered many interruptions. That night, however, some portion of sleep came to our relief, and when morning broke we were better able to support our terrible trial.

Spurred on by the craving for water and food, we dragged our feeble steps over the sandy desert, and our endurance was at last rewarded by a view of distant vegetation. On nearing it we found a pond, at which we satisfied our thirst. This gave us much relief for the time, but we still needed food, and my companion and myself started in different directions, and began the circuit of the pond. Our search was unsuccessful at first, and we were becoming discouraged, when a sudden movement in the bushes behind me attracted my attention, and I saw a puma watching me. I fired, and struck him in the chest. Enraged by the pain of his wound, he dragged himself toward me, but, fortunately, his strength failed him, and it was easy for me to dispatch him with my hunting-knife.

Some minutes later we were seated around a fire, devouring the flesh, which we had warmed rather than roasted, but which seemed delicious to us, despite its coarse, rank flavor. The spot at which we had halted seemed a favorable one, and we determined to rest there. The fever left us on the second day, but our feet still caused us much suffering. However, we again set out, and continued our journey for three days longer.

At the end of that time it became evident that we had lost our way, and that we had vainly surmounted the trials of the past to encounter one far more serious. This misfortune was caused by the loss of our compass, which had been swept away by the rising waters of the river in which we had so nearly been engulfed. The better to secure our safety, we advanced toward a mountain range we saw at some distance, and there we remained for forty-eight hours.

Obliged to replenish our stock of food, we again descended to the plain, and were in pursuit of a gama we had wounded, when we suddenly perceived a body of Indians. Fortunately, we regained our retreat without having been discovered, and there we endured a siege of hunger for the next two days.

On the third day we again descended to the plain, and had succeeded in killing a deer, which I had already mounted on my shoulders, when we were suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians. From every side they rose, as if by enchantment, and, brandishing their lances and lassoes, they advanced upon us, uttering fierce cries of delight.

Mounted on horses, which they rode with the greatest skill, half-naked, with shaggy masses of hair falling around their paint-besmeared, repulsive countenances, they presented an appearance of infernal ferocity. There could be no question as to the result of the coming struggle. After clasping hands, and exhorting each other to courage, we fired on the nearest of our enemies. One of them was wounded, but his fall did not arrest the advance of his companions, who charged in mass upon us. My comrade, pierced with lance thrusts, and overwhelmed with numbers, fell to rise no more.

My left arm had already been pierced by a lance, when I received a blow in the forehead from a stone attached to a long cord, and I also fell unconscious to the ground. I received other blows and wounds, but of those I remained unconscious until I recovered my senses.

The savages still surrounded me, watching my convulsive movements, and they were on the point of dispatching me, when one of them, thinking, no doubt, that a man whom it was so difficult to kill would make a valuable slave, interposed to save my life.

After having completely stripped me, he tied my hands behind my back, and bound me on a horse as naked as myself. Then commenced a terrible ride; and at an interval of a century and a half, and at the other end of the world, I renewed the horrible experience of Mazeppa.

Owing to the continual loss of blood, I endured a succession of fits of agonizing pain, relieved by lapses of unconsciousness. How long this torture lasted, I do not know. All I remember is, that at the end of each day I was placed on the ground with my limbs still bound.

During this whole journey, which to me appeared to be an eternity, I ate nothing whatever, although the Indians, at times, offered me some roots. On reaching the camp of the band into whose hands I had fallen, my bonds were at last unloosed; but my limbs had already been reduced to uselessness. Incapable of movement, I lay upon the ground, surrounded by my captors. Men, women, and children contemplated me with ferocious curiosity, but not one sought, in any way, to relieve my sufferings. At nightfall they gave me some food which I was not yet able to eat—it was raw horse-flesh, the principal food of these nomads.

During the night which followed, I was unable to sleep, the thought of my murdered companion, and speculations as to my own fate, were constantly present. It appeared most probable that I was reserved for some sacrificial torture.

For some days, however, I was left undisturbed by my savage captors. During this time, I recovered somewhat from my exhaustion, and my wounds began to heal. My complete nudity also caused me much suffering, and the cold

caused me sharp pains in every limb. Then in turn came hunger, and after having tried in vain to subsist on grasses and roots, I was forced to resign myself to share the raw horse-flesh on which the savages live.

Each time I partook of this disgusting repast, my heart failed me, and it was long before I could surmount the horror it caused me. And even when eating this repulsive food, I was obliged to dispute each mouthful with the famished dogs surrounding me.

At the time when it was the boast of the Spanish monarchs that the sun never set on their dominions, the vast plains outstretched between Buenos Ayres and the Straits of Magellan on the one side, and between the Atlantic and the Andes on the other, constituted a portion of the Vice-royalty of La Plata; although then, as now, the greater number of the nomads inhabiting this region were entirely free from any yoke.

At present, a flexible line, bounded on the east by the Cordillera de Médanos and the Rio de Salado, on the north by the Rio Quinto, the Cerro Verde and the Diamante, forms a common limit between the Argentine Confederacy and the free Pampas. South of the Rio Negro lies Patagonia. A three years' forced sojourn in these regions has acquainted me with three distinct groups of people, each one corresponding to the natural divisions of the country.

On the eastern belt, extending from the Rio Salado to the Rio Negro, live the Pamperos. The wooded region lying between Lakes Bevedero and Urre Lafquen, and along the streams running from the latter lake to the Rio Diamante, is the camping-ground of the Mamwelches. To the south of the Rio Negro—a deep, narrow river—there live Poyuches, Puelches, and seven other tribes.

It is needless to say that diversity of climate and country has caused great differences in the mode of life and customs of the several tribes. The tribe into whose hands I had fallen were the Poyuches, who lead a wandering life along the southern bank of the Rio Negro, from the neighborhood of Pachéco Island to the Cordilleras

All these tribes speak the same language, although they may possess patois which differ somewhat from each other. On the frontiers of La Plata and Chili they indulge in frequent forays, seizing cattle, slaying the whites and capturing young girls and children.

Their religious belief is identical in all the tribes. They believe in two gods or supreme beings—one of good and the other of evil. They possess some men and women in the various tribes who pretend to hold the gift of prophecy; but they have no priests—the parents teaching their religion to the children. Their occupations are hunting, pillage, caring for their cattle, riding, and exercising with the lance, the lasso, the sling and the balls they fasten to the end of long cords.

It was among these people that I found myself a slave. Miserable as my position already was, it was rendered still more painful by my ignorance of their language, for which I atoned by the receipt of much abuse. I could not move a step without being accompanied by one or more Indians; if I appeared more melancholy than usual, they thought I was planning an escape, and threatened me with voice and gesture; at night even, they frequently touched me to assure themselves that I was still there.

The time came when I was obliged to take my share in their labors, which consisted in standing mounted guard over the cattle. It was necessary that I should keep constant watch over them, and lead them, morning and evening, to the presence of my masters, that they might verify their number. If by ill luck it happened that any were missing, abundant abuse was sure to follow the discovery of their loss.

When I became sufficiently skillful in riding and in handling the Indian weapons, I was forced to take part in hunting the nandow (the American ostrich), and the guanaco—exercises which proved a beneficial distraction for me.

The chief occupation of the Indians is hunting. They follow it during the entire year, but especially in the months of August and September—the Southern Spring—when they supply themselves with young game of all kinds, and the eggs of partridges and ostriches. The game is intended principally for the children, while the eggs are eaten by the family in common.

In hunting the game and the ostrich, they assemble in large numbers, and form themselves into a circle surrounding a space some two or three leagues in extent. When each one is at his post, a signal is given and they walk slowly toward the centre of the circle, until the distance between each man is only some seven or eight horse-lengths. They then halt, and their dogs start the game, which they kill as it tries to escape.

The old men and women of the tribe are charged with the labor of cutting up and carrying to their camp the result of the hunters' skill. On each return from the chase the Indians abandon themselves to their two favorite passions—gambling and drunkenness.

All these Indians are incarnate gamblers.

In certain tribes living adjacent to the white settlements, they play with Spanish cards; and they are all skilled in the various arts of cheating at play. With their nails they make almost imperceptible marks on the cards, and, thanks to their sharpsightedness and keen sense of touch, they can distinguish each card, and skillfully retain the best ones for themselves and give the poorer ones to their opponents. To such an extent is this carried, that he who deals is almost certain to win.

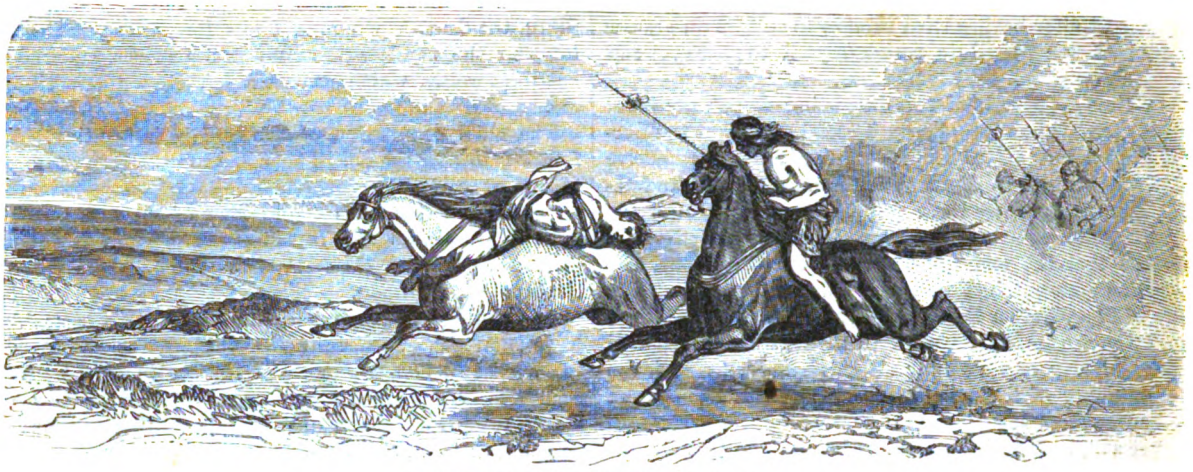
The other games most in vogue among them are the *tchoëcah*, or *ouignau*, and dice.

In the game of tchoëcah, each man arms himself with a hooked stick, paints his entire body in bright colors, ties his hair up with a bandage running around his head, and seeks an opponent willing to stake an object as valuable as his own. One party places its stakes on one side, and the opposing one on the other. The length of the ground is measured off according to the number of players, who are ranged at either end. A small wooden ball is placed between the two leading players, who cross their hockey-sticks over the ball. Each tries then to send it flying over to his own side; and once in the air, the effort on each side is to prevent their opponents from recovering it.

In their eagerness, heads, arms, legs suffer, especially when it touches ground and a desperate plunge is made to get it. Then the sticks rattle in the most lively manner over heads and around the legs of the struggling players. Broken legs and arms and broken heads are too common a result to excite any remark. And, as though the players were not enough, the spectators occasionally take a hand, and shower blows on any who seem disposed to play the laggard.

They have a kind of dice, also—eight small pieces of bone blackened on one side. They are thrown up, and as they fall on the dressed hide which forms the gambling-table, the player wins a trick whenever an even number of blacks turns up, but loses his hand when he throws an odd number.

All the Patagonian tribes, be the race what it may, are passionately fond of intoxicating drinks, which they drink to excess, and apparently with impunity. They will travel ten days or two weeks to reach a white frontier post, in order to trade skins and ostrich-feathers for *pitrem* (tobacco) or



GUINNARD CARRIED OFF BY THE INDIANS.

poolcoo (drink). They carry off the precious liquor in sheep-skins, taken off so skillfully as to make very good leather bottles of the ancient type. The skin of an ostrich leg occasionally serves the same purpose, but the sheep-skin is preferred, as better adapted to harsh usage, when secured on the horse in their wild gallop over the pampas.

When the caravan reaches the camp with the stock of liquor, the tribe crowd together. In most cases the liquor is dealt out freely, although occasionally some show less liberality. As the liquor mounts to their brains, the riot becomes fast and furious; they beat each other without regard to sex, especially if one taunts another with being an *ouiñcœ*, or Christian. Some few abstain from liquor, and act as a kind of police, disarming those who become dangerous. The debauch lasts as long as a drop of liquor remains in the skins.

When *wiñcœs poolcoo* is not to be had, they brew a native liquor from the seeds of the soe or algarroba, or from the fruit of the trulca or piquinino. The former is merely put in a skin with water till it ferments, when it is ready for use. The trulca is a terribly thorny plant, that bears a small, dark fruit, of sweet and pleasant taste. To gather it, they run skins under the plant on all sides, and then beat it with poles till all the fruit falls. The berries thus gathered are put in saddle-bags, and then the riders scour the plain till the juice is thoroughly pressed out. This wine-colored

GUINNARD AND HIS COMPANION SURPRISED BY A RISING TORRENT.

GUINNARD AND HIS COMPANIONS ATTACKED BY TOYUCHES, A PATAGONIAN TRIBE.

syrup is then drawn off into large skins and allowed to ferment, when a delicious liquor is obtained. It is intoxicating, and not injurious, although the fruit itself cannot safely be eaten without considerable quantities of fat.

These Indians observe two festivals: the first in Summer, dedicated to the God of Good, *Vitawentroo;* the second, in Autumn, in honor of *Whakoovoo*, commander of the evil spirits.

For the former, each warrior arrays himself carefully. He greases his horse, and paints his own face with more than usual care. All garments carried off from the settlements, or stripped from their unfortunate white victims, preserved for this solemnity, are now worn. Some put on a shirt over their mantle, others a cloak or jacket; others wear pantaloons—as often wrong as right; while the head-gear includes every variety of hat and cap.

The dress is comical enough to make anyone laugh, but on all sides you behold the utmost gravity, for laughter is strictly forbidden.

The men form in single file facing the east, and stick their lances in the ground in a regular line. Then the women take the place of the men, who dismount and form behind them. The dance then begins—the movement being from right to left, the women singing and beating a wooden drum covered with catskin. The men hop more than dance, in the direction opposite to that taken by the women, and keep blowing into hollow reeds, that give a fearfully shrill sound.

At a signal from the chief, the men leap to their horses, and ride thrice furiously around the festival grounds. The intervals between the rides are given to eating one of their great delicacies—milk thickened in a horse-skin.

Early on the fourth day, a horse and an ox, given by the richest men of the tribe, are sacrificed to God. They are thrown down on the ground, with the head to the east, and then killed. A man appointed by the chief opens the chest, and extracting the heart, sets it on the point of a lance. Auguries are then drawn from the flow of blood from a deep incision, and all retire to their camp.

The other festival is to appease *Whakoovoo*, and induce him not to injure or molest them. As on the former occasion, they array themselves in their best, and assemble in tribes headed by their chiefs. All their horses and cattle are driven together, and the men form a double ring around them, and each line marches around in a different direction, making it impossible for any animal to escape.

They invoke the Chief of Evil in a loud voice, and offer a libation of fermented milk furnished by the women, dropping it gradually as they march. After three or four circuits, they throw the rest of the milk to the animals, to preserve them from disease. Then each one picks out his own and drives them off to a short distance, but soon returns and all gather round a chief, who, in a long and fiery address, urges them to renew their raids on the Christians. This eliciting shouts, and the warriors brandishing their arms, implore *Whakoovoo* to bless them and make them instruments of evil to the whites.

Marriage is a purchase. When a young warrior resolves on matrimony, he goes around among his friends, who encourage him, and give their wedding presents—horses, oxen, stirrups, rude silver spurs wrought by the more civilized Indians. At an appointed day all his family assemble at his lodge, and by night, surround that of the bride's parents to surprise them before they go out in the morning.

At daybreak they ask the hand of the maiden in the most poetical and delicate terms, unabashed by the unwelcome reception generally accorded them. If there seems any prospect of a favorable result, a brave will dash off for the aspirant, who, with Patagonian courtesy, has, meanwhile, kept in the background. He now comes forward with his presents, and this generally decides the matter; for the sight of the goodly array of wedding-gifts almost always produces a complete reaction in the minds of these greedy wretches. Arrogance gives place to satisfaction. The rest of the day is spent as a family party. A well-fatted mare, the bridegroom's offering, is at once slaughtered and dressed by the women. No one of the gathering can be absent from the feast, at which the whole animal, except the bones, hide and hoofs, must be eaten. The bones, carefully scraped, are buried in a conspicuous place, as a record of the matrimonial union.

The whole party then prepare to follow the new married couple to the husband's lodge, where another banquet is held, at which the girl's parents present to the husband the skin of the mare killed in the morning.

For some days after this they keep open house, offering meat or tobacco to all comers, and receiving the congratulations of all. If, on trial, they do not agree, a separation follows, and the presents are restored without hesitation, though the husband always leaves a part. These cases are not, however, common. Where the wife is ill-treated, her family sometimes recapture her by force, and a feud at once begins.

As in all Indian tribes, from Greenland to Terra del Fuego, the woman does most of the work, the husband devoting his time to war, the hunt, or gambling. Even in advanced pregnancy the women continue the harsh drudgery; but they seem dispensed by nature from the pains and inconveniences of childbirth.

Washing her newborn child in cold water, the Patagonian mother resumes her daily toil. Then the fate of the child is canvassed. If it is not deemed worth bringing up, it is smothered and carried out on the pampa, where it is thrown away. If it is deemed worthy to live, it becomes the pet of its parents, who submit to every privation to gratify it. The child is suckled by the mother till it is three years old. At the age of four its ears are pierced with curious ceremony.

A horse, given by the father to the child, is thrown down, and its feet securely tied. The child is then carefully painted up and laid on the horse by the head of the family, who pierces his ears with a sharp ostrich-bone, and inserts a bit of metal in each orifice. The friends gathered around watch the ceremony with interest.

As on all great occasions, a mare is then slaughtered, and the nearest relatives have the ribs; and, after eating the meat, they lay the bones at the feet of the child, as a pledge of a future present. The ceremony closes by the operator making a slight scratch on the hand of each guest, at the root of the middle finger; the blood that issues being offered to God as a libation.

At five the boy is placed on a horse, and begins to tend the flocks. He soon learns to wield the lasso, balls, lance and sling. At ten or twelve his education is complete, and he joins the war-parties; being the equal of a white of twenty-five.

The Indian women follow their husbands on the war-path, and, with the children, drive off the flocks and booty while the warriors are fighting the men. As they have to fight without cover, these Patagonians are brave, and stand a charge well. Those who fall in battle are carried home carefully; but those who die by disease are hastily interred, without any ceremony.

Those who die at home are, however, interred with pomp. The body, attired in its best garments, is stretched on a horsehide, his arms, spurs, stirrups and ornaments at his sides. Then the hide is rolled around the corpse, and tied securely, forming a mummy-like case. This is made fast

on the back of his favorite war-horse, the left foreleg of which is broken, that its painful movement may be in unison with the general grief.

The women gather around the widow of the deceased, and "aid her to cry," uttering piercing shrieks. They follow the corpse, and then the men fall in, their faces blackened. The funeral march proceeds to some eminence which has been selected for the grave. Here an excavation is made. The horse is slaughtered, as well as other horses and sheep, to give the dead man sufficient provisions on his long march to the country of souls. All the less valuable property of the dead, to the very skins that formed his bed and roof, are then burned, that no memorial may remain.

The women, after several days' wailing with the widows, escort them to the lodges of their parents, where they must remain chaste for a year, under penalty of death.

Such were the strange people among whom the chances of life had thrown me, a kind Providence preserving me from their cruelty and brutality.

As may be supposed, it was not a matter of days but of months to gather the information I have thus briefly given. After falling into the hands of the Poyuches, I was first hurried off to the cold, sterile plains of the South, where the fierce winds and sudden changes of temperature prevail to a greater extent, perhaps, than in any other part of the world. After several months, I was sold by my first master, and then passed to a third owner. In this way I passed from tribe to tribe, till I was again brought back north of the Colorado.

But change of owners brought no change of condition or occupation. My days were long and weary. Months elapsed before I was able to speak even imperfectly the language I heard around me.

My devouring idea was flight, but with no conception of the spot where I was, I could not acquire any knowledge of place or direction till I mastered their idiom.

More than a year after my capture a terribly tragic event taught me prudence and showed me the necessity of dissembling. Some young Argentines had been taken as I was. Their fate was a slavery like mine, but, trusting to their knowledge of the Pampas, and their ability to catch a wild horse and use it, they attempted flight. They were pursued, captured, and brought back. After being condemned to death, they were placed in the centre of a circle of warriors, who speared them to death.

The cavalcade rode past me, brandishing before my eyes the blood-reeking spears as a lesson of what I might expect. The fearful sight only intensified my hate of my cruel masters, but did not banish my resolution to escape if I could.

To this end, I assumed an exterior as indifferent and impassible as that of any Indian. My progress in the language was really rapid, but I concealed it, affecting not to understand what was said in my presence, to which I pretended never even to listen.

This cruel life lasted three years—a miserable slave by day, my sleep even haunted by fearful dreams. I was several times tempted to make a bold dash for freedom, but every time some unforseen obstacle presented itself. It is a wonder indeed, that my attempts did not cost me my life, as I more than once had to fight for my very existence. Yet it was not by strength or dexterity, but rather by subterfuge, that I escaped paying the penalty.

After fourteen failures, finding that the Indians had grown very suspicious of me, and my captivity was aggravated to the highest degree, I felt like running headlong to my death. I got possession of a knife, and, making my way to a solitary glen, prayed for mercy, and prepared to plunge the blade into my heart. My arm was arrested.

My master had followed me, suspecting my design, and by no means disposed to lose a slave who did some work for him. He told me not to attempt it again, as I should be closely watched.

Fear of my escaping and giving dangerous information, prevented my being sent on any of the many war parties which I beheld constantly going out, and returning with prisoners and plunder.

The Argentine Government has squads of soldiers along the frontier, but the Indians cunningly avoid them, or a few will engage the troops or menace one settlement, while the main body makes the raid in another direction.

They sweep down in squads, some killing the men and women well in years, others carrying off younger women and children, while others again collect horses, cattle, sheep and property of all kinds. The women become wives and concubines, and soon perish. The boys lose all trace of their origin, and often grow up as Indian as their captors.

When a war party came in, we had plenty of sugar, tobacco, *yerba*, or Paraguay tea. The clothing captured was always carefully laid up for great ceremonies. My only covering for a long time was a strip torn from the uniform of some butchered soldier.

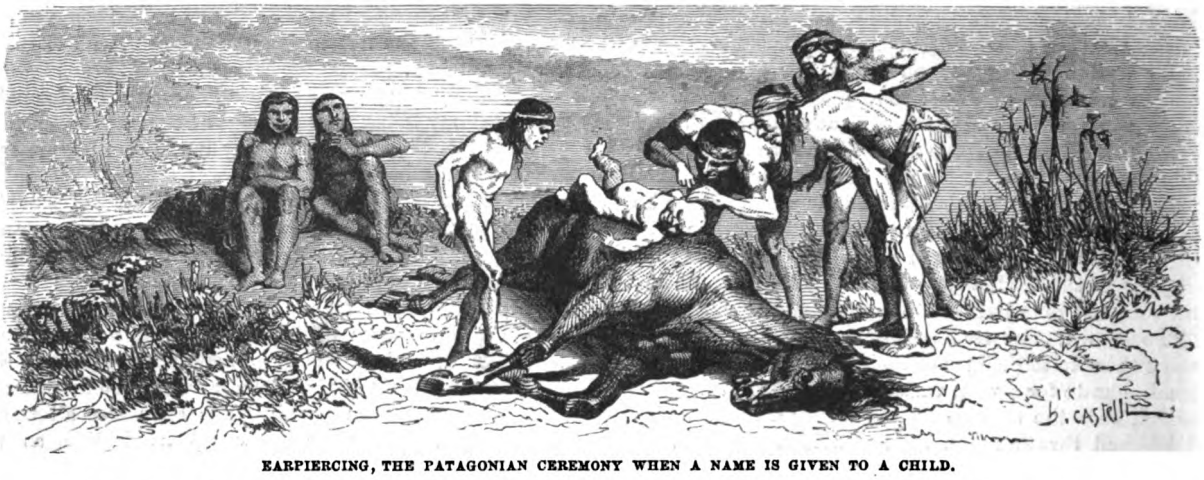
Some bits of printed paper, in which tobacco or something of the kind had been wrapped, one day caught my eye, where it had been thrown down. Here was an unexpected diversion for my thoughts. I read it more eagerly than any school-girl ever did her first novel. It seemed to carry me back to civilization. One day I was surprised while perusing it, by some Indians, who showed great joy, and reported the fact to the chief. But, though it seemed to please them, it filled me with alarm. That night, when I drove the stock in to be counted as usual, I saw by his questions and by his whole manner, that my master was highly elated over the knowledge that he possessed so accomplished a slave. In imagination he was already cacique of his tribe.

Brutalized as these Indians are, they recognize the advantages of civilization, and endeavor to procure them, at least all that flatter their lower appetites. To effect this, they adopt a stratagem not unknown to North American tribes. When they lack arms, ammunition, tobacco, liquor, sugar, trinkets, they pretend to submit, and send a party to a frontier post, offering to come in and make a treaty. Treaty and trade, in old times, meant the same, and they do still in the Indian mind.

The reader will see what my post was to be: in fact, Foreign Secretary of the Tribe. I was to write a letter, to be taken to the nearest military post, full of offers of submission, and asking a day for their approach with their stock of ostrich-feathers, hides and hair. How I longed to put on paper my wretched condition, and beg the Argentine authorities to interest themselves for my ransom. But they distrusted and watched me. I had to read every sentence after it was written. They would change their minds and make me begin again. I found that I dared not change a word, their memories were so tenacious.

When the letter was completed, I was required to make a copy, which was sent to a neighboring tribe which harbored some white fugitives from justice or escaped criminals, who were ever ready to turn their hand against their countrymen. These wretches would reveal at once anything I ventured to put in the letter on my own account.

My letter, or, rather, the Cacique's—for, alas! there was nothing of mine in it—was carried to the frontier by two Indians. Some boys accompanied them with articles to exchange. In about a fortnight these boys returned, utterly spent, thoroughly alarmed, and uttering cries of

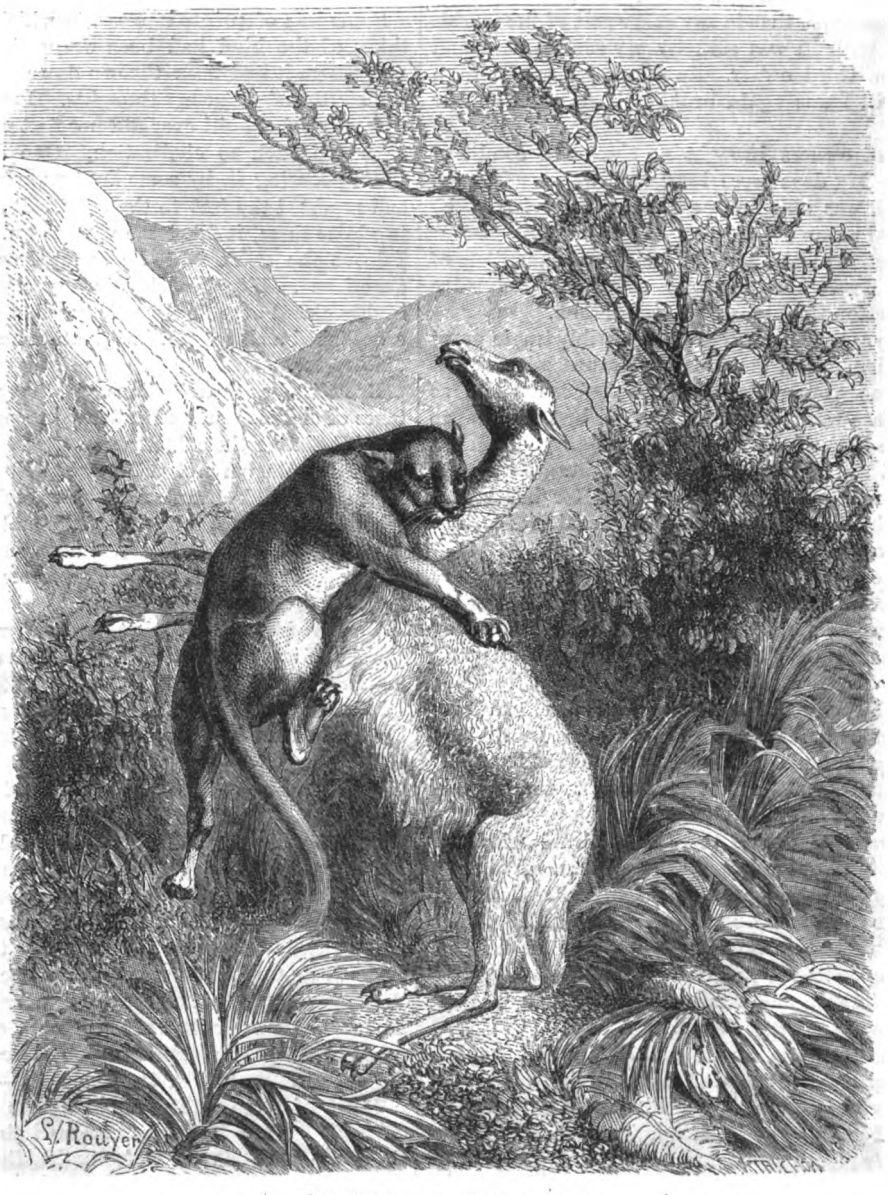


EARPIERCING, THE PATAGONIAN CEREMONY WHEN A NAME IS GIVEN TO A CHILD.

distress. They stated that the two envoys had, immediately after the reading of the letter, been put in irons and placed in a dungeon, to be then sent to the gallows. They felt sure that I had betrayed them. The case looked bad for me. All cried out that I must die. The Cacique told them not to excite my suspicions by their yells, as I was then absent, and might escape; but to wait till next day, and kill me unawares, while herding.

At this moment I came up, and, catching the last words, was on my guard. However, I showed no signs of alarm, but went about my work as usual.

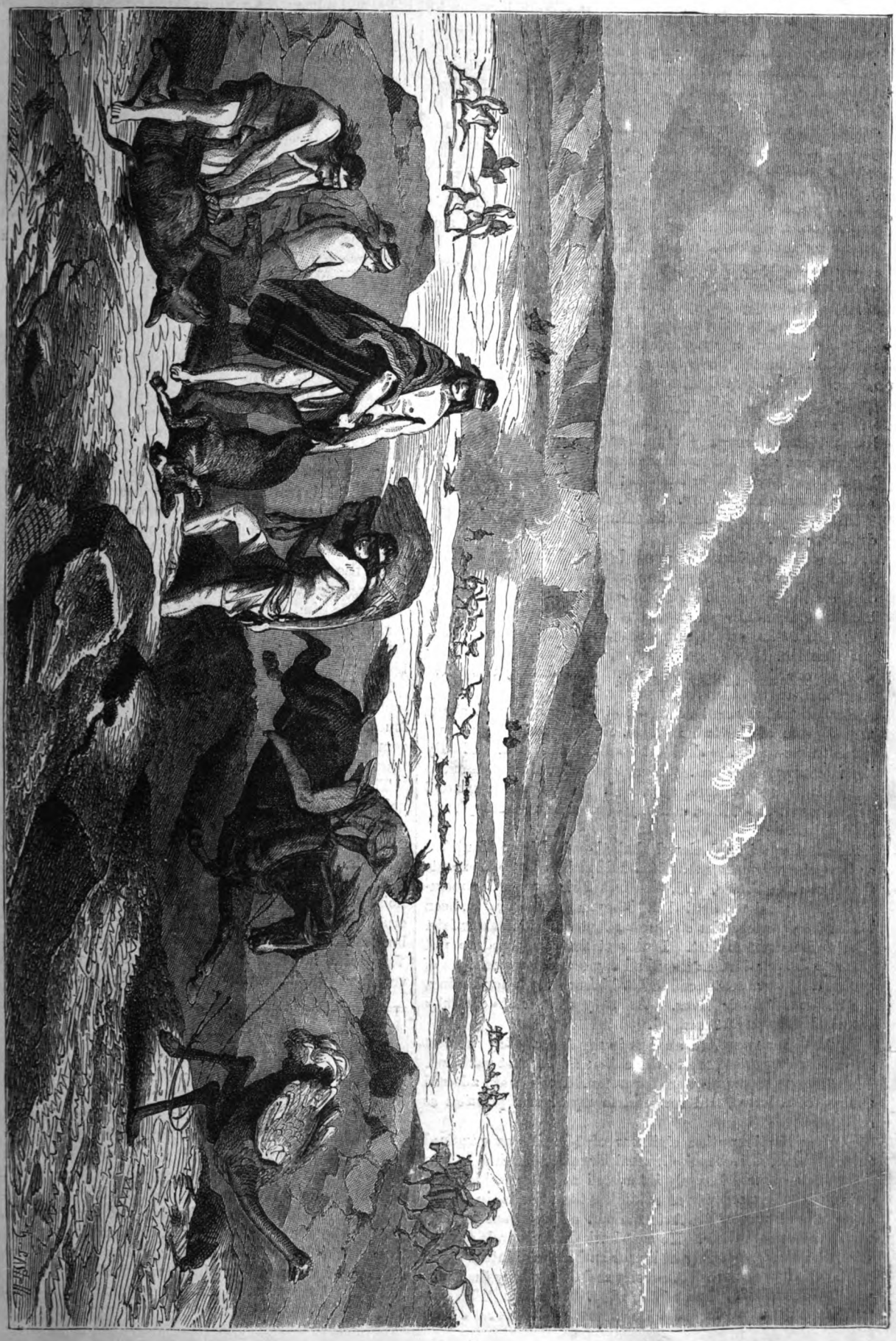
The next morning I found that the fine horse I usually rode had been taken away, and a broken-down creature only left for my use. I made no remark, and showed no haste, but went off rather loungingly. When I got out on the pampa I saw a band of warriors, who, the moment they descried me, uttered fierce yells and came spurring toward me.



A GUANACO ATTACKED BY A PUMA.

I gave up all for lost. But just then my herd of horses came trotting to the stream which I was approaching. Among them I detected the fleetest horse in the tribe. I sprang to the ground, put my bit in his mouth, was on his back and off like the wind, scattering the rest, which galloped off after me.

My start was not great, but my horse was fresh, and better than any they had. Lances and imprecations were hurled in vain at me. As, from time to time, I glanced back, the pursuers became more and more indistinct, till at last I could see nothing of them; but I did not slacken my pace.



PATAGONIANS HUNTING THE GUANACO AND THE NANDOR OR AMERICAN OSTRICH.

I galloped all day, and at nightfall reached the lodges of Calfoocoora, the Great Cacique of the confederation to which my tribe belonged. Astonished to see me, he asked me what I wanted, and how I dared come to visit him lone. I told him who I was, and related my whole story. I protested my innocence, and showed him that if I had betrayed them, I never would have waited for the boys to come back and expose me. I told him that I came to place myself under his protection, that he might examine my case, and save me if I proved my innocence. If I was guilty, I was ready to die.

My appeal seemed to flatter him. He took me under his protection, and treated me almost kindly. He told me, however, that I should not be allowed to have a horse.

The next day, my chief, with a band of warriors, came to claim me for execution. I was present, and remained silent, till I saw how they thirsted for my blood, and how they began to turn the scale against me. Then I arose and told, clearly and honestly, all that had occurred; asserting my own innocence, but saying nothing to excite my opponents. Calfoocoora declared in my favor, saying that no guilty man could talk as I did. He forbade any one to injure me; and, turning toward me, said: "Keep near my lodge, that nothing may happen to you."

If my master could produce clear proof of my treachery, I was to be given up to his will; but, in the meantime, I was in a sort of sanctuary.

The case decided, my tribesmen rode off, showing the deepest anger.

For some months nothing was heard of the two Indians in the hands of the Argentine authorities, and the wrath of the tribe increased. They clamored incessantly for my blood, so that Calfoocoora wavered. But he was naturally a just man. He would call me in, and question and cross-question me. My story, however, was always consistent; and he continued to protect me. But during these five months I was most narrowly watched.

Parties sent to scout around the settlements and ascertain the fate of the two Indians, all returned without any information—not the slightest could be obtained. Finally the matter was dropped. Then, suddenly, the two men, so long given up for lost, appeared. There was a general gathering of the tribes, and my innocence was completely established.

The two warriors declared that they had been identified as two of a war party that had raided into the settlements some months before, and, the fact being proved conclusively, they had not denied it. They had, accordingly, been held till the authorities at Buenos Ayres decided their fate. The order came at last. It was at first proposed to put them to death; but, as they had come with propositions of peace, they were sentenced to hard labor—my letter having, really, saved their lives. As they were not carefully watched, they at last escaped.

This made a complete change in my favor. My greatest enemies now praised me to the skies; all distrust vanished. My attempts to escape were forgotten. I was again allowed the use of a horse, and restored to my former position as secretary.

During the Argentine civil war of 1859, I was required to write several letters to General Urquiza, offering Indian aid to his cause. Largely interested as a landholder, Urquiza felt the necessity of retaining the friendship of the savages, and preventing their raids at a time when he had no force to watch them. He sent back Calfoocoora's envoys with an abundant supply of liquor and other dainties.

Then followed a scene of revelry and debauchery that cannot be described. One night, when the whole tribe was sunk in a drunken sleep, I stole off toward the corral where the chief's best horses were kept, armed with a line and balls, and a lasso. I secured three horses and led them silently out of sight and hearing of the camp. Then mounting one, I drove the two others before me, and began, with throbbing heart, my last race, on which hung life or death. All night long I scoured the plain, my strained senses picturing to my imagination sounds and shadows of pursuing Indians.

Day dissipated the darkness without relieving my mind; every breath of air seemed laden with yells of hate and vengeance.

From time to time I dismounted and listened, with my ear to the ground; I took my very heart-beats for the tramp of horses, and would mount and fly. I did not even give my horse time to feed, much less to rest, although those I drove cropped a little as they galloped.

At last, on the fourth day, my horse fell dead. Then I began to fear I should lose the other two. I gave them some rest, but my fear overcame prudence. I rode madly on, and after some days, I know not how many, my second horse gave out. I was afraid to wait for it to rally.

Mounting my last horse, I kept on at a more quiet pace, as my hope of life seemed to depend on his endurance. Toward night I struck a more fertile pampa, and the horse quickened his pace. Soon after we were both slaking our thirst in one of the ponds formed here and there by little streams. His instinct had guided him to it.

The rich grass on its banks was most grateful to my poor beast, and after a good rest and plentiful food, he seemed so much invigorated that I started on, and he at last bore me to Rio Quinto, a little hamlet on a river of that name. Here my good horse sank down, utterly exhausted, and I fell beside him, motionless and speechless, dying with hunger, physical and mental excitement. It was the thirteenth day of my flight; I cannot fix the day, but late in August, 1859.

Providence, which had so mercifully watched over me, sent a kind Spanish family of the place to my relief. They found me and took me to their house, where I had every comfort and attention during the weary weeks that followed, when I rolled and tossed in delirious fever.

This kindness of Don José and his amiable family to the unknown and repulsive-looking stranger found by their gates, will never be effaced from my memory, and I would that I could make my gratitude appear as enduring as it really is.

When my mind and body had recovered some of the elasticity crushed by the nameless hardships of my three years' cruel bondage, this most Christian family and their neighbors fitted me out, and gave me means and letters to reach Valparaiso, in Chili, as I there hoped to find most readily a vessel on which I could embark for Europe.

How Women Did Up their Hair a Century and a Half Ago.—In the "Memoirs of St. Simon" is to be found the following regarding the way the women of Paris dressed their heads in the year 1713: "At the commencement of the new year the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury arrived from London. The Duchess declared the women's head-dresses ridiculous, as, indeed, they were. They were edifices of brass wire, ribbons, hair, and all sorts of tawdry rubbish, more than two feet high, making women's heads seem in the middle of their bodies. If they moved ever so lightly, the edifice trembled and the inconvenience was extreme. The King, Louis XIV., could not endure them, but, master as he was of everything, was unable to banish them. They lasted ten years and more, despite all he could do and say."

TRAPPING A GRIZZLY.

THE shades of evening were gathering fast, and already the ravine below was enwrapped in a gloom through which objects were scarcely discernible, as I rode along a narrow path that swept around one of the many spurs of the Nevada Mountains.

I had been over to a neighboring ranch to look after some cattle, and, happening to find a jovial set of fellows congregated there, had staid longer than I had intended, or, in fact, was prudent; for, at the time of which I write, the country was newer than it is now, and, aside from all other dangers, the Indians were unusually bad that Summer, and had already committed many depredations.

The *mescal* had, as a matter of course, circulated freely, and, as I rode home with my favorite horse beneath me—a thoroughbred of great strength and endurance, together with an almost human-like intelligence—I felt that lightness of spirit and freedom from all worldly cares that is said to always accompany the peculiar condition superinduced by a free use of the ardent.

Do not understand that I was intoxicated, in the common acceptation of the term. Enthused, perhaps, were the better word; but, be that as it may, I was in an exceedingly good-humor with myself and all the world.

So, as my horse slowly picked his way along the narrow and rocky defile, I gave vent to my feelings in a well-remembered song, which I learned years ago when I frolicked as a boy over the meadows of the old homestead in far away Kentucky.

I was thinking, as I sang it, if I remember rightly, of the people and places of those other years when I first learned that melody, and was lost to all immediate surroundings.

I was wakened once or twice from these pleasant reveries by some unusual action of my horse, who seemed to evince a good deal of uneasiness by a low whinny now and then, or else by tossing his head impatiently, as he turned to sniff the breeze that came from directly behind me as I thus rode.

I glanced quickly around and behind me; but observing no indications of danger, and the profound silence remaining unbroken, I again resumed my song, and rode on in careless indifference.

But I was doomed to a sudden and startling interruption in my musical efforts. A deep, savage growl, that made my horse spring convulsively forward, sounded directly in my ear, and, looking back in hasty alarm, I beheld a huge grizzly bear, with mouth wide open, and eyes glaring with hungry fury, charging down the narrow path at full speed.

Although well armed with both rifle and revolvers, I knew that there was no time to show fight; and so, digging the sharp rowels of my Mexican spurs deep into my horse's flank, I fled at a breakneck pace down the side of the mountain.

It is well known that the grizzly bear can make poor headway *up* hill; but give him a downward road, let the decline be ever so slight, and he will put the fleetest horse to his mettle.

Well mounted as I was, and trusting fully to the excellent qualities of the horse I bestrode, yet the conviction fixed itself upon my mind that a single misstep or the slightest stumble would bring the fierce brute upon me, and then I knew the tale would soon be told; for it was rare indeed that even the most experienced hunters ever escaped with life from a hand-to-hand conflict with the animal that was panting in my rear.

My horse seemed to be actuated with the same desire with which I myself was possessed—namely, to put as much space between his pursuer and himself as possible; and so, with outstretched neck and ears laid back, he tore over the now dangerously declining path with a speed that was truly wonderful, considering the difficulties of the road.

Still in my rear pressed the fearful brute, sometimes gaining slightly, and anon, as the path grew level, falling behind; upon which occasions he would give vent to a roar of disappointment that seemed to shake the very rocks around.

The chase had in reality occupied less time than I have taken to tell it; but, nevertheless, it seemed an age to me, and I began to feel a little vexed at the pertinacity with which Bruin hung upon my trail.

I determined to hazard a shot, hoping by some fortunate chance to disable, or, perhaps, to deter him from further pursuit.

Reaching to the holsters for one of my revolvers, I tightly grasped the reins at short hold, and, turning slightly in the saddle, took quick aim, and fired. A roar of pain followed the crack of the pistol, and, at the same instant, I felt my horse pitched forward on his knees, and then, struggling fiercely for a moment, turn upon his side, and with raised head and eye-balls starting from their sockets, glance backward and over his shoulder. As the animal fell, I picked my feet from the stirrups, and remained standing astride his body, still holding, with instinctive tenacity, to the reins.

At this moment the bear was not more than twenty-five or thirty yards distant, charging with the utmost ferocity, his mouth wide open still, from which the foam was flying in flecks as large as my hand.

I knew it was useless to run. He would be upon me before I could fairly start. With a hastily muttered prayer for help I again fired, this time with deliberate aim, as I knew that it was my only hope. With the shot, the brute slightly paused, shook his huge head, and, with a savage growl, raised himself upon his hind feet. He appeared to feel that I was in his power, and his very look seemed to say as much.

That brief respite saved my life.

My gallant horse was still struggling to regain his feet; and wondering what it could be that prevented his doing so, I glanced downward, and, to my horror, discovered that the cork of the left hind shoe had, in some manner, been caught in a root that crossed the path, and which was holding him fast, beyond the hope of release, unless the shoe itself should give way under his efforts.

Speaking an encouraging word, and slightly jerking the reins, I induced the frightened animal to renew his struggles, just as the bear had again dropped on all fours, and came charging, like an avalanche, upon me.

Once more I fired, and then dropping the weapon, I drew my long sheath-knife for the final struggle.

Another instant, and the fearful combat would have begun; I felt the hot and fetid breath of the monster upon my cheek; I saw the glare of his savage eyes close to my face; the cavernous mouth, with its rows of long, sharp teeth, was grinning above me. Again I commended my soul on high—when, with a last desperate effort, the shoe gave way, and, with a yell almost human in its expression of agony, my brave horse sprang to his feet, raising me with him as he did so, and, in another instant, was tearing madly down the rocky defile.

The trying incidents of the last few moments seemed to have lent renewed speed to my horse's feet, and, in a short time, we debouched upon the level plain below, where Bruin, knowing it would be useless to follow, gave up the chase. A good deal unnerved, I rode homeward, arriving at my ranch in time for supper

FUNERAL RITES AMONG THE PATAGONIANS.

Here I found two or three friends stopping for the night, and among them an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for more than a year, who I was more than glad to take once more by the hand.

Joe Hunley was known upon the border as one of the most daring and successful hunters of the day.

Joe was intensely interested in my description of the evening's adventure, and, when I had finished, declared that he intended "making meat" of that identical "bar," or, to use his own expression, "hump his back a-tryin'."

The next morning, early, Joe began his preparations for the capture of the grizzly.

A young calf was caught, and led by a lasso to a spot near where my horse had fallen, and was there tied while the "trap" was being constructed.

A tree, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, was felled as near the path as possible, and the branches lopped off for some distance up the trunk. The "dead fall" was now ready for the triggers and bait.

The former was constructed of a couple of stout oak rails that had been brought from the ranch. An upright five feet long, the end slightly flattened, upon which was to rest the long trigger that projected backward directly under the body of the tree and immediately over the calf, which was stretched upon the earth and bound to a stout stake driven firmly in the ground. Upon this upright the tree was to rest.

It was the old figure 4 plan of setting a trap, with the difference that there were only two triggers. The tree was raised by means of levers, the triggers set, the calf bound to the stake, and the dead fall was complete.

There was a chance that the bear might take it into his head to come down during the day, but it was scarcely possible. We returned to the ranch to await night.

Once during the afternoon Joe went out prospecting, and returned with the information that the trap remained unsprung, but that the calf was bleating finely, and that Bruin might show up at any moment.

We, however, waited until nightfall, and then sallied out for the scene of action.

TRAPPING A GRIZZLY.—"THE HEAVY TREE DESCENDED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE BEAR'S LOINS, CRUSHING HIM TO THE EARTH."

There was a tolerably good moon, and just right for our purpose—light enough to see through the sights of a rifle at short range, and yet not enough to betray our hiding-place to the bear, as he should descend the mountain.

The wind was in our favor, and blew from the quarter in which we expected our game. We took up positions in a thicket in easy range of the trap, and then prepared to exercise our patience as well as might be.

The hours wore slowly on, and, in deep silence, we awaited the approach of our quarry. The bleating of the calf was now continuous, and we knew that if the bear was within a scope of two miles, or even more, he would be pretty sure to scent his prey.

Midnight had come and gone, and the chill that always

accompanies the approach of dawn was beginning to be sensibly felt.

I dozed and nodded as I sat with my back against a fallen piece of timber, and at times entirely lost consciousness of objects around.

I had fallen into a deeper nap than usual, when I was suddenly awakened by the voice of Joe Hunley, who whispered in my ear:

"The calf's stopped bleatin', captain, all of a sudden. The b'ar's about, dead sure; so wake up, and keep yer eye skinned."

He had scarcely ceased, when he abruptly jerked his arm up, and, pointing to an open space on the opposite side from where we stood, said:

"Look thar!"

I did look, just in time to see the bear make his rush upon the now silent and frightened calf. A savage yell, as he fastened upon his prey; a sharp click, and the triggers flew high in air, and then, with a crash, the heavy tree descended directly across the bear's loins, crushing him to the earth.

We opened a rapid fire upon our now helpless foe, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing his struggles entirely cease. Sending for the horses and ropes, we dragged him to the ranch, where he was finally disposed of among the neighbors.

I have yet one of those terrible claws, and sometimes when I come across it among my traps, I think, with a shudder, of that fearful afternoon amid the Nevada Mountains.

IDLINGS WITH NATURE.

CRADLED among the wild sequestered hills,
A stream, of such small note as haply wins
Some village beauty in her rural home,
With quiet wave meanders to the sea
From mere, reflected by whose willowy pool
The heron meditates, it issuing winds
By grassy slope and woodland shade obscure,
Where, neophyte in Greek, but deeply versed
In tongues wherewith the pupils Nature schools—
Winds, waters, and the winged choirs—commune,
I spent my happier, and, if truant oft
To lettered for her pictured volume, yet
Perchance my not least profitable hours;
Recumbent, through the long, lone Summer day,
With other vagrant elf, in green-wood shade,
Or—if at times roused to more active sport—
Like the great children of the busy world,
Pursuing what we either saw elude
Our grasp, or, haply, disappoint if won—
Now the gay butterfly, now glancing where
Her wing out-hummed the bee, the bird whose plumes
Seem borrowed of the rainbow, or the tints
Of every flower that hives for her its sweets.

Into the meadows from the woodland hills,
At intervals projecting, may be seen
A long, low cape of verdant upland, crowned
At its extremity with beech and oak,
As 'twere a veteran outpost, planted there
To watch and check incursions of the stream;
Who, swollen at certain changes of the moon,
Like lunatic that deems himself a king,
Quits his scant channel, as he did disdain
The crown of tributary sedge he strews,
Flooding his banks. And, looking oceanward,
A ledge, at times, of old, fantastic rock
Lifts its huge form, with trees of knotty growth
Shot slanting from its briery clefts, profuse
Of unpruned shrub, of vine and flower, that shun
The cultured walk, and, nun-like, seem to trim
Their lone retreat for no eye but their own.

A MODERN CINDERELLA; Or, THE PHANTOM MASQUERADE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

A MERRY company was scattered about the shaded front yard of a pretty Conway farmhouse, whose various little rustic adornments of arbor and gnarled seats, and carefully mown croquet-ground, gave significant evidence of "city boarders."

Some half-a-dozen magnificent maples made a lovely, umbrageous canopy for the wide, deep yard, and it was "the favorite reception-room at morning and evening-tide," as Maude Eversham sentimentally declared—one of which they never tired; a fact not remarkable in itself, if they were supposed to have appreciative eyes for the lovely panorama outspread before the broad elevation on which the farmhouse stood. For few lovelier landscapes were to be found, even in picturesque Conway, or with more variety than was presented by the undulating valley of emerald green, through which the river flashed its noisy, shining course; the close-clustering roofs of the village on one side, and the billowy range of wooded hills on the other crowned all along the horizon by the blue peaks and gray, where the White Hills ranged themselves against the sky.

"Ah, how beautiful it is!" repeated one of the ladies, softly. "And the marvel of it is, that it grows more and more to you every added day you gaze."

The speaker was a middle-aged, deep-eyed woman, with a face full of earnest thought.

Maude Eversham rose gracefully from the bamboo settee, and came forward, the embroidered ruffles of her white cambric morning-dress and the knots of pink ribbon fluttering about her slender figure in the morning breeze.

"Oh, auntie, dear! don't be too heroic in your mood, or I shall be afraid to confess what we have planned. The mountain-journeying, the fern-gathering, the boating—everything is delightful; and the continual feasting upon beauty and grandeur has lifted us up so high that we are half-frightened. Our giddy pates are scarcely able to stand the pressure, you understand. And we want something foolish, nonsensical, to bring us back to our usual state of mind. We want your help for a phantom masquerade—that's the drift of the long speech I have been secretly concocting. Hush! don't speak yet—I see the look of shocked sensibility, the growing horror. Hear the arguments, *pro* and *con.*, before you give a verdict. Who's a persuasive pleader? Mr. Wilkins, Guy Winthrop, Ernest—come, some of you, and help me!"

The merry group gathered about her. Guy Winthrop, responding to the beckoning finger of Miss Eversham's white, aristocratic hand, threw his lithe, straight figure into a mock-heroic attitude, and began an absurd, sensational rigmarole, finishing thus:

"Your honor's attention is called to this as a purely sanitary measure. A safety-valve is imperatively called for. Think of your remorse, if you refuse your help, when you hear one after the other of these tortured brains cracking the weak skulls with the resounding report of——"

"Of escaping gas! Oh, Guy, you have conquered! I see her eyes twinkle. Ho, then, for the details! What sport we shall have!"

"We can get the village hall, and invite all the boarders we know in the vicinity," chimed in another.

And straightway all was bustle and excitement.

The soft tinkle of laughter, the carefully modulated, although merry, tones of high-bred voices swept around the house with the morning breeze that played over the nodding clover-heads of the field beyond, and came to the ears of a girl in a Shaker-blue calico dress, who was sitting under the mulberry tree, with a large tin pan in her lap and a basket at her feet.

She suspended the pea-pod for an instant in the dexterous little brown finger-tips, to listen.

"How easy it is for them to be happy and beautiful!—and good, too, I presume," she thought. "Dear, dear! I can't see what the minister means, telling us we have all the same chance of a happy life. There's Miss Eversham—she is as beautiful as a picture, I know; but how can she help it, with all those lovely dresses and ribbons, and laces and jewels? I wonder would she keep that marbly fair look if—if she had to go in, by-and-by, as I shall, and stand over the hot stove to fry the pancakes, and make the puddings, and pare the potatoes, and hurry about the dinner in a dozen ways?"

Here she looked down upon a shapely little hand, whose forefinger had a dingy streak around it, where the potato-juice against the knife-blade had left a corroding trace behind, and gave an ireful frown.

"Dear, dear! All the dinner means to them is to dress up as charmingly as possible, and glide into the cool, shaded room (which I have been tearing over for half an hour before, whisking out every fly, lest a single one should buzz around and distress their fastidiousness), and to eat relishingly every dainty that their delicate palate can desire, and to talk cheerfully and pleasantly, and know nothing of any care and trouble, any more than if omelets and pastry and joints came to the board at the sound of a fairy's bell. All the pleasures are sifted out for them—rides, drives, boating, dancing; and—all—the work and heat and burdens are for me——"

The glistening green pod slipped into the pan undespoiled of its emerald globes; the small brown hands locked themselves together tragically; the young head, with its soft brown braids—quite as silky and luxurious as Miss Eversham's much-admired *coiffure*, by-the-way—drooped low. I am not sure but a light drop slipped through the long, curving eyelash, and flashed upon the rose-tinged cheek. It may be this that roused her; for she started suddenly, gave herself a little shake, as if to scatter a hanging cobweb, and exclaimed, aloud:

"What a silly creature! I needn't spoil the one pleasant hour in my day. I always do enjoy sitting out here in the beautiful freshness of the morning. I can look as well as they. And shelling peas is no harder than crochet. And it's a treat, besides, to peep in and see them in their pretty dresses, if I choose to look at it in that light. And even doing up that elaborate cambric morning-dress for Miss Eversham has its compensation—I can take the pattern."

She laughed out at this, a clear, sweet, birdlike sound, almost as rich in tone as the triple cry of the golden oriole that swung in the pear-tree beyond.

The laugh reached the ears of an unsuspected listener.

Guy Winthrop had come around the house, intending to waylay the mistress of the farmhouse in the vicinity of the kitchen-door, and to make inquiries concerning the needed wraps for the ghostly masquerade.

He turned quickly toward the slender figure under the mulberry-tree, and smiled in instinctive sympathy with that child-like laugh.

A little startled, and a good deal confused, Nelly Barton rose suddenly to her feet, and in so doing, of course, the pan of peas tumbled to the ground.

Guy Winthrop was a gentleman, and it was merely an instinctive impulse that made him hasten to assist her in recovering the truant pods.

No, my fair reader, no, my wise sir, he had not made the discovery that Nelly Barton was the one beautiful woman, or, indeed, that she was beautiful at all.

"A pretty girl—rather," he had remarked, indifferently, in answer to Ned White's observation, when, one day, Nelly had walked past them, with her basket of berries on her arm.

"Beauty unadorned," etc., is a doubtful truism. If it means an overload of finery that is not an adornment to anything, in fact, is not adornment at all.

All the argument and sophistry in the world will not smooth away the inexorable fact that, in her dark calico dress and linen collar, with her brown hands and tanned cheeks, Nelly was simply a pretty girl; while Maude Eversham, in her dainty white cambric, with its fluttering embroidery and silken ribbons, with the lovely ruffle of fine lace rippling softly around her slender throat, from which peeped the golden locket with its monogram of orient pearls—Maude, with her fair, patrician face, her delicate hands, her courtly grace of manner, won from every one the higher meed of exalted loveliness and beauty.

And yet Nature had favored them alike. Nelly, in Maude's place, would have been as beautiful, possibly more lovely; for the child had a deeper nature and a finer sensibility, and the play of her thoughts was more charmingly reflected on her features.

But Nelly had been brought up in the country to hard work, and little petting of any sort. So I take credit for Guy that he hurried to assist her in gathering up the peas.

"I was going to look for Mrs. Jones," he said again, out of the natural courtesy that would spare any one's confusion. "I have a vague idea that she is chained always, within about a dozen yards' range, inside or out, that door yonder. I wanted to ask her if we could venture to trouble her for sheets and pillow-slips for our masquerade."

And he quietly explained the frolic on the *tapis*, and by the time he ended, Nelly had recovered her wits and had caught a little of the spirit of the proposed party. She made him easy in respect to his own outfit. She would find the wraps, and attend to the little sewing required, and he found her ready in suggestion, and fertile in expedient concerning the secrecy of its carrying out.

He had the gift of putting people at ease with him, and before she was quite aware of it, Nelly was telling him how much sport she should find in such an affair, if she were he.

By this time Guy became aware that there were very fine and expressive eyes beneath those long-fringed eyelids that usually drooped so low. He said, presently:

"How pleasant your laugh sounded when I came around the house! I wonder what pretty conceit bubbled forth such a bird-like gush. Please tell me what you were thinking of before I startled you so? I'm sure it is only fair that I help you shell the peas, since I was the cause of their downfall."

And he sat down on the bench beside her and coolly took possession of a handful of pods.

"I should be ashamed to tell," she stammered.

"Oh, no; that was too innocent a laugh to come from any wrong thought."

"But the wrong came first," she said, ingenuously. "I was thinking about—my life—and of some of the ladies there. I am afraid I was envious—repining. So wicked in me!"

And she paused, and looked up for his condemning frown. But his face was simply respectfully attentive. Somehow she perceived he expected more explanation. Snapping open a

IDLINGS WITH NATURE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 46.

plump pod to liberate the fragrant row with energetic fingers, she declared:

"I'm ashamed of having such queer thoughts, but I shall never be able to help them."

"Tell me about them," he said, simply. And presently he heard it all artlessly related, the speaker never realizing how plainly he read the whole—the unspoken as well as the reluctantly revealed thoughts. It was quite a new world, indeed, to which she had so innocently introduced him.

"It is very true," he said, soberly, after a little silence. "There is very little thought taken about such things. I dare say it never occurs to Miss Eversham that it requires many hot, tiresome moments, and possibly an ugly burn besides, to bring forth her charming dresses to their morning perfection."

"Moments!" echoed guileless Nelly. "It takes three good hours. Why, there's all the tucks, besides the ruffles. But then, you know—and that's why I laughed—I've got a famous pattern for my new cambric."

"It would be better if we all thought more about it," he said. "We all have work of some sort to do, and we forget there are plenty of other kinds. At all events," he said, with one of his rare smiles that Miss Eversham declared to be quite irresistible, "*I* shall always think of it; and if we have peas for dinner to-day, I shall remember that you picked them, and shelled them out here in the cool, with clover-blossoms at your feet, and that oriole swinging over your head. I think, Miss Barton, they will have a richer flavor after this."

Nelly Barton never thought of blushing—the tone the young gentleman used was too sedate, and his air altogether too matter-of-fact for that. But her eyes flashed over with a sparkle of pleasure, and a faint little smile, rippling across the dewy, red lips, brought out the dimples that Mrs. Jones declared were just like a baby's, for all she was such a great girl.

"It is very kind of you to say that," she said, and began sorting out the shreds of pod in the pan of shelled peas. "I really believe that it takes off all the worst of the weariness, when we know people give a thought to what we are doing."

"Even if the dress does not reach its immaculate state without damage to the industrious little fingers?" he added, archly, glancing at a long, red scar across her hand. "Be comforted there too, then. I shall never see Miss Eversham's wonderful flutings without a tribute of silent admiration to these skillful fingers. You'll remember all about the peaked cap, won't you? I'll see you again to-night, after tea, and you will be good enough to ask Mrs. Jones; be sure that I don't trouble her too much, because I can drive over to the village store and get the raw material there. And now, good-morning."

Nelly went into the hot kitchen, singing like a bird, and flew around with such nimble, willing steps that even weary, grim Mrs. Jones condescended to smile upon her.

"I'm thankful you're so chirpy, Nell; for there's that Miss Eversham brought in another skirt, all tucks and furbelows, and she's greened it terribly with sitting right down on the grass, last night. Any sensible creature might have thought——But, la sakes! such folks don't know anything about the work they make—where's the use of expecting it? Where are you putting the peas, child?"

"On this pail of cool water, to keep them fresh till it's time to put them on the stove. I want them to be extra nice, they're such beauties. Aunt Jones, did my mother use to wear such dresses as those? and was she of this sort of people?"

"La, child! I suppose nothing so grand. These are

A MODERN CINDERELLA.—"THE GLISTENING GREEN POD SLIPPED INTO THE PAN UNDESPOILED OF ITS EMERALD GLOBES; THE SMALL BROWN HANDS LOCKED THEMSELVES TOGETHER TRAGICALLY."—SEE PAGE 46.

the very top crust, as yer uncle talks about. But she was a real lady, and brought up delicate. She boarded over to the tavern, you know, when your poor father met her. Poor Walter! there was the making of a gentleman in him. If it hadn't been for the disease that came upon him, he'd have made his way—I'm sartin of that. But the Lord orders otherways. He died, and your mother after him; and I've done the best I could by you, child, with a family of strapping boys of my own to be kept in bread and cheese. But it isn't best to try to be above your bringing-up; don't you go to thinking about that. Poor Walter's up-hill work has shown me that."

She had not spoken in so gentle a tone to her dead brother's penniless child for many and many a day. What with her driving disposition, and the endless work that accumulated around her, Mrs. Jones had been a rather hard task-mistress.

Nelly gave her a grateful glance, and sang more softly.

Outside, in the cool front yard, Guy Winthrop had taken his seat by his mother's side; and, while he pulled playfully at the gay wools she was weaving into some crochet mystery, he said:

"I say, mother mine, I suspect I've started a trail that lies more in your way than mine. You belong to Mr. Whitney's mysterious fraternity, who 'know the muffin-man.' There's a little girl here, in this family, unhappy and discontented, I suspect. You will know just how to give her some help without wounding her feelings, I dare say." And he gave her a sketch of his little conversation with Nelly, concluding:

"It has put me into a moralizing vein, I believe. It is odd how queerly the network of human lives cross and touch, and pass on, now, isn't it?—all for naught, as it certainly seems."

"No, not all a careless chance. He who planned the web and laid the pattern sees how all threads, however feeble or dingy, help out the design. But I will see if there is not something I can do to lighten her brave work," answered this noble Christian woman.

Guy went back to Maude Eversham's merry group, and he and Ernest Saltonstall were presently deep in plans for the carrying out of the phantom party in every minutest detail.

Nelly Barton, while she put the front room to rights in the evening's dusk, heard these details proclaimed.

A large farm-wagon was to be fitted up with seats, to be sheeted in ghostly white. The horses were to be dressed likewise, in phantom shape, and the oldest Jones boy, masked and cloaked, was to drive to the door at precisely such an hour, when the ringing of the large dinner-bell would summon the passengers, who were to emerge from their rooms, masked, and to proceed, in utter silence, the two-mile ride in the gloaming, in true ghostly fashion. If any lady guessed who the other lady was, no word was to be proclaimed. Utter silence was to reign, to be the inexorable rule, until they reached the hall. This *pronunciamiento*, as Guy called it, was received with shouts of applause, and ratified by the approval of all present.

Accordingly, just after the purple mists of twilight dropped silently down upon the hill-tops and swathed the distant mountain-peaks—while the whippoorwill was calling, in his plaintive fashion, and through the sweet stillness came the clearer murmur of the flowing river, the fantastic equipage, all in mummy-bands of ghostly white, came silently up to the door. The horses' legs and feet had been muffled likewise, and the driver sat upright, like a statue, in his peaked hat and white cloak, feeling, as he afterward declared, a creeping sensation of sympathy with Lot's wife in her dreary petrifaction.

There were plenty of suppressed titters from under the white masks and quaint headgear; but the rules were followed with remarkable obedience, and one by one came gliding down the stairs, and taking positions in the wagon in speechless, if secret, merriment. One slender figure waited a little apart from the others, at the corner of the house; and after they were all seated, he who seemed the leader came down toward it and led it to the rear seat beside himself.

Its appearance seemed to awaken surprise; for one after another of the masqueraders began pointing along the line, counting, evidently, and as plainly astonished to find their number augmented beyond the original expectation.

"Who is the odd one?" was the inquiry, demanded in pantomime. "What interloper have we among us."

The figure rose hastily, and then sank back at the quick whisper from the leader:

"Hush! be quiet. Do not betray yourself. They cannot possibly know which of the twelve is the unknown one. Besides, you are my invited guest to-night. I will take care to send you home before the unmasking, if you still desire it."

And Nelly Barton sank back in her seat, reassured that there was nothing so very terrible in the sudden snatch at a glimpse of the frolic which had so won upon her girlish curiosity.

The remaining guests waved handkerchiefs, and gave many an involuntary laugh, not so low or eerie as became the pale, shadowy horror of the scene; and, in its strange stillness of muffled hoof-falls, the masquerading wagon moved away.

Down the hill, along the pleasant road, which was bowered on either side by fragrant hedges of wild-rose and hazel, and festooning vines, on whose green leaves the tiny beads of dew were fast gathering, the quaint equipage passed swiftly; and, turning into a narrow lane which gave a short cut from one highway to the other, still in profound silence, it rolled onward toward the village.

Just where this lane opened to the village street, a man was standing, leaning wearily against the high stone wall and gazing listlessly over the dim loneliness of shadowed field and road, now lifting melancholy eyes up to the starry skies, and anon glancing toward the twinkling village lights with a bitter, half-contemptuous smile on his lips, that told of a discontented, unhappy heart within.

The bend of the road hid from him all view of the approaching wagon, and the muffled hoofs of the horses gave no echoing sound. Suddenly, then, it glided forth from the shrubbery, seeming, to his startled eyes, to emerge from vacancy. The peculiar light gave a still more uncanny look to the strange appearance, and it really seemed the ghastly creation of supernatural means, as it came swiftly toward him, drawn by its white, phantom steeds, with its sheeted, stirless, voiceless occupants.

"The Lord have mercy on me!" ejaculated the gazer, staring wildly.

And then, with a sharp cry of terror, he flung up his arms and ran furiously toward the village.

The madcap driver understood in a moment the cause of this hurried flight, and, pulling at his reins, hurried up the horses and overtook their fugitive before he could gain any shelter.

There was much suppressed laughter in the wagon; but only one seemed to have compassion for the poor creature's panic. That one, as the vehicle passed him, cowering, like one transfixed with utter terror, almost in their very track, stretched out her hand toward him from the rear seat, and, lifting the white mask, showed him what she intended should be a reassuring sight—the plain view of her living

countenance. The action produced just the opposite of its desired effect. It was fairly a howl of terror that broke from his quivering lips.

"Ellinor Desmond! Ellinor Desmond!" he shrieked; "have you risen from your grave to accuse me? Pardon! pardon! I will atone—I will confess. Your child shall have her rights—the paper is safe—she shall have her rights!"

And prone upon the ground, shaking and shivering like one in a palsy, fell the conscience-stricken wretch.

The merrymakers were suddenly shaken from their careless glee. One after another shivered and glanced back. Even the madcap driver pulled up his horses and glanced uneasily behind him. Guy Winthrop leaped down from his rear seat, and was hurrying back to the prostrate figure; but, perceiving his approach, the man started up, and, with another wild shriek, bounded over the wall, plunged madly across a field, and disappeared.

Guy came back, and gave the gesture of command for moving on. It was a triumphant test of the company's ability to keep to the terms of the agreement of silence, that, amidst the excitement of this little episode, no word, not even an exclamation of alarm or pity, was audibly expressed. Its sobering influence was, in a measure, dispersed when they came to the village street, for there a little crowd of laughing spectators hailed their appearance with quite an ovation of applause.

A most grotesque and amusing scene awaited them when they entered the little hall. Such a queer company of phantoms was surely never gathered before. Nelly Barton could not find it in her heart to repent her acquiescence in Guy's generous plan to give her an evening's entertainment. She danced all the evening, enjoying, with a girl's keen relish, the efforts of her unknown partners to penetrate her disguise. She told Guy of her pleasure, in her own artless fashion, when he came to claim her for the contra-dances, as he had arranged—even revealed to him that she had been promenading with Miss Eversham, who had plied her with the most searching questions, and warned her that she should be closely watched when the hour of unmasking came.

"You are not afraid to wait for the unmasking, I hope," he said, earnestly. "I am anxious to have you for my partner when we have our circle-dance, ready for the momentous revelation. You do not still mean to flee before you are discovered?"

"Yes—oh, yes, indeed!" she answered, quickly. "Nothing would tempt me to remain. Let it be a mystery always. Why, I should never dare look Miss Eversham in the face, or any of them. They would be angry—indignant. I should never dare show myself before them."

"Are they so much more dreadful than I?" asked Guy.

"Oh, you are different—very different. I should not be afraid of trying your kindness," answered Nelly, eagerly. "I thank you very much for planning this for me, and I shall be ready to go back when the wagon comes. I will slip out alone—you need not come with me. Oh, see! that is Miss Eversham. How closely she is watching us! I should like to see their faces when they find me missing at the unmasking. You must see everything, and tell me about it, please."

"The man will be punctual with his vehicle. I wish I could accompany you home, but I suppose it would spoil the joke. It will be a nine-days' mystery, what became of the unknown, you may be sure of that. I have enjoyed it all heartily, especially our dances. You are as light of foot as a fairy. Come, now, to the ante-room—you must have an ice before you leave. Besides, it will give you better opportunity to escape unobserved."

An hour afterward, and Nelly, with her white disguise rolled into a compact bundle and under her arm, stole around the house, and up-stairs to her little attic-chamber, and no one was the wiser.

The next morning's breakfast-table for the "boarders" was a lively place. There were merry choruses of laughter, and much gay badinage tossed to and fro; but above and beyond all was the never-wearied discussion of the mysterious unknown who formed the twelfth in the wagon, and who disappeared so oddly before the hour of unmasking.

Nelly Barton, at the side table, where she was pouring the coffee, heard it all, and kept the most sedate face, though Guy Winthrop's glance met the dancing eye, and received its swift telegram understandingly.

"Another Cinderella, undoubtedly," observed one of the gentlemen. "She had fairy-like feet and hands. I noticed that. I wonder we did not, some of us, find the glass slipper."

"Only the prince would obtain that," declared Maude Eversham, playing idly with her egg-glass, in a meditative fashion. "It is my private opinion that Guy Winthrop knows all about it."

"About the glass slipper?" asked Guy, coolly. "You may be sure that I shall bring it around for trial if it is in my possession. What hour shall I present myself to you, fair Maude?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean. The stranger was some one you helped masquerade. You danced with her twice, at least—more than that, I suspect, if the truth is told."

"But you made a mistake about Guy, Miss Eversham," interposed one of the ladies. "You selected some one else for him in the first of the evening."

"I believe he had two disguises!" answered Miss Eversham, pettishly.

"Sure enough. Are you sure I am not the mysterious unknown, after all?" said Guy, laughing.

"You could not be counted twice when we were all ranged on the seats of the wagon," averred a sagacious gentleman. "But wasn't that a queer adventure we had? How frightened that poor wretch was! I declare I do not feel quite easy about him yet. I began to fear our frolic would turn out seriously."

"Mamma," said Maude Eversham, "do you know his voice sounded like Uncle Oliver's? and it seemed to me I had heard somewhere the name he called—Ellinor Desmond. Have you ever heard it before?"

Mrs. Eversham gave a nervous start.

"Was that the name?—tell me more about it. I have not heard the story yet."

And after it was once more repeated, the lady gave an uneasy glance around her.

"Some one really ought to investigate, and be sure that no ill result came from the poor man's fright. What if he had fallen down in a faint out there by himself, in the woods, and was out exposed all night?"

"I set a man to look into it last night," answered Guy Winthrop, promptly. "He found the man very nervous, and acting like one under the influence of opium, or some powerful narcotic, and took him to his boarding-place; for, as I understood him, it was not, as we supposed, a native of the town, but one of the Summer boarders. I am intending to ride over there and see him to-day for myself."

"*He* will not be likely to forget our phantom masquerade," observed Miss Eversham, languidly, "even if we pass it over, with its bit of mystery, to oblivion."

The gentle, aged aunt moved quietly to Mrs. Eversham's side when the party rose from the table.

"I see that you are uneasy, Mary. The description answers well enough for poor Oliver. I think I will propose that young Winthrop take me with him, then I shall be able to relieve you. It is certainly singular that her name should be called in such a way. Poor Ellinor Desmond! how long it is since I heard it! I take shame to myself that, for old friendship's sake, I have not made due inquiries about her child."

"Did I understand that it was Maude's face he saw? Could he have seen a resemblance?" questioned Mrs. Eversham, under her breath. "I should really be relieved to hear more about it, and be very thankful to you if you will go, Jane."

"I will speak to Guy at once."

But just then Guy was lingering at the coffee-table, and Nelly Barton was leaning across it to say, in an earnest undertone:

"I forgot to tell you, last night, that it was my mother's maiden name that strange man called. He said something about a wrong done. If you are going to see him, would you find out, please, what he meant? I know I can ask any trouble of your kindness."

Guy opened his eyes.

"Then your face really seemed to him like a ghost's? So there was more method in his madness than we thought. Certainly I will look into it, Cinderella."

Aunt Jane had her wish, although Maude Eversham looked a little vexed that the only remaining seat in Guy's light vehicle was thus monopolized. They were absent a long time—a very much longer time than was at all necessary, the young lady declared, impatiently, while she lounged on the seat in the shady front yard waiting for them, refusing all efforts to draw her away to a walk or ride or boating expedition.

"I think you are the veritable prince, after all!" declared she, gayly, when, at length, the long-looked-for vehicle whirled into the yard. "Oh, Guy, I am sure you have been trying on the slipper to all the tiny-feeted damsels in the town yonder!"

"Well," answered Guy, slowly, "I must admit the truth, Miss Eversham. I am truly on the trail of a genuine Cinderella."

And then he carefully assisted Aunt Jane to alight.

Mrs. Eversham, the moment she caught sight of the latter's grave face, came forward hastily, and seized her hand.

"My fears were prophetic," she said, in a very low voice; "it was Oliver, and something sorrowful is to be told."

"That remains to be decided, dear Mary. I have a very glad hope myself. I trust that you and Maude will look at it philosophically, if not joyfully, when the first surprise is over. As for me, I am as impatient as a child to find Ellinor's daughter."

"But it was really Oliver?"

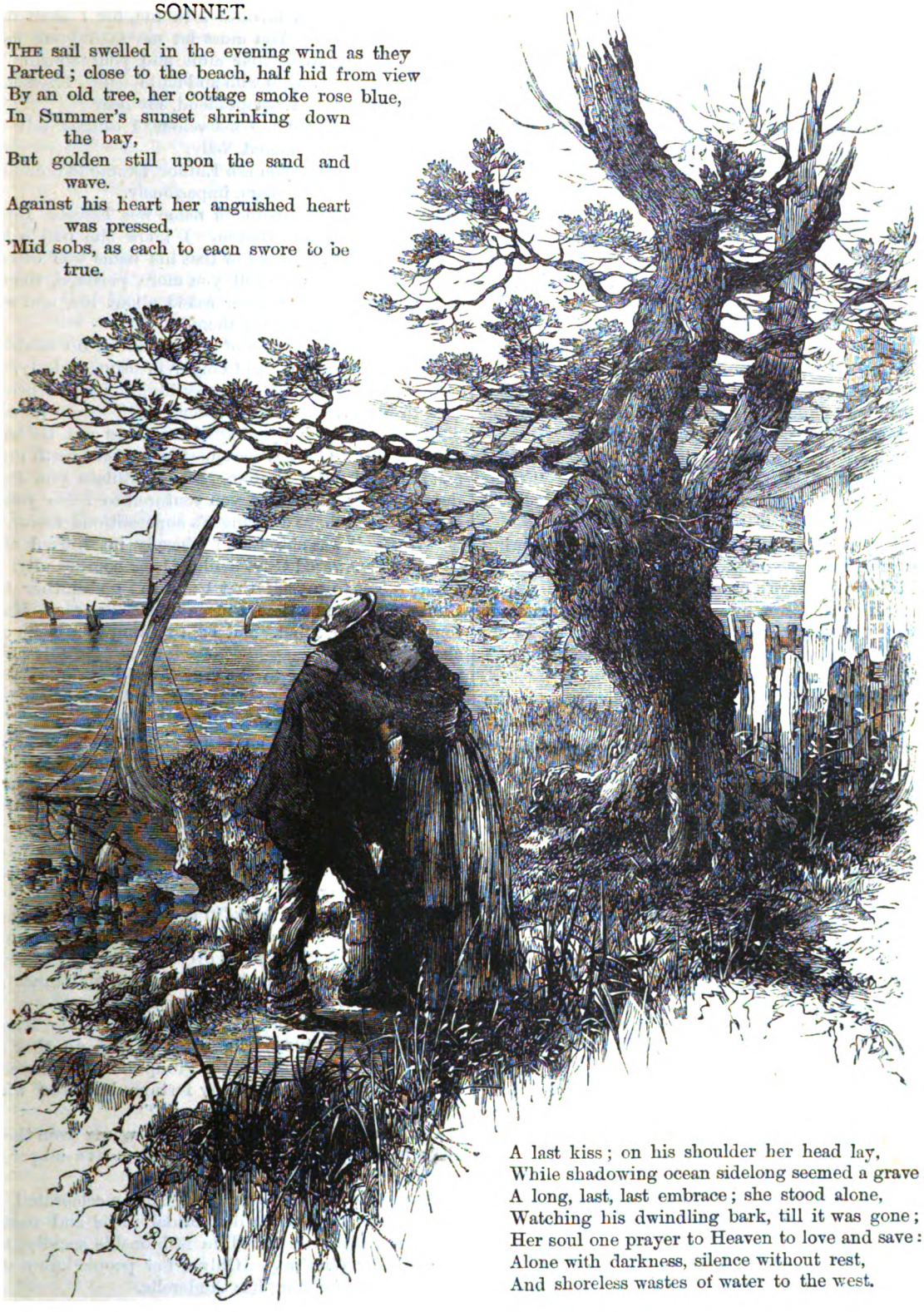
"Yes, dear, it was—brought here in the strangest fashion, half crazed beneath that suicidal course of his, and thrown in the way of this madcap party to work out the ends of justice by the will of Him who rules all things to work His ways, as I firmly believe," answered the other, solemnly.

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Eversham, if you please. Wait a moment, Miss Maude, before you go into the house," interposed Guy Winthrop, casting one curious look at Maude's fair, patrician face, while he gave his horse into the Jones boy's care. "I have something to tell you all. Since I have heard the man's confession, I am brought into the case, as it were, and I have further knowledge which you must share."

THE FALCON AND ITS PREY.— SEE PAGE 54.

SONNET.

The sail swelled in the evening wind as they
Parted; close to the beach, half hid from view
By an old tree, her cottage smoke rose blue,
In Summer's sunset shrinking down the bay,
But golden still upon the sand and wave.
Against his heart her anguished heart was pressed,
'Mid sobs, as each to each swore to be true.



A last kiss; on his shoulder her head lay,
While shadowing ocean sidelong seemed a grave:
A long, last, last embrace; she stood alone,
Watching his dwindling bark, till it was gone;
Her soul one prayer to Heaven to love and save:
Alone with darkness, silence without rest,
And shoreless wastes of water to the west.

"What is it all about?" asked Maude, wonderingly.

"I can't conceive why you look so solemn and distressed, if Oliver is alive and as well as usual. I wish you would speak out, Jane," said her mother, a little querulously.

"Then, it was Uncle Oliver," said Maude, curling her red lip disdainfully. "How absurd in him! and how disagreeable!"

"He has made a full confession to-day. He has produced your grandmother's true will. Mary, the great fortune was to be divided equally between Maude and Ellinor Desmond's

daughter. Oliver hid it, although the poor old woman gave it to him for safe-keeping, and confessed her forgiveness of her long-persecuted daughter's disobedience in marrying other than Oliver. Let us give poor Oliver all the charity we can. His disappointment at Ellinor's rejection of his love was the first blow that weakened his moral strength. This horrible opium, to which he has given himself such a blind slave, completed the ruin. He cherished a mad enmity against the man poor Ellinor married, and swore vengeance against even the innocent child. Last night, he avers, Ellinor's dead face looked at him threateningly, and revealed to him the depth of his sin. He has carried the true will with him for five years, concealed about his person. He has given it up now."

"The true will!" gasped Maude, hysterically. "Why, the true will was presented long ago!"

"No, dear; that was the will made under the influence of the poor mother's rage at her daughter's disobedience. In her last sickness better thoughts came. She spared her memory a bitter wrong. You, her son's daughter, and her daughter Ellinor's child, were left the sole heirs. Do you understand, Mary?" persisted the gentle aunt.

"I understand that you would take away from me the half of my fortune!" cried out Maude, sharply. "What nonsense it all is! There is no such child! Who ever heard of her? Where is she?"

"She is here in this house, Miss Eversham; I will bring her to you any moment you please, when you have grown calm," said Guy Winthrop's clear, decided voice.

"Calm! Indeed, I am by no means deeply agitated. Truly, this passes any tale of fiction; and one must naturally be a little astonished. As for my uncle Oliver, I wish——"

And here there was such a vindictive sharpness in the voice, that Mrs. Eversham, wiping away the tears that would flow in spite of her best efforts, interposed, piteously:

"Hush, Maude! He is my only brother, and what Aunt Jane says is true. His disappointment at losing Ellinor fairly turned his brain. Say nothing against your uncle Oliver."

Aunt Jane had laid firm hands on Guy's arm.

"That is the meaning of your close questioning—the reason why you would not let me explain the masquerading frolic more clearly. You know Ellinor's child. Ah, Ellinor was my dearest friend once. My hungry heart will be satisfied if I can befriend her child."

"Bring me to her, Guy."

"Wait here, then. It is more private just now than any part of the house. Will you wait, too, Miss Eversham, to see your cousin?"

"My cousin! It is all so strange. Where will she come from? Which one of the party can it be?" murmured the haughty Maude, trying her best to exhibit her usual *nonchalance.*

"Cinderella is always found by the kitchen-hearth. I will look there first," answered Guy, his handsome face glowing with the pleasure he felt in bringing the grand news to Nelly Barton.

Ten minutes afterward he came around the house with the dainty figure on his arm. It had taken five minutes to convince her of the sudden lighting up of the sky, and five more to whisk off the soiled calico apron, and tie on the best muslin one that was kept for picnics and parties.

"How blind I was!" exclaimed Aunt Jane.

"Mrs. Jones's waiting-girl!" murmured Maude Eversham, and bit her scarlet lip fiercely.

"My dear child—you are your mother's living image—only browner and healthier-looking. How could I fail to see it?—though, indeed, I have scarcely seen you at all!" cried out Aunt Jane, drawing the trembling Nelly to her arms. "You must learn to love me, for I shall dote on you, my darling. You must let me take your mother's place. And here is your aunt and your cousin. Your mother's half-brother's wife and child—Mrs. Eversham and Maude. Don't you comprehend, my dear?"

"It is so sudden—so marvelous, I cannot tell what I comprehend," stammered Nelly.

"Is it true that you are Ellinor Desmond's child?" demanded Maude Eversham, imperiously.

"*It is true.* My mother's name was Ellinor Desmond. She married Walter Barton. I knew she had a brother John, but I did not know that his name was other than hers. Aunt Jones can tell you more, perhaps, though my mother's people have never asked about me, and we have had no means of knowing them."

"There is no question of your identity, no doubt of the rights of your claim," said Guy Winthrop, quietly. "Mr. Oliver's confession settles everything. I shall henceforth be a firm convert to my mother's faith—that no smallest circumstance or happening of our lives can be trivial or meaningless. Our gay masquerade brought forth grand results for you, Miss Barton. I congratulate you from the depths of my heart that you ventured to raise your mask last night to relieve a stranger's superstitious terror."

"What—it was she, then!" sharply interposed Maude.

"Yes," answered Guy, smiling back composedly. "And I take credit to myself that I was the godmother for this Cinderella. Some time I mean to ask a reward, Miss Barton—don't forget that. But I am waiting to see the cousins shake hands."

Coloring crimson to the very tip of her delicate, aristocratic ears, Maude Eversham stretched out her hand, and tried to appear to say cordially:

"My dear cousin, I am glad to know you."

"I am glad and frightened, too," stammered back Nelly. "Oh, if I may be able to go to school now as much as I hoped and longed for, but never dared to think could ever be!"

"I think you may indulge more than one fairy wish, fair Cinderella," said Guy Winthrop, smilingly. "Once more let me offer my warm congratulations to the whole party. We shall all share, I think, in the marvelous results of this solemn and glad *dénouement* of a frolic that accomplished such different work from its original intent. I am anxious to introduce my mother to Miss Barton, and must go and prepare her for this romantic history."

"What does he mean?" demanded Maude Eversham, feverishly, as he turned lightly, and, with another chivalrous bow, took his leave of the group. "Has she come to take, not only the half of my fortune, but—the whole of the one lover I have sought to win?"

Two years afterward that question, wrung from the proud girl's heart by the torture of the moment's anguish, was answered to all the world.

Miss Ellinor Barton graduated from a celebrated young ladies' seminary, only to don bridal robes and merge the name, scarcely known at all in fashionable society, in that of Mrs. Guy Winthrop. Only a few people knew why he was so fond of calling her Cinderella.

THE FALCON AND ITS PREY.

THE Peregrine Falcon appears to be very discriminating in its tastes, preferring birds to all other prey, and generally choosing those very species which mankind has acknowledged to be delicacies for the table. Grouse, as

has already been seen, are a favorite quarry of the Peregrine, and the bird is also very fond of partridges, snipes and woodcocks. In the chase of the last-mentioned birds, the Peregrine displays the greatest imaginable command of wing; for it will follow the "cock" into its place of refuge among the branches, and, in many cases, will carry it off without even touching one of the boughs, among which the woodcock shoots and twists with such singular celerity.

Sometimes, however, both the pursuer and the pursued have suffered severe injuries from their too heedless flight—a misfortune of which Mr. Thompson mentions several instances. In one case the woodcock and falcon shot through the drooping branches of a weeping-ash tree, and, striking against the stem, both fell stunned to the ground. The woodcock was the first to show signs of life, and, after waiting for a short time, scrambled to the bank of a neighboring glen, and was permitted to escape. The falcon was longer in reviving, and when picked up was bleeding at the mouth; she, however, shortly recovered. On another occasion the hawk and woodcock came against a large stone, the latter being disabled, but the former suffering but little injury. The force with which the terrified bird flies from its pursuer may be imagined from the fact that one of these birds, when endeavoring to escape from a falcon, struck against the top of a wall with such violence as to split its breast completely open.

The same author relates some curious incidents relative to the comparative powers of flight of the falcon and woodcock:

"The finest flights are those in which the bird 'climbs the air.' Once, when from fifty to sixty persons were present, a woodcock sprang near Andersson's Town in the Falls, climbed the air, and the hawk swept after him until both got out of sight of all persons present except one, who insisted that the quarry was captured. It soon proved so, by the hawk's coming down with its victim. The trial between the birds, which should be highest, was so well contested from the moment the woodcock sprang and went right up, that the issue was most eagerly looked to; numerous even bets depended on it. Again, at the head of Colin Glen, in the same district, a woodcock, pursued by one of the hawks, climbed until both were lost to view. The death of the woodcock was, however, soon announced by its rapidly falling through the air, until soused in the deep pool of the rocky river, called, from the peculiar sound its waters make, the Rumbling Burn. It was observed, on laying hold of the victim, that it had been struck in the back by the hawk, but not laid hold of, which accounted for its coming down singly."

The Peregrine will chase and kill many of the coast-birds, such as the dunlin, the gull and the plover. The curlew is a very favorite prey, and, being a strong-winged bird, affords great sport. It is rather remarkable that the dunlin, together with birds of similar habits, fly instinctively to the sea, lake or river when attacked by the Peregrine falcon; as if knowing that the winged hunter is very unwilling to swoop upon any object that is flying upon the surface of the water. The falcon has been seen to drive a dunlin repeatedly into the sea before it could intercept the poor bird between the dry land and its watery refuge. It will also strike at the gray crows, or at herons, but, unless especially trained to the pursuit, will not trouble itself further about them.

Mr. Thompson gives us the following spirited description of a curlew chase, which is valuable as exhibiting the capacities of both curlew and falcon:

"My friend and his companions were fishing in Loch Ruthven, when a flock of these birds (curlews) appeared. Immediately afterward a tercel, or male Peregrine, came in sight, bearing down upon them so suddenly as to be scarcely seen, until he had singled out and swept one of them from a height of about fifty yards into the lake. Here he pounced at it, but without striking, although it did not go below the surface of the water. On the tercel's flying a little way off, to take one of his bold circles when the quarry is put down or at bay, the curlew rose to follow the flock, and had got away about a hundred yards, when the tercel again bore down upon it. Refuge was a second time taken upon the lake. This was repeated not less than ten times. The speed of the tercel's flight was considered to be twice that of the curlew's, as, when circling about two hundred yards off, he never gave his desired victim leave to get more than about half that distance ahead, until he had it down again.

"The curlew, although apparently more fatigued and worn out every time it was put down, was, the last time, scarcely able to rise from the lake; and escaped in consequence of the flock from which it came, or a similar number of birds, appearing in sight, when its persecutor betook himself after them. He very soon had one of this flock also in the water, and enacted just the same part toward it as he had done toward the other. It was put down to the lake at least a dozen times, and along a great extent of its surface—once between the boats of the fishing-party, not more than about fifty yards distant from each other. The hawk and the curlew were both several times within about twenty yards of the boats; and once, indeed, the latter, closely pursued, took the water just before the bow of one of them. Eventually the tercel left off the chase, though, as in the former instance, the curlew was nearly worn out. The poor bird, now seeing two of his species come in sight, joined them, and they all went off swiftly in company."

An experienced falconer, who witnessed the scene, remarked that the swoops made by the wild falcon were bolder, and its flight stronger, than he had seen in any trained bird.

The full speed of the Peregrine falcon has been computed at a hundred and fifty miles per hour, and a single chase will often occupy a space of eight or ten miles. Its power of wing is not only useful in enabling it to wage successful pursuit of swift-winged birds, but in giving it sufficient buoyancy to carry off the prey which it has secured. So strong is the Peregrine's wing, that it has often been observed to bear in its talons a bird larger than itself, and to carry it to the nest without difficulty.

Act at Once.—"If I had only done this or that last year!" is a common remark among some of our friends and acquaintances, but how few attempt to rectify their mistakes by not delaying until to-morrow, next week or next year what might just as well be done to-day as at any other time. These delays and procrastinations are common to no one class of persons more than another, but there are certain fields in which their effects are more noticeable than in others. For instance, if a man needs trees for fruit or ornament, time alone will aid his labors in producing them; for although attention and labor will do much toward hastening their growth, still a certain number of years are required to bring them to maturity. Every year of delay in making a beginning is certain to cut short our enjoyment later on, just by the extent of our delay. Make haste to begin, then, for wasted hours and opportunities never return.

Human Grooves.—A man can no more escape from his ordinary grooves of thought than he can from his habitual grooves of action.

THE EEL MARKET AT NAPLES.

THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

A VAGABOND ABROAD.

NAPLES.

By C. W. Stoddard.

I am sitting by an open window in an old convent on the slope of one of the lofty hills that shoulder Naples, and help to make it one of the most picturesque cities in the world.

Young Giovanni brought me hither, and it is he who comes daily to pilot me in and around the city.

Out comes my old journal, down goes the last episode, in black and white, no matter how trivial it may be; for what better company has a vagabond abroad than his journal?

This is how I met Giovanni:

We had been steaming down the Mediterranean coast in fair weather. Monte Christo, Corsica, Sardinia, and other islands of less note were scanned by a hundred passengers that lounged on the deck of the steamer *Byzantine*, bound for Alexandria. A storm blew up one night, but gave us the go-by at daybreak, and in six hours we had run up under the Vesuvian coast and dropped anchor close to the Neapolitan shore.

Fleets of small boats gathered about; jolly, half-naked boat-boys shouted to us, as we leaned over the ship's side, and tried to secure our custom by underbidding each other.

Some one who had traveled, warned us against the black-eyed, curly-headed boat-boys. His maxim was: "Never trust an Italian; and leave the Neapolitans severely alone."

We had all of us to get to shore in some shape or other. The boats that were rocking on the sparkling sea were gathered about us for our especial convenience. We might haggle over the price of a passage to shore, but we must get there as early as convenient; for the *Byzantine* was to

sail for Egypt as soon as she could obtain a fresh cargo of merchandise.

Delay is dangerous, and I knew this from experience; so, without further hesitation, I climbed down the ship's side, with my journal under my arm, and made a dart for a particular boat that lay at the outer edge of the fleet. I sprang from boat to boat. They were crowded closely together, and I might have made the circuit of the steamer in safety, but for the agility of the hungry boat-boys, who jumped at me as a gudgeon at a fly.

I wonder how I ever came at last to the boat I had fixed my eye on as soon as we dropped anchor; I wonder how I managed to rescue my journal from the clutches of fifty young rascals, who knew well enough that if they could secure it they were equally sure of me.

Well, I escaped them all, and dropped triumphantly into the stern of a small barge that was only big enough for two.

Giovanni threw himself upon his oars and pulled lustily. We drifted away from the big, black hulk that was half enveloped in steam, and from the mob of watermen with all their noise. We drew close to shore, and I grew more and more interested in the city that is called "beautiful."

How jolly, thought I, to be rid of the torments that beset most travelers! At that moment Giovanni ceased rowing, and with a forbidding look in his eyes and a hardened tone in his voice, demanded thrice the fee he had at first declared himself contented with.

I thought it a question of will, and knew that if I yielded to him now there would probably be no limit to his demands. I looked him steadily in the eye, and appeared to be perfectly indifferent to his absurd conduct; I showed neither surprise nor displeasure; took it as a matter of course that he would behave in this fashion, and when he had stormed and threatened, without discomposing me in the slightest degree, I said, quietly:

"You shall have your *bono mana*, and now you had better row to shore."

The young scamp smiled the most amused and innocent of smiles, and at once fell to his oars again, and we landed in fine style.

The next question was, "Where shall a vagabond find a home?"

Again Giovanni came to the front, and this time in the character of the Good Samaritan. He knew a house where I could lodge; a place where I could eat. He would pilot me at once, and befriend me, and show me all the sights of the city called "beautiful!"

And he did all this.

He shouldered my armful of luggage; I hugged my journal to my breast, and we footed it through the brilliant, crowded, noisy streets of Naples.

Again and again we were swept off the narrow sidewalks; again and again we were nearly run down by the swift *carozzellos* that are driven at racing speed through the principal thoroughfares; whips snapped in our very ears; fruit-sellers, flower-sellers, water-sellers, shrieked in our very faces; swarms of bootblacks darted under foot and called public attention to the present condition of my shoes.

We climbed steep, narrow streets, where the tall houses almost met overhead, and where the sunshine slid down in long, thin slices. We came on to a splendid avenue that girdles one of the hills—an avenue cut in the rock on one side and built up on the other, having a parapet on the outer edge, to keep people from tumbling into the city below.

Above this avenue stands a huge stone convent, now deserted by the exiled monks, and here Giovanni led me through arches, up ponderous stairs, and along dim corridors, until he had lodged me in a cozy cell, as bare as a blown-out egg-shell.

Giovanni's *madre* keeps this end of the house; Giovanni drifts about, now to sea in the boat belonging to his brother; now into the streets, idling, begging, stealing; now to pilot some vagabond like myself, who has lost his way, and is glad enough to bestow a few coppers on the poor lad who has rescued him.

From my window I look over the high avenue, down into the resounding depths of the great city, with its 600,000 clamorous souls that seem to be stirring night and day. Beyond this my eye skims a blue rim of the bay and ascends the dark slopes of Vesuvius.

Everywhere there are crescent shores, flashing breadths of sea, green vineyards, or mountains fading in a haze; and there are islands that look as if they must vanish in the splendid twilight, and every morning I find a new surprise in rediscovering them, over and over.

Oh, these wonderful streets! Streets so steep, in some parts of the town, that they are in reality one long pair of stairs, that climb from block to block to the very hilltop. In warm weather the tenants of the high houses on each side of the street-stairs come out and sit all day in the shade, spinning, plaiting baskets, combing each other's heads—a favorite and quite necessary occupation—and then you may see a line of heads in a line of busy hands that descend the stairs in a series of generations.

There is life enough visible from my window to amuse me from dawn to dark; but Giovanni will insist upon piloting me to the Villa Reale, the handsome garden by the sea, where there is music every afternoon or evening. There are thousands of promenaders, and an avenue for horsemen; there are fountains, statues, and a temple to Virgil, who composed his "Æneid" and "Georgics" at his villa, about a mile distant, and whose tomb is still shown at the Grotto of Posilipo, in the edge of the town.

Never were people more democratic than these Italians. Giovanni, who is at one moment a boat-boy, the next a boot-black, a fellow who cheats whenever he sees fit, but is capable of reforming on the slightest provocation or at the shortest notice—Giovanni sits at a small table in the Villa Reale, and takes his three-cent cup of coffee with as much grace and composure as the duke who is lounging at the table next him.

There is a fascination in the life of Naples that seems to culminate in this delightful garden. It is not alone that the avenues are stately, the fountains and statues works of art, the groves a wilderness of ilex and palm and cretus and laurel, among which the winding ways are again and again lost to view. The sea moans the whole length of the Villa. On days when the southerly wind is high, and the sea restless, the foam dashes above the mighty wall that lines the Villa; and you may watch, at a little distance, a line of breakers a mile long.

All the world saunters in the Villa; fashion receives homage there; poverty suns itself on the hem of the Villa, and in the sweet idleness of the hour forgets to beg. The divers sport in the deep water near the shore, gathering snails and oysters; children loiter on the stone jetty that marks the lower end of the Villa; fishermen trail their nets and sing in the twilight as they pull their boats to shore.

There is a sunset on Vesuvius; the whole mountain burns red, like a live coal, and then grows purple in the cool shadow of the evening, and is finally lost in the gathering darkness; and there is nothing of it visible save the everlasting plume of smoke, that glows at night like a great torch guiding the mariners to shore.

At night Naples is as gay and gorgeous as ever. One never wakens to find the city positively silent; even the

narrowest and the darkest by-streets are not deserted, and the chances are that strolling troubadours will be sauntering to and fro, singing to the tinkling strings of guitars and mandolins.

At any hour of the night or morning, if I go to my window, and look up or down the street, I am sure to see shadowy figures that, for the most part, pass leisurely by, and the majority of them find time to pause a moment at a shrine of the Madonna on the pavement, just below our house, where a light is perpetually burning, and where fresh offerings of flowers and candles are brought daily by the good souls who live in this vicinity.

It is but a step from the gay to the grave, even in Naples. Giovanni has just returned with me from the old *Campo-Santo.* We had driven through the winding avenues of the great, new cemetery, and seen all the elaborate and pretentious mausoleums that make the place look, indeed, like a "city of the dead." We had seen a funeral pageant wherein the coffin was borne on a lofty catafalque covered with voluminous drapery of scarlet velvet, fringed and spangled with gold; it was surrounded by a multitude of torch-bearers in ash-colored gowns, and with their faces covered with long masks of the same material; their eyes only being visible through two slits in the mask.

No relatives followed in the procession, but the male members of the household of the deceased received the remains at the chapel in the cemetery, and saw them deposited in the family vault.

More touching was the spectacle which followed at sunset in the old Campo Santo. The "Potter's Field," for so we would call it, is a flat, square inclosure, paved with heavy stone flags; there are 365 of these stone flags that are placed at equal distances over the field; each one is numbered and has a large iron ring in it.

All the afternoon, at intervals, rude wooden coffins are brought to the Campo Santo, and deposited upon shelves at one side of the inclosure. As the sun sank, a crowd of curious spectators gathered; a small derrick was placed over one of the movable flags—it was the one marked for the day of the year; it covered a deep, dry cistern, into which all the uncoffined bodies of the impoverished dead who have died to-day are deposited.

Many of those who had gathered to witness the melancholy spectacle were praying in different parts of the field. The flag that covers each cistern is the only stone reared to the memory of the strangers that fate has gathered together at last.

Many, probably most, of these poor people could not read, and therefore one young fellow, who had his prayer-book with him, was reading the prayers for the dead, first at one cistern and then at another; and for this office he received such remuneration as the mourners chose to bestow.

Our attention was attracted by the crowd that gathered suddenly about the derrick. The stone flag was raised. Beneath was a vast chamber, very deep, and as black as a starless night. The coffins, a dozen of them, were placed in a row by the open mouth of the vault. The bodies, scantily clad, were removed, and, one after another, laid in an iron box, which was lowered into the vault. When it touched the bottom of the vault, the box opened, and the body slid out. The box was pulled to the mouth of the vault by machinery, and again filled and emptied, and yet again, until all the bodies had been deposited; and then the great flagstone was replaced, and the vault will be left sealed until this day a year hence. To-morrow the bodies are to be placed in the next vault. The quicklime with which each vault is partly filled devours every vestige of the dead. In a little time nothing is left of the once jovial, careless, handsome Neapolitan—not even a memory

There was little emotion visible in the crowd of the idle curious. When the body of a young girl, with a white flower in her mouth, was lifted out of the coffin in which it had been brought hither, an old woman cried, "Poor Lisa! poor Lisa!" and there was silence for a moment; but a huge body was unshrouded the next moment—a man with a lemon in his mouth—and at that every one laughed heartily.

Giovanni tells me, with a good-natured resignation that is truly philosophical, when he dies he will be dropped into one of these vaults, and suggests that his *madre* put a cigar in his mouth.

Out goes my candle, suddenly and propitiously; for I have written enough, for once. A fellow must rest from his labors once in a while, even though he be a

VAGABOND.

Eels are a favorite Neapolitan food, and in Italy fish-culture has long been practiced to insure a supply of this kind at least. The eel-breeders of Comacchio have long been noted. The income here derived from this one fish is said, by a late writer on the "Harvest of the Sea," to be something wonderful, employing a population of some seven thousand.

The fish season is opened with great solemnity of prayer, and many of those other ceremonies of the Church peculiar to Roman Catholic communities—one of which is the consecration of the lagoon. The labyrinths, which have been constructed from hurdles in each watery field, are crowded with fish, so that there is comparatively little trouble in the capture; and the salter waters of the sea being let in, the migratory instinct of the animal is excited, so that it becomes an easy prey to the fishermen.

Upon the occasion of taking a great haul of fish in any particular valley, a gun is fired to announce the glad tidings to the other islanders, and next day a feast is held to celebrate the capture, which must, however, be of a certain amount.

The town of Comacchio is chiefly a long street of one-storied houses, situated on the principal island of the lagoon. There is a cathedral in the town, but it is entirely destitute of any architectural character, and there is a tower, from the top of which a good view of the lagoon and its various islands may be obtained.

The preaching of the early apostles of Christianity was in many cases, if not most, delivered in the open air, beneath the blue vault of heaven, the congregation seated on the grass or such seats as rocks might give—many standing in attitudes that painters like to seize.

When churches were built, and the faithful gathered in them, these were, while primitive fervor lasted, the resort of Christians to hear the Word of God. But faith and fervor cool; the proverb, "The nearer the church, the further from heaven," shows that distance does not always account for the small numbers in many churches. Religious indifference succeeded religious fervor; in some countries, as in Scotland and our own New England, church attendance was made in a manner compulsory, and the rule is to attend, the absentees being the exception; but in Berlin, according to recent statistics, the absentees form a very large majority, the church-goers being few and rare.

With us, churches are losing their old influence, and Young Men's Christian Associations and similar organizations aim to withdraw the young men rising into active life from the allurements which will outweigh religious motives.

Outdoor preaching is resorted to in all countries to reach many of the absentees. Some stay away from lack of religious training or feeling, some from a feeling of shame—the

THE WATERMELON-DEALERS, NAPLES.

poor feeling their rags or threadbare, unfashionable garments out of place in the stylish crowds at the church. These and the uncared-for, and because uncared-for, dangerous classes, can be reached only by men who will go among them—men impassioned, zealous, accustomed to the thoughts, wants, temptations of their audience; men full of compassion for the erring and anxious for their well-being; above all, men whose patience is unalterable, who can labor apparently in vain and not lose heart.

Our scene was taken some years ago on the quays of Naples, where friars often preached to the reckless inhabitants of the lower quarters. With all the fervent eloquence the impassioned utterance of the South, the preachers appealed to the hearts and feelings of their audience. Often their words fell unheeded; sometimes a trifle would make their labor a success.

One preacher planted his cross in one of the very worst quarters of the city; as he preached, some girls on a balcony mimicked and mocked, amid oaths and jeers, all his language. Suddenly a pet bird flew from the arms of one of the creatures, and lighting on the cross, looked down in a curious way that birds often do; it seemed to be listening with all attention to the preacher. The girl was greatly touched. "Heavens!" she cried; "the bird listens like a Christian, while I mock like a demon!" And rushing down, she threw herself at the feet of the preacher, weeping and deploring her career. The example was contagious; the effort to regenerate the quarter, which seemed so certain of failure, was unexpectedly converted into a triumph when it seemed an absolute defeat. A complete change was effected, and from being the most disorderly and worst quarter of the city, it became, for a time at least, one of the most quiet and orderly.

A STREET STALL IN NAPLES.

A NEW SPECIES OF BOWER BIRD.

A NEW species of the wonderful Bower Bird, of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in his "Descent of Man," has been found in New Guinea, where it is known as the Gardener Bird. It is, in fact, a Bird of Paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with the name; as both the male and the female have a plumage of the most unostentatious description. But what is wanting in the plumage of the birds, they made up by the adornment, not of their persons, but of their dwellings. They build beautiful arbors as places of social resort, which last for three or four years. For this purpose they select a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the

size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be, perhaps, merely to make a soft cushion round the tree, in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it.

At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round, leaving, of course, an opening by which the birds enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height and three feet in diameter, with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials.

They select a particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful for a long time after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

SCENE IN A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE AT NAPLES.

THE FEAST OF PIE DI GROTTA, NAPLES.

The Gardener Bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and though it does not seem to have invented a garden roller, the moss probably is a material which does not need such an instrument. Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is kept free from stems, grass or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty colors are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers these his daily gifts to his wife.

The objects brought are of great variety, but always of vivid colors, such as brilliant fruits, rosy flowers, fungi, mottled insects;

and as soon as any of them fade, they are moved to the back of the hut. Thus the Gardener Bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden, just as the gardener man takes away the faded flowers and renews them with fresh and beautiful ones.

The Gardener Bird is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear, by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect, not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe, and it is a landscape gardener of the highest talent. It is said that landscape is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the Birds of Paradise think the same?—substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element.

A RELIC.

By G. A. Davis.

Before me on my writing-table,
Among my books—a motley crew
Of grave Elizabethan worthies,
And modern scribblers, crude and new—
Between an old lamp from Pompeii,
And a bronze dragon of Japan,
Is this frail waif from buried Egypt,
That holds three thousand years in span.

Some shreds of linen, long discolored,
And stiffened, since they steeped each fold
In odorous gums and dense, strong spices,
One sunny day, in Thebes of old;
A crumbling rag of mummy-wrappings,
Round which the subtle scent still clings;
Cerements that crossed, on that dead bosom,
The scarabeus' outspread wings.

Who wove this web with jest and laughter?
Who measured it to shape a shroud?
Who wound the helpless limbs, laid straitly,
Of all life's treasure disallowed?
Whose tears upon the folds were falling?
What was the song the mourners sang?
And through the painted Theban chamber,
What wailing murmurs rose and rang?

Her face—I guess at line and color;
Slow, almond eyes, with sidelong glance;
And full, calm lips, with curving corners,
Just touched with sleepy scorn, perchance;
And straight, low brows, close-bound for beauty,
With beaten gold and burning gem,
And the small asp, upreared for striking,
A-front that quaint old diadem.

So richly warm, so darkly splendid
Looks out her ghost from shadow-land—
Some night, methinks, I scarce should wonder
To wake at touching of her hand!
And when the midnight chimes are dying
High in the world of air, to hear
Her voice, in faint, forgotten music,
Fall sad and strange upon my ear!

And I would ask, and she should answer,
Questions that history never knew,
Of facts o'erlooked in wise researches,
And fancies light as morning dew;
Of dreams that haunted, fears that vexed her,
Before this beating heart grew cold—
Of feverish joys that filled their measure,
And had their day, in Thebes of old.

I'd ask her of the changing seasons,
Of the swift round of nights and days;
The solemn pomp, the kingly splendors,
The little, trifling household ways;
Of this or that small, foolish fancy,
That once her universe could move—
The day life's dream of dreams o'ertook her—
The whole chronology of love!

What care I for the Memnon's secret?
Who reared the Sphinx?—'twas but a *name*.
That could not add one jot of wonder
To its eternal, mystic fame!
I would not search the hidden story
Buried beneath those desert sands;
Nor tear the Pyramids' gray mystery
From mummied Cheops' withered hands.

Poor ghost! I would not vex your patience,
To sketch the march of history o'er·
A bald, bare roll of dates and figures,
And names of buried kings—no more!
Let Egypt's riddle rest, forgotten
Of all men, in its dusty goal—
I only seek, in restless yearning,
The secret of one human soul!

AN ANTIQUARY IN A DIFFICULTY.

When Dr. Buckland was Dean of Westminster, the lately deceased Dr. Rimbault applied to him for permission to make extracts from the registers of the Abbey, in order to ascertain the dates of admission and of the decease of some of the eminent men who had been on the establishment at Westminster.

The difficulty which presented itself to the Dean's mind was, that it would be too great a tax upon his own time to wait while the extracts were made, and that he could not give up the keys of the muniment-room to any person. Still, he desired to oblige in all cases of literary research; and, therefore, offered to take Dr. Rimbault into the room, and to leave him there, to be let out at any appointed time. The proposal was particularly agreeable to Dr. Rimbault, as he could then work without interruption. Thinking that about three hours would suffice, and as he dined at an early hour, he appointed one o'clock.

The Dean was not punctual, and the Doctor worked on. At three o'clock the latter felt the want of his dinner; his extracts were finished, and he wished only to be gone. "What could have detained the Dean?" But no step was to be heard. The evening service soon began, and at length the last peal of the organ had faded away, and all was quiet. It then became evident that Dr. Rimbault was forgotten.

And how long was this to last? Before daylight had quite passed away, he had surveyed his position, and found that he was in a trap from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He could neither scale the window nor make himself heard. He was quite at the mercy of the Dean's memory; for he had not told any one where he was going, because he expected to return home within a few hours. "Would his disappearance be advertised, and would the Dean see it—and when?" Dr. Rimbault had none of the bodily fat which is said to support life under long periods of fasting, and the last was, therefore, an important question with him. "When would the muniment-room be next visited?" This was indeed a remote contingency; so that, like Ginevra in the chest which had closed over her with a spring-lock, nothing but his skeleton might then be found.

From these uncomfortable reflections, Dr. Rimbault was released late at night. He had drawn together some parchments to recline upon, but not to sleep, when at last a key was heard in the door. The good Dean had gone home to dinner, and had taken his siesta; after which he commenced ruminating over the events of the day, and then, at last,

thought of his prisoner! He returned to the Abbey at some inconvenience, and set him free with many apologies. Dr. Rimbault's ardor to be shut up in a muniment-room had then quite cooled.

A SINGING MOUSE.

THE family of a well-known gentleman on Seventh Street, Cincinnati, have been greatly exercised for some weeks by the singing of what sounded like a canary-bird, behind the wainscoting of the house, and between the walls of the partitions. All through the night the singing has been done, and sometimes it has been so loud as to waken the gentleman and his wife and disturb them.

At last Mr. F. succeeded, with the help of one or two lady friends, in capturing the vocalist. A brick was removed from the hearth in the kitchen, a trap was set, and after a long wait a mouse ventured out and into the trap. Recently a *Commercial* reporter was at Mr. F.'s house, where several other friends were gathered to observe the wonder.

The wire trap containing the mouse was placed upon the table, and the singing was anxiously awaited. The mouse, an ordinary-looking one, with a rough coat and bright, black, bead-like eyes, did not seem to be disposed to sing, and after a long wait and a good many expressions of incredibility concerning his vocalistic abilities, it was suggested that the mouse be fed. A little bread was given it, and some water. It went for the water, and began an extraordinary amount of face-washing and general primping, betraying its sex immediately, and convincing the audience that they might expect a soprano or contralto, and not a bass or baritone.

After the prima donna had finished her toilet, she gathered herself up in a little brown ball and began to sing. She began with a twitter like a woodbird, then she chirruped like a sparrow, and then settled down into a long, sweet warble, like a young canary. As the tiny thing swelled up its throat and rolled its black eyes, and executed the most wonderful little trills, and roulades, and cadenzas, and the sweetest diminuendos and crescendos, the listeners looked at one another in wonder and delight.

There it was at last—a real little mouse, sitting up in its cage and singing away with all its might! It is impossible to describe the character of its singing, and Mrs. F. says it varies remarkably every time it sings. It is a soft, sweet tone, not clear and sharp, like the singing of an old canary—rather like a young bird, just learning to sing. Occasionally it makes a whining, exactly like a very young puppy, and then, after a chirrup or two, starts off on its song again.

Talking had no effect, and did not seem to annoy it; and the cage was even passed around from one to another without interrupting the singing of the little prisoner. It had been singing a straight hour when the reporter left, and was still at it, and entertaining an admiring and wondering party of listeners.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT UPON DIAMONDS.

IT has long been known that certain minerals are peculiarly affected by the action of sunlight. Ancient writers note that certain colored precious stones grew pale in the light of the sun, and mention, as one thus acted upon, the beautiful green chrysoprase; the color of which, however, they asserted—and, it is said, truly—could be restored by wrapping it in a cloth previously soaked in wine, and secluding it in a cellar.

There are many known cases in which the beauty of emeralds has been destroyed by leaving them exposed to strong sunlight. An American writer mentions a dark-green emerald, which he had worn seven years, as losing its color and value from this cause.

Dr. Schnauss has recently redirected attention to the subject, and has pointed out that colored diamonds, under the influence of extreme heat, lose their color, and, in most cases, permanently; although in others the colors return after exposure to sunlight. According to Dr. Fright, under certain circumstances the colored diamond is as sensitive to light as the photographer's chloride of silver is. A diamond merchant named Martin exposed a diamond to a very high temperature, in order to destroy its brownish color, but the stone became of a permanent rose-red. Coster treated another diamond in the same way, and that, too, turned rose-red; but the most remarkable part was that this color was only permanent in the dark, and disappeared in four or five minutes if exposed to the sun's light, the stone acquiring a weak brown color. This change also took place in a room where the light was by no means bright. Another diamond, of a dirty yellow color, was ignited in a current of hydrogen in a porcelain tube, and allowed to cool there. The color disappeared, but not the lustre. If this specimen were exposed to diffused light for six or seven minutes, its original yellow color returned. Dr. Schnauss attributes such phenomena to phosphorescence.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

THE exiles who live in the Siberian mines are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of task-masters who have orders not to spare them.

Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rock—very kennels—into which they must creep on all-fours.

Prince Joseph Lubomirski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Oural, at a time when it was not suspected he would ever publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw. Convicts racked with the joint-pains which quicksilver produces; men, whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash.

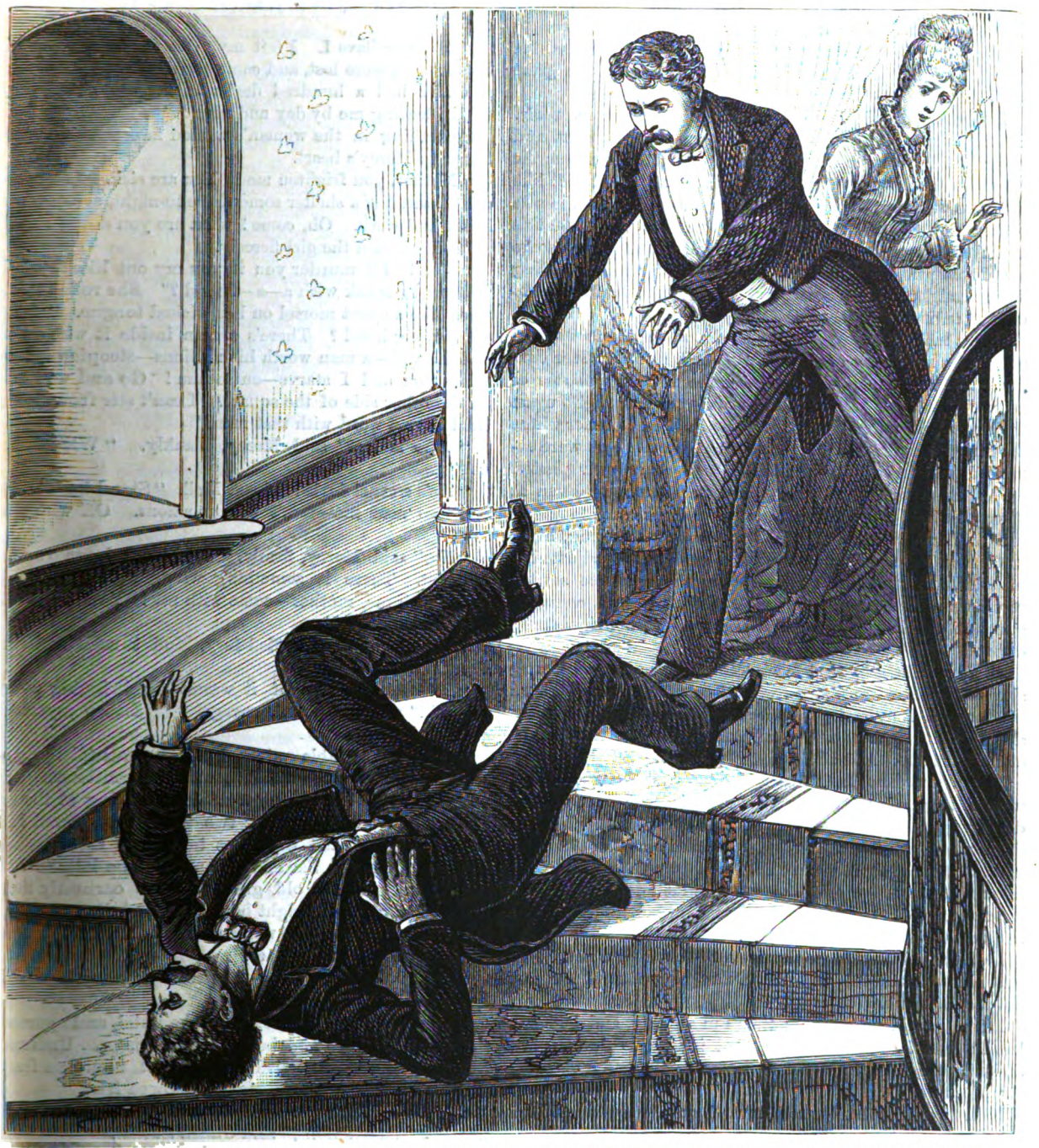
They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sundays included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary. Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years.

No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home; the most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline.

Women are employed in the mines as sifters, but they receive no better treatment than the men.

SUPERFICIAL knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

STREET-PREACHING IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"A MAN APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD, SEIZED STROZZI BY THE COLLAR, AND, DRAGGING HIM BACKWARD ACROSS THE DOORWAY, DROPPED HIM STRAIGHT DOWN THE BROAD, CARVED STAIRCASE."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued.)

Hour after hour went by. Nobody came to open the Rooms. Now and then some person passed by, stared at the beautiful pinched face and blank, desolate eyes of the waiting girl, but spoke no word to her.

Morning dwindled into noon. Still Mercy did not move. She was hungry and faint, she was homeless, friendless, penniless. The only thing of value which she possessed in the world—the only thing by which she might secure, perhaps, a little food or a night's lodging, was Val's ring, shining there, mocking and bright, on her cold hand—sooner than part with that she would die a hundred deaths.

After a long time a man mounted the stairs, and gave Mercy a surly glance.

"You'd better move on, girl," he said; "it's growing dark here."

Growing dark! She cast a frightened look around. Yes, it was quite true. She had been there the entire day. The matron was not coming.

Mercy descended to the street and walked away—whither, she neither knew nor cared.

Was there any one in the wide world to whom she could now go? No one! The evening lights began to glimmer.

People jostled her along the pavement—happy people, hastening to friends and home. Nobody paid any heed to the shabby girl with the wild, white, beautiful face and the blank, lost air. She was but one small atom in the great maelstrom.

Darkness settled down upon the multitudinous roofs. Carriages rumbled by, bearing happy girls to concert and play; but here was one as fair as the fairest, as pure as the purest, wandering forsaken, hungry and hopeless, and, like the dove outside the ark, without a resting-place for the sole of her foot. In all the great city there was not upon this night so forlorn a creature as Mercy Dill. And yet some angel was guiding her tired steps all the while—guiding them straight to meet a certain strange event that waited to change entirely her whole dark, joyless life.

It was half-past seven by the clocks when she found herself at the entrance of a small West-end square. Her confused brain had at last conceived the forlorn purpose of returning to Seedy Court, and passing another night upon the steps of deserted No. 10. As she reached a corner where the street ended and the square began, her sad eyes were attracted to a big building just before her—an imposing hotel, all agleam with lights from garret to basement. Even as Mercy looked, a girl in a rich evening dress came to one of the brilliant, lace-draped windows, showed a smiling, high-bred face for a moment, flirted a costly fan, adjusted a bracelet, and then vanished. Before the entrance several carriages waited, among others, one that was to convey a guest of the house to an evening train at a neighboring depot.

As Mercy, held by that fascination which ease and luxury always have for want, stood wistfully surveying the lighted windows, a human figure crept stealthily down another street on the right of the hotel, and paused in the shadow at the corner of the building.

It was a woman in shawl and bonnet, and coarse gown, with a haggard, shrunken face, round which some disordered wisps of black hair strayed. Her shawl was dragged down upon one side of her body, and in its shelter one hand was held out of sight. Standing with only the width of the crossing betwixt her and Mercy, she gazed intently toward the entrance of the hotel, her figure bent, her head uplifted, her wasted face alert and wolfish. It was Moll Dill.

Had the woman been drinking? Assuredly not. She looked gaunt and ill. A feverish hunger consumed her, but not for food or drink.

Mercy gave a great start; then ran quickly, and laid her hand upon the lurking shape, glad indeed to find the last and only being in the world upon whom she had a claim.

"Mother!"

Moll leaped violently, and turned on the speaker like a beast at bay.

"What! is it you?" she answered, in a hoarse, surprised whisper; and the hidden right hand made a curious, convulsed movement under her shawl. "Step back a little—speak low—where have you been?"

"It is a long story, mother," answered Mercy, wearily, and making no resistance as the other thrust her back in the shadow of the wall.

"You look as if death had struck you. Fool! what made you leave your lover on your wedding-day?"

"Come with me," said Mercy, "and I will tell you all."

Moll stared darkly at her child.

"Come with you—*where?*" she hissed. "The house in Seedy Court is shut up. Have you found another home? Have you any place to lay your head in to-night?"

"No."

Moll Dill struck the wall so fiercely with her clinched hand that the blood started from the bruised flesh.

"Have you any money, girl?"

"No."

"No more have I. I left my place in the country when I heard you were lost, and came back here to look for you; and I've had a hundred devils in me ever since—raging devils, tearing me by day and night!"

Something in the woman's wasted face struck a strange terror to Mercy's heart.

"Mother, you frighten me! You are sick. Let us move on. I will beg a shelter somewhere to-night, and to-morrow I will find work. Oh, come! what are you doing here?"

Moll clutched the girl fiercely.

"Hist! I'll murder you if you cry out like that! I'm waiting to speak with a—a—friend?" She rolled this last word like a sweet morsel on her wicked tongue. "Do you see this big hotel? There's a man inside it who can help us if he will—a man worth his millions—steeping in luxury while you and I starve—curse him! Go and wait for me on the other side of the square. I can't stir from this spot till I have a word with that man."

"Who is he?" said Mercy, blankly. "What is he to us?"

"He's a cruel devil!" hissed Moll. "Stand back! Don't come so near me—don't ask questions. Off with you, I say!"

"No," said Mercy, firmly, "I will not leave you for a moment. There is something wrong with you to-night. Come with me, mother—come with me! You are prowling here for no good!"

With a face full of baffled fury, Moll turned and struck the girl a blow.

"I'd trample you, if it wasn't for bringing a crowd around!" she whispered, savagely. "Loose my shawl—go!"

As this last syllable quivered on her wrathful lips, a servant issued from the hotel, bearing a gentleman's valise, which he placed in the depot-carriage waiting at the curbstone. Immediately after, two persons appeared in the door and descended the steps together. One was Jacob Phillips, the other, Sardis the banker. The latter was talking earnestly to his old, gray clerk—so earnestly that he looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and certainly saw nothing of the two women. Moll Dill made a menacing gesture to her daughter.

"That is the man!" she whispered. "Stay here while I speak to him."

She glided round the corner of the hotel, and approached the pair as they paused before the carriage. Undismayed by blow or threat, impelled by the great, nameless fear that was tugging at her heart, Mercy followed her.

"Good-by, Phillips. "I think I have given you the necessary instructions," said Cullen Sardis.

"Good-by, sir. I wish you a pleasant journey," answered the old clerk. "My regards to Miss Beatrix."

The two shook hands. The banker's cold, stern profile was turned toward the woman creeping along the pavement. How eloquent was his whole stately person of wealth, importance, ease! Moll pulled her bonnet over her brows, and, averting her face a little, went up to him and twitched his sleeve.

"Money!" she muttered, extending her grimy left palm.

He turned, saw what he thought to be a common beggar, shook off her touch, and answered:

"No."

"Money, sir, for God's sake!" she urged, with stifled vehemence.

"No, I tell you—move on!" he replied, not deigning, this time, to glance at her.

Swift as lightning she flung back the trailing end of her

shawl, showing the hidden right hand at last, and the thing which it clutched with the concentrated rage and hate of many a year.

"Curse you! take that from Moll!" she cried, in a voice that rang half-way across the square.

A leap, an ugly gleam of coarse steel, and then a piercing shriek in a girl's voice, "Mother! mother! The rush of something betwixt the weapon of the woman and the breast of the man, and Mercy Dill's hot blood spirted out upon the banker as, with a cry of horror and amazement—a cry of recognition, too—he caught her falling body on his arm.

And Moll? Down clattered her reddened knife, as if it had been struck violently from her murderous hand. With protruding eye-balls she stared at Cullen Sardis, and the bleeding figure he held, then turned to fly; but, before she had taken a dozen steps, staggered and sank, without word or sound, a writhing, convulsed heap, to the pavement.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHANGES.

IN a moment the spot swarmed with a gaping, curious crowd. From lip to lip the news passed that a drunken woman had stabbed a young girl and fallen in a fit.

"Take her to your own house, Phillips," said Cullen Sardis, hastily placing his inanimate burden in the arms of his clerk. "For God's sake, let there be no scandal! I will attend to the—the other."

An officer lifted Moll Dill from the pavement. She was foaming at the mouth and writhing in frightful contortions. He exchanged a few words with Cullen Sardis; then a carriage was called, and the woman conveyed to the nearest hospital, where she was placed in a private room, and the best medical attendance summoned to her aid. A servant took the banker's valise from the depot-carriage and bore it back to the hotel—Cullen Sardis would not leave the city to-night. The gaping crowd dispersed and went its way, with its curiosity for the most part ungratified.

A little later, at the quiet hospital whither the outcast had been carried, in the parlor of the sovereign surgeon of the place, who was an old college classmate and warm personal friend of the banker—Cullen Sardis, haggard and uneasy, waited for tidings of his would-be murderess.

A door opened, at last, and the surgeon himself appeared—a small, thin man, with a firm mouth and calmly speculative eye.

"Spasms of the heart," he said, in a low voice that was vibrant with secret sympathy.

The banker stood with downcast eyes, and a cold, rigid face that betrayed no agitation.

"Is she likely to recover?"

"No. Her constitution is shattered by excesses. It is doubtful if she lasts the night out."

Cullen Sardis grasped his friend's arm convulsively.

"Is she conscious?"

"No."

"In Heaven's name, bring her to her senses for a few moments! It is a matter of the greatest importance—she has something to tell me."

"I will do what I can."

Yes, that wicked, wasted life was drawing now to a sudden close. The murderous hand had done its last work. The restless brain, maddened with long years of drink, and ineffectual agonies of hate, remorse and despair, lay dormant under a terrible weight.

Swiftly the end was coming! Stretched on her white bed, Moll Dill awaited it, senseless as a log; and not far away, Cullen Sardis, the banker, whom an indulgent fortune had lifted far, far above such creatures of the gutter—Cullen Sardis, I say, walked the surgeon's parlor in a maze of troubled thought, unable to quit the place, willing to barter half of his earthly possessions for speech with this miserable, dying outcast. Verily, his aristocratic wife and peerless daughter would have wondered greatly to see him then and there.

It was almost morning when the surgeon came to the door again and looked in at his friend.

"She is conscious. Come!" was all that he said.

In utter silence, Cullen Sardis followed him to the bedside of Moll Dill.

She was lying upon her pillow, her hands moving in a ghastly, uncertain way over the counterpane, her black eyes set in a fixed stare. The attendant drew back from the bed as the banker approached. She recognized him instantly. A wild gleam shot into her cavernous eyes; with a stifled cry, she sought to lift herself up. He bent over her. A name which he had not spoken for many years fell mechanically from his ashy lips:

"*Marie!*"

She heard it; a shudder passed over her wretched figure. The subdued gleam of the night-lamp wavered along the bed, over the awful face of the woman, over the stately figure of the banker, who seemed strangely out of place in a scene like this.

"Then I did not kill you!" she gasped, burying her long fingers convulsively in the counterpane.

Was it regret at the failure of her murderous attempt, or relief only, which sent a spasm all over her death-stricken face?

"Where's Mercy?" Then, with a shriek, she added, "Did I kill *her?*"

The banker could not answer; for, having been at the hospital all night, he knew nothing of the condition of the girl who had saved his life at the risk, perhaps at the sacrifice, of her own.

"Whom do you mean by Mercy?" he said, scarcely able to control his voice.

"The girl—the girl!" whispered Moll Dill.

"On your soul, tell me the truth! Is that the child who was once called Mabel—the child that you stole nineteen years ago?"

She nodded.

"Yes—yes! Did I kill her, I say?"

He drew back a step, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I hope not—I trust not. Merciful Heaven! what an unutterable curse you have been, alike to yourself and to me!" he groaned.

Moll Dill glared up at him with something of her old ferocity; but her strength was too far spent to give it voice.

"The girl—the girl!" she whispered again.

Sardis drew nearer to the bed.

"I am listening. What do you wish to say?"

"Take care of her. Don't visit my sins upon her head. You are rich—take care of her."

"I will!" answered Cullen Sardis.

Moll Dill shrank suddenly into her pillow, as if clutched in an invisible grasp. The hands in the counterpane grew rigid and still. If the banker had further questions in mind, it was now too late to give them voice.

"Tell—Mercy—to—forgive——"

These words, spoken with great difficulty, closed the drama of a dark, sad, perverted life. The surgeon and the attendant hurried to the bed. Moll Dill heaved herself up once on the latter's sustaining arm. There was a groan,

then silence. With a face like ashes, Cullen Sardis cast one look upon the dead, and turned and rushed from the room.

Half an hour later he left the hospital, and, haggard from want of sleep and the wear and tear of many dark thoughts, he set his face toward a retired street in a highly respectable, though not fashionable, South End quarter. A pure, sweet wind was abroad; the dawn hung tremulously in the primrose sky; the city—that part of it, at least, was still sleeping. God have mercy on the dark soul which had passed with the night!

Cullen Sardis mounted the steps of an unpretending house, and rang the bell. It was the home of Jacob Phillips; and that small, gray, perplexed man appeared in person to admit his master.

"Is she living?"

That was the banker's first question, put in an agitated voice.

"Yes," answered Phillips.

"Is she much hurt?"

"Yes."

As the two stood face to face in the wan morning, Phillips thought he had never seen his master look so weary and worn and troubled.

"I wish to see her for a moment," he whispered.

Phillips led the way up a softly carpeted stair. At its head a gray-haired, placid-faced woman, gentle and motherly of mien, met them—Jacob Phillips's wife. Without making any comment upon the invasion which she had suffered in her quiet, childless home, she beckoned the banker along a corridor, noiselessly opened a door and entered a room beyond.

It was a cool, white chamber. Through its curtained windows the dawn was just struggling. A soft gray carpet covered the floor. Glasses and vials of medicine stood on the toilet-table. In one corner was a bed, and upon it a human shape lay stretched, as cold and motionless as the dead—Mercy Dill.

Her eyes were closed; the black lashes clung heavily to her marble cheek. Her golden hair, spread out on the pillow, made a sort of mocking glory about the ghastly rigidity of her face. All her own garments had been removed, and others of fine linen substituted; so that she was as white as Elaine when she drifted down the river to her burial.

Cullen Sardis stepped forward, and looked down at her as she lay—the girl who had saved his life, the girl whom Moll Dill, in dying, had left to his care. There was something more than curiosity in his eyes—something more than the natural interest which he might be expected to feel in this young person.

"What does the surgeon say of her?" he whispered to Mrs. Phillips.

"He says that her life hangs by a thread."

"The wound was dangerous, then?"

"Mortal, I'm afraid, sir. She is unconscious, as you see. I cannot bear to look at her—she frightens me; she is the picture of death. I am sure she cannot live."

He bent over the insensible girl, touched her hand, laid his fingers upon her slim, almost pulseless wrist, then retreated silently from the chamber. The old gray clerk and his gentle-faced wife meekly followed the man of money below-stairs.

"The person who attempted my life is dead," said Cullen Sardis, glancing significantly at Phillips. "I owe this girl a debt of gratitude which must be suitably paid. I shall send to you immediately the best nurse to be found in the city. I shall rely upon you to do your utmost to save her. No pains nor expense must be spared; it is of the greatest importance to me that she should live. My dear old friend, I depend upon you in this emergency; see that you do not fail me."

Phillips grasped the hand which his employer held out to him in earnest appeal. No words were spoken, but Cullen Sardis knew well that he had enlisted these people, body and soul, in the cause of the wounded girl who had been thrust so abruptly upon their protection. If money and skill and watching could save her, then would she be saved.

Not many hours after, a plain hearse, followed by a single close carriage, bore all that remained of Moll Dill out of that city where she had suffered and sinned so much, to a quiet grave in a lovely green corner of Woodlawn. The close carriage contained two gentlemen—Cullen Sardis and the old clerk who shared all his secrets. This pair stood by in profound and solemn silence, and witnessed the outcast's burial; after which they returned to the city, and the banker departed at once to join his ward among the mountains, leaving Mercy Dill to the charge of Jacob Phillips and his wife.

Day succeeded day. Autumn had come, and Mercy lay in her white chamber, sinking, fainting, dying in the agony of fever and delirium. Now she was a child again, starving and freezing in some North End attic with her wretched mother; now she was flying from her dark, wicked persecutor, Discordo; then it was Val Black's name upon which she called with piteous pleading—the lover who had loved her for a little space, and then left her to her fate, while he himself went away to fortune and happiness over the great sea. Sometimes she was sewing for bread in her chamber at Seedy Court, singing her Gospel Hymns; and in the midst of her delirium and weakness her glorious young voice would break free, and ring through the darkened chamber, sweet as an angel's from heaven. Sometimes she was dead, and lying stark and motionless in a cool, green grave; and she heard the stealthy footsteps of the world over her head, and the whisper of voices that seemed afraid to disturb her repose.

"It is time to telegraph again to Mr. Sardis."

"Was it not a great pity to cut off her beautiful hair?"

"No flowers in the room, Mrs. Phillips—the doctor will not allow it."

Mercy tried to lift her hand. The effort gave great agony to her entire body. She shrieked aloud. Some one rushed to her side, bent over her, held a glass to her lips.

"Where am I?" she tried to ask; but her hollow voice

"Was thin as voices from the grave."

"With friends, my dear child," was the answer.

"That cannot be—I have no friends," protested Mercy, and fell asleep with the words on her lips.

After many days she became aware that she was lying in some downy, white place, full of warmth and silence—that cautious feet trod about her—anxious, kindly faces watched her. She was not dead; on the contrary, she was drifting back from the dark gates toward life and strength again. At first her mind was too feeble for questions; but one day she awoke and found a man standing by her bedside.

"You are better," he said, gently.

She did not answer, only looked up at him attentively, conscious, in the midst of all her weakness, that somewhere she had seen that face before.

"You are better," he repeated. "You will soon be well."

"Who are you?" said Mercy.

"The person whose life you saved," answered the man.

"Where is my mother?" she gasped.

"Be calm. Do not think of her. By-and-by you shall know all."

As her strength returned, many facts dawned upon Mercy's comprehension. She was in some blessed refuge, where she was being cared for most constantly, most tenderly. The tall, strong woman who was always by her bed, was the nurse. The small, gray lady who often leaned down and kissed her, and called her "dear child," was the mistress of the house. The cold, grave gentleman who appeared only at long intervals in the chamber, and who came from some unknown distance, was the man she had seen in the banking-house of Sardis & Co.—the man her mother had sought to kill—yea, it was Cullen Sardis himself, for she heard his name frequently spoken by the small, gray lady. Every moment a great, guardian watchfulness compassed her about. She was fed upon strange delicacies; rare fruits and flowers appeared daily on the table by her bed. For the first time in her life she felt the blessed delight of being protected, cherished, thought of. Ay, truly, she *was* with friends!

One morning the little gray woman came to her side and said, sweetly:

"Now that you are growing stronger, my dear, I think I had better tell you who we are, and how you chance to be with us," which she at once proceeded to do.

Mercy gazed at her with great, hollow, moon-like eyes.

"You are all very, very good," she faltered, feebly. "I'm afraid I can never thank you as I ought. Why is Mr. Sardis so kind to *me?*"

"Good gracious! my dear child, of course he feels very grateful to you—it would be strange if he did not," replied Mrs. Phillips, hastily. "With all his wealth, he is a man of great good feeling. I want you to be well and strong when next he sees you. He is now in New York, and is not likely to visit Boston again for some weeks, but we send him daily news of you."

Val's employer! How strange and unreal it seemed to Mercy. She was bewildered, she was grateful, but she had not forgotten her wretched mother. She asked for her with such persistency that Mrs. Phillips was obliged, at last, to tell her the truth.

"My dear," she said, tenderly, taking the girl's shadowy hands in her own, "I hope you are strong enough to bear what I shall say. Your mother died a few hours after she had nearly taken your life—by mistake, of course. You have talked a great deal in your delirium, and I know without being told, that you must have suffered extraordinary things with that woman—— Oh, dear! what have I done? Taste this cordial—quick!"

But the little, gray lady was too late; Mercy had fainted helplessly away.

She was young, and, in spite of past hardship and privation, her constitution was good. The terrible wound made by Moll Dill's knife healed rapidly. One day Cullen Sardis appeared again at the house of his clerk. The Autumn was far advanced then, the trees were bare, and covered with sleet and snow. The banker found Mercy seated in an easy chair before a glowing grate, clothed in a dress of some soft, black material, which Mrs. Phillips had provided for her. Her beautiful face was as white and shadowy as a waning moon, and in its wasted contours the violet eyes looked supernaturally large and dark. All her golden length of hair had been shorn away, and the remnant of it clung in a fringe of babyish rings and curls about her throat and forehead, giving her an odd, childish air.

"I rejoice to find you out of danger," said the banker, in a peculiarly gentle voice. "I have come all the way from New York to talk with you."

She lifted her large, patient eyes. It was an angelic face, and Cullen Sardis felt its beauty and innocence as he had felt nothing before for many a long year.

"I am glad you are come," she answered, simply. "I have much—very much to thank you for. Oh, sir, what would have become of me but for you?"

He grew very grave.

"But for me you would not have been hurt at all. You received your wound in my cause, remember. The least I could do was to provide proper care for you. I am in your debt, my child, not you in mine. I doubt if I can ever quite cancel accounts with you. I came here to-day to hear the story of your life, Mercy. Tell it to me, and omit nothing—try to forget nothing. I want to know everything possible concerning you."

Mrs. Phillips, who was sewing in a window, arose at this juncture and left the room. Mercy and her new friend were alone together. He drew a chair to the fire and sat down expectantly. Mercy fixed upon him her great, earnest eyes.

"You knew my mother?" she said.

A curious change swept his high-bred face.

"Yes—many years ago."

"And she tried to kill you! Oh, sir, she must have been mad!"

"Quite likely—some time we will talk about that; but first I must know how and where your life has been lived, Mercy. Begin—I am impatient."

She had nothing to conceal. Beginning with her first recollections of poverty and want in a North End tenement house, she went on through the succeeding years, faithfully relating their whole story of misery and privation—all that she had endured with Moll Dill, until she arrived at the few months spent with the Blacks at Seedy Court. Here her voice faltered, and the painful color arose in her white cheek; but something in Cullen Sardis's face encouraged her to proceed—the deep pain and sympathy of his look made her feel that he was sorry for her, and was profoundly stirred by all she said.

"Go on," he urged, as she hesitated; "keep nothing from me. I am more anxious than I can tell to hear your whole story."

She told him of Val Black's love, of her attempted marriage, of her imprisonment by Discordo, her escape, and her last interview with Moll Dill, pregnant with such unexpected results.

The banker arose from his chair and walked across the chamber, like a man unable to contain himself. Presently he paused by her side.

"The scoundrel!" he cried; "have you no clue to his whereabouts? What was he like?—this Discordo."

No, Mercy had no clue; but she described his appearance so accurately that Cullen Sardis gave an involuntary start.

"A striking portrait! I know a person who might answer to it very well, were he a vagabond teacher of music instead of a gentleman moving in the highest circles of society. As it is," with a faint smile, "I think I can scarcely accuse *him* of being Discordo. These Italians bear a marked resemblance to each other, and have, I suppose, the same tricks of speech. It would be well, perhaps, to offer a reward for the villain's apprehension. What punishment would you like to mete out to him, Mercy?"

She shook her fair head.

"None. I am safe—he can harm me no more, and I wish never to see his face again nor hear his name. Don't try to find him. Is it not better to let him go—to forget him altogether?"

Cullen Sardis laid his hand on the back of her chair.

"And that other person—Valentine Black, who was once a clerk in my banking-house. I have taken pains to learn something about his change of fortune, Mercy. I know

men's hearts, and I fear he was only too ready to be deceived by Discordo, and wash his hands of you when his rare luck came. My poor child, do you love him still?"

Her bosom heaved, her small hands worked convulsively; then a great storm of pent-up sobs shook her from head to foot. The banker, alarmed beyond measure, caught her in his arms.

"Mercy! is it as serious as this? He is an English baronet. He has forgotten your very existence by this time. A great, hulking lout, if I remember rightly—not the man to take any girl's fancy. Dear child, be calm—you will do yourself injury."

She wept as if her heart would break. It was many moments before the storm passed; then, with a great effort, she looked up at the banker, a strange, solemn light in her great, wet eyes.

"He was the first person who ever cared for me in the least—who was ever kind to me. I am glad—oh, so glad!—for his good fortune—glad that he will never be ill-paid or overworked or pinched with poverty more. If he has wronged me in any way, I forgive him freely, freely! I bless him from my heart; from my heart I pray that he will be happy in his new life. Men are not always happy, I suppose, even though they are rich and great. It is as if he were dead, you know, and passed into another world; but I shall never forget him—never, never!"

Cullen Sardis took another turn around the room.

"You are young, Mercy; you have much to learn," he said, almost sternly. "Your life, I see, has been one long torment, with not a single bright spot anywhere in it. To me your courage and endurance seem marvelous. You brave, patient girl! You noble, heroic girl! Would to God I could have rescued you from your misery long ago. Don't look so startled"—and here a sickly smile crept over his agitated lips—"I should be an ingrate, indeed, if I did not henceforth regard your welfare as my own. Now that we have disposed of your past, Mercy, let us discuss your future."

"My future!" The tears thickened in her mournful eyes; her sweet, spiritless mouth drooped; she looked at the glowing fire, twisting her white fingers nervously together. "It will be like my past, I suppose. I shall go back to the old work, somewhere; I shall earn my bread again, somehow."

"Never!" He smiled down upon her, his cold, aristocratic face wearing such a look as neither wife nor daughter had ever seen upon it. "Never, Mercy! Your old life is dead and buried; every tie that bound you to it is now dissolved. I have other plans for you."

She arose to her feet in her great agitation, her face all startled and amazed.

"You, sir!"

"I! You are alone in this world. Henceforth I am your guardian—you belong to me. Remember the gratitude I owe you. Resign all care for yourself—I know far better than you do what your needs are. You will remain in this house till your strength is fully established: after that you will immediately be sent to school. Forget your old life from this moment, and take no further thought for your future. As God hears me, you shall never, so long as I can prevent it, know want in any form again!"

With a cry of mingled surprise and joy she sank upon her knees at his feet.

"Oh, sir, you are jesting with me—you cannot mean it! What am I that you should do this for me?"

He snatched her up; his face was convulsed with some sudden strong emotion.

"In Heaven's name, don't kneel to me! I am not jesting. Hush—not a word more—I cannot bear it! To compensate you for your past suffering is now impossible; but I may help you, perhaps, to forget it. Kiss me, my poor child!"

He took her pale face in his hands, and pressed his lips to it with remorseful, yearning tenderness.

"Kiss me once, Mercy."

She obeyed, and as she did so, she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

A few days later, Mercy Dill was placed at school. And so it was that Cullen Sardis found a ward, of whose existence, singularly enough, he never spoke, either to wife, or daughter, or friend.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEE SPEAKS AGAIN.

Monday.—To-day, something very unpleasant happened. I was standing in the embrasure of a drawing-room window, staring out into the wintry sunshine, and thinking how dull and monotonous life, even fashionable life, is, and feeling quite ready to cry out with the preacher, "All is vanity!" when a servant ushered Baron Strozzi into the room.

Now I make it a point never to see or speak to that man when I can avoid it; so I just gathered myself together behind the silk damask drapery, and stood as silent as a mouse. I am not very large, and the noble Roman seated himself at the other end of the room, entirely ignorant of my presence.

Directly the door opened, and Aunt Amelia entered, her long train making a great rustle on the velvet pile carpet. I heard her greet the baron warmly, and soon after the following conversation was wafted to my ears.

"Dearest madame, I come to you for sympathy—I am heart-broken."

"Baron!"

I heard him kiss her hand.

"Your fair niece, madame—ze divine Beatrix—she treats me cruelly; she detests me. I rend my hair with despair, madame."

"Baron," said the cold, calm voice of my aunt, "I have witnessed with pain the conduct of my niece. Beatrix is very capricious. However, I beg you will remember her extreme youth. Do not be discouraged—you have my entire support."

"Alas! Madame, she repulses me everywhere. She scorns me. My life is a burden!"

"Baron, I intend to act for the highest good of my niece, whether she has wit to appreciate my efforts or not. Willing or unwilling, Beatrix shall make a creditable marriage—a marriage that I and my friends can approve. Her uncle has full control of her person and her fortune for years to come. I give you my word, Baron, that she shall be your wife!"

"Madame, you lift a great load from my heart—you overwhelm me with happiness. You promise zat she shall be mine?"

"I promise that she shall be yours!"

A thrill of horror ran through every vein in my body. Could anything be more infamous than this? Another caller was shown in at that moment, and the conversation was brought to a close.

I remained in my hiding-place till the drawing-room was empty; then stole away to my own chamber, where I now sit, full of consternation and foreboding. And so my dear aunt has promised me to the baron—she is leagued with him against my peace and happiness! These precious allies are prepared to make me a baroness whether I will or no! Well, let us see how they will succeed

Wednesday.—A Charity Ball at the Academy of Music. I wore white gauze over silk of an exquisite blush-rose tint, and played the part of spectator the whole evening. Baron Strozzi came to claim me for the first waltz, and was repulsed without mercy.

"Bee," said Aunt Amelia, in my ear, "you will dance with the baron or not at all. I require you to observe the rules of common politeness."

"Then I will not dance at all," I answered. And I did not.

Grafulla's band and Bernstein's orchestra discoursed sweet music; the great chandelier and numerous side-lights blazed gayly. What toilets! what valses! The polished yellow floor, laid evenly to the back of the stage, was covered with happy people. Stalls, lobbies, and boxes echoed with subdued voices and laughter.

I saw the baron dancing wildly and casting looks of dark triumph to the box where I moped beside Aunt Amelia; I saw Ethel floating through valse after valse, and I bore it all like a martyr. Miserable evening! I have but one satisfaction—I suffered in a good cause.

Thursday.—A German at Miss Vann's. Lawrence Harding was there with the Severnes. Ethel was there—it is the last time that she will be seen in public before her marriage—she danced with Lawrence. The baron was there, and persecuted me relentlessly. When I could bear it no longer, I begged him to bring me an ice, and the moment he departed in quest of one, I slipped out of the ball-room, and fled to Miss Vann's studio, which she had thrown open to her guests this night.

I found the room entirely empty, and gleaming with pictures, rich bric-a-brac, and soft wax-lights, and scented with pot-pourri and masses of hot-house flowers. In a recess, where a drapery of golden flowered, eastern stuff, was arranged like a curtain before an exquisite statue of Hebe, I found an antique chair, and sat down, determined to remain in this refuge for the rest of the evening.

"Anywhere, anywhere, away from that detestable Strozzi," I said to myself. "Nobody will follow me here;" and no sooner had I arrived at this conclusion, and begun to inspect the classic proportions of Hebe, than the studio door opened, and two persons entered—Ethel and Lawrence Harding.

He looked very grave and stern. She was trying to assume her usual society air, and was not quite able to compass it.

"Ah! we have stumbled upon Miss Vann's temple of art," I heard her say, nervously; "let us go back to the ball-room—I shall be missed."

"One moment, Ethel," he answered, sternly. "Do you know what brought me to this house to-night?"

"No. Something of importance, no doubt, since I hear you have forsworn society and all its vanities."

"I came here to see *you*—to speak with you for the last time before your marriage."

From my place behind the gold-flowered curtain I could see the beautiful, scented room, glimmering with costly things, and those two standing near the door—he with his brown face grown all pale and fierce, she nervously plucking at her bouquet, the light striking off her waved bronze hair and creamy throat, and glancing down the enormous length of her dress of iceberg blue. Of course they would leave the place in a moment or two, so I did not move nor speak. Moreover, I felt unaccountably scared.

"Ethel, for God's sake, don't marry Count Stahl!"

That was what Lawrence said, in a voice that made me jump. Ethel, too, recoiled a step.

"What! those words *again*—and from you!" she cried, in mingled pain and amazement.

"Again? Do you mean that you have heard them before?"

"Yes."

"Thank Heaven that you have still some sincere friends left to you!" he said, bitterly. "Were you a happy woman, Ethel, I would cut my tongue out sooner than utter these words; but you are not happy. You may deceive others, but not me. Your triumph is but a Dead Sea apple, after all. Have mercy upon yourself—mind, I do not say upon *me*, but only upon yourself."

Her face was as white as his own; but she flung back her head haughtily.

"I forbid you to talk to me like this, Lawrence. Take me back to the dancers."

"Directly. Look me in the face, Ethel, and, if you can, tell me that you love Count Stahl."

She neither moved nor spoke. Dear me! Ethel is but a poor dissembler. And how stern and handsome was Lawrence, as he confronted her! With a grand air of command, he drew her hands into his own.

"You cannot! Then tell me that you do not love *me*—that you do me no wrong by marrying the count."

She shivered in his hold.

"Let me go," I heard her murmur, faintly.

His eyes were like live coals. He looked ready to trample her under his feet, or kneel and adore her—indeed, I could not tell which.

"You are sinning against yourself and against me, Ethel; but it is not too late for you to draw back."

"You do not know what you say. It is weeks and months too late! You once told me that I was no heroine, Lawrence. I am not. Do not be foolish any more, or I shall regret that we ever met again after our return from abroad."

"You will marry the count, though I believe you care for me as much as it is in your nature to care for any one—you will give yourself to him?"

"I will marry the count."

He drew back from her with a stern, set face.

"I love you, Ethel," he said, in a low, deliberate voice, "and I despise you!"

She grew red, then pale.

"You have said nothing that I do not deserve, Lawrence; therefore I forgive you. Will you come *now?*"

She moved toward the door. He followed slowly.

"These are our last words, Ethel. I would not, for kingdoms, breathe the air of this place another half-hour with you."

She made no reply. They vanished; the door closed. I was alone, with hot tears in my eyes. Poor Ethel! poor, dear Ethel!

Presently I heard a footstep. The drapery that sheltered my hiding-place was swept swiftly back. I looked up, and found that some one had entered the studio and was now standing by my side—Baron Strozzi.

"Heaven above!" he cried, "you come here to weep in secret? Loveliest and most obdurate of women, why these tears?"

I arose to my feet, bristling with wrath.

"Pardon, that is no affair of yours," said I. "I wish to be as you find me—alone."

His ugly black eyes snapped.

"Ah, how cruel! You send me for an ice, Mees Beatrix, and while I go you run away. I will bear this treatment no longer. I love you ardently. I wish to make you my baroness—ze mistress of Palace Strozzi, on ze Tiber. *Par-dieu!* I put my heart under your leetle feet. Will you marry me?"

I looked him full in his dark, marked face, and, with all

the scorn and aversion I could muster, hurled full at him that one expressive syllable—

"*No!*"

Then I rushed for the door, but before I could reach it he put himself before me.

"Stop, Mees Beatrix," he said, audaciously; and the glitter of his white teeth through his black mustache was very unpleasant; "I haf ze permission of madame, your good aunt, to urge my suit. You *must* hear me—more yet, you must marry me! It will do no good for you to fly into a temper. *Peste!* I have borne a great deal of your temper! and to say No—you are a ward, and your guardians accept me for your future husband. Take back zat ugly word, my beautiful, and substitute a better, kinder one—Yes!"

"Never!"

"Ah, but you will!"

I made a second attempt to reach the door. He seized my arm and dragged me rudely back. I screamed out, partly in wrath at this outrageous conduct, partly in genuine fear; and as I did so, the door of the studio opened from without, a man appeared on the threshold, and, taking in the situation at a glance, seized Strozzi by the collar, and dragging him backward across the doorway, lifted him swiftly off his feet, and dropped him straight down the broad, carved stair!

How gracefully and dexterously it was done! With a thrill of wicked delight I heard him fall somewhere below, and ran toward the person who had delivered me, crying out:

"How much I thank you——"

Then I stopped, as if turned to stone. Merciful heaven! I was face to face with Eric Saxe!

Face to face at last, after all these weeks and months! We stood staring at each other. I could not utter a sound. I felt as if I was suffocating.

"Since you can find it in your heart to thank me for throwing the baron down-stairs," said Eric Saxe, "it cannot be possible that he is your accepted lover, as gossip would fain make me believe."

He took a step toward me, and held out his hand. A great light swept his face—that splendid, passionate face, so like some Greek god, some sculptured Antinous.

"Beatrix!"

That brought me to myself—reminded me, also, of his strange conduct. I drew coldly back.

"You mistake!" I corrected, with all the hauteur I could command; "I am Miss Sardis."

He looked unutterably pained and surprised.

"Is this the way in which you define my position?" he said, "and cut me off from all hope?"

I gave him a scornful glance.

"I do not in the least comprehend your meaning, Mr. Saxe. For the assistance you have just rendered me, I thank you sincerely, and—here our acquaintance ends!"

He grew pale as death.

"And once you told me that fashionable life could not change you, Beatrix—do you remember? And in defiance of my better judgment, my whole knowledge of human nature, I believed you; I trusted the brave, pure soul in these great eyes; and so trusting and so believing, I have held aloof from you and waited, if not with patience, at least with faith, for the time when I should be free to open my heart to you."

What *was* he talking about?

"I do not understand you in the least," said I, blankly.

"You do not understand that I am trying, at infinite pains and cost to myself, to keep my compact faithfully?"

"What compact?"

He stared.

"Surely you know, for I told you in my letter. I wished you to understand clearly the restraint under which I was forced to place myself."

"I cannot think what you mean," I cried, sharply. "I never received a letter from you in my life."

We looked each other full in the face.

"Beatrix, do you know what you are saying? Did not your guardian deliver to you the letter which I wrote you in his presence on the day when you left Newport?"

"No."

And then he stood there in the soft gleam of the wax-lights, and told me the whole shameful, treacherous story. Oh, how angry I was, and how happy! I have wronged him so much—I have accused him unjustly of many things.

"What have you thought of me all this time?" he demanded, with the light that never was on land nor sea shining in his eyes. "Remembering our last interview, surely my silence has seemed to you base, dishonorable, incomprehensible. Oh, my darling!"

And then—I know not how it was—I was in his arms, his lips pressed mine, my happy head lay on his throbbing, exultant heart.

"I love you, Bee—I have loved you from the night of our first meeting. I may ask the question now in defiance of all compacts—will you be my wife?"

"Yours, and yours only!" I sobbed.

After a little while he asked:

"Is Baron Strozzi the man to whom your guardian would fain marry you?"

"Yes. I wonder if you did him serious injury?"

"I hope so. I shall wait upon Mr. Sardis to-morrow—he certainly owes me some explanation regarding that letter. Thank Heaven that Miss Vann urged me to come to her German to-night! Thank Heaven that I, starving for one glimpse of your face, one sound of your voice, had not the strength to refuse her! But why, I wonder, has she never hinted to me of your persecution by Strozzi?"

"Miss Vann, unhappily, thinks the baron perfection," I answered.

And after that we sat there in that blessed studio, and talked, and talked, and I promised to marry my darling in spite of all the guardians and Strozzis in existence. Then we went back to the ballroom.

Both Lawrence Harding and the Baron had vanished. Ethel was dancing with the count, and Aunt Amelia was searching for me in great displeasure and anxiety of mind.

"Where have you been this interminable while?" she demanded.

"In Miss Vann's studio, admiring her pictures," I answered, calmly. "Have you seen the baron? He has just made me an offer of marriage, which I declined without thanks."

Her eyes flashed, her whole thin face seemed to harden.

"Ah! We will talk of that another time. He has left the house—he met with an accident—slipped on the stair and fell, or something. Who is that man talking to Miss Vann, and looking this way?"

"Mr. Saxe," I answered. "One of her artist friends."

Aunt Amelia's face grew black—she remembers names. She ordered her carriage at once, and I was whisked off like magic, and without exchanging another word with my lover. The moment I reached home, I went directly to the library, where I found guardy writing letters. As I entered in my ball-dress, he looked up from his work in cold surprise.

"What! Home already?" he said.

I walked straight up to the table at which he sat.

"Guardy, where is the letter which Eric Saxe wrote to me about a certain compact, into which he entered with you several months ago—a letter which you promised to deliver

into my hands, and which I never saw—never even heard of until to-night ?"

He arose from his chair.

"You have been at Miss Vann's," said he, in a tone of conviction, "and seen that fellow again !"

GOOD-BY.

"Yes!" I flashed; "and I know all, guardy—all your treachery and falsehood !"

He smiled calmly.

"My dear Bee, you are excited. The end justifies the means. I acted only for your good. I really supposed the beggar would have the sense to keep out of your way for the present. Has he been making love to you ?"

"Yes ; and I have promised to marry him."

"My dear child, that is nonsense, you know. Quite impossible," he replied, with a calmly indulgent smile. "You are my ward, and I shall take good care that you do not throw yourself away upon a starving artist."

"Guardy, you have not acted in the least like a man of honor, and I will never, never marry anybody living but Eric Saxe !" And with that, I turned and left him.

Friday.—Eric has seen my guardian. I fear the two had a stormy interview. I was not allowed to know of it until it was over; then Aunt Amelia came into my room, and said:

"You will go no more to Miss Vann's; your uncle forbids it. He also forbids you to see or communicate with that painter, Saxe. You have treated the baron in an outrageous manner. I am greatly displeased with you."

She is preparing some vial of wrath for me. I shall not be permitted to see Eric. No matter—we can trust each other now. I am rid of the baron, at least.

Ethel avoids me in every way. Plainly she wants no confidential talks, either concerning my love affairs or her own. I am half happy, half miserable.

Jan. 29th.—It is all over—Ethel is married and gone! The grand ambition of Aunt Amelia's life is realized—she is the mother-in-law of a born nobleman—her daughter is a countess! The newly-wedded pair sailed yesterday for Europe, and nothing is talked of in society but the superb wedding—the gifts, the reception, the bride. My eyes are red, my nose is swollen with weeping, my heart is like lead. I have parted with the only relative I care for in the least, and Heaven alone knows when I shall see her again.

Can I describe the great event which has thrown the fashionable world into a fever of excitement? I feel confused and bewildered when I think of it. Light, splendor, jewels, Paris dresses, costly flowers, marvelous music—these things are all jumbled together in my head as accessories to Ethel's grand sacrifice on the altar of worldly ambition. There were hundreds and hundreds of fashionable guests, arrayed in purple and fine linen, crowding an ultra-fashionable church; a small army of bridesmaids; plenty of wedding favors and smiling faces, and everything that could give *éclat* to the nuptials of Cullen Sardis's beautiful heiress.

As for Ethel, she wore brocaded satin, made with high, square neck and immense train; a vail of finest Brussels point, orange blossoms, and magnificent diamonds—her father's gift—and she was simply perfect. The count looked very well, and tolerably happy; the foreign Orders on his manly breast were very edifying to us plebeian republicans.

I was first bridesmaid; and my dress of white silk and tulle was lovely; and I tried hard to imagine that I enjoyed the display, and felt proud and happy like the rest of the Sardis race, but failed hopelessly. Throughout the entire ceremony I was as dismal as a raven.

Lawrence Harding was in the church—he had been included with the Severne party in the invitations. What possessed him to come and witness a scene which could give him nothing but pain? His face looked like gray stone—as set and expressionless. Did he notice how pale Ethel was? Literally, she was like a marble woman; but I suppose it is right and proper that one should be pale on one's bridal day. She made her responses firmly enough, and the count's could be heard all over the crowded church. Lawrence was seated next the aisle, and as she turned from the altar—a countess—her eyes met his fully for a moment. I believe she is quite heartless. The heroine of a novel would have fallen then and there to the floor; but Ethel did nothing of the kind. She went on, without the smallest sign of agitation, entered her carriage, and rolled off from the church-door; well satisfied, to all appearances, with the bargain she had made.

I only hope that Lawrence will go straight and console himself with the love of Alice Bradford, who looked as pretty as a rose at the wedding. Everybody knows that she adores Larry. It would serve Ethel quite right.

The reception was superb. Baron Strozzi was there, smiling and unharmed, evidently, by that swift descent of the staircase, at Miss Vann's German. When he offered his hand to Count Stahl, the latter would not deign to touch or notice it; and everybody saw this conspicuous snubbing, and now gossip is busy concerning the cause thereof. Strozzi grew white with wrath, but he had the prudence to avoid a scene and pocket the insult silently. I have always suspected some curious relation betwixt those two men. It is plain that they detest each other.

And now Ethel is gone, and I am desolate! We went with her to the steamer—by which "we" I mean a company of relatives and choice friends. How I wept and clung to her at parting! Count Stahl frowned like an ogre, but I did not care—he is no favorite of mine. Aunt Amelia was not in the least moved, save by pride and gratified ambition; no more was guardy—cold-blooded lot! No hotel in Paris, no castles in Saxony, none of the splendors promised to her abroad, can reconcile me to her loss.

Just before the steamer started, Baron Strozzi made his appearance in the group of friends that surrounded the distinguished pair. The count's face grew black, but he suffered the baron to take him by the arm and lead him aside, and the two conversed in French for several moments, greatly to the surprise of those who had witnessed the scene at the reception. I think it was an unpleasant matter of which they talked, for both got red as lobsters, and otherwise showed considerable agitation of mind.

I kissed Ethel for the last time.

"When—when shall we see you again?" I sobbed.

"Very soon, I hope," she answered, brightly; "you will come to visit me in Paris, with mamma. Dry your eyes, dear, and listen while I whisper a bit of parting advice to you—don't let mamma marry you to Baron Strozzi!"

"You think one title enough in the family?" said I. "Is not Strozzi a friend—or foe—of the count?"

She looked puzzled.

"One might naturally think so—I do not know, dear. Good-by—good-by! I shall write to you often."

And then the warning signal sounded, and somebody seized and hurried me off the steamer, back to the wharf. The great craft slipped away from her moorings; and oh! shall I ever forget Ethel, as she stood on the deck, waving an adieu to us; the wintry sunshine on her beautiful, pale face and wonderful hair, one gloved hand full of hot-house exotics that some one had brought her as a parting gift, the count, tall and fair, by her side. How radiant, how lovely she was! Farewell, darling Ethel! Aunt Amelia has triumphed. She can now lay her head on her pillow, and die in peace, saying, "Verily, I have not lived in vain!"

The baron drove home in our carriage, and dined with us. His manner to me was courteous, but nothing more. For once I was free from his odious attentions. *Brava!*

January 30th.—Arose to find the door of my chamber securely locked, and myself a prisoner! I shook the knob, I called aloud in high indignation, and finally Aunt Amelia appeared, cold, ominous, sarcastic.

"What does this mean?" I cried, wrathfully.

She has no more blood than a fish. She surveyed me in calm displeasure.

"It means, Beatrix, that you will remain in your own room until you are ready to obey my wishes. Now that Ethel's marriage is over, I feel that I must turn my attention to you. It is my command that you accept Baron Strozzi as your future husband; and until you do so, you will remain under lock and key, as at present."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that I could only stare at her, amazed, uncomprehending.

"Finette will bring your meals to you," she went on,

"and attend to your wants. Here, in seclusion, you will hav plenty of time to meditate upon your own stubborn conduct, and the duty you owe to me and to your uncle."

"My uncle!" I burst out; "can he, will he allow you to treat me like this? It is simply infamous!"

"Your uncle has full confidence in my wisdom and judgment," replied Mrs. Sardis, calmly. "Any course which I may consider necessary to adopt with you will meet his approval. Hope nothing from him. When you make up your mind to marry the baron, say to Finette that you wish to see me, and I will visit you and talk the matter over. Until then, farewell."

She rustled out with a severe air, and locked the door behind her.

Half an hour after Finette came in with my breakfast. She gave me a long, curious look, and made some casual remark in French, which I did not deign to answer.

I am beside myself with wrath and perplexity. I am a prisoner, and must remain such till I consent to marry the baron. In that case I shall never breathe free air again, for the tortures of the rack would not wring such a promise from me!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEE'S REBELLION.

THE first week of Bee's imprisonment was a dreary, hopeless time indeed. She saw no member of the household save Finette, whom, as her aunt's maid, she naturally regarded with distrust and aversion. Now and then the brown Frenchwoman showed a desire to open conversation with her, but was sharply repulsed. Bee paid no heed to her searching glances, her little attentions, designed to promote a nearer acquaintance. Absorbed in her own bitter thoughts, she never dreamed that the help of which she stood in need was to be found in this stolid-faced servant.

One day Finette entered the chamber with a tray, on which a tempting lunch was spread—Mrs. Sardis did not deny her niece creature comforts. Bee sat at a table, turning the leaves of a book, outwardly calm, inwardly raging, the color gone from her pretty face, her girlish contours already wasted—for Bee was scarcely the one to bear her trying situation with equanimity.

Finette put down her tray, stole one curious look at the prisoner, retreated to the door, then turned suddenly back.

"Has mademoiselle any word to send madame to-day?" she said, in a low voice. Bee looked up in surprise.

"No. I thought you could not speak English?"

"That depends upon circumstances," replied Finette, calmly. "Has mademoiselle anything to say to *me?*"

"No."

"Think again! Mademoiselle is very unhappy. She is determined never to yield to her aunt's demands—good! But she needs help—is it not so?"

Bee started to her feet, her eager eyes shining like stars.

"Who will help me in this house?" she demanded.

"I will!" said Finette.

"Are you speaking in good faith, or is this only a part of the conspiracy against me?"

The woman's dark, unhandsome face grew earnest, even fervent.

"As God hears me, mademoiselle, I speak truly! I will aid you to escape. But hush! we must be cautious. Madame's eyes are wide open—she sees everything; and the baron, he comes daily to consult with her—*curse him!*" These last words she muttered under her breath.

Bee started.

"So bad as that? Finette, if I write a letter to a friend outside of this house, will you promise to deliver it for me?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

That was all. The French maid departed, leaving the young prisoner unspeakably cheered and encouraged.

When the dinner-hour struck, she appeared again, but intimated by signs that Mrs. Sardis was listening in the corridor; therefore further conversation was impossible.

Bee slipped into her hand a little, square envelope, addressed to Eric Saxe, and saw Finette transfer it silently to the bosom of her dress. Then the little heiress was alone again with her reflections.

She heard people moving about the house; the sound of voices on the stair, the shutting of doors filled her with exasperation. It was not strange that Bee should determine to escape at any cost from her guardian's roof—that she should cancel, then and there, every consideration of duty and obedience which she owed to him.

At the end of twenty-four hours Finette brought her a letter, dexterously folded in a napkin. As soon as she was alone, Bee tore open the precious message, and read a wild outbreak of love, wrath, pity and encouragement, which her trials and dangers had drawn from the passionate heart of Eric Saxe.

"Trust the woman, Finette," he said. "I feel sure that she is acting in good faith. Trust *me*, also; and believe that I love you with all my heart and soul and strengh. Miss Vann will give you shelter and welcome at any time. My poor, persecuted darling, take courage!"

Bee kissed the sheet rapturously, vowed allegiance anew to the writer, and felt her spirits rise like thistle-down in the wind. She had just time to slip the letter out of sight when a key turned in the lock, and Mrs. Sardis entered.

She was in full evening dress; a rich opera cloak was thrown across her shoulders. She approached Bee with a great rustle, a displeased elevation of her mastic-darkened eyebrows.

"You foolish, obdurate child, how long do you mean to remain here?" she cried. "Are you not yet ready to listen to reason?"

"To reason—yes," answered Bee; "but not to any talk of a marriage with Baron Strozzi. I fear I shall have to remain here a long time—say a century, at least, before I can bring myself to *that*."

Mrs. Sardis's hard, dark eyes flashed angrily.

"Do not forget that your uncle has full control of your person and your property, Beatrix. Already your friends hear that you are ill—that you have retired from society, owing to a slight aberration of mind. Don't start!—it is the proper name to apply to your present malady. Your rejection of Baron Strozzi's hand, your infatuation for a penniless painter immeasurably your social inferior, bespeak incipient madness. If you do not soon manifest some sign of recovery, it is possible that we may be obliged to place you under further restraint."

The menace in these words struck a new fear to the girl's heart. She kept a bold front, however, and said, with a scornful smile:

"You mean, perhaps, that you will put me in a madhouse and confiscate my fortune? That is very dramatic, and quite worthy of your superior mind, my dear aunt; but is it not just possible that I may have a few friends who would require some stronger proof of my insanity than the two reasons which you have given?"

"Your guardian holds his authority over you quite independent of your friends," answered Mrs. Sardis, coldly. "Profit by the warning you have received, and do not exasperate me too far. I feel justified in adopting any measure, however severe, that will prevent you from disgracing yourself and your family by a low marriage. Let me also warn you to hold no conversation with my maid, Finette—Frenchwomen have a perfect passion for intrigue. I have instructed a second servant to keep constantly in the vicinity of your door, and watch the creature closely when she brings your meals. Baron Strozzi sends you his tender regards, and bids me say that he is inconsolable at your obstinacy. I can only hope that solitude and reflection may yet bring you to your right mind, Beatrix."

With a pale cheek and downcast eyes, Beatrix stood meditating.

"I wish to see my guardian," she said, at last; "I wish to talk with *him*."

"He declines to hold any communication with you," answered Mrs. Sardis, gathering her rich cloak about her shoulders with severe gravity, "until you conform to my wishes."

"I understand!" flashed Bee. "You will not allow him to see me, because you fear he may be moved to release me—to treat me with some show of justice! Aunt Amelia, you are a wicked, unprincipled woman, with no more heart or conscience than a mummy! You may put me in a madhouse, you may kill me by slow torture, but never will I marry the man you have chosen for me, never will I cease to love the man I have chosen for myself! Now go!—the sight of you is hateful to my eyes!"

This outburst was not wise, perhaps; but Bee was too angry to think of that.

Mrs. Sardis grew white.

"You will drive me to extreme measures, I fear," she said, dryly, and swept at once from the room.

No sleep visited Bee that night. Clearly, great dangers threatened her, and escape began to take the form of urgent necessity—yes, of self-preservation.

The next morning Finette appeared, with a second letter concealed in her bosom, and whispered, breathlessly, as she put down Bee's breakfast-tray:

"There's a footman stationed at the door—a detestable creature—madame's tool—hush! Be ready at any moment to leave the house. Madame keeps the key of your room. It is given to me only when I enter here, and then I am obliged to return it at once. However, I shall manage to open the door for you."

Bee slipped a bank-note into the speaker's hand. Finette gave her an odd look as she put it in her pocket. This blonde heiress, with her arbitrary guardians and her unhappy love-affairs, was nothing to the dark-faced Frenchwoman; but to prevent so rich a prize from falling into the hands of Strozzi, Finette stood ready to peril not only her situation in Mrs. Sardis's household, but her very life, if need be.

Several days passed. The obnoxious footman kept his station at Bee's door, and watched the French maid like a lynx. The unhappy captive was sustained only by her lover's letters, which reached her daily through the agency of Finette. She paced her rich prison in an agony of restlessness.

"Aunt Amelia is capable of anything," she said to herself. "She would as soon send me to a madhouse as not. The flesh is vanishing from my bones. I look like a pelican of the desert. I am sure to die of wrath and suspense if this state of affairs continues much longer."

One day Finette brought a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers to Bee's chamber, and delivered them to the captive with these words, spoken in French, loud enough to be heard by the footman in the corridor:

"With the ardent love of Baron Strozzi."

Bee set her small foot on the innocent blossoms, and crushed them straightway into the carpet. As she did so, Finette leaned over her and breathed this sentence in her ear:

"Madame dines out to-night—hold yourself ready!"

They exchanged one look; then Finette, with her finger on her lip, noiselessly retired.

Night fell, dark and dismal, and full of stabbing sleet. The Winter wind howled drearily along the avenue, the street-lamps winked drearily in the deep gloom. Bee put on a plain, thick dress, placed her outer garments in ready reach, filled a traveling-bag with her jewels and such articles of value as she most needed, and stood prepared for flight. With her watch in her hand, she counted the moments feverishly, and strained her ears to catch the first sound of Finette's approaching feet in the corridor. How dark the night was! How furiously the wind wailed across the richly draped windows! Ah, if Finette should fail her! And even as the fear tugged at her heart, the door flew open, and Finette stood before her, breathless and wild-eyed.

"Madame is gone. I stole the key from her room," she gasped. "The footman is below-stairs, drinking tea with the housemaids. Your hat and shawl, mademoiselle—quick!"

Swiftly Bee flung on her outer garments, and, noiseless as phantoms, the two stole along the corridor and down the grand stair. The hall was all ablaze with light, but profound silence reigned throughout the house—no living thing was in sight.

"Some one is waiting for you outside," whispered Finette, as she opened the great, carved door for Bee's exit; "you are saved, mademoiselle—thank God!"

Critical as the moment was, Bee stopped to answer:

"You will lose your place, Finette. Come to me, and I will find you another."

A strange expression flitted across the woman's dark face.

"Thanks, mademoiselle; but I like not this land. I will return to my own Paris by the next steamer. Farewell, and may you be happy."

The heavy door closed noiselessly—the footman, drinking tea below-stairs, did not hear it—and Bee flew like a bird down the grand steps, and gained the street. Joy! The free wind blew upon her, the sleet rattled against her; and she had not taken a dozen paces forward when her hand was seized and drawn through a strong arm, and Eric Saxe's voice—the most welcome sound her ears had ever heard—cried out, joyfully:

"My darling! my precious, blessed girl! This way—I am going to take you to Miss Vann."

And then, out of the darkness before them, a carriage appeared suddenly; she was lifted into it, and off it rolled toward Madison Avenue, while Bee sobbed out upon her lover's breast the whole story of her afflictions and trials.

"You poor, misused child!" was all that he said; but his tone spoke volumes.

He assisted her to alight at Miss Vann's door. A servant ushered the two into a warm, bright drawing-room, and the next moment Bee was in Miss Vann's arms, clinging to that lady's sallow neck and crying, with a burst of hysterical laughter:

"I have run away from Aunt Amelia and from the baron! Oh, Miss Vann, was ever anything so strange and absurd? I am like the abused heroine of a novel, am I not? And you must hide me—you must give me shelter. I will never go back to my guardian—never!"

Miss Vann's face beamed with genuine compassion. She took off Bee's outer garments with her own kind hands.

"My poor child!" she said. "I am confident that you have been treated shamefully. What can Mrs. Sardis mean by forcing you to become a baroness, when you are well content to be something far less pretentious? And the baron, too—I am amazed at him. Why, how pale and thin you have grown! I am greatly shocked with the whole matter. Now I shall leave Eric to tell you the plan by which he proposes to free you from your troubles—of course you will not go back."

Eric Saxe came forward in some agitation.

"The person whom I expected," he said, hurriedly, "has he arrived yet?"

"Yes," answered Charlotte Vann; "he is waiting in my library."

Saxe took Bee's hands in his own, and looked down with shining, resolute eyes into her face.

"I can think of but one sure way by which to save you, darling, and that is, immediate marriage with me. Your escape will soon be discovered—you will be pursued and carried back to your guardian's house. In the next room waits a clergyman—a friend of Miss Vann's—who will unite us at once. Cullen Sardis will take possession of his ward wherever he finds her, but not of my wife. My darling, have you courage to marry me to-night—*now*, and so cut the Gordian knot of your difficulties? Do you love me enough for this, Bee?"

"Eric has taken my judgment entirely by storm," said Miss Vann, "and left me quite incapable of an unbiased opinion upon the subject; but really, under present circumstances, Bee, I think it the most sensible step you can take—indeed, I do not know what else you can do."

Bee stood gazing from lover to friend.

"Think of everything," urged Eric Saxe; "I am poor,—I have little to offer you. You might do infinitely better. Your guardian will be furious; the world—*your* world—will blame you; but I love you, darling—I swear to devote my entire life to your happiness—I swear to cherish you tenderly till death!"

Bee's large eyes shone brightly through her tears. Her slim hands closed upon her lover's—eloquent little hands, that told her decision even before her brave lips spoke.

"I have courage for everything, Eric—I care for nothing but you. I will marry you whenever you wish."

"Bravo!" said Miss Vann; and she took the young face betwixt her jeweled hands, and kissed it with genuine affection.

No time was to be lost, for Cullen Sardis was likely, at any moment, to discover the flight of his ward. Saxe had already arranged the necessary preliminaries, and the three proceeded to Miss Vann's library, where the clergyman waited of whom Eric had spoken. The reverend gentleman had been made to understand that this hurried union was the climax of a romantic love-affair, and the responsibility of it Miss Vann herself fearlessly assumed.

An old gray housekeeper and Madame Vann, very hazy in intellect, and affectionately anxious to embrace everybody, were summoned as witnesses; and so, in secrecy and great haste, Bee was married. Rather a sad and sombre ceremony it seemed—no flowers, no toilets, no bridesmaids, no hilarity—a contrast, indeed, to all Bee's preconceived ideas on the subject, and to Ethel's imposing wedding. Nevertheless, Bee, holding to her bridegroom's strong hand, looking into his dark, Antinous face, felt no misgivings for the future. He loved her, she loved him. "Till death do ye part!" Blessed words which gave her for ever to Eric Saxe, and placed her for ever beyond the tyranny of her relatives and the power of Baron Strozzi.

After all was over, and the clergyman had taken his departure, the young couple sat down with their good friend to talk of the all-important future.

"You will be forced to do without your fortune for the present, Bee," said Miss Vann, smoothing the silken ears of her lap-dog. "Cullen Sardis will be too angry to give it up to you until the full expiration of his term of power. You must be content with love in a cottage for a while, my dear."

A soft wave of color swept into Bee's pale cheek. Paris toilets, luxurious living, the fashionable dissipations of society, had brought little pleasure thus far to this unspoiled, warm-hearted girl. The prospect of their loss gave her not so much as a pang,

"I will be content with anything—*now*," she answered, in a low voice.

Miss Vann nodded approval.

"Eric will not let you starve, dear—he may even be able to buy you a new dress occasionally; for, though too modest to mention it himself, he is daily growing in fame and worldly possessions. And I will come to see you often and bring him orders for portraits—it will be an unspeakable delight to have such a couple upon my visiting-list. I congratulate you both with all my heart!"

Eric Saxe took his bride's hand; looked quietly down into her uplifted blue eyes.

"I have made ready a little nest for you, darling—you see, I was quite sure you would not fear to marry me, to-night. It is small and humble, but not lacking in comfort. You do not fear to take up your abode in it, Bee—you are not afraid to face the world with me, darling?"

"Afraid!" she echoed. "No, Eric, a hundred times, no! I am glad to do it—I am proud to do it!"

Charlotte Vann looked wistfully at the young pair, so fully of beauty and youth, of hope and courage.

"All for love, and the world well lost!" she murmured, with a smile and a sigh.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO YEARS LATER.

TWO years have passed away—changeful years to every one of the persons with whom this history has to deal.

It is a Spring morning, balmy and sweet. Down at Deepmoor Hall, in flat, fenny Lincolnshire, the primroses and violets are blooming, the leaves are all out in the great park, and the lawns and terraces are like living emeralds. In green places among the fern, the red deer browse; the high espaliered garden-walls, and clipped beechen alleys are steeped in hot sunshine; the larks sing in the blue overhead; and at a window of the great Elizabethan house, Sir Valentine Arbuckle stands in the morning light, looking out upon his goodly possessions.

He has not changed much since we saw him last. The hazel eyes that gleam under his rugged brows are Val Black's frank, honest eyes. His red hair, his loose-jointed figure, his square, strong mouth, are all as unhandsome as ever. His good fortune has wrought no material difference in the outer or inner man. Two or three big hounds frisk about his legs—Sir Godfrey's dogs. He pats their sleek heads absently, and keeps his eyes fixed on the sweep of park beyond the long window.

"It's a grand place, eh, laddie?" says a voice at his

elbow. He turns and sees Miss Affry Black standing there smiling up into his face.

A cap of the finest lace covers her gray hair. She wears a fashionably made morning-dress of some soft, rich material, and gold-rimmed glasses stuck into her defective eyes. Miss Black has assumed an air of importance, although the county families, remembering her antecedents, look down upon her somewhat disdainfully. She is the aunt of a baronet, and the mistress of Deepmoor Hall, and she is no longer a cripple, for the London doctors and the waters of the German spas delivered her long ago from her old foe—rheumatism.

"There's but one thing now wanted at Deepmoor, and that is—a bride," says Miss Black.

Sir Valentine shrugs his shoulders.

"What! harping still on that string, Aunt Affry?"

"Yes, and why not?" she answers, with irritation. "You will be twenty-eight in a few weeks, and you are the last male of your race. I am sure you can have your pick among the county families, Val. Then there are your Scotch cousins, the Misses Arbuckle, who visited us at Christmas—lovely girls as one could wish to see—either of them would be glad to be lady here. I was sure—absolutely *sure*, Val, that something would come of their stay with us; but, dear me! you scarcely showed them common civility. That pretty Elsie often said to me in secret that you were an incomprehensible American bear."

"Miss Elsie is a lady of penetration," smiles the baronet, serenely; "far be it from me to question her decision in any matter. I'm very grateful for your solicitude, Aunt Affry, but couldn't you turn your attention to a more profitable subject? It is not in the least probable that I shall ever marry."

"Never marry! Merciful heaven! And why not, pray?"

The baronet gnaws his bristling, red mustache.

"I am not matrimonially inclined, Aunt Affry; moreover, the present mistress of Deepmoor Hall gives me entire satisfaction—I prefer to keep her in her present position."

Miss Black eyes him keenly through her gold-bowed glasses.

"Laddie, laddie! you cannot deceive me!" she storms. "The secret of the whole matter is this: you have not yet forgotten that—that—girl!"

A moment of silence. The baronet stares steadily out of the long window.

"You forget, Aunt Affry, that you and I once agreed never to allude to certain passages in my past life, knowing that we should find it unprofitable business. I beg leave to remind you of that compact."

"A slip of the tongue, Val—forgive me," she answers, dryly. "Bah! I've no patience with you! You are not in the least like the Arbuckles. The late Sir Godfrey thought only of his rent-rolls and his family pride; you care for neither. Here you are, a baronet, with an income of twenty thousand pounds per year, and you seem no whit happier than was Val Black, drudging at a desk in Sardis's banking-house, and wearing threadbare coats and frayed linen. Of course you wish me to hold my tongue, but all the same I shall not. *I* am no fit mistress of Deepmoor, as both you and I know well. The landed gentry look down upon me, because my father was a gamekeeper and I was once a housemaid here. You want a wife who will be the equal of the best of them, and whom nobody will dare to snub. You want heirs to your wealth and title. You will never be happy—*I* shall never be happy, till you bring a bride to Deepmoor."

Sir Valentine turns from the window. This little gnat of a woman torments him greatly at times, especially upon this subject of matrimony—her particular mania—but he bears it with patience.

"Will you be so good as to ring for breakfast?" he says, serenely. "I am as hungry as a fox."

She obeys, with a sigh. The two sit down to a table glittering with old plate and china, and spread with generous English fare—delicate chops, rashers of home-cured bacon, buttered muffins and toast, eggs in a silver vessel, boiled by a spirit-lamp upon the board, with a minute glass to regulate the time; cold tongue, and a reserve of game pie and cold roast beef on the sideboard, and tea and coffee, rich with fresh cream from the dairy.

The walls of the room are paneled in oak; the antique furniture is of oak also, and heavily carved; the Cromwellian chairs are covered with morocco; Persian mats dot the glittering expanse of black oak floor; portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds hang on the walls. Do the two ever think of Seedy Court, and the old days of toil and privation? Yes, each has a good memory.

A servant in livery brings in the post-bag, and Sir Valentine opens it. He draws forth one letter for Miss Black and several for himself. His aunt's is postmarked London, and is written in a cramped, girlish hand. She deciphers it while Sir Valentine is running through his own correspondence, and she looks much elated as she reads.

"News from your cousin Elsie," she says, nodding at the baronet.

"Ah!" he answers, with no sign of interest whatever.

"She has been in London for the last six weeks, with the Countess of Heatherhill—her kinswoman, you know—and before returning to Scotland she wishes to make us a little visit. We may expect her in a day or two. For my part, I am delighted. I never saw a lovelier girl—you can't deny that she is lovely, Val?"

He smiles.

"Certainly not. Have I expressed any wish to do so? By all means give Miss Arbuckle a warm welcome, and make the Hall as pleasant for her as possible."

"Val, with her grand connections and her comfortable fortune, she is an excellent match for you—a most desirable match. Cannot you see it for yourself?"

"I regret to say that I cannot," he answers. "I shall not have the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Miss Arbuckle, for I start for Paris to-morrow. I am stagnating in this place—I need a change."

Miss Black understands this sudden determination only too well. He has no idea of remaining at Deepmoor to sustain the siege which his Scotch cousin, who knows the value of broad acres and long rent-rolls, is sure to lay to his obdurate heart. The baronet has a will of his own—one characteristic, at least, inherited from the Arbuckles.

"Do you think it exactly polite to run away from Elsie?" says Miss Black, dubiously.

"Elsie will not expect politeness," he lightly answers, "from an American boor like me."

And he goes. The next day Miss Arbuckle arrives from London, armed *cap-à-pie* for conquest, and filled with deep designs against the baronet's peace; but, alas! only to find the wary game flown—already Sir Valentine is on his way to Dover.

In his journey to the French capital the baronet finds a traveling companion in one of his Lincolnshire neighbors, a gentleman of birth, named Hallam.

Together the two cross the Channel, whisk away to Paris, and take up their abode at the same hotel, beneath the arches of the Rue de Rivoli. As Fate will have it, that rich Gothamite, Archie Van Dorn, is also a guest of the house. Being well known to Hallam, he is not slow to make the acquaintance of Hallam's titled friend—a small matter in itself, but destined to lead to unexpected results.

It is a balmy, cloudless night; stars twinkle above the

trees of the Champs Elysées, gaslights shine along the boulevards, and from all the cafés, and at the Grand Opera Patti is singing.

The house is crowded with rank, fashion and beauty. No empty seats can be found in pit or amphitheatre. Costly toilets, bright eyes and fair faces make the private boxes dazzling. The finest orchestra in the world is discoursing sweet music. The gorgeous proscenium boxes, and those of the various ministers, between the dividing columns of the house, are all occupied to-night. The known and the unknown, the peer and the shopkeeper, are come to hear the brilliant little prima donna.

A party of gentlemen, in faultless evening dress, enters a box in the aristocratic first tier. It is composed of Sir Valentine Arbuckle, Van Dorn the American, Hallam, and two or three friends connected with the British Embassy. Sir Valentine seats himself in a corner, under the crimson curtain, draws out his lorgnette and surveys the house. While doing this, his attention becomes fixed upon another box in full view of his own, and containing two persons—a lady and a gentleman.

The former is marvelously handsome, and dressed with the taste of a *Parisienne*, though the baronet decides at once that she is *not* one.

She looks listless and weary. One arm, faultless as a piece of sculpture, rests on the cushioned balustrade of her box. She pays no heed to her companion, a blonde, sleepy-eyed, bald man, who is ogling Patti through his glass.

Sir Valentine gazes at the fair, sad face till he is well-nigh ashamed of himself; then he speaks to an *attaché* who stands at his side.

"Who is that lady?"

His friend understands, for the person in question has no equal in the crowded house.

"You are a stranger in Paris," he answers, "and so your ignorance must be pardoned. That lady is a star in choice Parisian society. She is the Countess Stahl, an American by birth—the daughter of a rich New York banker, named Sardis. The man beside her is her husband, and a sad dog he is too, if report speaks truly."

Sir Valentine has a peculiar interest in Americans. He starts and stares.

"Sardis—Cullen Sardis's daughter!" he mutters. "Is it possible?"

By this time every glass in the box is leveled at the countess.

"By Jove!" says Archie Van Dorn, "it is she, and none other!—*belle* Ethel, handsome as ever, but as sad as a Niobe. I haven't seen her before since her marriage. Bless my soul! I hear that the count neglects her shamefully."

"That he does!" answers the *attaché*. "He's a bad lot altogether. For the last two years he's been going the pace. Gossip says that his beautiful wife had a dowry of a hundred thousand dollars, and that he squandered it all in twelve months. He spends amazing sums, and yet is up to his eyes in debt. The fortune of his first countess he flung to the winds in the most reckless fashion—the second one is likely to fare no better."

"Too bad, by Jove!" murmurs Van Dorn; "and such a girl, too! I myself was once an humble worshiper at her shrine—I don't mind owning it now. Hallam! you are the fellow who first made that pair acquainted, in a thunderstorm in the Black Forest. Remember?"

"Yes," replies Hallam, dryly. "Wonder if madame feels any particular gratitude for that service to-night? I knew the count years ago, in his first wife's time, and he was a profligate of the worst sort even then. He's looking uncommonly haggard. Bouillotte and lansquenet, and absinthe, and the actresses of the Variétés have written a good many lines upon his heavy, pudding face since I saw it last. Bah!"

"Rumors of these very things had reached New York before I left it," says Van Dorn; "I heard them whispered among the countess's friends there. Does any one know how his dissipations affect *her?*"

"She's as proud as Lucifer," answers the *attaché;* "one of the kind that 'can suffer and be still,' like the Spartan boy in the story. She is greatly admired here, and much sought after by choice society. She gives elegant receptions and *récherché* dinners, wears amazing toilets and jewels, and turns a proud, unmoved face to the world. The count is not often seen with her in public; they rarely go out together. On what terms they live in private, Heaven only knows."

"But 'twas said at the time of his marriage that the titled bloke was rich," remarks Van Dorn. "Everybody in New York supposed that Miss Sardis had secured a modern Crœsus."

The *attaché* shrugs his shoulders.

"Gossip says his American father-in-law is the person who keeps his purse replenished."

"The old story!" mutters Van Dorn; "a fascinating foreign nobleman, and a badly sold American heiress. So runs the world away."

An outbreak of song from Patti's silver throat keeps them all silent for a space. Sir Valentine has heard every word of the conversation. His eyes are still fixed upon the countess's box, and he seems absorbed in thoughts that have no reference to the Grand Opera of Paris. Presently he says to Van Dorn:

"Cannot you manage to present me to Madame the Countess. I am particularly anxious to make her acquaintance. I am more than half American myself. See! she is looking this way—she recognizes you."

The dark eyes of the countess wander to the group of gentlemen under the crimson curtains. At sight of Van Dorn's familiar countenance, her pale face lights up suddenly. She leans forward and bows.

A moment after he makes his way to her box.

He greets Count Stahl, and the count greets him with cold politeness. He colors and stammers as he takes Ethel's beautiful hand, and answers her cordial greeting. When did he arrive in Paris? What tidings does he bring of her dear friends in New York?

He looks at her closely, and sees that her face is full of languor and sadness, but that it is as fair, as perfect as ever. Count Stahl levels his glass at the stage, and gives no notice to the two as they talk. *He* is changed. The wrinkles are thick about his eyes, the blonde hair has vanished from his temples. He is bald and stout, and he has that unmistakable look which dissipation always stamps on the faces of its votaries.

Verily, the count *has* been "going the pace" since his marriage with the American heiress. For months scandal has taken uncommon liberties with his noble name.

"Can you tell me anything about Beatrix and Eric Saxe?" says the countess, in a low, eager voice. "Are they well and happy? Of course, Bee never goes into society now?"

"No," answers Van Dorn; "but I see them—occasionally. Saxe invited me to dine at his house a few days before I sailed. By Jove! it's a cozy little nest, and he and his charming wife are as happy as turtle doves. Love in a cottage is not a bad thing, after all. Mrs. Saxe can't claim her fortune, you know, for a year or two to come. It's hard lines, but she doesn't seem to mind it in the least—she thinks of nothing but her husband and the pretty year-old kid. She charged me, in case I should meet you anywhere abroad, to give you her fondest love. She is very anxious

to hear from you—said you had not answered her letters, nor sent her any news of yourself for ages."

A certain cold constraint appears in the countess's face.

"I write very few letters of late—I have no time. I must not forget to inquire for Charlotte Vann. Is it true that she is engaged, as mamma hinted in her latest budget of New York news?"

"Yes," replies Van Dorn, "to Baron Strozzi—that Roman fellow who tormented your cousin so outrageously. Of course you remember him?"

Yes. She remembers. Count Stahl lowers his glass, and though he does not turn or glance at the speaker, he remembers too.

"His engagement with Miss Vann was announced before I left New York," continues Van Dorn. "After his disappointment concerning your cousin, he vanished suddenly from society; but a few months ago he turned up again like a bad penny, and laid violent siege to Miss Vann's heart. The wedding is to be solemnized some time in midsummer."

The face of the countess expresses some scorn and much disapproval.

"I am sorry to hear this," she murmurs; "I earnestly hope that Miss Vann may be brought to her senses before it is too late. Strange that she should be so blind—at her age!"

"Love throws dust in the sharpest eyes," says Van Dorn, "and Miss Vann is undoubtedly in love with Strozzi. Do you see my friend, yonder in the box—the big, red-haired fellow, who is watching us so earnestly?"

"Yes," replies the countess; "who is he?"

"An English baronet—Sir Valentine Arbuckle. He is very anxious to to make your acquaintance. Has American blood in his veins, or something of that sort, and is fond of everything pertaining to the nation. Will you kindly allow me to present him?"

POPE BONIFACE VIII.—"'TIS HENCE YOU SPRING, TO THIS RETURN."—SEE PAGE 82.

She gives a gracious assent, and Van Dorn makes a signal which brings Sir Valentine straightway to the countess's box. He is not a man of society, and he has little to say for himself after he gets there. Ethel gives him her finger-tips, and thinks him very bashful and awkward, and Count Otto is tolerably polite.

Did the baronet ever cross the channel before? Never. He has been in possession of his estates little more than two years, and has passed his time exclusively upon them.

"He is not English-born?"

"No—American." Then all listen to Patti. She is singing Venzani's waltz in *Linda*, trilling seventeen bars in one breath, as if it were child's play. The audience is entranced. Before the last act is finished, the countess rises from her seat, and leaves the house with her husband. Sir Valentine does not remain long after—he cares little for opera, good or bad. He goes to his hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and writes a letter to Miss Black, in which he says:

"I have, to-night, seen the daughter of my former employer, Cullen Sardis. She is the Countess Stahl, and is living here in Paris with her husband, who is a hopeless scoundrel and deserves to be shot at sight. A beautiful woman—I would be glad to be of assistance to her."

Meanwhile the sumptuous carriage of madame the countess rolls away from the opera, and stops before an elegant house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. The count and his fair wife alight, pass the porte cochère, and ascend a wide, polished staircase, madame shivering under her rich opera cloak, as she enters her own home.

(To be continued.)

LOVE LITTLE CHILDREN.—Let us love little children; they are the delicate flowers of a soon-fading Eden.

POPE BONIFACE VIII. AT ANAGNI.

THERE are few stranger events in all modern history than the vicissitudes of the Papacy. One of the events of our time has been the rise of a petty Italian kingdom till it dominated the whole peninsula, and using in turn the influence of France against Germany, and of Germany against France, deprived the Pope of all power outside the walls of the Vatican and St. Peter's.

Yet in these long annals the Popes have often been reduced to as helpless a position. The mob of Rome, the nobles of the Eternal City, captains of Free Lancers, kings and emperors have, from time to time, defeated, exiled, imprisoned Popes, and apparently put an end to the Papal power; but it was only for a succeeding generation to behold the Pope ruling again from Rome.

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the Pope a prisoner and Rome a minor city in the sway of France. Yet, before the close, it required all the military and diplomatic resources of Victor Emmanuel to get possession of Rome.

Art and poetry find in this eventful history themes wonderfully adapted for brilliant and effective treatment. The painter has chosen the scene where Sciarra Colonna

SCIARRA COLONNA COMMANDING POPE BONIFACE VIII. AT ANAGNI TO SURRENDER AND ABDICATE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MAIGNAN.

denounces Pope Boniface VIII., whom he had pursued to Anagni. This Pope, whose pontificate was one of the stormiest, was a native of Anagni. Before his elevation, he had been in England, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal, and thus possessed an unusual practical knowledge of the courts and nations of Europe. But the knowledge did not lead to harmony. With Philip the Fair, of France, he maintained a long and bitter struggle, in which the Pope excommunicated the King and the King declared the Pope a criminal and a heretic.

Philip made adherents, even in Rome, where the powerful Colonna family warmly espoused his cause; their old opponents, the Orsini, adhering as ardently to the Pope.

His predecessor, Celestine V., promoted from a hermit's cell to the throne of the Popes, had wearied of the burden and resigned, being the only one of the Sovereign Pontiffs of whom this is recorded.

The Colonnas, for that and other reasons, disputed the validity of Boniface's election. In turn, he deprived of the hat two cardinals belonging to the Colonnas, excommunicated the whole family, condemning their descendants to civil degradation to the fourth generation. He even went so far as to raze their castles and lay waste the town of Praeneste, which belonged to them.

Struck down by so fierce a war, the Colonnas fled to France, burning to avenge their wrongs, and ready to aid Philip in any design against Pope Boniface.

The haughty bearing of the Pope toward nearly every sovereign in Europe, isolated him, and left him without a supporter, friend or sympathizer. He censured the King of Denmark, refused to recognize Frederick of Aragon as King of Sicily or Albert as Emperor of Germany, and with the utmost justice censured and rebuked Philip of France for his base and shameful treatment of Guy, Count of Flanders, whom he imprisoned to compel him to make his beautiful daughter a royal mistress.

When he issued the bull, *Unam Sanctam*, in 1302, and summoned a council at Rome, Philip issued a law to confiscate the property of any bishop who dared to attend it, and in turn summoned a council at Lyons to judge the Pope. To crown his triumph, he resolved to drag Boniface from Rome, as a prisoner, before the court he had thus constituted.

In 1303, Philip sent William de Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna to seize the Pope and convey him to Lyons. Boniface fled to his native city, whither Nogaret and Colonna pursued him. The little town was in no posture of defense, and the small but daring band forced the palace and seized the jewels and papers of the Pope. All fled from the Pontiff except a few cardinals; but Boniface, alone amid his enemies, lost none of his dignity. Rising from his throne, he denounced the personal crimes and treachery of Colonna and the heretical opinions of the Nogarets, while he renewed the thunders of the Church against Philip, their master. Colonna, in his anger, is said by some to have struck the Pope with his mailed hand, but this seems doubtful. In fact, his demeanor made them irresolute, and the people of Anagni, shamed to think that they had allowed a Pope from their own city to be insulted there by strangers, rallied, and on the third day expelled Colonna and Nogaret, with their men-at-arms, and took Boniface back in triumph to Rome, where the Orsini became his noble guard.

The excitement proved fatal to Boniface, who died soon after his restoration to Rome.

The strife between Boniface and Philip and the reverses of the Pope are the theme of many anecdotes and legends, and his active part in the civil dissensions drew on him the public wrath of Dante.

Among these incidents is one which is thus poetically given:

POPE BONIFACE with folded arms was pacing in the court.
With furrowed brow and knitted lip, and spirit steeped in thought;
He scarcely gave attention to the droning of the talk
Of prelate, prince and cardinal, accompanying his walk.
They told of bitter rivalry in politics and pelf,
Between the faction Ghibelline and faction of the Guelph—
How furiously the rancor seethed, how enmity was rife,
How one side egged the other on to overt acts of strife;
How bitter words of mockery were bandied to and fro,
And each was burning with desire to strike a mortal blow.
How night and day incessantly there sped some precious life,
Sent forth before God summoned it, by hired assassin's knife;
How, from the sacred judgment-hall, had justice taken flight,
For there was judgment only given by party, not by right.
A Cardinal Archbishop spake: "Pray Heaven from our land
Will root the traitorous Ghibelline, with all his murderous band,
And all his perjured judges too, and all his craft and stealth!"
"Out on thee!" roared a nobleman; "the traitor is the Guelph.
The Guelph is ever spattering with blood the Italian soil,
Is robbing honest peasants of the object of their toil;
Is violating sacred fanes, is ruining all trade,
Save that of the stiletto, mind! and that is richly paid."
"Now, silence!" cried the cardinal, with fiercely kindling eye,
"Back in thy teeth, fell Ghibelline, I hurl the damnéd lie."
"A lie! ha, ha! his excellence! who falsehoods breeds himself!
If men would find rare liars, they must search the ranks of Guelph."
"Now mark!" th' ecclesiastic raged, "the day will come, and *must*,
When Guelph shall break the Ghibelline, and stamp him in the dust!
And beat his pride to powder——"
"So, well done, sir priest, *his* pride!
Hurrah for Guelph humanity!" the scoffing noble cried.
"I scorn you!" raved the cardinal, "a base and beggar crew!"
"Please God," the noble answered him, "the Guelph shall have his due"
"Please God," the blustering prelate cried, "you your insolence shall rue."
Then sudden stooped Pope Boniface, and without speaking thrust
His hand along the pavement, and he scrabbled up the dust.
Then, rising, turned on noble and archbishop, hot with ire—
His gray eyes flashing lightning-shafts—and spake these words of fire:
"Fond partisans, so full of wrath, I pray you tell me whence
The Guelph and Ghibelline arose, and, when they journey hence,
To what must they return, I ask, both Ghibelline and Guelph?
See, Ghibelline, this handful, and thou other, see thyself!
'Tis hence you sprang, to this return, when all this strife is past!"
And in their faces Boniface the dusty handfuls cast.

HUNTED DOWN.

"GABRIELLE!" The tones were tones of passionate feeling, and the speaker's voice trembled with the depth of his emotion. "If I thought one thousandth part of the love I feel for you were reciprocated, I should be perfectly happy, Gabrielle."

The flash of joy that shone in the eyes of Gabrielle Lascours was quenched as the white lids dropped suddenly with an affectation that was the perfection of art.

"I love you," she murmured, in a voice so low that Lloyd Eggleston bent his head to catch the faint reply, and she laid her white hand in his.

Lloyd pressed it to his lips rapturously.

"My happiness is so great I can scarcely realize it," he said, drawing her close in a fervent embrace. "When I have seen you, Gabrielle, so far above me, so infinitely superior to every other woman of my acquaintance, I have wondered if there existed in this world one who was worthy to win the priceless blessing of your love. I have stood afar off, worshiping with my heart and eyes, without daring to aspire to your love; and now, when I find your affection bestowed upon my unworthy self, I can scarcely realize

that a happiness so far beyond my deserts is really mine."

That rare smile, which made Gabrielle's beauty so dangerous to the hearts of men, parted her lips, and a flush, rosy as the dawn, crept into either delicate cheek.

"As if such a little thing as I am could make or mar your happiness," she said, with a happy laugh. "You will make me quite vain."

"Ah! Gabrielle, little Gabrielle, with your innocent eyes! I wonder if you women comprehend how much of power for good or evil lies in your weak hands? A pure woman's love has saved many a young man from ruin, and an evil heart, linked with a fair face, has wrecked and blighted the fairest hopes of manhood. I had a friend once, with as noble and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a human bosom. Lured on by the beauty of a vile woman, whom he so passionately loved that all advice and remonstrances were useless, he was entrapped into an unhappy marriage, when he learned the old story, so often and bitterly enforced—that beauty is often but a deceitful mask to cover the foulest corruption of which the human heart is capable. She disgraced him publicly by her shameless conduct; she ruined his worldly prospects by her lavish extravagance; she treated his remonstrances with contempt, his affection with ridicule and scorn, and added the last drop to the overflowing cup by the darkest sin known to the annals of crime—the sin of murder——"

"Murder!"

Gabrielle's voice, so hoarse and unnatural in its tones, drew Eggleston's attention.

Deathly pale, with her eyes dilated with horror, she could scarcely articulate the words that came in a hoarse whisper from her pallid lips.

"Good Heavens, Gabrielle! Have I frightened you so, then, my darling? Ah! if the mention of this terrible crime can affect you thus, think what the reality must have been to us, who loved him so!"

"But the horrible design was frustrated, thank God! He lives, an existence made wretched by the thoughts of his wasted and broken youth, and the doubts and suspicions he has learned from his sad experience to feel toward his fellow men.

"'My faith in humanity is dead,' he said to me once. 'I shall never love or trust again.'

"And now, good-by, darling, for I have lingered too long already."

With an effort, Gabrielle roused herself, to assume a composed and natural manner, to reply to his loving words, and return his parting smile.

When he was gone, she rose, and paced the room with a rapid and excited step.

"It is nothing but a coincidence," she whispered to herself—"a mere coincidence; and yet it affects me thus. I must be turning coward."

She paced the room in silence for a few moments, while a spasm of pain contracted her features.

"I hear his last words yet," she broke out, suddenly. "Will they ever haunt me thus?—'May you live, Gabrielle, to love as I have loved, and receive such a reward as mine.'"

As she repeated the words, a vision rose before her eyes—a vision of a woman sitting on a bed, whereon a form was stretched, already growing cold and rigid in the agonies of death. The face, becoming gray with the shadows of death, how indelibly is every feature written upon the memory! The room crowded with people, who talk excitedly in a foreign language—their angry whispers, and suspicious glances.

Then a secret flight by the light of the stars, leaving the unburied corpse behind; the long and tedious sea voyage, under an assumed name, with a forged passport; the shipwreck on a foreign coast, and finally, the brilliant *début* under the name of Gabrielle Lascours, in that society where she first met Lloyd Eggleston.

Here the train of thought grew brighter, for the brilliant and beautiful Lascours had been the star of beauty and of fashion in the circle wherein she moved. To the magic of her smile, and the bewildering light of her magnificent eyes, proud men had bent in acknowledgment, delighted to do homage to such beauty.

Her toilet was at once the delight and envy of her feminine rivals, and what she wore or did not wear, was approved or vetoed accordingly.

Here, for the first time, she had learned to love.

Cold and haughty as an empress outwardly, she owned in her secret heart the magnetic power of Lloyd Eggleston's influence.

To captivate this man, she had displayed every art and charm and accomplishment of which she was mistress, and when at last he laid his heart and fortune at her feet, it needed all her tact to conceal the triumphant joy she felt at her success.

But she was not happy. There was a skeleton at the feast, and, turn which way she would, its ghastly presence mocked her vision.

"If I only dared to tell him all!" she cried, as she wrung her hands, with sobs of anguish. "But his scorn would kill me. If his love is like mine, he would cling to me though my soul were blackened by the perpetration of every crime in the calendar. But why do I talk like this? I have exerted every art to win him, and it will go hard if the cunning brain of Gabrielle Lascours cannot work my way clear."

But even as the thought found utterance, a white, dead face rose before her, and a ghostly whisper was in her ear: "May you live, Gabrielle, to love as I have loved, and receive such a reward as mine."

"Avaunt, demons!" and she snapped her fingers defiantly. "He is mine; and with the knowledge of that blissful fact, I can defy all the demons of this upper air!"

Her spirits rose at the thought.

"What could possibly happen?" she asked herself. "There were sudden disclosures, appalling *contretemps*, overwhelming evidence—in plays and novels. It was only in fiction that virtue received its reward, and secret sins were dragged to light and punished. In fact," she argued, "the reverse of this is so often the case in real life, that one's experience is enough to disgust one with virtue."

And she showed her dazzling teeth in a brilliant smile at the originality of the idea.

As the reaction progressed, she grew merry, and gayly hummed a lively air heard years ago, as she floated down the streets of Venice one moonlight night, the mellow voice of the boatman keeping time to the dip of the oars of the gondola.

"Virtue rewarded! Bah!" with a contemptuous shrug of her white shoulders. "Why, here is poor Gabrielle, the innkeeper's daughter, the idol of a crowd of aristocrats, the foreign female adventuress, flaunting in silks and diamonds that are worth a king's ransom. Can the dead rise again? Manifestly not. Then why trouble your pretty head, my Gabrielle, in regard to future consequences? There is a special providence which watches over fools and women."

THE curtain had not yet risen upon the second act, and the vast crowd were waiting anxiously the reappearance of their favorite singer, and deluging the stage with bouquets

in honor of her unusually brilliant performance, which had this evening outshone all her previous efforts.

A gentleman in one of the balcony boxes sat gazing listlessly about, not sharing in the general enthusiasm, or paying the slightest heed to what was passing around him.

His companion—a handsome young officer of somewhat effeminate appearance—leaned toward him, and touched him, eager enthusiasm shining in his handsome eyes.

"By Jove, Earl! the little warbler is divine, is she not?"

"As divine as rouge, diamonds and a tolerable voice, with a thorough knowledge of stage clap-trap, can make any woman. At your age, my boy, they are all angels. At mine, you will be willing to swear that the great enemy of souls is not more crafty and treacherous."

"Satan rebuking sin," laughed Captain Malvern. "What a horrible cynic you are, to be sure. I say, Gifford, why can't you allow one to enjoy a little of life, without perpetually tearing off the mask you have learned to penetrate? For the prince of disagreeable fellows, commend me to the man who is sure to discover that your copies of the old masters are daubs, your silver plate and the delicate complexion of your *fiancée* is a skillful combination of rouge and *email de Paris*. In short, the man who has a mission for going about the world, scratching the varnish off everything, and discovering all sorts of shams. Such a man—— Good God, Gifford! what is it?"

A FOUR-FOOTED THIEF.— SEE PAGE 86.

There was a moment's silence, and then Gifford spoke, his voice cool and even in its tones, though his face was blanched to the pallor of death, and his blue eyes scintillated like polished steel.

"I am subject to sudden attacks of faintness—heart disease, my physician tells me."

He raised his lorgnette, and swept a glance over the sea of faces before him.

"Who is that lady yonder?"

Malvern glanced at the box toward which his glass was leveled.

"That one in blue satin and pearls?"

"No, in the next box. The one with the magnificent eyes and amber hair."

"That is Lloyd Eggleston's wife, the acknowledged leader of society. She is said to be the most beautiful woman in the city."

"Her diamonds are unusually fine. I would like to see them closer. I have a passion for gems, you know. I think I will go over and see Eggleston. I have not met him since my return from Europe. If I am not back at the close of the performance, do not wait for me."

He rose and left the box.

"Heart disease," said Captain Mark Malvern, as his eyes followed the retreating form of his friend. "Perhaps; but if so, it will not trouble you long, my friend. I never saw that look in a man's eyes unless the great enemy, Death, lurked near. When soldiers go into battle with that expression in their faces, they never come out alive."

"Gabrielle, my love, this is my friend, Earl Gifford."

Not a muscle of that well-trained face betrayed the agony of the wretched woman as she turned to Gifford with her sunniest smile.

"I am most happy to meet one of whom my husband has so often spoken." And she made room for him beside her.

Gifford took the proffered seat, and as he did so, his eyes met hers with a look that made her heart sink.

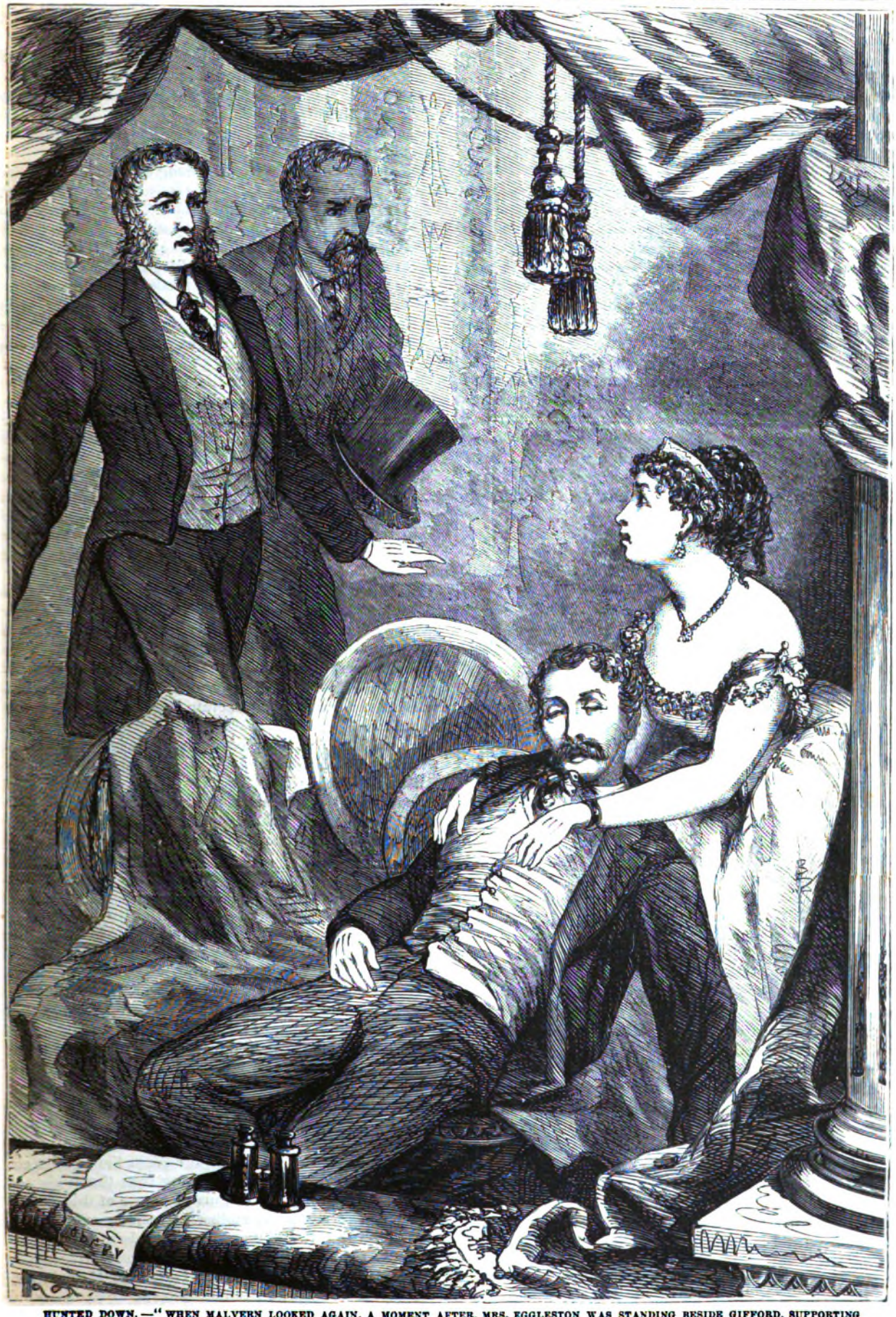
It was the look of a crouching panther ere he springs upon his prey. But no sign of her perturbation showed itself in her face. The beholder who might have glanced that way would have seen a haughty, cynical-looking man, and a magnificently beautiful woman, with amber hair, that looked as if a shaft of sunbeams were imprisoned in its meshes, innocent, childish eyes, and a smile of rare beauty on her perfect mouth.

The curtain rose; all eyes were turned upon the stage, and a suppressed murmur of applause greeted the singer, whose thrilling voice rose in a torrent of jubilant melody, fresh and sparkling as the brilliant notes of the mocking-bird.

Then Gifford turned to Mrs. Eggleston, with a cold glitter in his steel-blue eyes, and a sardonic smile wreathing his thin lips.

"So, I have found you at last."

He leaned toward her as he spoke, and a looker-on would have fancied he was paying a compliment, or discussing the music.



HUNTED DOWN.—"WHEN MALVERN LOOKED AGAIN, A MOMENT AFTER, MRS. EGGLESTON WAS STANDING BESIDE GIFFORD, SUPPORTING HIS HEAD IN HER ARMS, WITH A FACE FROM WHICH EVERY PARTICLE OF COLOR HAD DIED OUT."—SEE PAGE 82.

"You will not expose me to *him?*"

There was an intonation of passionate entreaty in her voice that might have touched a heart of stone.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gabrielle shuddered at the triumphant mockery in his suppressed laugh, and clasped her white hands with an imploring gesture: then, suddenly recollecting herself, looked round with a careless smile.

"Have you no mercy, then?"

"Mercy! ha, ha! Did *you* have mercy when you took advantage of my illness to drug the wine the physician had ordered? Did *you* feel any compunctions when you hovered round my bed with tender words and wifely caresses, and watched my strength slowly ebb away in the slow poison your hands administered daily? When you left me, dead, as you supposed, and sought to avoid by flight the consequences of your crime, what, think you, fanned the feeble spark of life left me, and cheered the slow hours of my convalescence? It was the thought of revenge. It has inspired me to seek you in every land or clime where fate or fear might carry you. It has lent the only interest to life which I am capable of feeling. And think you I will forego its rapture now? Your time has come. A gallows, surrounded by a vulgar, gaping crowd, a rope in place of this"—he touched the glittering necklace of diamonds which clasped her snowy throat—"how does the picture please you, Gabrielle?"

There was a fiendish glare in his eyes, a horrible earnestness in his voice, which showed her how useless any appeal must be. Her brain reeled, a choking sense of suffocation was in her throat, as she whispered:

"How long a time will you give me?"

"Not an hour—not a moment. I will never lose sight of you till you are in the hands of the law. Think you I would work for this hour so patiently through the slowly drawling hours and days, only to let vengeance slip through my fingers at last? When the play is ended I shall accompany you home, and there, in the presence of the man you love, I will establish the identity of Gabrielle Eggleston, the idolized belle of society, and Gabrielle Gifford, the *murderess!* I had thought that your cold, selfish heart was incapable of love; but how will it add zest to my revenge, to know that I can thus add the deepest pang to your agony—the scorn of one you love."

A roar like the rush of mighty waves sounded in her ears; the lights danced before her eyes; she scarcely heard the voice from the stage, to whose wailing, sobbing sounds the crowd listened almost breathlessly.

She touched her husband, and whispered a word, which he obeyed, rising quietly and leaving the box.

Had Earl Gifford been observing her, he would have feared the radiant sparkle in her eye, the glow that tinted lip and cheek, in the mad desperation of that moment; but a significant gesture from Malvern, sitting opposite, caught his attention just then.

When Malvern looked again, a moment after, Mrs. Eggleston was standing beside Gifford, supporting his head in her arms, with a face from which every particle of color had died out.

"Mr. Gifford has fainted, I think," she said to her husband and Captain Malvern, who entered the box together. "Perhaps you had better call our carriage and take him home with us."

But Malvern, who had seen death on many a hardly-contested field, knew the unmistakable seal of the destroyer only too well.

"He is dead," he said, sadly. "His physician warned him, some time since, that death might occur at any moment, from disease of the heart."

They stooped to raise the lifeless form, already growing rigid in the coldness of death.

As Eggleston, assisted by two others, bore the body from the box to the carriage, Malvern turned suddenly to Mrs. Eggleston.

"What is this?"

And as he spoke he held up a long, needle-like stiletto, glistening with blood.

She uttered a sharp cry, and sprang forward to snatch it from his grasp.

At that moment she saw her husband approaching, and looked at Malvern with appealing eyes.

"We have taken poor Gifford to the hotel," said Eggleston, to his wife, "and now we will go home. This has been a terrible shock to you, Gabrielle. You look frightened and pale."

"Captain Malvern will accompany us," replied Gabrielle. "I have an explanation to make, and the sooner it is done, the better."

Captain Malvern, obeying the gesture with which she motioned him forward, followed them to the carriage.

In silence they entered it, and in silence drove through the streets, until they reached the residence of Eggleston.

"Come, Gabrielle," said her husband.

But there was no response from the muffled figure in the corner.

"Poor child! she has fallen asleep with fatigue," he said.

And he leaned forward and attempted to lift her from the carriage in his arms; but as he did so his hand touched her cheek, and he staggered back with a loud cry.

Gabrielle was dead.

Her husband supposed that she died from the shock caused by the exciting and fearful events of the night; and Malvern never undeceived him.

He, however, in examining the corpse of Gifford, found a small, livid blue spot directly under his left ear, which was evidently caused by a puncture from some small, sharp instrument.

This mark, which the physicians, in their examination, had overlooked, he had no doubt was caused by the slender stiletto he had picked up from the floor; and this belief was confirmed by the fact subsequently ascertained—that the lady and accomplished wife of Lloyd Eggleston was none other than the notorious Gabrielle Gifford.

A FOUR-FOOTED THIEF.

THE Paris *Figaro* says: "On Friday a new kind of robber was arrested not far from a hatter's, and holding a hat between his teeth. When efforts were made to take the hat away, he stood on the defensive, and there was a fight, which ended very badly for the hat. The thief was a dog. His master, who has not yet been found, had taught him to bring home goods to him for sale, and the hatter accuses him of having carried off no less than six hats within a week."

TRAVELER'S TREE.

NATURE seems always to struggle against the adverse circumstances of soil and climate, giving from the sandy soil the most juicy plants. A singular instance of this kindly intervention of our great mother, is seen in our illustration of the *Urania Speciosa*, or, as it has been not inaptly called, from the boon it confers on the wearied wayfarer, the Traveler's Tree. Ellis, in his travels in Madagascar, gives the fullest account.

The tree resembles the plantain of the West Indies, or

the larger strelitzia, in its thick, succulent stem. This often rises to the height of thirty feet before it leafs out; branches it has none. These leaves, magnificent in their size, less fragile than the plantain, rise in lines on opposite sides, and spread out to the length of six or eight feet, with a breadth near the trunk of four or six feet. With such leaves, nature is, of course, economical, and counting the leaves upon a tree, generally synonymous with impossibility, and so used by Anacreon in the ode where he replies to the question how many fair maids he loved, here becomes a matter of easy calculation. There are generally twenty or twenty-four on a tree. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup in which gathers a sweet, cool, refreshing water, for the nourishment of the tree, and the relief of man, but the traveler need not ascend to drain this cup. The native takes his spear, and plunges it a few inches into the thick stem of the leaf about half a foot from the trunk, and holding a pitcher under it, receives a quart of the precious liquid, cheered and refreshed by which, he pursues his way.

DOLLY.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Chapter I.

"DON'T forget to run over to Lee's in the morning, Dolly; I must have cream for the butter this week."

"I'll remember it, mother; you shall have your cream by seven, at the latest;" and a pair of beautiful lips touched the wrinkled cheeks of Dame Baxter, as the young girl gave the good-night kiss. The elder woman sat rocking to and fro in the chair, long after the girl had left her, placid and smiling.

"Where's Dolly?" asked the farmer, coming in from town-meeting, just as the clock in the corner was striking ten.

"Gone to bed, David. She looked tired, as well she might—at the ironing-board half the day. She's a dear, good child, and, David, I've been thinking to-night we brought a blessing on the house when we took her."

"Well, yes; the gal's a good gal," responded the hard-handed old farmer, laboriously divesting himself of his boots; "a leetle too Frenchified, perhaps, for a gal in her station, but—well, I'd hate mightily to miss her pretty face, that's a fact."

"Frenchified! I think you're hard on her, David. I'm sure we can't complain at the way she has of fixing things. Don't this old living-room look prettier than many a parlor in the town? The child has made the windows like bowers, with her birds and hanging-baskets, and the pretty things she knits in red and white wool. The very frames of the pictures, the little comforts and fancies all about, tell of her dear, warm love for home and us. It's glad I am that she takes to such things, and, for all her work and busy ways from morning till night, keeps herself like a lady. Look what little expense she's been to us! What she'll do with a bit of calico! It grows under her fingers as bright and tasteful as if it was the choicest silk. And what if she has a liking for studying French? Isn't her butter just as sweet? One don't see her dawdling round with a novel in her hand. The minister says he never saw such a one for study. 'She knows more now, Mrs. Baxter,' says he, 'than many a girl whose life has been spent in boarding-schools.' What she learns she learns thorough; 'tain't many that has such gifts would knuckle down to hard work."

All this time, while the good dame was talking herself hoarse, the farmer had been deliberately filling his pipe. He stooped for a coal, and his eyes twinkled as he said, lighting the brown, powdery particles:

"Well, ye've had it out now, haven't ye, Becky? But, bless my soul! I don't complain of the lass—not I. It only seems odd-like that she should have such tastes and notions so far above we farmer people. Don't think I'm finding fault with Dolly. The lass's a'most as dear as my own—quite, maybe, as, having had no girl, I can't say—and as handsome as a picter in the bargain. Sometimes I think we may be spoiling her a bit. There's none here now 'mong the men folks but ordinar', hard-working people, and it seems as if Dolly should have a minister or a lawyer, or some such. Now, you know the doctor is fifty odd, and though he has an eye on her, Dolly mustn't marry her grandfather. I'm sort o' puzzled, sometimes, to know what sort of a match the gal will make. She won't do for a poor man's wife, with her French and Latin and embroidery, and nice tastes and ways. She's a deal too delicate for that."

"I don't believe the child will marry anybody," spoke up Mrs. Baxter.

"Nonsense!" laughed her husband.

"But she's not a bit silly, like other girls—you know that, David; a bright, pretty child, without any odd, foolish notions. I'd be loath to part with her to anybody."

The farmer sat and smoked and thought. The one great disappointment of his life had been the loss of his only child—a boy; a loss that no girl, be she ever so beautiful and wise, could make up to him, he often said.

And while the little foundling had won an instantaneous victory over the comely wife of Farmer Baxter, the hard-featured man had shaken his head, and long withstood the gentle pleadings of the motherly heart.

"I'm sure, David, she will bring a blessing," was dinned into his patient ears so often that, at last, he said:

"Take her, Becky, for the Lord's sake, whether the blessing come or no!"

The memory of those words stung him, sometimes, as the little creature went about the house like a ray of sunshine, singing, working, in her baby willingness; loving everything, everybody that ministered to her; talking or moving with quaint, old-fashioned grace; always brightening what she touched; even creeping into David's locked-up heart, wherever she could find a crevice. And yet he prided himself on keeping the innermost shrine of that heart sacred to the one great love of his life—not love, so much as worship, had it been; and so sometimes his words and manner seemed cold to the beautiful girl.

Beautiful she was, as a sculptor's dream: her complexion pale, yet warm; her eyes dark and bright, with a sort of vailed splendor; the contour of her figure perfect.

"Not in the least like a country girl," said the Graftoners; while strangers wondered if that delicate, *spirituelle* creature could possibly belong to those old-fashioned people.

Dolly—that was her home-name, her real name was Estelle—possessed one other attraction—a rich, musical, contralto voice, which had been trained a little by the village authority in musical matters. It was a voice capable of great things, and often brought tears to the eyes of the home folks when she sang for the church concerts that were given sometimes during the Winter.

So Dolly was a general favorite. Everybody loved her—even the young girls, who looked up to her as a superior being. And woe to that jealous or narrow soul who dared

to hint that, after all, she was only a foundling—that her mother had died in the poorhouse, and nobody could tell who her father was.

All of which was quite true. A stranger, footsore, ill and penniless, had come to the quiet village twelve years before. No one ever could learn who she was, or whence she had come; but it was evident, by her manners and appearance, that she had been accustomed to refinement. Nor would she give any clue to her identity, or speak of her antecedents. When they asked her the child's name, she only answered them, "Call her Estelle"; and soon after, she died.

The name suited neither the farmer nor his wife, and so they called her Dolly from the first.

She was a very happy creature, was Dolly—always stirring and singing, and very careful and tender of her adopted mother, whom she loved devotedly.

Of the farmer she had been, from the first, a trifle afraid—perhaps more on account of a certain austerity of manner which had become engrafted upon his real kindness of nature, than because she felt herself a foreign scion on the family tree.

Still, she knew he loved her, if he did not fully appreciate her efforts to make of herself the most that was possible in all attainments of learning that were accessible to her, and in the accomplishments of the day.

Music was a passion with her.

"Perhaps I shall have a piano when I am married," she said, sometimes, with a little sigh; "and I shall never be too old to learn."

TRAVELER'S TREE.—SEE PAGE 86.

Chapter II.

Dolly rose joyously in the dawn of the early morning, ever after to be so memorable, to go over to Ham Lee's farm for cream. A shower of dew came in as she raised the window and shook a cluster of sweetbriar-roses that crowded against the casements. How fragrant and beautiful they were, their tendril fingers clinging to the pane!—as beautiful, Dolly thought, as if they had been just created, and God had poured into their veins for the first time the subtle perfume that makes them sweeter than all other flowers.

The sun was slowly reddening the east as she stepped out, with a light heart; a warm, mild breeze heralded its rising. The fields were glorious in their early shadows; softer for the tender, pearly mist that draped the hedges and the trees.

Dolly sang to herself a pretty little air as she walked. In the distance sounded a prolonged, clear whistle, to the left. Dolly was nearing the track, which lay between the great farm of Ham Lee and the rough little depot. The gleaming lines of steel, from where she stood, looked like threads of rivers; all manner of vines clung to the opposite banks, which were very steep and bright, where they could be seen for the greenery, with streaks of yellow and crimson, where gullies were worn by the dashing Spring rains.

Fully six feet below was the track. Flights of steps led from the meadow to the farm opposite. This was the short cut to the great farm, and Dolly always experienced a

DOLLY.—"SHE OFFERED HIM THE DRINK HE REQUIRED WITH ALACRITY. 'I FIND YOU MUST STEADY MY HEAD FOR ME; I CANNOT RISE WITHOUT,' SAID THE INVALID."—SEE PAGE 87.

pleasurable and curious excitement in going this way, especially when the trains were expected from east or west. She paused now, leaning against the rail and looking thoughtfully down.

The motion of the ground beneath her feet gave indication of the nearing engine. A low, thundering sound trembled in the air. It had never seemed so continuous before —appearing to the girl to come from all points of the compass at once.

Still she watched and waited. She loved to see the long train rush by, with its wonderful human freight. To be sure, the faces and the forms were all blended indistinctly; but then it pleased the girl to think of them—to wonder where they were going—to fancy the motives, wishes, employments, friendships, loves, but seldom the sorrows, of the flying multitudes.

They were coming now. Such a roar smote her ears as made her involuntarily put up her hands to shield them. The air was hot, and full of smoke; a sort of red glare pervaded the atmosphere. Had heaven and earth come together? for suddenly the day was darkened, and, before she could move, cry, or even think, two mighty engines rushed into each other, rearing and snorting: one, with a leap like that of some furious beast, plunged through the opposite train, scattering death and fire, and the fragments of many a quivering frame.

There was a mingling of hissing steam, shouts, shrieks, and crashings—all the awful accompaniments of a collision; and Dolly, with death-white face and staring eye-balls, glaring wildly at the scene—at the outpouring of those who had not been injured—at the chaos of ruin to life, limb and machinery—stood gasping and choking, holding to the rail like one clutching at safety in the midst of threatening peril.

The blinding glare of fire confused her senses. She was dimly conscious of persons coming up the steps on her side; of some one speaking, who, she presently observed, was no other than old Doctor Ingalls, who was trying to explain how the accident came to pass.

Gradually the mist seemed to clear from her brain; the terrible sounds died away. She became conscious that several men stood near, holding a rudely extemporized stretcher, on which laid the body of a man.

"My dear Miss Baxter! So astonished to see you here! Terrible sight!—fearful shock, this accident! And here's a poor fellow badly injured—quite insensible. I suppose we must send him to the poorhouse—almost too far off, too —but Farmer Lee is full——"

"Oh, take him home!" cried Dolly, as soon as she could speak. "Lose no time! I am sure mother would say yes. He shall have my room. Don't take him to the poorhouse, doctor!" she added, with a shudder; "we will all do our best for him—we will, indeed!"

The tears were falling slowly over her pale cheeks, her hands were clasped.

"Pretty creature!" thought the doctor, with a glance of admiration; and maybe he wished himself younger.

"Are any killed?" asked Dolly.

"I am sorry to say yes—five or six lie down there by the depot, dead. More than a score are wounded. It was deplorable carelessness—criminal inattention. But you had better not stay, Miss Baxter; you look faint and ill."

By this time the men were on their way to Farmer Baxter's, and the doctor went back to the scene of the accident.

Chapter III.

It was very quiet now, after the terror and confusion of the day were over. People had been going and coming at the Cut since early morning, and many a gossip had called in at Farmer Baxter's to talk about the accident.

The wounded man had been tenderly cared for, and now slept the sleep of utter exhaustion on Dolly's snow-white bed. It had been found necessary to amputate the left hand; beyond that, and the shock to his system, it was thought no further injuries had been received.

No one was in the sick-room now but Dolly. Twilight had faded into dusk; the moon shone brightly, making the light of the lamp in the far corner quite superfluous. The girl had been for some time intently studying the face before her—a face more striking for its intellectual expression than for regularity of feature. The prominent forehead, so clear and pale by contrast with the heavy brown locks that were pushed carelessly away from it; the straight brows, shapely outlines of the features, graceful beard and finely, firmly curved lips, were suggestive of a new kind of manly beauty, very different from what she had been accustomed to see in the men who composed the society of Grafton.

At times she fancied she could trace a likeness to some one she had known or met in the past; but that was unlikely. Could she have dreamed of meeting his counterpart?

A tender pity filled her heart as she watched him and noted the brows contracted as with sharp pain, and thought of the anguish of those who loved him.

Mother Baxter came in, her honest face aglow with sympathy.

"Asleep, ain't he, poor boy? How pale he is! P'r'aps he'll be able to talk to-morrow, and tell us who he is. Not used to hard work," she added, keenly inspecting the hand that lay outside the coverlet, upon whose third finger sparkled an amethyst-ring. "What white fingers, eh, Dolly darling! just like a girl's, only larger. He's some gentleman's son, you be sure—handsome, too!"

Dolly flushed a little, and withdrew her eyes from the stranger's face, fastening them with intent and curious scrutiny upon the face of Mrs. Baxter. All at once the conviction flashed upon her that there was the likeness in the woman's rather massive features, the same broad forehead, well-cut lips, high nose and square chin.

"Oh, how my heart goes out to one like him!" said the woman, in a lower voice. "Didn't we dream, both of us, that we'd live to see our boy something like that—something to be proud of? A happy woman must his mother be—a happy, happy woman, only to have him spared to her."

She drew her hand over her eyes. She could not speak even now, of that lost without emotion. Dolly rose and went to her, and flung her arms over her neck.

"Don't grieve, mother," she said, softly; "let me comfort you."

"You do—you always have been a great comfort to me, Dolly darling. You've been like an angel in the old house. God sent you to make up for *his* loss—and yet it all seems so mysterious. See, Dolly, he's stirring. Poor lad! with his hand gone. It couldn't be helped; but, Dolly, I felt as if I'd give my own—my right one, too, to save his."

Dolly sat down again as her mother left the room, to muse and dream, and now and then gaze on the face so white and noble.

Then she moved from the foot to the side of the bed, thrilled with this her first ministration in the sick-room, and feeling her capability to her fingers' ends. At her side was a small, square table, on which stood some vials and a goblet.

A pair of crumpled linen cuffs attracted her attention. In them, intact, was a pair of broad gold sleeve-studs. Dolly

removed the studs, and carried them to the light, which revealed upon their surface the initials, D. H. B.

Dolly started; an expression of incredulity passed over her features. Again she examined them. Yes, there were the letters so familiar to her. She had seen them every day in the week in fact, for were they not worked in old-fashioned sampler-stitch on every piece of household linen in the possession of David Baxter; the good woman was one of those primitive housewives, whose ambition it was to keep up the simple practices and accomplishments of the times of her youth; hence the often-recurring letters in tent-stitch, over which Dolly's iron passed once every week.

"How odd! What a strange coincidence! D. H. B—David Hadley Baxter—what could it mean?" queried Dolly, wonderingly.

Suddenly her visionary thoughts took flight, as, looking up, she encountered the gaze of her patient. It was with some embarrassment that she stepped back to her old position, under the scrutiny of those earnest eyes, and glad that his voice broke the spell at last.

"Some water, please."

She offered him the drink he required with alacrity.

"I find you must steady my head for me; I cannot rise without."

She passed an arm back of his shoulders, and he drank, as, with her assistance, he lifted himself.

"Thank you. I hope it has not inconvenienced you. Will you kindly tell me where I am?"

"With Mr. Baxter—a farmer in the town of Grafton."

"Grafton?—I don't know the name," he murmured, drowsily. "Was anything saved—my books, my valise—do you know?"

"We have seen nothing of either books or valise," she answered.

"Then they are gone; it don't matter. Would you do me a little service?"

Dolly testified her willingness.

"I should like a message sent to N——, if it is not too much trouble."

Dolly wrote hastily after his dictation.

"The direction is 'Armitage & Co., Water Street, S. E.'" he said, after the message had been prepared.

Then she heard him murmur, as he turned his face to the wall:

"A cripple for life—for life!"

The hot tears stood in her eyes as she hastened downstairs to send the telegram to the nearest station.

For two days Dolly kept her post at his bedside, nursed him, read to him—her rich tones filling his ear, her beauty a continual wonder to him, her gentle touch, and thoughtful, womanly ways, soothing and delighting him.

Chapter IV.

In due course of time an answer came to the message. One day the old station-carriage drove up to the door, and Pete White, the superannuated coachman, let down the steps with unusual alacrity and much obsequiousness of manner.

The portly, well-dressed woman who entered announced herself as the mother of the wounded man.

Dolly, wondering at her quiet demeanor, led her to the door of the sick-room, and softly retraced her steps to where Dame Baxter sat, picking up the stitches she had dropped in her agitation. Seating herself on her own particular footstool, she watched the trembling fingers.

"A queer mother, she," said the dame. "I should have rushed in; I couldn't a-spoken, my heart would be that flutterin'. Why, my dear, what kind o' bodies be these city folk?"

"They are more quiet—it's their fashion," said Dolly. "She has a kind face, though not in the least like his," and she looked curiously and critically at the lovely dark eyes of gentle Mrs. Baxter. "Mother," she said, softly, after a moment of silence, "I want you to tell me a story."

"Me! tell you a story! My senses! what is the child thinking of! I never knew a story to tell in all my life—not even out of 'Mother Goose.'"

"Ah! but there is a story. Once before I asked you for it, and you said, 'Some time I will tell you.' Do you remember?"

The dame's hands fell to her lap, and the great ball of yarn traveled to the door with lightning speed.

"Ah! yes, yes—I know," she said, softly, and then shook her head..

"But indeed you must, mother. I claim your promise. I have a reason for it. And, besides, it happened so many years ago."

"Many weary years—yes, child; but the sorrow is as fresh to-day, almost, as it ever was. The sight of the poor lad up-stairs"—her lips quivered, but she controlled the rising emotion. "Almost twenty years," she said, with a far-off look—"yes, almost twenty years. We were so happy with him! He came within a twelvemonth, and things went prosperous with us, and then David's mother left him a little money. Sometimes I think that was the beginning of the trouble. Then came the quarrel—our first quarrel. Yes, yes"—her eyes grew dim—"and such a terrible judgment it brought! We've never dared to differ since. I was most to blame, no doubt, though he says not."

She dallied with her needles, while Dolly pulled the yarn-ball slowly back.

"We were seven years married then, you see, and Davy was six years old. Oh, I can't tell you what he was to me—to us—for his father justly worshiped him! We'd sold the mother's farm, and got a goodish bit of money; and then, as David's brother wrote him to come to America, we made up our minds to go. I haven't told you that I was a Manchester lass. I never love to think of the old town now. It be ever associated with the memory of *that*—but we came from Manchester, and it was on our way to Liverpool that we had the quarrel.

"Sure, it bore bitter fruit. David was a hot temper, and I wasn't far behind him, so he took one part of the car with the boy, and I another. After that the seats filled up, and there I sat, too proud even to look around, nursing that beastly anger, and almost hating the man who was taking me from home and all I loved, though I started with him willingly. Well, darling, I fell to sleep at last, and the day wore on, and the cars stopped, and by that time my heart was hungry enough for my man and boy.

"'I'll forgive it all, and own up,' I said, peering about in the noise and confusion of the great, smoky station. And then David came for me, sort o' stupid like, and when he asked, 'Where's the boy?' I thought my feet would go from under me, for all my strength gave out. Our boy! our six-year-old Davy! Great Heaven! will I ever forget the feeling that came over me?

"'You took him with you, David,' said I, thinking he might be trying to frighten me for my wickedness.

"'But I sent him back to you when I got out at a place, three hours ago,' says he.

"Then I cried out for God to have mercy on me. I'd gone to sleep before that, and never laid eyes on the bairn. The dear boy must a-followed his father, or maybe some woman he thought was me, and in the crowd and confusion—for a-many got in and out o' that place, Davy said—he

was lost sight of. And, besides that, Davy owned that he'd drinked a bit—he that never could bear the smallest sip o' liquor.

"Ah, my dear, it was a sad business all around! Well, Dolly, it's no use trying to tell you what happened after. If you could have seen us, going like wild things through the long train in hopes to find him somewhere; begging of everybody, gentle and simple, to give us tidings; then out into the great station, frantic with the terror, at times seeing a little child and finding its face so strange!

"They pitied us, even the rough stokers and the enginemen, and they telegraphed all along the station. Oh, God! I'll never forget that anguish. It was burned into my brain, it turned my hair white, and David's too.

"Well, there's nothing more to tell, you see;" and two hot tears fell on Dolly's hands. "We found a shelter for that night, but there was no sleep for us. David went back in the morning; all along the line he went, and, though it was a fast train, 'twas all the same to him as though he rode behind a hearse. Still no tidings—and tidings we never had!

"We spent enough money in telegraphing and advertising to buy a good farm in this country, and that's what kept David poor. David has been very tender o' me since then, and me of him; for how could one reproach the other? But, oh, hasn't my heart been hungry for my poor boy! Dear lass, sometimes the sweet face, the great, dark eyes, the tangled curls of yellow hair—not tow-like, but pure golden—come in my dreams, and it do seem like heaven till the waking comes; then I'm miserable, and my pillow is fair wet wi' my tears."

She had taken up the knitting again, and the tremulous mouth and heavy lashes went to Dolly's heart.

"And did you ever think you should find him again?" whispered Dolly, falteringly.

"Yes, dear; I'm always thinking of that. I've never given over hoping—I never shall. There's been no prayer offered, night or morning, for over twenty years, that hasn't had his name in it. Even if David and I live to the three score allotted to man, it seems to me that then, afore I die, God'll bring him to me in some way. I never will give up thinking that—I will believe in His mercy. I'll never let go the promise. Yes, it comes to me often and often that I'll see my laddie again, some time."

Dolly rose and laid the palms of her cool hands over the dame's forehead, then she stooped and kissed her; but she could scarcely say good-night as she left the room. She wanted to get away by herself and think. In the then excited state of her mother, she dared not whisper her surmises—her great hopes. If it should be, then Dolly wanted no greater happiness; for had she not brought him here?

Chapter V.

"Why, bless your heart, no! he's not our own son, though that makes no difference in our feelings; certainly not. We adopted him, and we're very proud of him. Poor boy! it might have been worse, though; but, dear me, it's very sad! He will have to go through life with only one hand. What will Ida say, I wonder?"

These were the rather commonplace remarks of Mrs. Armitage. She had yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Baxter to take a cup of tea, to which were added delicious honey and bread of the whitest.

"That's a very pretty daughter of yours," she added; "a very refined and sweet little body—and a dear, old-fashioned name, Dolly."

"That was my mother's name—English, you know."

"What! you came from England? So did I; my father was one of the oldest Perthshire merchants. We were on our way to this country when we found our boy. It was in forty-nine."

"Forty-nine!" gasped Dame Baxter, a singular pallor overspreading her face.

"Yes; I might have known you were English, and——"

"But the child—the boy!" interrupted Dame Baxter.

"Well, we found him in the station, or, rather, while we were waiting for a carriage; for we had got off near one of the country towns, and expected my sister, who lived there, to send a carriage for us. My husband thought the boy must have been left behind some way, through accident,

ANY SACRIFICE FOR THE SAKE OF STYLE.

Brother Charlie.—"*Maria wants you to kill an' stuff Major, an' send him home to trim her hat with.*"

but, bless you! I never did. He was put off, probably, from some second or third-class carriage; for, though we advertised, no one ever claimed him, and my sister had no sooner set eyes on the child than she wanted him. He was very pretty, with bright hair and eyes. He came into my possession through the death of my sister, and we were very glad to take him, being well enough off, and having no children. Still, he knows he don't belong to us, of course; and do you believe that, since he has learned the initials that were marked on his clothing, he will have no others! Yes, it's exceedingly curious of him. And it is one of his dearest hopes that he shall go to England some day, and search for his parents. I tell him that is simply preposterous, and even if he should find them, he may be ashamed of them. Better let well enough alone—they might be poor, miserable creatures; but he doesn't seem to care, only laughs, and asks us if he looks as if he came of such stock. We have always called him Davy, but—good heavens! madame, what is the matter? The woman is in a fit."

Dame Baxter's head had dropped forward, her eyes seemed fixed, her features rigid.

Mrs. Armitage looked round for a bell, but finding none, she flew to the foot of the staircase, and called Dolly with all her might.

That night Dame Baxter was very ill, lying in a state of coma; it was only with the dawning of the day that she became conscious.

Dolly was bending over her when, for the first time, she opened her eyes consciously.

"What did you say, dear?" she asked, pale with watching and grief, as she held her ear to the trembling lips.

"My little Davy!—tell father I have found him. I knew Heaven would send him to me some time. Pray for me that my faith fail not. I want to bless my boy!"

"Mother, is it—is it the man up-stairs?" whispered Dolly, awe-struck.

"Yes, darling. I heard the whole story yesterday, and the joy had like to kill me! But, please God, I won't die yet. And to think you brought him! 'David,' I said to father, 'didn't I tell you she'd bring a blessing to the house?' My pretty little Davy, with his golden hair!"

"But, mother, dear, are you wandering? He is not little Davy; he is a man grown," said Dolly, clasping her hands tightly, as if to quiet the too rapid pulses.

SEAL-HUNTING.—SEE PAGE 95.

"It don't matter, Dolly; he's my little Davy to me." Then, in a fainter voice: "I wonder what he would say if he knew it?"

"He will say he is very glad," said Dolly, in a whisper. "I know he will, for he has been telling me his history. We have become very well acquainted, and he has always been anxious to find his parents, and give the love of his loyal heart to them. It is loyal—it is good. You may be proud of him!"

"So he has been telling you about himself?"

"Yes—how he had been cared for and blessed with loving friends, and"—her voice trembled a little—"he is engaged to be married, to a very rich and beautiful girl—a proud girl, who, perhaps—but no, I will not think it of

her," she added, her soft eyes shining with unwonted fire. "Suppose he does come of humble lineage, while she boasts of patrician blood; he still has the same noble manhood." She paused till her voice grew steady. "Mother, she is coming here to-morrow. Please God, you will see your son's future bride to-morrow."

The rich voice faltered, and she turned suddenly from the searching eyes that seemed reading her soul.

"Well, mother!" cried Dolly, the next day, as Dame Baxter came down-stairs in all the glory of her gray silk dress and best cap, with white ribbons that fluttered at every step.

"Oh, my darling, I'm so happy!" and the overjoyed woman leaned on the protecting arm held out for her guidance. "He is my own Davy! He loves us both, already. And father, he couldn't stand it—to hear *his* voice calling him *that* name! for he hadn't any hope—I held him up with mine. It's almost too much joy! And to think he remembered the little blue box full of geraniums, and the window in the old cottage that opened like a door, and the speckled hen—think of that! Such a strong, handsome lad, too—so cheerful and winsome. Learned, too," she continued. "Ah, we'd never 'a' done that much for him, maybe. It's God's hand; it's all His love and mercy. And now, he says, he's got two mothers. I'm not a bit jealous, Dolly—not a bit, no, no! I won't be selfish in this great mercy, though she's had him and loved him so long."

An interruption came, in the shape of the old depot-carriage, and Dolly herself went to the door to do the honors.

A graceful, sylph-like figure, dressed in soft, rich fabrics, with a face that could not be looked at without a thrill of admiration, was just alighting. Daintily she held her train from the unpaved walk. She was accompanied by a young man whose face was very like her own—her cousin, in fact. He stood at the door as she reached it.

"You won't mind sitting in the carriage, Harry? as you don't want to squire me in," she said, laughing. "Mercy me! what a primitive spot! What sort of people do you suppose live here? How uncomfortable the poor fellow must be, in this dreary place. Ah!"

She glanced up in some surprise.

Harry as instantaneously lifted his hat, as he caught sight of the lovely home-vision in the vine-covered porch.

"You are Miss Ida Palfrey? We have been expecting you," said Dolly, as she ushered the high-bred young lady into the simply furnished living room.

Miss Palfrey graciously smiled; seemed a little taken aback by the pleasant interior, where books, birds and flowers had their appropriate places; and, with quickened breath, was led up-stairs into the cool, pleasant front room.

"Oh, mother, isn't she lovely!" Dolly exclaimed; "so tall and grand-looking! I felt like a pygmy beside her. Everything she has on is so exquisitely finished. And her manner, too!"

"Just what didn't please me, darling. I didn't like her way of looking round. Believe me, she's no wife for my Davy—I feel it in my bones. When she knows all—and he's not the lad to hide aught——"

"Never mind, mother dear; if only she loves him—you should have seen his face as she went in—she cannot, she will not, fail him."

Then followed a long silence. Dolly was putting hard questions to herself. She sat with bowed head and closely clasped fingers; while Harry, sitting in the crazy old carriage, stood on tiptoe to get another glance at her, and wished he had gone in.

"Yes," she mused, "she is certainly very beautiful and graceful and fashionable. She will be my sister; she will be his wife—*his* wife."

The girl turned away, as coming footsteps denoted that the interview was over.

Miss Palfrey came slowly into the room. She seemed agitated, and through the gauzy vail which she had drawn down, her eyes looked red and troubled.

She scarcely spoke as she passed Dolly and her mother—only bowed, with a movement of the lips that might have meant good-by, or anything.

Dolly and her mother sat gazing at each other.

"There's something wrong," said Mrs. Baxter, shaking her head as she spoke. "The lass that marries my boy must respect me more than that. There's *his* bell, Dolly, darling; go up and see, for I couldn't."

Dolly went up with slower steps than usual.

David was looking eagerly at the door as she entered, and so little like a disappointed man that Dolly said to herself:

"It is all right."

And yet, as she drew nearer, she could see that his face was paler, and a certain forced composure made his voice sound strange.

"My little friend and sister," he said, "this has been a wonderful day. I find myself suddenly thrown upon myself—all props taken away—my whole life changed, in a measure. I find my parents honest, upright people, and I am proud of them. I find in my sister a lovable, beautiful girl—has no one ever told you that before, little one? And something else I have learned"—his tones grew harsh—"happily, before it is too late—the falseness and hollowness of the heart I thought refined and noble and true. I spoke to you yesterday, as a brother to a sister, of my engagement. I tell you to-day, in the same brotherly confidence, that the engagement is broken. She cannot unite her fate with one who has fallen from the high estate of riches and worldly honor, as she deems it. What do you think she asked of me? To renounce these dear people—to renounce you all. I laughed in her face. Nature is not so niggard of faith and honor and love. She stood before me as a tempter, bribing me to be false to myself. I gave her back the ring I wore, she gave me one I put upon her finger a few days ago, Do you like diamonds, Dolly? You shall wear this. Hold out your finger."

"No, no! I cannot—you must not," faltered Dolly, feeling like a criminal, not knowing what to say.

"You are right—diamonds for such as she," he laughed; "the pearls of sweet affection and duty for such as you Now read to me, darling."

His caressing voice made her heart leap. As she sat there, that quiet Summer day, not caring to analyze her feelings—he listening, with closed eyes, to the rich voice which was such a rare delight—she felt strangely happy. It was, after all, very sweet to be a sister to him.

"Never mind, mother," he said, some days later, as, sitting at the window, framed in with sweet-brier roses, the good woman was condoling with him; "don't fancy it makes me unhappy to give up what, after all, was really not mine by right. I shall get on famously, and make a better lawyer, having only my good right hand to depend upon. I think as much again of it, now it has no mate. And with you, and such a sister as Dolly darling! Why, mother," he added, with sudden enthusiasm, "my sister is the loveliest girl I ever saw, and sweet and innocent as beautiful! Her voice is music itself!"

"We have always called her Dolly," said Dame Baxter, with slower speech, "but her real name is Stella—her father thought that too fanciful."

A slight pause, then she spoke again.

"And Dolly is *not* your sister, my dear."

"Not my sister!" He half rises, the red glow in his cheeks creeping to his forehead. "For Heaven's sake, mother, what do you mean?"

And then, in a low, murmurous voice, his mother tells her second story—she who had none to tell, not even out of "Mother Goose." And he listened, his far-off glance resting on the opposite hills, and a sweetness and tenderness distilling into his soul, thrilling all his pulses, such as he had never felt before.

"I shall always call her Dolly," he murmured, so softly that his mother did not catch the words.

So he told Dolly himself, that very evening, with such thrills of happiness, such tenderness of emotion, that his voice trembled and his eyes were full of joyful tears. And she—ah! she had never looked for such an avowal from those lips.

His low-whispered "I love you, Dolly, I love you. At last I know what true love is, thank God!" gave a delicacy to her silent acquiescence that eclipsed all the graces of Miss Ida Palfrey.

So Dolly darling found the blessing she had vaguely wished for—the love of a true and noble man, the blessing she had brought to the house.

SEAL-HUNTING.

THE Greenland Esquimaux, whose icebound fatherland affords no food but berries, is obliged to look to the sea for his subsistence; and the seal plays as important a part in his humble existence as the reindeer among the Laplanders or the camel among the Bedouins of the desert. Its flesh and fat form his principal food; from its skin he makes his boat, his tent, his dress; from its sinews and bones, his thread and needles, his fishing-line and his bow-strings. Thus on the frozen confines of the Polar Sea, as in many other parts of the world, we find the existence of man almost entirely depending upon that of a single class of animals.

But the Bedouin who tends the patient dromedary, or the Laplander who feeds on the flesh and milk of the domesticated reindeer, enjoys an easy life when compared to the Esquimaux, who, to satisfy the cravings of his sharp appetite, is, in all seasons, obliged to brave all the perils of the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he waits patiently for hours in the cold fog until a seal rises to the surface, or else he warily approaches a herd basking or sleeping on the ice-blocks—for the least noise awakens the watchful animals. Sometimes he has recourse to stratagem, covers himself with a sealskin, and, imitating the movements and gestures of the deceived phocæ, introduces himself into the midst of the unsuspecting troop.

We read in the "Odyssey" how the "dark-featured hero," Menelaus, deigned to conceal his royal limbs under a fresh sealskin in order to surprise Proteus, the infallible seer; and what sufferings his olfactory organs underwent from the

"Unsavory stench of oil and brackish ooze,"

until the fair sea-nymph Eidothea, whom the gallant chief implored in his distress,

"With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restored."

Fortunately for the Esquimaux, his nose is less sensitive than that of the son of Atreus, and, without ambrosia, he willingly dons a disguise which affords his unsophisticated taste the pleasure of a theatrical entertainment combined with the profit of a savory prize.

Physical strength, dexterity, caution, quickness of eye and acuteness of hearing, are the indispensable qualities of the Esquimaux, and require to be exercised and developed from his tenderest years. The boy of fifteen must be as perfect a seal-catcher as his father, and be able to make all the instruments necessary for the chase. In these inhospitable regions every one is obliged to rely upon himself alone; there, where all the powers of the body and mind are tasked to the utmost for the mere sustenance of life, weakness and want of dexterity must inevitably succumb.

Besides the savages of the North, the civilized nations also give chase to the seals, or, rather wage a barbarous war of extermination against these helpless creatures. On the Labrador coast and some parts of the Pacific, there are spots well known as resorts of the seal, and seal-shooting here partakes more of the nature of genuine sport.

The seal-hunter must be well and warmly clad, and have no part of his dress liable to flutter in the wind, as the seals have grown very shy, and easily take alarm. The hunters prostrate themselves on the beach, within range of the rocks frequented by the seals, and wait patiently for them to appear and present a fair shot.

When the weather is cold and the air from the sea keen, it requires nerve, patience, and endurance; but the game is worth it. When a good shot can be had, the rifle does the work, and the light boat kept close at hand is at once pushed out to secure the prize. Then that spot is left for a time, till the frightened creatures, reassured by the silence around, return to their haunt and again offer a mark to man's destructive missiles.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.

THE latest story of horse intelligence comes from Bangor, and is told as follows: Mr. W. H. Pritchard has in his stable a grain-chest which locks with a spring. The boy who takes care of the horse always pounds the spring to raise the lid. One morning recently Mr. Pritchard heard a loud thumping in the stable, and, on going out, found the horse imitating the boy by pounding with his fore-foot the top of the grain-chest lid, endeavoring to get it open.

The knowing animal was returned to his stall, and received an extra quantity of oats for his endeavors.

THE BUFFALO FERRY ON THE TIGRIS.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF TRAVEL BY AUGUST LOCHER.

THE common or domestic buffalo (*Bos Bubalus*), also known as water-buffalo, is an animal of the ox tribe, originally indigenous to the East Indies only, but thence early introduced in Persia, Egypt, North Africa, and, about the end of the sixth century of the Christian Era, even in Greece and Italy, in which latter country it thrives now best in the pestilential Pontine marshes (the southern portion of the well-known "Campagna di Roma"), and the still more notorious swamps of the "Maremma," in the province of Tuscany, on account of its peculiar predilection for stagnant water and the rank, coarse herbage of marshy soil.

The buffalo, though not as high in stature as the domestic ox, is considerably heavier built and clumsier than the latter. Its legs are shorter and stouter, its head is larger in proportion, its back much broader—in fact, its entire form more angular, and unsightly than that of the ox, and its homely outlines are by no means enhanced by the thick,

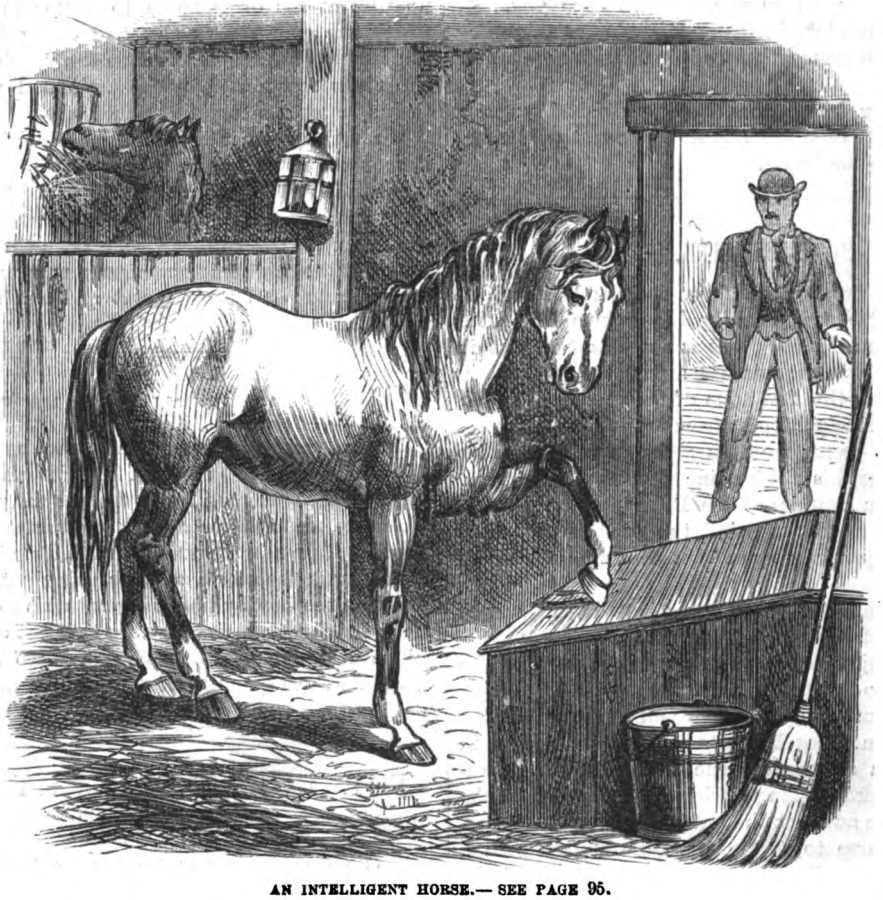
black, india-rubber-like hide, which is tightly stretched over its body, and, like that of the elephant, very sparsely covered with coarse, black or dark-brown hair, rather bristly and tufty on the forehead, ears and knees, but less coarse along the back, dewlap and belly.

The horns, generally of a dirty black color, grow very long, are somewhat compressed and faintly knotty, gently tapering and curving, first downward and backward along the neck, and then upward and backward.

The head, though larger, is not near as broad across the forehead as that of the ox, but it is much longer, and its forehead, instead of being flat like that of the latter animal, is elevated or convex.

The female buffalo, or cow, is smaller than our bull, and yields a greater quantity of milk than our domestic cow, although it has a comparatively small udder, which, like the animal's hide, is of a very unsightly dark color, and covered with long, silky hair.

The milk is good, yet rather too rich to be drank without being diluted with water, but it makes excellent table-butter. The natives of India, however, turn it chiefly into a sort of liquid butter called "ghee," used exclusively for culinary purposes, and by confectioners. It forms an important article of commerce throughout Western Asia, by reason of its being the only animal fat a Hindoo or a Moslem is permitted (by his religion) to use in cookery, on account of its being derived from the living animal.



AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.— SEE PAGE 95.

The buffalo is a much more powerful brute than the ox, and, therefore, still better suited for hard work, such as plowing, dragging heavy weights, etc.

Though its habitual gait and movements are very slow and slothful, it can run and turn with astonishing agility when it is excited or angry. It is usually of a very quiet, inoffensive disposition, but some of the bulls are ugly, dangerous customers to deal with, and can only be kept under control by means of a strong metal ring passed through the cartilage of the nose, to which a rope or chain is attached.

In standing quiet, walking or running, the buffalo invariably projects the head and nose straight forward, so that the forehead and nose are almost on a level with each other, and the horns laid back on the shoulders.

In this position large herds of buffaloes may be seen in India and Lower Mesopotamia, standing for hours perfectly motionless in the broiling sun, gazing drowsily straight ahead of them; while sparrows, blackbirds and crows hop about upon their broad backs, with the utmost unconcern, hunting after insects, thereby producing an agreeable tickling sensation upon the buffaloes, evidently much coveted by the slothful brutes, as they will not move a muscle until the impudence or curiosity of the birds goes so far as to induce the latter to insert their bills or claws into the ears, eyes or nostrils of the buffaloes, when, of course, the sensation becomes extreme, and compels the phlegmatic brutes to involuntarily shake or toss their heads.

The buffalo seldom lies down upon dry ground, but is excessively fond of wallowing in mud and pools of stagnant water, where it will stay for hours. Where there is an ample depth of water, the animal will wade in just far enough to keep, standing, its nostrils above water, and remain in that position for hours at a time, especially during the hottest part of the day.

When the buffalo emerges from the water, its skin, while moist, shines in the sun with a peculiar, unpleasant lustre similar to stove-polish.

In Lower Mesopotamia I have often seen large herds of buffaloes floating with the slow current of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates, a distance of many miles down these streams, with absolutely nothing but their nostrils visible above the water. The natives of that region make it, therefore, a habit to always drive their buffaloes a considerable distance up the river to graze, well knowing that the animals will always keep near, and only go astray in the direction of, the current of the river.

On account of this animal's remarkable fondness of the water (it will not thrive where water is not plentiful), it is popularly called "water-buffalo," and probably the only domestic quadruped that will thrive in swampy malarial districts.

In India, Egypt, Lower Mesopotamia and Italy it is generally used as a beast of burden, for carrying or dragging heavy weights, for plowing, raising water out of wells and rivers for irrigating purposes, as a motive power for crushing and stamping machines, mills, etc.

For transporting goods that are liable to be damaged by water it is, however, a most unreliable beast of burden

THE BUFFALO FERRY ON THE TIGRIS.—SEE PAGE 95.

by reason of its already mentioned irrepressible propensity to wade into, lie down and wallow in any swamp or pool of water near the road, and when once snugly squatted in its favorite element, it is almost impossible to dislodge it.

The buffalo is unquestionably the most expert and at the same time the most powerful swimmer of all domestic quadrupeds; indeed, the enormously stout, barrel-shaped trunk of the animal will cause it to float almost without any exertion of its own—an advantage that enables the buffalo to keep afloat for hours with perfect ease.

In some parts of India and Lower Mesopotamia, where bridges and boats are scarcely known, the natives make good use of this quality by training buffaloes to be used *quasi* as living ferry-boats, and cross and recross mighty streams like the Ganges, Godavery, Indus, Tigris and Euphrates on the broad backs of these semi-amphibious brutes with ease and comparative safety; nay, they even transport in the same manner goods of every description across these rivers.

All they have to do in the latter case is to secure goods liable to be damaged by water in such a manner on the back of the animal as to prevent their getting wet, which is accomplished by means of a sort of platform or flat saddle (similar to the flat saddles used by circus-riders), which is adjusted on the animal's back.

If an object be too heavy for one buffalo to float it, two or more of them are lashed together so that they cannot separate, and the object is then floated across on their joined backs.

In various parts of Asia, buffaloes are trained to be serviceable to sportsman in shooting water-fowl and other shy game. The buffalo used in this sport is trained to stand fire, *i. e.*, to allow any person firing shots in its immediate vicinity, or even across its back, without its getting frightened, and to go at its habitual slow pace in any direction the sportsman may desire.

The buffalo is, of course, merely used as a blind; in other words, it is only employed to screen the sportsman (who keeps well concealed behind the bulky animal) from being seen by the game, which, accustomed to the familiar sight of a buffalo, will thus allow the concealed sportsman to approach within easy shot-range. Buffaloes well trained to this sport command high prices, and hire out readily to sportsmen.

The buffalo is longeval like the elephant, parrot, turtle, etc., and as its flesh is not very palatable, and its horns and hide have but an inferior commercial value, it is usually allowed to live until it dies a natural death.

The accompanying sketch represents the writer and his friend in the act of crossing the River Tigris in the vicinity of Kût-el-Hamàra, a wretched village on the left bank of that river, seventy miles due east of the famous ruins of Babylon, in Lower Mesopotamia.

Bridges are extremely scarce along the entire course of the River Euphrates, which is fully one thousand six hundred miles long; and the River Tigris, which has a length of about one thousand miles, is only bridged over at Diarbekir, Tezîrehebn-Omar, and Mossul, (three towns of Upper Mesopotamia, distant about eighty miles from each other), and at Bagdad (capital of Mesopotamia). At Birehjik, Rakka, Abu-Sarai, Hit, Musseyeb, Hilla (on the site of ancient Babylon), Divanieh, and a few other towns on the Euphrates, that river can be crossed on clumsy wooden ferry-boats, propelled and stemmed against the current by means of long poles; but these ferries are from thirty to two hundred miles apart, and along the entire course of the Tigris between Bagdad and Korna (a little town at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates) there is not a single boat-ferry.

It is therefore just in those intermediate localities where the buffalo comes in so very handy as the only means available by which to cross those streams with comparative safety; for both rivers, though of rather sluggish current, are of considerable depth, varying between ten and forty feet, and have a width of from fifty to two hundred yards, so that they would, but for some few obstructions in the shape of sandbanks and rocks, be navigable for several hundred miles to vessels of considerable carrying capacity.

These buffalo ferries are therefore not only very handy on account of their availableness in almost any locality where you wish to cross either of these streams, but also on account of their cheapness; the fare, even for a "Feringhee" (Frank or European), who is popularly supposed by the natives of that region to be rich, and consequently a fit subject to be fleeced, amounting only to five paras (a trifle more than half a cent American money), while natives pay only one para.

"Feringhees," however, are rare birds in that country to be plucked; one of those ferry-masters, has therefore, to transport nearly one hundred natives to make ten cents, and if he earns that amount in a day in that sparsely populated region, he may actually consider that he is making money "hand over fist."

At any rate, he makes literally more money than he can stuff into his pockets, for, as the reader will observe by looking at the accompanying sketch, these ferry-masters do not invest very largely in clothing, and would, indeed, be puzzled to find their own pockets, wherefore they are all in the habit of stowing away their meagre earnings in a knot tied in one of the corners of the "keffieh" (the coarse woolen handkerchief which serves them as head-cover), the most available place of deposit under the circumstances.

Buffalo-ferries are always to be found in localities where the river-banks are low or slope gently down into the stream.

The buffaloes trained to the ferry service are carefully selected from among the strongest, most docile and gentle of their species, for it won't do to employ kicking, butting, or otherwise vicious brutes for this purpose.

When "on duty," the buffalo is "rigged out" in the following simple manner: A rope is fastened around the base of the animal's horns, and passing along its back or spine, the other end of this rope, in the shape of a loop, is made to encircle the base or root of the tail, while a second rope girds the rump of the buffalo just in front of its hind legs, and is run diagonally through Rope 1 on the back of the animal. A third rope, fastened to Rope 2 underneath the buffalo's belly, is passed through between the hind legs and connects with the tail-loop of Rope 1. Each rope is stretched rather slack, especially Rope 1, so as not to interfere with the movements of the animal.

This simple contrivance, somewhat resembling a harness, is merely intended to serve as a safeguard or hold for the passengers, in case the latter accidentally lose their foothold or equilibrium and slide or tumble into the water. All they have to do in case of such an accident is to hold on to the ropes, and even if they should not succeed in climbing back upon the buffalo, if they will but hold on to any of the above-mentioned three ropes they may rely upon being safely towed to the other side by the powerful animal.

Absolutely nothing is required in such a dilemma save a little presence of mind, for the animal is harmless, and swims, or, rather, floats, with scarcely any effort on the part of its legs or body; some specimens, indeed, are so well trained that they will actually slacken their speed, and thereby facilitate the recovery of one's position upon their backs.

The worst thing that can happen to anybody that "goes

overboard," is to get an involuntary ducking in tepid water; for, even if you should let go your hold on the ropes, the ferry-master or man in charge of the buffaloes, who, of course, accompanies them on every trip they make, is a most expert swimmer, and will come to your assistance as soon as you are in the water.

Drowning accidents are of rare occurrence on such occasions, chiefly because all the natives who live along the banks of those rivers can swim like otters—males as well as females, young and old.

It is, however, not at all difficult to maintain, barefooted, one's foothold upon the broad back of the burly animal, the thick, tough, all but bald hide of which affords a foothold almost as secure as india-rubber; moreover, the animal glides gently and evenly through the stream, and exposes, at all times, enough of its back above the water to allow you to sit down upon it, if you don't mind a stray splash of water that may dampen your saddle; or you may ride astraddle, if you don't object to having your legs, from the knees downward, dragging through the water.

The natives, male as well as female, accustomed from childhood to these living ferry-boats, move about on them with perfect equanimity, and can scarcely understand why we strangers should hesitate, even for an instant, to do so likewise.

Innocent little creatures! they quite forget that they have the advantage of us in not being embarrassed by too much clothing—the males especially—while the females have only a long, loose shirt of coarse dark-brown or dark-blue woolen fabric, and perhaps, though rarely, an *esar* (large sheet or shawl which shrouds the wearer from the crown of the head to the ankles) to take care of and preserve from moisture.

They would probably be, like the writer, at a loss to advise one of our fashionably-dressed ladies how to stow away her precious self, or how to dispose of her manifold wearing apparel on the back of a floating buffalo. Imagine the fuss and flutter it would create here, if our ferry-boats were suddenly given a few days' rest, and supplanted by buffaloes, establishing the only communication between New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City.

When the writer and his friend, who were out hunting, arrived at the river-bank near Kûtt-el-Hamàra, to be ferried across the stream, we were advised by the ferry-master to take off our boots, as we would have a much better foothold on the buffalo's back if we were barefoot. We complied with his wishes, and immediately stepped on board of our respective craft, accomplished by placing the left foot upon the ferry-master's thigh and vaulting thence upon the buffalo's back, just as if we were to mount a horse.

Then we were told by "the engineer of the concern" to keep well "aft," *i. e.*, about he region of the living ferry-boat's kidneys, so as to keep the "bow" (head) of the craft well out of water.

This admonition caused me to suspect that we would have rather a rough passage: I, therefore, rolled up my pants to the knees, and my friend, who grew slightly nervous as soon as he found himself upon the "deck" of his craft and saw my precautionary measures, did likewise.

Thereupon the "commodore" offered to relieve us of our boots and armament; but I was reluctant to part with either, believing I was fully able to take care of them myself; and my companion, though at a loss how to dispose of them on board of his craft, followed suit, notwithstanding the commodore's buxom daughter, who, with her mother, had in the meantime, quietly "rigged out" and "boarded" a craft of their own, gallantly offered to stow my friend's embarrassing cargo on board of her own craft—a mild insinuation at which my friend felt insulted.

A moment after the fourth craft was brought into requisition and boarded by the commodore of the fleet, accompanied by his promising son and heir, a stark-naked little shaver of about six Summers.

The next instant our flotilla glided slowly into deep water, but my own as well as my friend's craft drew considerably more water than either of us expected, and discovering to our consternation that it nearly reached the decks, we hastily rose to our feet.

Luckily for us, there was little or no wind at the time, and we sailed, or, rather, drifted, in an oblique direction across the current.

About half way over, I saw the commodore's daughter, "bold like the Corsair's bride," start to her feet, and, with a majestic wave of her left hand, point in the direction of my friend, who brought up the rear of our squadron.

Expecting nothing less than to see my companion's craft thrown on her beam-ends, or water-logged, I mustered pluck enough to turn half round on the uneven deck upon which I stood, and had the satisfaction of beholding my friend sailing along at the rate of about three miles an hour, but standing, to my surprise, on the quarter-deck in a decidedly inelegant and unmanly posture, his eyes riveted upon "the bow" of his craft as if he was afraid that it might at any moment dive out of sight and the deck dodge from under his feet.

Tightly clutching "the hawser" between his trembling knees, and nervously balancing the gun in his hands, in the manner of a tight-rope performer handling his balancing-pole, the poor fellow presented a downright pitiful picture, a sort of absurd personation of "Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on the tight-rope," which elicited a smile even on the stern features of the young Amazon who led the van, and I verily believe that, had the commodore of our fleet not instantly stopped his infernal yelling and violent brandishing of the sword (whip), my friend, together with his boots and entire armament, would have "gone overboard" from sheer fright.

Luckily, our craft touched bottom shortly afterward, and much to my friend's relief, landed us high and dry on the opposite bank.

THE STORY OF THE EYES.

CHAPTER I.

ALL that is here written happened many years ago, but I still remember every incident of the dreadful scene as though it had occurred but yesterday.

I had been mainly instrumental in rescuing from death a poor, wretched and desperate woman who, sick of life, and lacking strength any longer to battle with its miseries, had wildly flung herself, one Winter's night, from the parapet of the bridge above, down into the murky waters creeping sluggishly along beneath, black and silent.

Another woman passing at the time had seen the mad act of this hopeless outcast, and her piercing shriek, and the loud splash in the water below apprised me of the nature of the occurrence, although I had not seen the deed committed, and judging from the sound whereabouts the body had fallen, I plunged into the river at once and swam out to the spot, happily in time to save her.

I had been wandering about purposelessly upon the deserted quays on the Thames bank, close to the foot of the bridge. I often wander about alone, and I usually choose lonely and deserted spots, such as these. It is my fancy, and I indulge it without fear of opposition, for I am a friendless bachelor, and there is no one in the wide world likely to trouble their heads about my comings and goings.

THE PERI.—FROM A STATUE BY THE SCULPTOR TABACCHI.

THE STORY OF THE EYES.—THE ARTIST PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD LADY.—SEE PAGE 99.

until I go for good upon the long journey, and the charwomen at my chamber fight and scramble over the contents of my lockers.

Upon this particular night, chancing to be at hand when she made the rash attempt, I was able to save this woman's life; an act for which, with her first returning breath, she cursed me heartily, and I was able to make the acquaintance of the strange being who is the hero of this strange story.

I see nothing much to admire in my conduct upon the occasion. I did, it appears to me, only what any other man who was not a heartless brute, and who happ ned to be a good swimmer, would have done under like circumstances; but the person of whom I speak was so profuse in his praises, and hung about and complimented me so perseveringly, that I thought he wanted to pick my pocket. There was something odd, too, in his manners. He was well-dressed, but he wore his hair long, and looked wild. I thought he was either cracked or tipsy.

When I had helped to carry the half-drowned woman into the nearest public-house, and was standing warming myself before the fire, in a suit of dry clothes the landlord had lent me, the stranger and I got into conversation.

"That wouldn't make a bad picture," said I, pointing out the group clustered round the table, on which the woman was lying wrapped up in blankets, with the yellow light upon their terrified faces.

The stranger had been acting as the doctor's assistant, and was, with myself, one of the privileged few allowed to be in the room.

"Are you an artist?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes; a bit of one I should be, if I could live by it."

"Do you take portraits?"

"That's my line."

"Then will you"—he inquired with an appearance of great excitement, which astonished me—"will you take one for me?"

"Take yours!" said I.

"No, not mine," he replied, in some confusion. "Not mine—a lady's. How much would you charge?"

"That depends upon the nature of the work. Is it to be in oil?"

"No, that would be too long a process. You would require more than one sitting."

"Yes. I ought to have several to do it well."

"That would not do, then. I would rather have a slight sketch. Could you do it in chalk or crayons?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"At one sitting?"

"I will try."

"We will conclude the bargain, then. What are your terms? Will five guineas be sufficient?"

I nodded.

"Then I will give ten, willingly, if you will agree to do what I desire."

"I will take the lady's portrait, if that is what you mean."

"Yes. But you do not know all. You are a man of nerve. I know that well enough from what I have seen you do to-night. I will tell you, then, at once—she is dead!"

I was at first somewhat startled by this announcement. I suppose, though, that I did not look much terrified, because he squeezed my hand eagerly, and said, in a joyful tone:

"I see you will do it. Do you promise?"

I was so hard-up at the time, that I would willingly have done what he required for a tenth part of the amount.

"When shall I do it?" I asked. "Now?"

"No. I must make some preparations first. I will provide the materials. Besides, you cannot see her to-night."

"To morrow morning, then?"

"No; it must be at night when it is done."

"Very well; give me your address, and I will come to-morrow evening."

"No, no. You cannot call, and I can give you no address. I must call on you and fetch you, for I don't know where she will be."

"What!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "You know where she is now, don't you?"

"Yes; but you cannot see her there."

"When shall I see you, then?" I asked, when I had given him my address.

"In three days' time."

"But," said I, doubtingly, "won't she—won't you—when is she going to be buried?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"But you said in three days?"

"Yes. You must paint her after that—after she has been in her grave."

Chapter II.

I must own that the next three days I passed in some excitement, feverishly wishing for the time to come, and wondering over and over again whether the strange man would really keep his word and call upon me.

Upon the night that he had appointed, I sat waiting for him in my solitary room in Lyon's Inn, and when I heard a neighboring clock strike three-quarters past nine, I had quite given him up, although the time he had fixed had not yet arrived.

I could not help thinking, when I came to think the matter over, that my friend was undoubtedly a madman—that he had been raving at the time, and that the deceased lady was but a freak of his disordered brain.

He had given me neither name nor address as a security for his reappearance, and the more I thought of the affair the more unlikely did it appear to me that I should ever clap eyes on him again.

The most improbable part of the business was, that she should have to be buried and taken out of the grave again before I could see her. This happened in the days of body-snatching, and if he had desired to rob a grave, or had required help, it was very easily procurable. I knew that well enough. But, then, why should he wish to do so? Why need the woman be buried before he could show her to me? Who was she? What was she to him?

For the life of me I could not solve the mystery; and whilst I was puzzling my head for the fiftieth time upon the same subject, the clock struck ten. Simultaneously with the last stroke, a single blow fell suddenly upon my door.

I sprang from my seat and ran forward to admit my visitor. He wore a kind of cloak, or cape, and a large wrapper round his neck, as though he would have concealed his face to some extent. What I saw of it was very pale. He talked rationally enough, and his eyes did not look at all wild. Once I fancied I caught a glimpse of something shining in his breast-pocket, which I took to be a dagger-knife.

I scarcely liked the job, but I was hard up.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come, then."

We descended the stairs without further conversation, crossed the courtyard, and got into a cab that was waiting for us in the street without.

"I want the blinds down," said he; "do you object?"

I did, strongly; but I said "No," and we journeyed on rapidly in the dark obscurity, I, by-the-way, keeping a sharp lookout upon the movements of my companion.

We continued to ride on in silence for more than an hour, and though I could tell, every now and then, by the lights and the noise without, that we were passing through some crowded thoroughfare, I could form no notion in what direction we were going.

Only one clue had I, and that was, that we at one part of our journey crossed a bridge, where a toll was taken; but then we had left Lyon's Inn in a northerly direction. How was that? Were we taking a circuitous route, for the purpose of mystifying me?

At last I said:

"Have we much further to go?"

"No," he answered; "we must be close to the spot."

"Have you procured the drawing materials?"

"Yes."

We then continued in silence until the end of our journey, which did not last more than five or ten minutes, and as we descended from the cab I looked eagerly round, in the hope of being able to recognize the locality, but I was unable to obtain more than a very limited notion of the objects surrounding us, so very dark was it.

We had stopped at the gate of what seemed to be a mean-looking cottage, standing by itself in a plot of waste land. We were in a lonely country lane, as well as I could make out; for I could see no signs of other houses near us, and there was a sweet freshness about the air which spoke of green fields and pasture land hard-by. Only this much could I make out, and then I followed my strange companion across the deserted, weed-grown garden-path into the cottage.

It was a whitewashed building, one story high, and there were two rooms upon the ground floor; into the front one my companion led the way.

He held the door open for me to pass in, then closed it noiselessly behind me.

I looked round the room, though not without some slight tremor, I confess. There were two long wax candles burning, one upon either side of a bed, or couch, upon which lay a dead woman, the light falling full upon her white and upturned face. By the side of the bed there stood an easel and a small table holding the drawing materials, crayons, charcoal, water-colors, water, pallet, etc. By the easel stood a chair. The room was otherwise unfurnished and the floor was bare.

"Have you all you want?" asked my companion.

"All," I replied.

"I will leave you, then," he said, after a pause, in which he had been silently and eagerly contemplating the still face of the dead; "my presence, perhaps, disturbs you."

"Not at all," I replied, hastily; for I thought upon this occasion, in spite of the proverb, that three were company.

I continued to draw, while he stood silently at the foot of the couch; a half-stifled and convulsive sob from time to time breaking the otherwise oppressive silence.

As I glanced at him, furtively, I noticed that grief, or some other cause, had wrought a great and dreadful change in his face since I last saw him; his cheeks were pinched and hollow, his eyes dull and haggard, his face altogether wore a leaden and unearthly hue, strongly resembling the face of the dead woman before us.

It was evident that since I saw him last he had suffered intensely—he was suffering intensely now. I found before long that it was necessary that I should make some alteration in the arrangement of the body. It was habited in a shroud, and the jaws were bound up in the customary manner with a linen bandage. This latter I proposed that I should remove, and for that purpose I approached the couch.

But before I could effect my purpose, he sprang before me and wildly waved me back, his eyes glittering with an awful excitement which was little short of madness.

"No, no!" he cried, fiercely, pushing me away with his left hand; "no one but me—no one but me!"

As he spoke he loosened the bandage, and then the linen down by the side of her. Then her jet-black hair, thick and glossy, fell about her pallid face.

She looked very beautiful as she lay there, so calm and still. I involuntarily said as much; but the next moment I regretted having spoken, for my words called forth a burst of passionate ravings from my companion, which were terrific in their utterance.

"Yes!" he screamed, rather than cried, as he fell upon his knees by the bedside, and kissed and sobbed over one of the cold, white hands. "Oh, yes, she is beautiful—an angel as she is! Oh, just Heaven, why was I robbed of her? What have I done that I should suffer so? Oh, God, give me strength to bear the sight of her, whom I have loved more than my immortal soul, lying here stark and dead before me! But what is there in her death that I should grieve for?" he continued, in quite an altered tone, at the same time tearing his hair and grinding his teeth in impotent fury. "I would rather see her dead than in the arms of the black-hearted wretch who robbed me of her. Ha, ha! She is dead! and I rejoice, for the bitterness of my grief is shared by him. I can console myself by the thought that every pang I suffer rends his heart as it does mine."

"She was not, then, your wife?"

"My wife!" he answered, savagely. "No, she was another's wife. We were separated by his lying calumnies. She was led, and I was deceived, and she married him. That is why I have had to do what I have done to obtain her portrait. I would have her portrait though the grave robbed me of her dear self. I am determined to have something by which I may preserve her loved features in my memory. I gave her my portrait once—once, when we plighted our troth. But they have robbed her of it, I suppose, as they robbed me of her."

"What is that?" said I, pointing to the woman's neck, upon which, it seemed to me, something glistened brightly. "It is a chain, I think."

He uttered a low cry and sprang at it. Next moment he held in his hand a gold locket to which the chain had been attached.

"It is mine!" he cried, in a transport of delight. "It is the portrait I gave her! God bless her! God bless her! I thank thee, Heaven, for thy infinite mercy!" and stooping over her, he kissed the cold lips of his dead love with frenzied eagerness, babbling incoherent words of endearment as he did so. Then springing to his feet, and heeding not an effort which I made to detain him, he caught up one of the candles, and clasping the locket to his heart, hastily quitted the apartment.

I called after him loudly, but he made no reply. Doubtless, he wanted to be alone to open the locket. I hesitated a moment, and then decided upon going on with the picture as quickly as I could, and to put an end to this unpleasant business. He had shut himself up in the next room, and was perfectly still.

The house was silent as a tomb, and I almost fancied for a moment that I was in a tomb, and buried alive with a corpse.

Chapter III.

I am not quite so sure that a fellow inclined to be nervous at that sort of thing might not have been seized with a panic at the idea of being thus left alone to draw a dead woman's portrait. For myself, though, I must own I rather prefer the company of the corpse to that of the maniac lover. I was not quite sure that he might not suddenly take it into his head that I had in some manner injured him, and plunge that dagger into me, the handle of which I had caught a glimpse of.

I applied myself now seriously to the work before me, and drew with all my might. Very soon I had sketched in the face and finished the hair. The picture was a tolerable likeness, and I have it now at home, where the curious can see it upon application; but it is very corpse-like. Without being told, one might have supposed that it was a posthumous portrait.

It was to relieve this ghastliness that I slightly tinted the lips and cheeks; but as I wanted to paint the eyes I required to know what color the eyes really were. The lover was not at hand to interrogate upon the subject. The only way left to me was to gently raise one of the eyelids and look at the pupil.

I scarcely liked the job, though. In the first place, I did not relish the notion of touching the dead flesh. In the second, I was fearful lest my passionate friend should return and find me in the act. Thirdly, I was afraid that he might find out afterward that the body had been touched, even if he did not surprise me.

I thought, with a shudder, that I might not, perhaps, be able to close the lid again when once I had raised it. I waited, therefore, a long time, until the irksomeness of the delay became absolutely unbearable, hoping that the stranger would return.

Then I rose and drew near to the face. I stretched forth my hand with the intention of touching one of the eyes, and the next moment started back, struck dumb with horror. For, as I stretched out my fingers, one of the eyes, without my having touched it, opened slowly under my hand and stared straight at me; while I, in my turn, stared straight back at the eye, my hand still spread out in the air, as though I had been suddenly petrified into stone. As I was endeavoring to reconcile the horrible occurrence with any law of nature I could call to mind, the second eye slowly opened in like manner, and stared at me also.

Upon my soul, in all my life, I never remember to have felt such a nervous shock as at that moment. I was so startled—so taken aback—so utterly prostrated with terror, that for an instant I verily believe my heart ceased to beat and my blood to circulate. It was only for an instant, though, and then reason came to my aid. I saw that the eyes were not glazed. I knew that the woman was alive. I understood that she had been in a trance, and had been so buried.

Without being in the least able to account for so doing, or to restrain the strange impulse which tempted me, I fell back into my chair and burst out laughing hysterically.

Then, aroused by the sound, the woman heaved a deep-drawn sigh, raised herself upon her couch, and sat shivering and looking round her with a scared, white face.

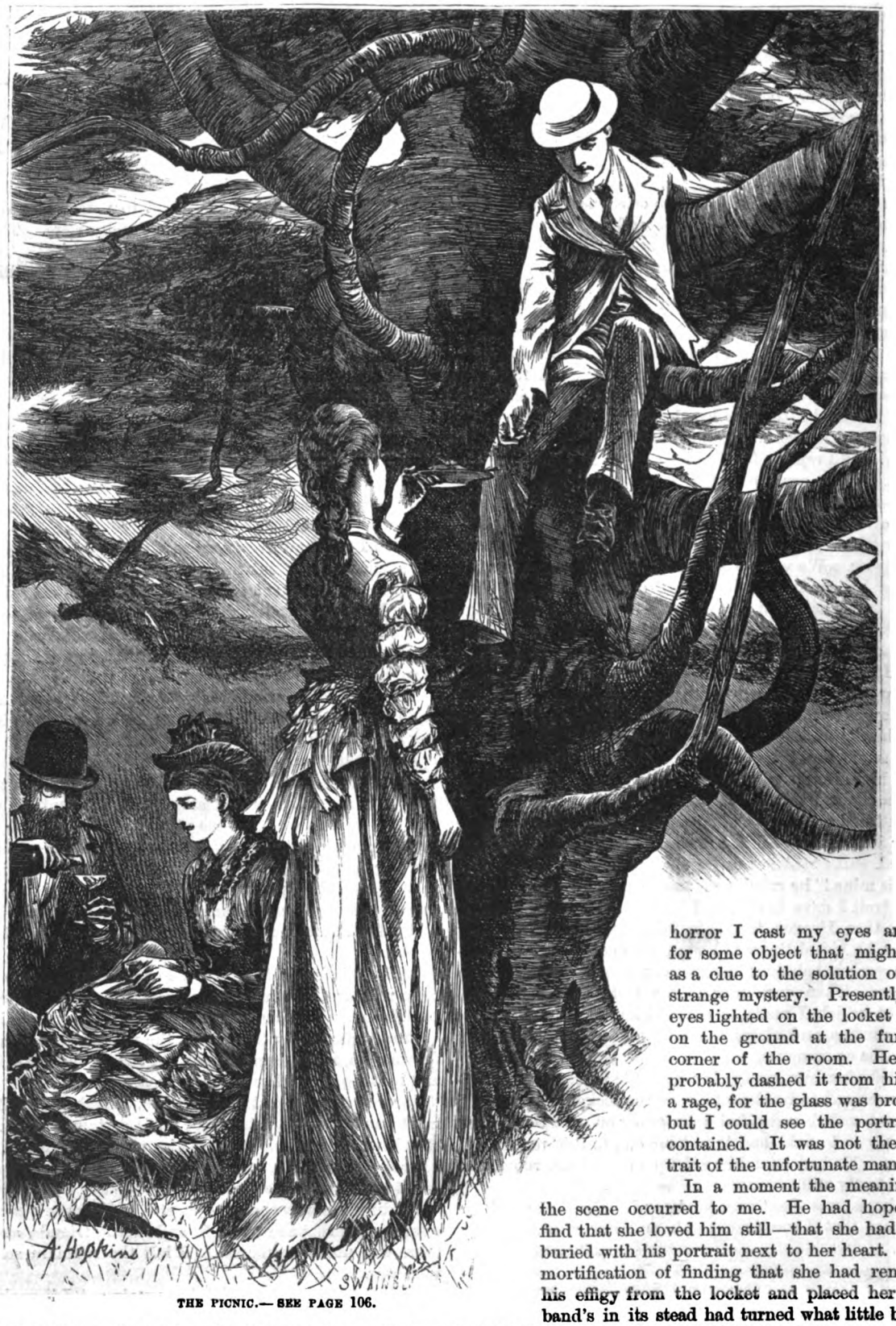
I scarcely knew what I ought to do, though what I dreaded most was the man's return, for I felt certain that the effect of this unexpected sight upon him would be terrible. No; I must see him first, and, to the best of my power, prepare him for what was to come.

Bidding the lady then not to stir, for Heaven's sake, and assuring her that she was safe and among friends, and that there was no cause for alarm, I left the room in search of the lover.

He had gone into the adjoining apartment, I thought; but I found the door locked. I could see a light through the keyhole; but, although I hammered loudly and shouted to him, he made no reply.

After waiting a while, I went out to the front and called

to the cabman dozing upon the box. Had he seen the gentleman? No, the gentleman had not come out of the cottage. Then he must be in the back room.



THE PICNIC.— SEE PAGE 106.

I called to him again, louder than before; then, with the assistance of the cabman, burst open the door. The candle stood upon the mantelpiece. The man lay upon his face upon the floor, and he lay in a pool of blood. He was stone dead; and when we raised him we found that he had stabbed himself to the heart with his dagger-knife. In wondering horror I cast my eyes around for some object that might act as a clue to the solution of this strange mystery. Presently my eyes lighted on the locket lying on the ground at the furthest corner of the room. He had probably dashed it from him in a rage, for the glass was broken; but I could see the portrait it contained. It was not the portrait of the unfortunate man.

In a moment the meaning of the scene occurred to me. He had hoped to find that she loved him still—that she had been buried with his portrait next to her heart. The mortification of finding that she had removed his effigy from the locket and placed her husband's in its stead had turned what little brains he had left and driven him to self-destruction.

I was never paid for the portrait, either by the lady herself or her husband, to whom I restored her.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE NOSE.

By J. Simms, M.D.

The nose, which appears as the central feature in every human face, has two important functions. It is the channel by which the external air is carried to the lungs for the purification of the blood, so necessary for the support of animal life; and it is the organ of smell, by which the system is guarded against receiving injurious food or unwholesome exhalations.

PROFESSOR MORSE,
Inventor of Electric Telegraphy. His nose denotes great reasoning power.

Happily, the mouth furnishes a supplementary passage for the supply of air in case of any stoppage in the nasal orifices; but, when possible, all breathing, and also sneezing, ought to be done through the nose as the proper channel; and, as the amount of life-energy in every individual depends on the amount of air received into his system, so all those talents and dispositions that make up what we call energy of character are revealed in the size and form of the nose.

The head and nose exhibit signs of thought, and those signs are more obvious and reliable in the nose than in the head—first, because the head, being covered with hair, is less easily scanned; and second, because the skull is so much less flexible, that it does not readily alter its size or form, as the consequence of changes which take place in the mental character.

MR. TOM HARRIS,
An indiscreet and imitative man, half Negro and half Indian.

As the rays of the sun can soften and change a snowbank more readily than a rock, so can the rays of thought from the mental sun within more speedily mold the soft nose and other facial features than the hard bones of the skull; and every change of mind will affect the fleshy sooner than the bony parts; causing them to keep pace more closely with variations of character, and thus to become a truer index to the inward workings of the mind.

The most casual observer need not be told that noses are to be seen in every variety of size and form, to say nothing of color. They are long and short, thick and thin, round and square, crooked and straight, bent up and bent down, red and white, spotted and plain; presenting a greater number of obvious and namable characteristics than any other feature. And each of these means something to the physiognomist. As the mouth indicates chiefly the supplying powers, and the eye the social affections, so does the nose the mental energies, and all that has a tendency either to sustain or deteriorate them.

A NOSE INDICATING LITTLE OR NO REASON.

As a general principle, then, large, long noses are indicative of active, energetic characters, apt to be proud, pompous, impatient, desirous to be leaders and commanders, and often overbearing and tyrannical. Alexander the Great and Napoleon I. are notable examples.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
A very benevolent, careful, and progressive English gentleman.

On the other hand, persons with small, low noses are weak characters, deficient in government, even of themselves, and prone to follow their appetites, desires, loves and hates, rather than their reason and judgment.

Large-nosed persons. in a critical position, or under circumstances of excitement. will be more self-possessed and competent to judge and act wisely than the small-nosed. Large noses are found chiefly among the inhabitants of mountainous regions or their descendants. Small ones originate in low, level lands.

REV. MORLEY PUNSHON,
A talented and eloquent author and preacher. He refuses all kinds of fruit.

When the nose is long in proportion to its general size, the individual is discreet, careful, timid and thoughtful. Noses that are relatively short from the forehead to the point, belong to rash, careless, self-willed people. Noses that reach far away from the face, denote persons discontented with their present lot, aspiring and anxious. But if the point of the nose seems clinging to the upper lip, we infer a tendency to the miserly, and a love of earthly things.

When a nose is thin as well as generally small, the constitution is poor as well as the character weak; there is tendency to consumption, and such may die early. On the other hand, if the nose is thick where it joins the face, there is a strong constitution, strong passions, too, and reason to hope for long life if proper care be taken.

ISAAC PITTMAN, ESQ.,
Author of phonetic short-hand. He has been a vegetarian for 57 years.

Sharp-pointed noses accompany intense, keen,

penetrative persons, with quick tempers. Those that are thick and nearly square at the point, denote a taste for invention and progress. A prominent nose, nearly or quite straight, and that seems to have two points formed by a vertical depression down through the end, denotes a meditative and logical mind.

This may be observed in the busts of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, St. Vincent and Auguste Comte.

A man with a nose reaching toward the mouth, will be cautious, and his bodily wants his first consideration. Noses that reach in a straight line forward at the base, indicate quiet persons, and of regular habits, especially in middle life. Round noses belong to the musical, the speculative, and those possessed of retentive memories. The small, low, round nose, generally known as the pug, turning up a little at the point, belongs to a forward, conceited and saucy individual.

The nose that shows a large amount of bone in proportion to its size, denotes a stable character, slow of judgment, but firm and reliable; but the soft, fleshy or gristly nose leads us to fear we have a sly, deceptive, cunning, treacherous character. The former originates for the most part in temperate climates, the latter in the torrid zone. Examples of the gristly nose may be seen in the cat, and all the feline species.

The straight nose inclines to science, art, polite literature and political economy, if educated accordingly. But that which shows a convex form from forehead to point, inclines to commercial enterprise. A nose very broad at the base, evinces a dull, obtuse intellect, with much physical courage, animal power and destructive inclination.

When the lower portion of the nose forms an obtuse angle with the face, and the point is elevated about forty-five degrees, we have a person inclined to snobbery and fashion. When the septum or partition between the nostrils is longer than the sides, we infer an original, fertile, suggestive mind.

A nose standing out high and thin in its upper part, bespeaks moral courage, love of argument, a quick apprehension, capacity to make the best use of what they know at the time being. Widespread nostrils are indicative of strong lungs; but the closing of them evinces pulmonary weakness. Wrinkles lying across the top of the nose are signs of thoroughness. A fiery red, warty and enlarged nose, betrays a diminution of energy through disease or strong drink.

Long, sharp and well-formed noses possess acute scent, provided they are not subject to catarrh, or that running of mucus which arises from great susceptibility of cold in this organ, and which is detrimental to the special sense of smell.

As a general rule, square noses indicate a masculine, and round ones a feminine, character. Animals, as well as human beings, with long noses, are uneasy, watchful, and desire to travel. Those with short ones are slow of movement, as the sloth. If the bridge of the nose is high, it evinces a disposition to assail those who are considered to be doing wrong.

Another rule which holds good among the lower animals, as well as the human species, is that those with wide faces, and noses wide where they join the face, are fond of flesh meat, while those with long, narrow faces prefer vegetables, fruits and nuts. The tiger and other feline quadrupeds furnish good examples of the former; the horse, ox, camel, giraffe, deer, sheep and goat exemplify the latter.

Those human faces that are largest in the upper portion, are naturally herbivorous; but if the lower part is relatively large, there is a disposition to eat flesh. The same applies to the nose.

The Rev. Morley Punshon, President of the British Wesleyan Conference in 1874–5, has the wide, full face indicating the appetite for meat diet, and it is said he always declines eating fruit of any kind; and being once offered a sovereign to eat an apple, he still refused. Mrs. Hannah Stocks, a lady who lived in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, but who has passed away, was another example. Her face was wide, and her nose broad at its junction with the face. Her daughter informed me that this lady lived principally on meat and beer; she rarely used either bread or vegetables, and as for fruit, she seemed utterly unable to eat it. She had been known to try it, but the taste of an orange seemed utterly repulsive and offensive.

If enough has been said here to cause the reader to observe noses, there is at least the first step taken in the course to which I earnestly desire to lead all who read or hear my remarks. The remainder must be left to himself; my great hope being that these observations may lead to showers of blessings on future generations, by helping to emancipate the human family from the thralldom of materialistic theories and humiliating imitations.

In conclusion, let me say to the reader of these lines: If you have a badly formed nose, one that is thick at the base and hugs down toward the face in a manner too truly indicating a low and selfish nature, do not settle down in this character, assuming that you were so formed by nature and cannot help it. But rouse yourself to commence living to higher and nobler purposes; deny yourself all indulgence of envy and revenge; refuse yourself all gratifications that are merely selfish; and, however contrary to your inclinations, compel yourself to make sacrifices of time, ease, and money for the good of others.

The love of such actions will grow with the practice; through time you will find pleasure in what was at first against your nature; the more good you do, the more you will love to do it; the oftener you deny yourself, the easier self-denial will become. Now, smile not with incredulous contempt when I add that your nose, with nature's wonted truthfulness, will publish to the world the fact that you have become nobler and better.

Continue thus to improve throughout life; and when you pass to another and better state of being, you will be happy to find that your time on earth was not spent in the indulgence of selfish and debasing passions; but your powers of mind and body were, like clay in the hands of a skillful potter, controlled, worked, improved, and rendered at once beautiful and useful; adapted for usefulness in that future state of existence prepared through the illimitable kindness and wisdom of the Creator.

THE PICNIC.

There are very few, among the young at least, who do not possess a little of the gypsy in their nature. Tied down as we are by the thousand fetters with which civilization binds us, we long at times to cast all restraint behind us, and take up the careless, wandering life of the Bohemian. While in this mood, we think that man was foolish to have ever sought a better protection than the spreading foliage of the trees; that the grass affords the only proper couch, and that all culinary utensils, save a single pot, are sheer superfluities.

Of course we never put these thoughts to the test of practice; we know that they are foolish and insane, and are well aware that the first rain-storm would convert us from our heresy. At the same time, we all feel a secret sympathy and admiration for the lawless vagabonds who have the courage to ignore civilization, with all its modern improvements, and idle their lives away beneath the shadow of the greenwood tree.

It is to this drop of gypsy blood within our veins that we owe the picnic. Its delightful informality offers us an escape from the many restraints which hamper almost every other form of entertainment, and its enjoyment is enhanced by the feeling that, for the nonce, we are in revolt against civilization and its thousand petty tyrannies.

The figures in our picture are evidently enjoying their gypsying expedition, and the *al fresco* luncheon they are now sharing will doubtless linger in their memories long after the sparkle of their champagne and the echo of their laughter have died away.

THE SEE-SAW.

One of the first and simplest sports of childhood! Johnny has been enticed to try the experiment by cunning Lucy. Her winning smile, her coaxing words, have overcome his fears, for he recollects past treachery.

"Now, you won't go hard, Lucy?" he pleads.

"Oh, no! I will go ever so slow, and I will put this apple in the middle, and I will just go so sweet that it won't even roll off."

She can coax, this same little witch, and John yields; but, after one or two gentle curves, Lucy throws all her strength into it. Up goes Johnny in sad dismay. Ah, my boy, you'll never make a rider, I fear. You grasp your board with every fibre strung tense by fear. Your hat flies off, your eyes are wild with fear.

"Don't, Lucy, don't go so hard! You know what you promised!"

But Lucy, like all her sex, loves power. She has poor Johnny completely at her mercy, and she uses her advantage unmercifully.

Each time Johnny touches ground he endeavors to cling there, but up he rises again, his cries only increasing her merriment. He is bounced up awfully; he is afraid to hold on, afraid to let go; but, at last, nature can stand no more.

Full of vexation, injured pride and actual pain, he drops off, rolls over on the ground, shrieking, with no consolation except that, as he rolled off with the descending board, Lucy flew off the other end, and received some punishment for her love of mischief.

Both rose sadder and wiser; Lucy with a resolution not to tease Johnny any more, and Johnny sternly determined to be a man the next time and not cry.

THE STEWARD'S DEVOTION.

A Tale of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The Marquis of Lavigne belonged to a family distinguished for its loyalty and gallantry. He had served with distinction in the army, but at the commencement of the French Revolution had been some years in retirement, a widower, and devoted to the education of his only child, Clementine.

His hotel was a stranger to the gayeties of Paris, as his honorable yet benevolent life was to the almost universal corruption of manners. He sympathized with many of the revolutionists at first, though too devoted a friend to the altar and the throne to raise a hand against the reigning monarch.

When terror seized upon the hearts of the loyalists, and they began their memorable exodus, the marquis remained in Paris, hoping for better times; and even after the execution of Louis, he lingered, still hoping for a revulsion of popular sentiment; and, besides, feeling that in the course of nature he had not many years to live, he did not wish to see his property, the sole provision for his daughter, utterly sacrificed.

For his chances of security, he reckoned on a name never associated with any oppression of his fellow-men, but, rather, connected with deeds of arms that shed glory on the oriflamme of France, on the modest retirement in which he he lived, and on the devotion of a few humble friends. These friends, who now became important to the fallen noble, were, firstly, his steward, Baptiste, an old man, devoted, body and soul, to the service of his master; secondly, the steward's son, Ferdinand, a carriage-smith, a popular man in his quarter, and under deep obligations to the marquis, who had stood between him and the anger of his father, had paid his debts, which he had contracted by gambling, enabled him to marry the girl he loved, and set him up in business.

Another fast friend of the old nobleman was a young artist named Raphael de Courcy, who, being a revolutionist from principle, continued to act with the dominant faction long after it had commenced to disgrace itself by sanguinary excesses at which his soul revolted, because he saw in this line of conduct the only means of saving the lives of such men as his benefactor, to whom his devotion was rendered more ardent by a secret attachment to his daughter.

From what trifling accidents spring the most important events of our lives! Another humble, but now powerful, friend of the marquis was Monsieur Volage, an artist's model, who had married a *blanchisseuse*, or washerwoman, who reckoned among her clients no less a personage than the terrible Maximilian Robespierre, the dread and ruthless wielder of the destinies of thousands. No one who has read Lamartine's "Girondists," or any of the memoirs of that period, can plead ignorance of the habits of this terrific character. Unlike the sordid *sans-culottes*, his associates, Maximilian went to his work of death the best dressed man in Paris, his linen gotten up with extraordinary care, his white vest spotless, his bouquet ever fresh and fragrant.

Now, it happened that Madame Volage, in turning out the lining of Robespierre's vest pockets, preparatory to immersing the garment in the washtub, discovered a paper forgotten by the wearer. With some little apprehension, for the autograph of Robespierre was fate, the poor woman read the paper, and found it a list of the persons Robespierre was preparing to denounce, and the list was headed by the name of the Marquis of Lavigne.

She instantly informed her husband, who hastened to De Courcy, and the latter hurried to his benefactor with the necessary passports. The family carriage was wheeled into the courtyard of the marquis's hotel, and there, at dead of night, Ferdinand and his father assisted the marquis in stowing away the *rouleaux* of gold and the caskets of jewels, after which they retired, having taken a cordial leave of the fugitive noble. The marquis stood in his ancestral hall, that he was soon to leave for ever; his daughter was beside him in a traveling dress. A single lamp burned on the table.

"Farewell," said the marquis, pressing the hand of his young friend De Courcy. "Good days will come. I shall return to France, to Paris, and you shall never have reason to repent the benefits you have conferred on me," he continued, in a tone that trembled with emotion. "Now put out the light; I can find the way in the dark."

The lamp was extinguished, and the fugitives moved toward the door. Suddenly it opened, and a glare of light flashed on the eyes of the astonished group. A municipal officer, ragged and ruffianly, with the fatal revolutionary

cockade in his hat, and followed by a file of savage, armed men, advanced, and in a harsh voice exclaimed:

"In the name of the law, I arrest the ex-Marquis of Lavigne."

With a piercing cry, that rang through the vaulted hall, Clementine fell motionless at her father's feet.

In a lower hall of the Palace of the Luxembourg, which was then used as a prison, stood two men; one of them was the Marquis of Lavigne, the other, the old steward, Baptiste, who had awaited there his master's return from the Revolutionary tribunal. The attitude of the noble was erect and soldierly. The steward stood before him, bowed less by years than by grief and apprehension.

"My faithful friend," said the marquis, "it is all over. My arrest was my sentence."

"Condemned!" cried the steward. "Oh, if I only knew the name of the villain who denounced you! I am old, but I have a brave son, and at least you shall not die unavenged. And there is Captain de Courcy——"

"Do not breathe his name!" cried the marquis, angrily. "Speak not of him, but of my child. It is not death I fear. I have confronted it too often in the service of France. But my poor Clementine—be a father to her, Baptiste, when I am no more."

THE SEE-SAW.—SEE PAGE 107.

"I swear it," said the old man, solemnly; "but it cannot be possible that your suspicions fasten on De Courcy as the author of your arrest?"

"Whom can we trust in these evil days?" answered the marquis, with a melancholy shake of his head. "Have you obeyed my instructions? Have you brought my old uniform?"

"It is there in your room," replied the steward; "but if Heaven were just——"

THE STEWARD'S DEVOTION.—"'THERE'S YOUR FATHER: TAKE HIM AWAY WITH YOU, AND MAKE HASTE!'"—SEE PAGE 107.

"Hush, Baptiste; do not murmur against Providence. But time passes; and since I cannot once more press my daughter to my heart, I wish at least to write to her, to bequeath to her my last blessing. Stay here, for I must see you again before they take me to the guillotine."

The old man was left alone to mourn over the fate of the marquis, and to rack his brain with conjectures as to the author of this calamity. His solitude was intruded on by the entrance of a young man, who came from one of the inner rooms.

"I wonder where the Marquis of Lavigne is confined?" he half muttered to himself. "Poor old gentleman! He is doomed to the fate from which I have escaped."

"And who are you, sir, pray?" inquired the steward, looking on the stranger with some interest; "and how did you learn the fate of the marquis?"

"My name is Geoffrin, and I am a portrait-painter by profession. I was once the favorite of the nobility, but since the *sans-culottes* have come to taking heads, my occupation is gone. They do it by the wholesale. I was only a retail trader. While I was examined before the Committee of the Section, a man, pale, haggard, panting, his brow covered with sweat, came in, and declared that the Marquis of Lavigne was about to leave France."

"His name? his name?" cried the steward, clinching his hands.

"My dear sir," said the painter, "when a man is about to commit an unparalleled act of scoundrelism, he always does it anonymously. But his features are impressed upon my memory—his cowering figure, his false look, his trembling hands and constrained smile. Here you have the fellow," he added, as he hastily sketched on an old envelope which he drew from his pocket, a hard, rough face. "A study for Judas Iscariot."

The old man gazed upon the sketch, as if there were a strange and fatal fascination in the lines. His brow contracted, the muscles of his face quivered, he sank upon a seat, still holding the paper that trembled in his hands, close to his eyes.

"You recognize a likeness?" said the artist.

"I do," replied the steward, in a hollow voice.

It was the portrait of his son, Ferdinand, the man whom the Marquis of Lavigne had saved from ruin. He had only apparently reformed. All his earnings, all his borrowings, were lost at cards and dice. Utter ruin stared him in the face. While he was assisting his father in concealing the marquis's money in his carriage, a hideous thought flashed through his mind. If the marquis was prevented from flying, might he not seize upon the gold? He fled from the presence of his father and his benefactor, to denounce the latter to the Revolutionary tribunal.

The motive for his treason now flashed upon the mind of his wretched father. The painter would have inquired the cause of the effect produced by the sketch, but he was at that moment summoned by the jailer, and was too glad to leave the prison to permit his thoughts to dwell on a subject of mere curiosity.

"Ferdinand, my son, an assassin!" groaned the old man, "and I the author of his being! I should have prayed Heaven to strike him dead. I should have strangled him in his cradle. But hark! I hear the clash of arms. They come to seek him, and I cannot shield him with my poor body."

Rushing to the marquis's room, he opened the door, and saw him buried in a profound and tranquil sleep.

"He sleeps calmly," thought the steward. "Wretched Ferdinand, you will never more know sleep like this! His uniform lies upon the chair. What if I—— Heaven be thanked for the thought. At least there is hope."

The old man entered the room precipitately, and closed the door, just as Ferdinand, furnished with a permit, came into the hall with the jailer.

He came to inquire after his father, whom he described as an infirm old man, and a young woman, his own wife, whom he expected to find there.

In a few moments the escort came to conduct the marquis to the scaffold. The old steward, disguised in his master's uniform, and concealed in his military cloak, came forth and surrendered himself.

Ferdinand shrunk away from the sight of the benefactor he had destroyed, and concealed himself till the mournful procession had gone forth.

Then, as he stole into the light once more, the voice of the marquis calling for his steward broke upon his ear. The truth flashed at once upon his mind, and, uttering a wild cry, he fled from the prison.

A moment afterward the marquis emerged into the gloom of the hall, and was about to call for the jailer to ask after his steward, when the voice of his daughter struck upon his ear. She had learned the fatal truth, had broken away from her friends, and rushed to the Luxembourg, to embrace her father and die with him. But it was not so ordained. The jailer mistook her for the young woman Ferdinand had inquired after, and supposed the marquis to be the old man he had described as his father. So he admitted her sullenly, for he was sleepy, and worn out, and said, in a drowsy tone:

"There's your father; take him away with you, and make haste. Your husband has just been here."

"Take him away! My husband?" cried Clementine, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, your husband. He gave me the permit. Now, be off with you! Do you suppose I want a heap of useless people here! And now the Citizen Lavigne has gone to be shortened, I must arrange his room for a newcomer."

At this moment the air vibrated to the strokes of a heavy bell.

"That's the signal!" cried the jailer. "Good-night to the ex-marquis."

"Gone!" muttered Lavigne, as the truth flashed upon his mind. "And my unform disappeared! Oh, Baptiste! Baptiste! I must see him instantly!"

"For pity's sake, dear father," whispered Clementine, "not a word, for your poor child's sake. You cannot save him, and I should lose my all!"

"Yes, go along with you," said the surly jailer. "It is as hard to get you out, old fellow, as to get the other in." So saying, he pushed them along before him till they were out of the prison, and the gates locked behind them.

Ferdinand had fled from the prison to his home, where, calling on one or two men with whom he was acquainted, he went to the Hotel Lavigne, and thence dragged the marquis's traveling-carriage into his own yard. Then he dismissed his assistants, locked his gate, and went into his sitting-room, from the windows of which he could contemplate his ill-gotten treasures.

A hand upon the door-lock made him tremble like an aspen-leaf.

"Who goes there?" he almost shrieked.

"It's only me," said Ferdinand's wife, as she came in. His appearance startled her. "Great Heavens! what is the matter with you, Ferdinand?" said she. "You are deadly pale. Are you unwell?"

"No," replied the wretch. "Leave me. Isn't it bedtime?"

"Bed-time!" cried the wife, in astonishment. "Why, we haven't had supper yet!"

"Yes, supper-time," muttered Ferdinand; "that's what I meant to say. But, look here, I've got a carriage to repair. In a word, I want to be alone. Do you hear?"

Henrietta glanced out of the window, and her eyes fell upon the traveling carriage.

"That carriage!" she exclaimed. "How came it in our yard? There's gold concealed in it. You told me there was to be, when you were making it;" and then, as a suspicion crossed her mind, she added, "A traitor denounced the marquis, and the carriage is in our yard! Explain it! I insist upon an explanation. Prove that my husband is not a traitor and an assassin!"

"Silence!" cried Ferdinand.

"Silence!" said the wife. "No! let your father come and assure me you are innocent, and I shall believe him."

"Curse you!" cried Ferdinand, rushing upon her; "my fury——"

She was saved from violence by a thundering knock at the door.

"Who goes there?" cried Ferdinand, with an alarm of guilt.

"Citizen Ferdinand!" shouted a voice.

"It is the voice of Volage. Now," said he to his wife, "dry your eyes—let not a word escape you."

"Do you fear that I shall denounce you?" said his wife. "I have too great a horror of traitors."

As Ferdinand opened the door, in stalked the six feet-eight of the famous artist's model, Monsieur Volage, in his gorgeous uniform of drum-major of the battalion of the Louvre.

"Stop outside there with the horses," said Volage to the person he left in the street. "Confound it!" said he, fretfully, addressing Ferdinand, "I thought you were asleep. I come on behalf of the Committee of Public Safety."

"What does all this mean?" asked Ferdinand, surlily.

"It means that *I* am sent on an extraordinary mission—that is to say, *we* are sent—that is to say, Captain Raphael de Courcy is sent as envoy extraordinary to the Army of the Rhine, and, since I accompany him, it amounts to the same thing. He must be on the road in five minutes. You must furnish us with your best carriage."

"But you cannot force me."

"Excuse me, my dear boy; if you resist the requisition, I shall be under the painful necessity of denouncing you to the revolutionary tribunal."

"Curses!" muttered Ferdinand, as he led the way into the carriage-yard.

The carriage-smith pointed out every vehicle but that of the marquis. The drum-major made objections to each.

"But don't be discouraged," said Monsieur Volage, with an affable smile. "I've had one in my eye from the very first;" and he laid his hand on a wheel of the marquis's carriage. "I'll take this."

"You can't have it. The carriage is promised."

"Citizen Ferdinand, I take it in the name of the Committee of Public Safety, and the French Republic, one and indivisible."

He threw open the gate of the yard as he spoke, and a postillion led in four horses, all harnessed, which Volage assisted him to attach to the carriage.

"But, Monsieur Volage," stammered Ferdinand, as the drum-major took his seat in the carriage.

"No more!" said Volage, sternly. "Mount, postillion!"

"Malediction!" cried the baffled traitor, dashing his head against the wall, as the carriage drove out of the courtyard at full speed.

One hour afterward it passed the barrier safely, with the marquis and his daughter, De Courcy and Volage, safely stowed inside.

For some days they traveled together, but when they approached the French army, Raphael and the drum-major left their friends, to join the troops, and the marquis pursued his way to Germany, which he reached, at last, in safety.

Let us return to Paris, and go back a little, to the point where Baptiste left the Palace of the Luxembourg, to enter the fatal cart that was to convey him to the place of execution.

As he carefully concealed his face in his military cloak, a ruffianly fellow approached the cart, and climbed upon the wheel.

"Who is this aristocrat," said he, "who is ashamed to show his face to an honest citizen? Let's see if we know him." And he tore away the cloak that shrouded the features of Baptiste. "How is this?" he cried. "This is Citizen Baptiste, the father of Ferdinand, the carriage-smith, as good a '*sans-culotte*' as any in the section. Here's some foul play, citizens! They've dressed up a good republican in the uniform of an aristocrat, and are going to murder him!"

The crowd began to murmur, and a determined band followed the cart to the place of execution, insisting that Baptiste should be remanded to the revolutionary tribunal.

By one of those strange caprices, or, rather, by one of those momentary impulses of feeling which swayed, sometimes, even the revolutionary assemblies, when Baptiste had confessed his noble scheme of self-sacrifice, and gloried in the act, his life was spared, and, with a severe rebuke from Robespierre, he was set at liberty, while the most vigilant search was made for the marquis. We have seen how the latter escaped.

Ferdinand soon learned that his father was alive, but not from his own lips—he never saw him more.

After passing a few wretched days in Paris, he joined a body of recruits on their march to the Army of the Rhine, where he met a better fate than he deserved, for he was shot in the first engagement that occurred after he joined the army. His wife sought and found protection of the old steward.

Baptiste lived to witness the return of his beloved master, when peace was restored to his country, and to rejoice at the wedding of *Colonel* Raphael de Courcy and Clementine Lavigne—misfortunes having softened the prejudices of the lady's father, and taught him that a gallant French officer, though a '*parvenu*,' was a fitting mate even for the daughter of a French noble.

JOCK A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS.

JOCK came to us a very small pup, but grew to be a very beautiful little fellow. He did not grow very much, though, for when he had finished his growth he was the smallest dog I ever had. I don't think he was more than eight inches high, but he was enormously powerful for his size, and, except to his friends, was by far the fiercest little dog of his inches, or ounces, that I ever saw.

He was a great beauty, and of a very distinguished family, his father and mother being both of pure Skye breed. He was light gray in color, with long hair, which, had he been born in his own cold country, would have been much longer, and nearly trailed on the ground. He soon learnt all I liked to teach him, and in one day learned to beg and speak, the inducement being a lump of sugar.

As in all characters, even in those nearest approaching to perfection, there are some blemishes, so, I am sorry to say,

Jock was not exempt from failings; his chief one being inordinate greediness. He was the greediest little dog that ever lived. He would eat almost anything, and at all times. On one occasion he devoured a whole candle; and on another, mamma found him demolishing a vegetable marrow.

We had a lovely little parrot, which was so tame that it never was in a cage, and used to creep up mamma's dress and nestle in her lap. Generally, it sat on a perch in the dining-room, and we constantly found Mr. Jock sitting up before it, begging for its food. Indeed, if you want to know what Jock was like, you have only to look at the print of Landseer's picture, "The Queen's Pets," in your schoolroom, in which the dog is begging from the macaw. It is a perfect portrait of little Jock in one of his favorite attitudes. But after begging for some time without any result, Jock would upset perch and parrot, and help himself to the scattered food. He was very fond of getting on the table at dessert, and would sit, begging, at the very edge, with his tail hanging over. He would "trust" when told to do so, and, greedy as he was, would stop in the middle of a mouthful, which he had been assured was "paid for," if the word "trust" was whispered to him in the lowest tone. He would sit up, too, with a fork in his mouth and a piece of meat at the end of it, and even with a lighted candle between his teeth; but once he burnt his whiskers, and after that he would never have anything more to do with fire.

JOCK A LITTLE OUT OF SORTS.—SEE PAGE 111.

He was a funny little dog, and really enjoyed his tricks. If I said, "Take a chair, Jock," he would jump up on the chair nearest to him, and sit begging, putting out his little, fat paws, or "speaking," just as he was told. I used to spread a napkin on a stool, and put his dinner on it. Then tying a handkerchief round him, like a pinafore, I would

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "YGONDE."—"'IF WE HAD LIVED, YOUR RICHES WOULD HAVE PARTED US; BUT IN DEATH AND DEADLY DANGER I MAY TELL YOU HOW MADLY I LOVE YOU, ROSE—MY OWN SWEET ROSE!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

make him beg by the side of the stool, and he would eat his food quite happily.

He soon noticed that great attention was paid to the baby, and especially when it cried and did not seem well. All the petting of baby, Jock thought thrown away, and became very jealous. I had to take him up and put a gown on him, and treat him like a sick baby. This would satisfy his vanity, and he would trot off contentedly.

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "YGONDE."

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

WHEN Harry McComber proposed to marry Milly Vasover, she replied, very simply, "Why, yes, Harry, if you will marry Di and Sue and Baby as well. We can't be separated."

Harry looked foolish, hesitated, and finally said: "They're all splendid girls, every one of them, Milly, and I love them for their own sakes as well as yours; but I have only a thousand a year, you know, and I don't believe old Tompkins means to increase my salary now, if ever."

"I see. Well, then, we'd better not talk any more about it, Harry. I don't mind if you don't."

"My darling! I do mind very much, and I won't give up the idea of marrying in the least; but five people need a good deal of bread and butter, my child; and four girls need a good deal of muslin and——"

"We have five hundred a year among us, and that will help. We were going to try to keep house on it if you hadn't proposed this."

"Very well, my darling. Let us set up on our joint stock of fifteen hundred per annum, and see how far this side of starvation it will keep us."

In a year the experiment produced an ample fund of merriment and content, not much food, fuel or clothes, and a good deal of hard work. Then the Insurance Company, wherein was vested all the little fortune of the Misses Vasover failed, and left them penniless.

The girls quietly took in such sewing as they could obtain, and Macomber undertook some extra work to occupy his evening hours, already too short for repose. Three months of this was cause enough for the nervous fever that then overtook him, and for which the physician glibly prescribed:

"Complete change of scene and occupation, generous living and plenty of rest. If possible, a long voyage."

"Do you happen to have Fortunatus's purse in your pocket, sir, and will you leave it along with your prescription, which is rather useless without it?" inquired Diana Vasover, the oldest, tallest, and, as many persons thought, the handsomest of the four.

The doctor stared, laughed a little, murmured something about "very sorry, but"—and went away.

Sue and Baby, whose real name was Rosalie, began to cry; Milly sat down, with white despair for the first time settling over her sonsy face, and Di raged up and down the room like a lioness.

Two weeks later came the day when the four women stared into each other's meagre faces, mutely asking whence should come the food for the next meal, the last one having been, perforce, omitted.

"Every cent had to go to the landlord yesterday," said Milly, opening her empty purse.

"And the man says there will be no more work for several weeks," murmured Sue.

"And Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Baxter have gone to the seashore," added Baby.

"And we wouldn't ask help from them, or any one else, if we died of starvation!" said Diana, with a degree of menace in her voice that made poor Baby cry and shiver.

"And poor, darling Harry says that he thinks he could eat a bit of steak," whispered Milly, adding her sobs to Baby's.

"There is nothing left to sell, is there?" asked Sue, glancing forlornly round the room.

"Nothing but ourselves; if any surgeon would like a finely-articulated skeleton or two," suggested Diana, baring her arm, where, in fact, the white skin clung to the bones with very little flesh between.

The door-bell rang.

"There is a man with a bill. Who shall face him? I met the grocer, and Sue the milkman," laughed Milly, hysterically. "Di, it's your turn."

Without reply, Miss Vasover caught up a light shawl, flung it round her ragged dress with the grace and dignity of a queen's mantle, and went to open the door.

The listening sisters heard the refined and courteous tones of a gentleman's voice, inquiring:

"Does Mrs. Henry Macomber live here, madame?"

"Yes, sir."

"And her sisters—the Misses Vasover?"

"Yes, sir. I am Miss Vasover."

"Thanks. May I see your sisters?"

Diana hesitated for a moment. To display the poverty of the land to a stranger, a gentleman whose dress and manner suggested such a different experience of life, was a struggle at which her pride rebelled very sorely, and yet she must submit, as a second thought plainly told her.

"Will you walk in?" said she, opening the door a little wider, and then the door of the uncarpeted, badly-furnished room where the sisters still sat.

"My sisters—Mrs. Macomber, Miss Susan Vasover, Miss Rosalie Vasover," announced Di, presenting the stranger, who bowed courteously, and, laying a card upon the table, said:

"My name is Murray, of the firm of Monroe & Murray, solicitors, London, England."

The four sisters bowed their astonishment, and Mr. Murray, taking some papers from his pocket, and opening them upon the table, continued:

"May I ask if you have ever heard the name of Philidor Cochrane?"

"There were some letters among our mother's papers signed with that name," replied Diana.

"Very good. They will be valuable proofs of identity. They are safe and in your possession?" inquired the lawyer, anxiously.

"Oh, yes. Milly, you have mamma's desk?"

"Yes; just as she left it."

"Very well, ladies. You are probably aware that Mr. Cochrane, while on a tour through this country some fifty years ago, saw and loved your mother, then Miss Bastow, and no doubt a very lovely young lady. They were secretly betrothed, and Mr. Cochrane returned to England to ask consent of his family, wealthy merchants in London. The consent was refused, the engagement by some means broken, and Philidor Cochrane was sent to India, in the service of the East India Company.

"His father died, leaving him a fortune; his uncle died, leaving him another; his only brother died, leaving him a

third; and his own exertions in shaking the pagoda-tree obtained for him the most colossal fortune of the four.

"Six months ago Mr. Cochrane arrived in London, and within the week dispatched a special messenger to America to ascertain the fate and history of Miss Virginia Bastow, and convey to her a letter written by his own hand.

"The messenger returned, bringing the letter and news that Miss Bastow, having married Mr. Vasover, and become the mother of four daughters, was dead, leaving them orphans.

"In two months more Mr. Cochrane himself died, leaving a will wherein he first provides for his body being brought to this country and interred close beside that of your late mother; then for the erection of a magnificent monument over the late Mrs. Vasover, and finally bequeathing the remainder of his magnificent property to the four daughters of Mrs. Virginia Vasover, *nés* Virginia Bastow. Ladies, allow me to congratulate you upon inheriting one of the largest private fortunes in England."

"What is the amount of the whole, Mr. Murray?" inquired Diana, the first to recover her breath.

"It is hard to say, as much of the property is still in trade and much in real estate," replied the lawyer. "But I am not afraid to promise one hundred millions of dollars when the whole shall be settled."

"And Harry is dying for need of a beefsteak and a glass of wine!" cried Milly, in anguish too great for control.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, his handsome face flushing scarlet. "I had no idea—but you will allow me——"

He was already opening his pocketbook, when Diana haughtily interfered.

"Certainly not, Mr. Murray. Whatever our necessities we have never yet received alms, nor can we now begin to do so."

"Oh, Di! Mr. Murray had no idea!" exclaimed a sweeter voice, and the young lawyer, for the first time, noticed what lovely violet eyes Miss Sue Vasover possessed, and how sweet an expression.

He bowed admiringly to her, and respectfully to Diana, as he replied to both:

"I certainly had no idea of offering alms, or even a personal loan, but I am instructed by my partner to offer any advance upon the estate required by the heirs, and I have here a blank draft upon a prominent banking-house in this city, which I shall be happy to fill out at your order, Miss Vasover."

"Without favor or obligation, Mr. Murray?"

"Absolutely. The money is your own, and will be placed to your account with our firm."

"Fill it out for a hundred thousand dollars, if you please;" said Miss Vasover, with a chilly smile, while the sisters glanced at each other, terror-stricken at such audacity, and Mr. Murray, bowing slightly, filled up the draft, and pushed it across the table for Diana's signature.

"That looks real, and yet it seems exactly like a fairy story," murmured Baby, as the paper was handed round for inspection.

With true gentlemanly instinct, Mr. Murray now withdrew, leaving the bewildered family to arrange, in their own fashion, the first steps of realization of their sudden prosperity.

Diana was the first to speak, and she, slowly unpinning a little needlebook from her pocket, produced a dollar bill, which she put into Milly's hand, saying:

"I saved it for the very last emergency, when we should be actually starving, but it is safe now to spend it for Harry. Go get the steak, dear, while I go down-town and bring home—how much?"

"A hundred dollars—twenty-five apiece!" cried Sue, eagerly. "I want a ruffle, and a ribbon for my hair."

"You can have twenty-five thousand as well as twenty-five units, if you choose," said Diana. "But I don't see the pressing need of finery."

"Sue does, though," suggested Baby, pertly. "She sees it in Mr. Murray's eyes."

And Sue blushed "celestial rosy-red," while Diana curled her handsome mouth in a scornful smile, and Milly flew back to Harry's bedside.

A week later the family sat in conclave. The inheritance and its amount had become fixed facts, and the hundred thousand dollars of advance, which had at first appeared so prodigious a fortune in itself, had wofully diminished, now that four eager hands drew from it as freely and as often as they would.

"That is the very idea," said Diana, decidedly. "The doctor recommended change of scene, sea-air, and lively society, with generous living for Harry; and it will be a good regimen for all of us girls also. Let us buy this steam-yacht, 'with its crew, master and stores complete,' as the advertisement says, and start for the Mediterranean next Monday."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money," remarked Harry, feebly, from his couch beside the little Spring fire.

"Not for persons possessing a hundred millions," corrected Diana, magnificently; and Milly added:

"Not if it can do you good, my own love."

"But we must invite some people to go with us. The *Ygonde* has eight staterooms, and we only need three," suggested Susan; and Baby good-naturedly helped her out by proposing:

"Let us offer to carry Mr. Murray home, for one."

"And Charlie Bays and Ned Winchester, if they will leave college before class-day," added Sue, returning the compliment.

"I dare say Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery P. Apthorpe would like to go," suggested Diana.

"My goodnees gracious me!" ejaculated Baby; "we sha'n't need to carry any ice, if you only let them sleep next to the store-room."

"Maybe the Spanish ambassador and the Russian archduke would go along, too, to make it pleasant for Di," suggested Harry; and Sue prophesied:

"If she once gets abroad, she'll buy up some German principality, with prince attached, and start in life as a royal dignitary."

"No; she'll come home and marry a good, honest American," said Milly, tucking her hand into Harry's. "They are the men for husbands."

"If you have all finished, we will go on with our rational plans and arrangements," said Diana, who hated to be teased, but had learned that it was quite useless to resist, except by stony silence.

And so the yacht *Ygonde* was bought and provisioned with all the luxury four active minds and unlimited means could bring together; and, one bright day in June, steamed out of Boston Harbor, with the stars and stripes flying at her main, and a private pennon, embroidered with the Vasover arms, at her fore.

The eight staterooms were all filled: Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Apthorpe gladly ensconcing their dignity in one, and Mr. Murray, the two collegians, two other young gentlemen, and Tot and Birdie Banks, the chosen bosom-friends of Sue and Baby Vasover, completing the list; with Captain Weston, the sailing-master, "bought with the yacht," as Baby chose to phrase it.

Every one was content, every one was well after the third

day out; the weather was fine, the table excellent, novels and poems abundant, the moon at its full, the young men all inclined to do their duty in the way of falling in love with all the young ladies; and there being but four of the divinities to five of the adorers, the former were enabled to keep their devotees in that constant condition of uncertainty and excitement so essential to the pleasure of a game at coquetry. And here it was that Baby Vasover especially distinguished herself, keeping Messrs. Bays, Winchester and Jewell—all of whom were openly and honestly in love with her—in a constant fever of doubt and distress; and alternating between them and Randolph, who really preferred Miss Banks, but would have sold himself to Baby's fortune, and Mr. Murray, who spasmodically avoided Sue—who, in turn, flirted furiously with every one but him, and in her heart of hearts cared for no one else.

As for Di, she received homage from every one and preferred no one, unless it was Mrs. M. P. A., from whom she quietly and covertly gleaned such items of conventionality and fashionable intelligence as she thought might be useful in the position she had determined to assume upon her return home.

As for Milly, she was a wife; and beyond that she was a sweet and attentive hostess, and a ready *confidante* and sympathizer with every one who had a grievance. And Harry, recovering his health, was beginning to moodily contemplate a future of idle dependence upon his wife's fortune; and in trying to hide his brooding discontent from his wife's clear eyes was bringing the first little cloud over her happy, married life.

One person has not been mentioned as yet, and, in fact, nobody seemed to trouble themselves very much to recognize his existence; and this was Captain Paul Weston, sailing-master of the yacht *Ygonde*, and a fine, stalwart young fellow of six-and-twenty, with eyes as cold and clear as an eagle's, and plenty of fair hair, which he tossed impatiently off his forehead with a hand "quite too white and well-shapen for that sort of person," as Mrs. M. P. A. one day observed.

"Dear me! I never looked at him enough to know whether he has hands or not," lisped Baby, to whom this remark was made, and who happened to be in a naughty mood, having quarreled with young Banks and turned her back upon her other three admirers, because Mr. Murray was reading poetry to Sue instead of playing bézique with her.

"Excuse me, Miss Vasover; but the men are about to haul the rope you are sitting upon," said a voice close beside her; and Baby, with a start, became conscious that Captain Weston was at her elbow, and must have heard her last remark.

A DRINK BY THE WAYSIDE.

"Some of the sailors want us to move, I believe, Mrs. Apthorpe," said she, without looking fully round; and Paul Weston smiled contemptuously as he noticed the flood of color creeping to the roots of Baby's golden hair, as she strolled to the other side of the deck.

"What a pity money should turn the head and spoil the character of such a pretty child!" said he to himself. "How fortunate that her airs don't trouble me!"

But Captain Weston was very sharp with the men who hauled in that sail, and was likewise rather moody all the afternoon.

That night there was a round game at cards in the cabin, and Baby, whose pettishness had settled down into a fit of the sulks, buried her pretty nose in a novel for a while, and finally, throwing it down, went out on deck; and, after some wanderings, made her way forward, and, perched upon the heel of the bowsprit, sat looking down at the

A SAMOIEDE JOUTE OR TENT.— SEE PAGE 119.

foamy ripples thrown off by the schooner's shapely bows as she slid through the darkening waters.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Vasover; but really, that position is very unsafe," said a quiet voice; and Baby, looking round with a start, found the sailing-master close behind her.

"Good gracious, Captain—ah—Southern, how much trouble you give yourself about my motions!" exclaimed she, pettishly, and edging herself a little further out upon the bowsprit.

"Only when they interfere with my duties in working the yacht," replied Weston, coolly.

"And how does my remaining here trouble the yacht, pray?" inquired Rosalie, impertinently.

"Your remaining there does not trouble it at all; but your falling overboard would delay and trouble it considerably," replied the young man, so coolly that Baby could joyfully have slapped him. As it was, she loftily replied:

"Really, sir, your caution is a little excessive."

And, moving still further in the forbidden direction, she bent recklessly forward, felt a sudden giddiness seize upon her brain, caught at a rope, missed it, and would have fallen headlong, but for a strong hand which seized and sustained her, and a deep voice which cried:

"Good God! I thought you were gone!"

"Oh, I thought so, too! Oh, oh, Captain Weston, how foolish I am!"

And a burst of sudden tears relieved the nervous irritability, root or fruit, as you will, of the day's willfulness and ill-humor.

"Sit down a little while, and steady yourself before the others see you," said Weston, softly, and offering his arm, he led his charge to the after-part of the vessel, and seated her where not even the man at the wheel could watch or overhear her; then, with a polite but somewhat chilly bow, he left her and went forward again.

Baby cried a few minutes, then looked up with a smile, found nothing but the mainmast to receive her smile, started up, looked around, and then forward, and finally went into the cabin, holding her golden head very high and straight, indeed.

The next day the weather was stormy, the next night very stormy, the day after dangerous, and forty-eight hours from the time Baby sat on the heel of the bowsprit, the *Ygonde* was tossing helplessly in the trough of the sea, her engine flooded, her masts disabled, her rudder injured, her crew almost exhausted at the pumps, her passengers divided between helpless and imbecile alarm, active and ill-judged interference with the management of the yacht, and quiet waiting for effort or submission when the time should come for either.

Milly relied upon her husband, who said nothing; Diana relied upon herself; Sue said her prayers, and Baby crept along the deck until she reached the man standing firmly braced against the skylight, and whispered:

"Are we going to be wrecked, Captain Weston?"

"I cannot say what may happen yet, Miss Rose."

"No; but please tell me what you think."

"I think your sister there upon her knees is doing the best thing any woman can do just now."

"Then we *are* going to be wrecked, and I shall be drowned, for I am always the unlucky one, and I hope you'll forgive my being so rude to you. I don't know any one else I ever offended, and I want to make peace."

"Poor child! poor child! Well there, then, I forgive you, if there is anything to forgive; and as for drowning, you shan't do it if I can help it, I promise you. I saved you once, and I mean to do it again."

"You can, I know, if any one can," said Baby, in quiet confidence; and then a doubt and a pain came over her fair, young face, and she eagerly added:

"No, don't try for me, but for Sue. She's ever and ever

so much better a girl than I, and—and—well, I fancy some one cares ever so much for her, and they'll be happy. Save Sue, and help Mr. Murray, if you can, won't you, Captain Weston?"

"If I can save all, I will; if only one, it must be the one whose life is most precious to me of all on board," said the young man, softly, and Baby glanced quickly up in his face, then as quickly away, and neither spoke again.

Twelve hours more, and the *Ygonde* struck on the cruel reefs off the coast of Ireland—struck and lay for yet another night, with the sea washing clear over her helpless hull, and every seaman in her expecting that each thump would be her last.

The hour was one of those so rarely vouchsafed to man, when he may study his fellow-men utterly without disguise—reading the structure of his soul as certainly as the anatomist reveals the skeleton laid bare before him.

Mr. Montgomery P. Apthorpe, pompous and indifferent to his peril as long as that was possible, grew, at last, frantic with rage and terror; offered vast sums of money to master and sailors, and then raved angrily at Harry Macomber for beguiling him into such a trap; his wife talked in dignified and high-bred strains of the "peculiar position" in which she found herself placed, and murmured something about "I told you so, Mr. Apthorpe," into her husband's ear.

The young husband and wife clung to each other in selfish and absorbing love. Diana, refusing all assistance or sympathy, stood erect and pallid, fronting her death, if death it must be, with haughty defiance. Sue, all disguise forgotten, allowed Murray to bind her to the same spar with himself, and whisper assurance in her ear that they should live or die together, for he could never again be parted from her. And Baby, where was she? Clinging close as a frightened child to Paul Weston's neck, while he, drawing her closer and yet closer to his heart, murmured:

"If we had lived, your riches would have parted us; but in death and deadly danger I may tell you how madly I love you, Rose—my own sweet Rose!"

As for the rest! Have you never seen frightened, senseless women and men brave enough, but without the power of controlling themselves or any one else? If not, you might have seen them that night as the *Ygonde* beat heavily upon the reef for a while, then settled so far as she might, and lay mutely enduring, while the cruel waves tore at her fair frame and costly beauties until they rent her plank from timber, and bore away each wave his trophy, even as a pack of wolves might rend the body of some fair woman abandoned to their fury, and bear her relics to the four quarters of the wood.

But with morning light came rescue. The storm had passed, the waves somewhat subsided; and the wreckers, who had watched the shipwreck from the distant cliffs, came off at last to rescue such as might still remain, first of goods and then of men.

We may not pause upon the details of this part of the story, albeit there is material in it for a volume; but simply say that no life was lost, although much treasure—which, however, was, as Harry Macomber remarked, "less than a flea-bite to what remained."

"It was also Harry who insisted that, since the ladies had all lost their wardrobes, they should at once proceed to Paris, and there refurnish themselves at the expense of the yacht *Ygonde;* which, as he said, owed them reparation, and should make it, in spite of her own disappearance. It was at Dublin that this decision was reached; and here it was that Captain Weston, for the first time, sought an interview with Rosalie Vasover.

"You wished to see me, I believe, Captain Weston?" said the young lady, with icy airiness.

"Yes, Miss Rose; I wish to say Good-by, and to beg your pardon for words and acts spoken and committed, as I thought, in the presence of death——"

"And since, evidently, regretted," interrupted Baby, with a firmly developed pout.

"I have no right to take advantage of kindness granted to me at such a moment and in the face of such peril. You did not know what you were saying or doing then, Miss Rose, and I—I must learn to forget."

"No very difficult matter, I should imagine, Captain Weston. Well, good-by, if you are going."

"Good-by—Rose!"

He came a little nearer, and held out his hand, but turned away his face. She laid her tiny palm on his, and stole a half-glance upward; then closed the warm, pink fingers closely upon the firmer, browner ones that trembled beneath the touch.

He felt the clasp, looked quickly down at her flushed face, saw there something—I know not what—and, with a short cry, as of wild delight, caught the little figure close, close to his bounding heart.

Half an hour later, Baby said:

"Of course it is proper to ask Harry and Di, too—but, you know, it don't make the faintest matter what either of them say. I'm not going to give you up to Birdie Banks, though I know you're dying to go."

That evening Diana received two distinct shocks in the announcement of her two sisters' matrimonial intentions. She comforted herself with a sneer:

"If you were going to buy husbands with your money, why didn't you wait until you got to market, instead of paying full price for windfalls?"

"Wait till we see who goes through the woods, and is obliged to pick up a crooked stick at last!" retorted Baby; and Milly added:

"Never mind, Di; we'll ticket you choice specimens of an American title-hunter. No customers need apply without a coronet in their pockets."

"I don't think, at least, that I shall marry a sailor or an attorney," replied Di, magnificently.

Nor did she. For the party had not been in Paris a month before Miss Vasover received proposals of marriage from three gentlemen of noble family—one marquis, one viscomte and one duke, whom she at once accepted, in spite of his sixty years, his horrible face, and more horrible reputation as *roué*, gambler and tyrant.

The day of the wedding, Mr. Murray, who had been summoned hastily to London by telegraph, returned, just in time to dress and attend his betrothed, who was one of her sister's bridesmaids. At the breakfast, every one remarked his pallor, his silence and his forced gayety; and when the duke and duchess were set forth upon the wedding-journey, which both had agreed in making very short, Sue cornered her lover, and demanded his bad news—for she was confident that he had some.

"My best news is that you and I are to be married very soon," replied Murray, significantly.

And then he called the rest of the family together, and, in as gentle words as such news could be put, informed them that the great Cochrane fortune was melting from their grasp as suddenly as it had come. A wife and child appeared upon the scene, armed with certificates of marriage, birth and identity. A clever lawyer had taken up their case, and had found a terrible weapon in Mr. Cochrane's own will, where appeared the phrase: "in default of legal heirs of my own body"—words explained by the widow's confession that, having quarreled with her husband, she had left him, and had contrived to lead him to suppose that she and her son were dead and buried, instead,

as was the case, of living contentedly under another gentleman's protection. It was obvious that Mrs. Cochrane's own character, in a moral point of view, suffered severely in this exposition; but Mrs. Cochrane's claim was established, as was her son's, and Mr. Murray had no hope beyond making a fair compromise with the new heirs, who were ready enough to relinquish all claim to money already expended, and even to allow a certain sum to the disappointed heirs, on condition of their releasing all claims without further delay or litigation.

"And, after all, it is as well sooner as later," concluded Mr. Murray. "They've got the inside track, and we shall clear two or three hundred thousand among us. As for me, I've got Sue, and I'm content."

"And I can go to work again, with Milly's capital to back me, and feel like a man once more," said Harry Macomber, lifting his head as he had not done in six months.

"And Baby won't plague me to give up the sea, but come along, too, instead of keeping me at home," said Paul Weston; and Baby smiled at him, with tearful eyes.

But it was Milly who first remembered to say:

"Oh, poor Di! poor, dear, darling Di! The duke only married her money, and now he will ill-treat her."

"Madame la duchesse will hold her own, and she has the title and the position. No need to pity her," said Murray, with a malicious smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery P. Apthorpe insisted upon returning to America by steamer at their own expense; Tot and Birdie Banks betrothed themselves to the two collegians, and went home, as well as the other two young gentlemen, in the *China*, under escort of Harry and Milly Macomber; Baby and Sue married immediately, and followed their husbands—the one to Calcutta, the other to London; and Diana, Duchess of Riendetout, remained alone to break the thorns from the lining of her coronet as best she might, and to consider at leisure the problem of the search through the wood, and the crooked stick at last. So ended the cruise of the *Ygonde*.

IN A SAMOIEDE TENT.

By David Ker.

It is not everybody who has been in a Samoiede tent; and, indeed, it is not everybody who would care to be in one very long, except, perhaps, as a shelter, when the thermometer stands at 60 degrees below freezing, and the terrible north wind comes howling over the frozen steppes, casting up drifts of snow big enough to bury a wagon. Nevertheless, it is well worth seeing, if only as a sample of the kind of dwellings in which human beings can contrive to exist, often for seven or eight months together.

Scouring over the wide, bare plains of the Far North, you see in the distance a larger snowdrift than usual, topped by a dark, narrow cone; and while you are still wondering what this latter can be, a curl of smoke, oozing from its top into the clear, frosty air, tells the whole story. In fact, the Samoiede needs only a dozen stout poles and a few reindeer-skins to complete his building materials; and when the tent is pitched, all that remains to be done is to leave a hole open at the top to let out the smoke, heap up the snow all around to keep the cold wind from creeping in below, and have plenty of dried fish and deer-meat in stock.

Before such a dwelling do I halt, on one of those glorious December days which make the Russian Winter enjoyable, in spite of its terrible power—a bright, keen, frosty morning, when the clear blue sky above, and the dazzling white of the snow beneath, and the cheerful sunshine all around, and the bracing freshness of the air, make one feel happy, almost without knowing why. Stepping over the encircling snow-mound, I lift the loose flap of deer-skin that forms the front door of this primitive country-house, and find myself in the presence of two native ladies, who seem not a whit discomposed by my unexpected entrance. As they sit crouched there in the semi-darkness, muffled in the huge skin cloaks which are their only wear, with the red firelight playing fitfully on their dwarfish figures, flat, heavy, almost noseless faces, small, rat-like eyes, and complexions of deep, shiny brown (not unlike a newly-varnished table), it would be difficult to imagine two more extraordinary hobgoblins.

The head of the family is evidently absent on business; but the mother and daughter—the former seemingly about forty, the latter perhaps twelve or thirteen—are hard at work, stitching away as industriously as any mantua-maker. I greet them with the customary salutation, "Be happy, my friends!" and, seating myself on a pile of skins near the door, begin to look about me.

The interior is not roomy, by any means; but every inch of it seems to be fully turned to account. The floor, the tent-poles, the very folds of the skin, are a perfect museum of pans, pouches, strips of deer-meat, caps, bark shoes, smoked fish, bottles, knives, whips, harness, fish-spears, and what not; while the fire, laid in a hole in the centre, sends a thick smoke wandering at its own sweet will in every direction but the right one, mingling its acrid flavor with the prevalent odors of grease, blood, raw meat, salted fish and unwashed human beings.

"What are you at work upon there?" ask I, in default of any better opening for conversation.

"New cloaks," answers the elder lady, in a deep, hoarse voice. "Our old ones are getting worn out"—a fact which, indeed, requires no demonstration.

"And what's this needle made of?" I inquire, looking, with some surprise, at the huge, ungainly implement which she handles so deftly.

"Reindeer-bone; and the thread is reindeer-sinew. Our deer give us everything we want, you see. That spear yonder is tipped with their horn, and here's some cheese made from their milk—will you taste it?"

From a fold of the tent she produces a thick, yellowish mass, very much like a cake of wheel-grease; but the odor of the dainty is quite enough for me, even without having seen it handled by those grimy paws. I do as I have been done by, and "decline with thanks."

"And where are your reindeer?"

"Outside, behind the tent. Come and look at them."

There, sure enough, are the hardy little beasts, in their stable of heaped-up snow, apparently quite comfortable, though they seem to have no better fodder than moss and bark. To those who have only seen them in picture-books, it would be a sad disappointment to behold, instead of the magnificent creatures represented there, four heavy-looking, grayish-white beasts, which, but for their short, broad horns, might easily pass for donkeys; but if not ornamental, they are at least useful, beyond dispute.

The sledge, standing ready beside its team, suggests to my impromptu hostess to treat me to a drive—an offer not to be slighted. I scramble in, my charioteer takes her place beside me, and away we go. At first the motion is smooth and pleasant enough; but as our team warm to their work, the rocking of the sledge threatens to pitch me out altogether, to the undisguised amusement of my more skillful companion; and by the time we reach the tent again, I am completely out of breath.

I reward my hospitable entertainers with a few kopecks, and depart under a shower of guttural native blessings.

THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY,

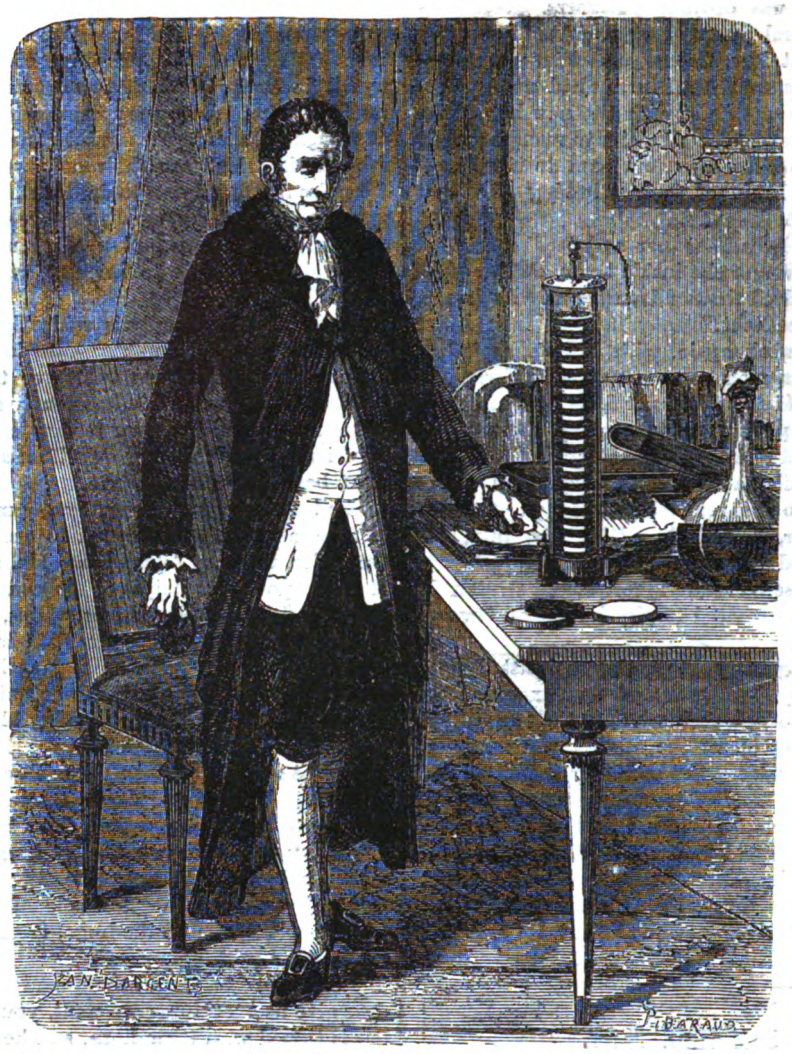
FROM THE PITH-BALL TO THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

By Prof. C. A. Joy.

(Continued.)

A FRIENDLY controversy was carried on by Galvani and Volta for several years, which, in the light of the present day, appears somewhat singular, as the views of the latter are generally adopted, and to him is often accorded the honor of being the real founder of Voltaic electricity.

Adopting at the outset, with the greatest enthusiasm, the vitalist hypothesis of Galvani, Volta came, after no long time, to the conviction that the electrical efforts attributed by Galvani to the animal electricity of the frog were really due to the contact of dissimilar substances, and that the frog's limbs were only the sensitive electroscope, adapted to indicate the electrical current developed by two unlike metals.



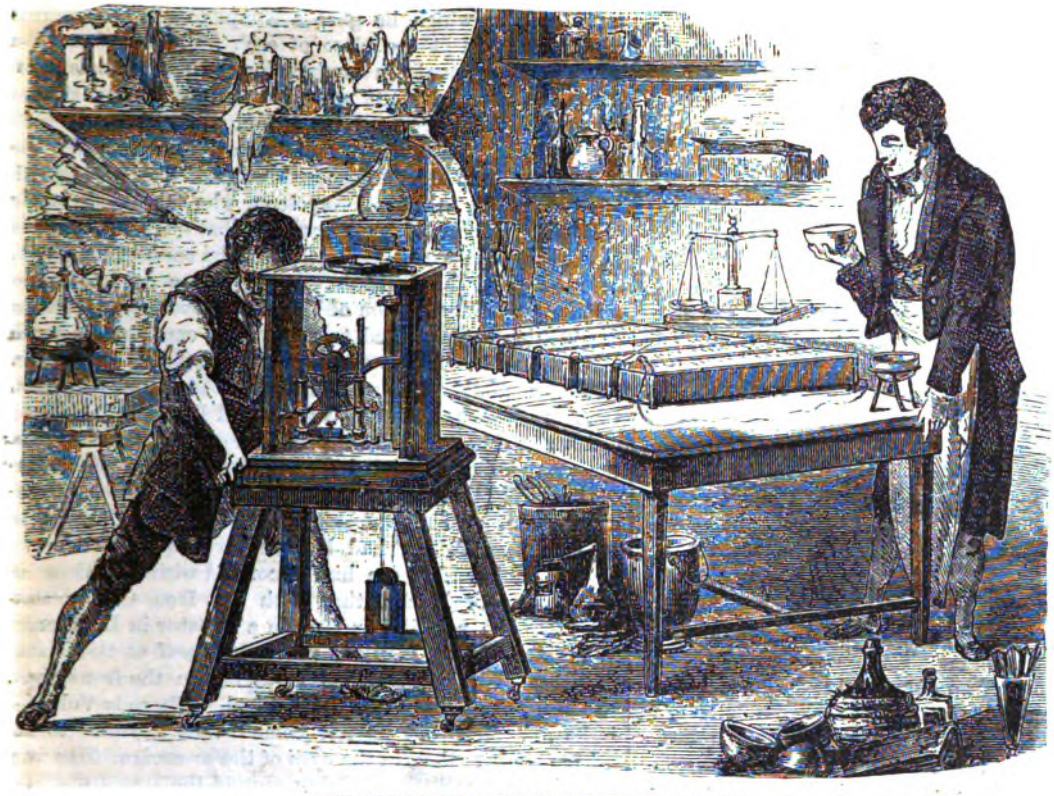
VOLTA IN 1799 CONSTRUCTS THE FIRST ELECTRIC PILE.

Each discoverer saw but half the truth. Nas originated his celebrated contact theory; a view of the source of dynamic electricity that long held almost universal sway over scientific opinion, until gradually supplanted by the electro-chemical theory, which refers the phenomena to chemical action.

By the use of his condensing electrometer, Volta sought to establish the contact theory by a great number of well-devised experiments. Being assured of the passive state of the electrometer, he established communication between the earth and the upper plate of the moistened fingers, while at the same time a bit of zinc plate, held in the moistened fingers

VOLTA.

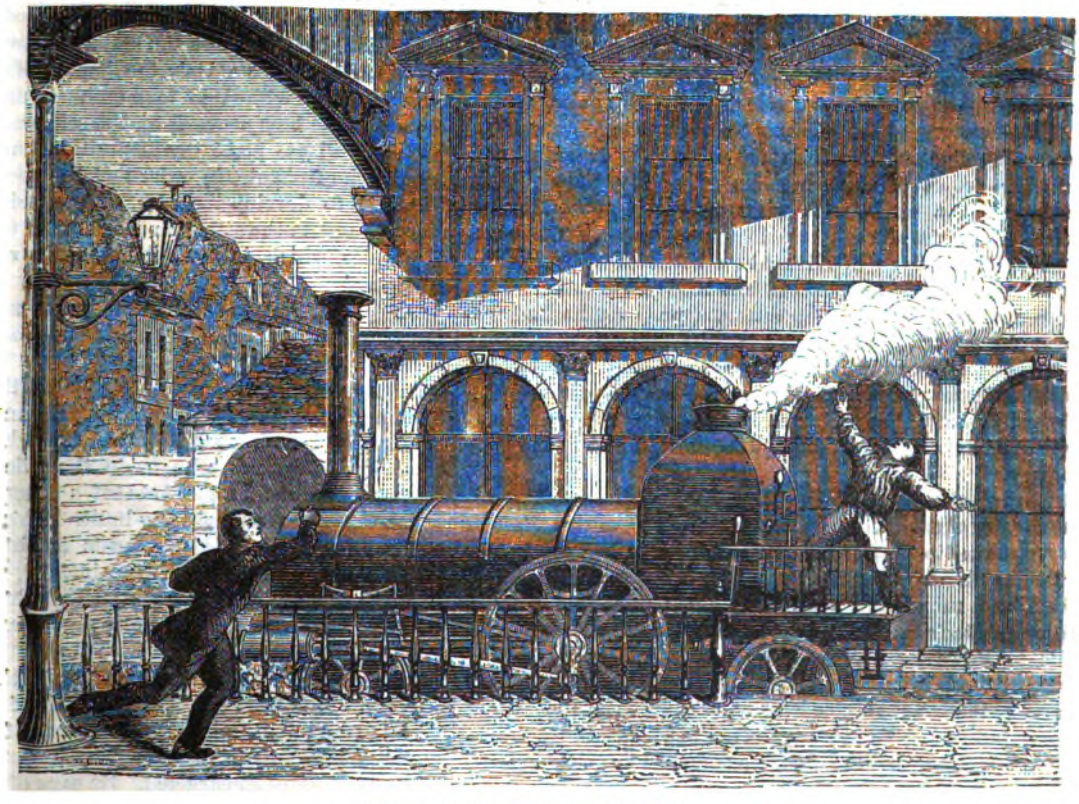
HUMPHREY DAVY.



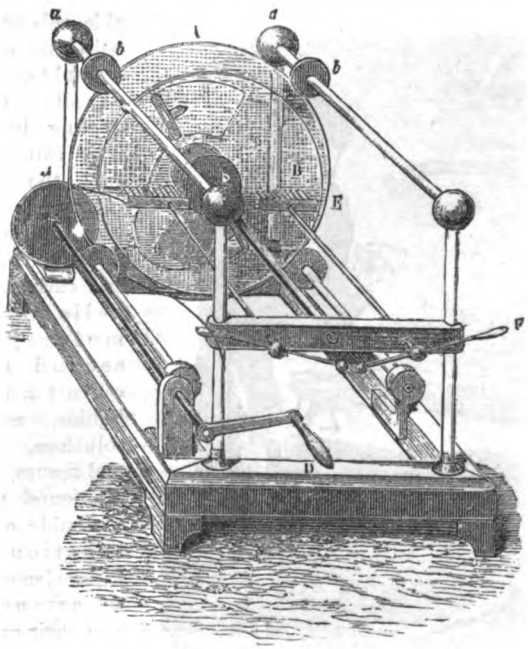
DAVY DECOMPOSES ALKALIES BY THE VOLTAIC PILE.

of the other hand, is placed in contact with the lower plate; after a single instant, contact is broken, and, on raising the upper plate, the gold leaves diverge. Whence the electricity? Volta replied, "From the contact of the two unlike substances"—overlooking the fact that there was a chemical action due to the effect of the moist fingers on the zinc. As the plate touched by the zinc became positive, and the copper negative, he assumed that there was an "electro-motive force" capable of developing these electrical states in the two metals as a result of simple contact. This experiment was repeated with conductors of every sort, and always when one of them was an alterable substance, with the same results. He divided conducting bodies into two classes: the first class, including the metals, metallic ores and carbon, he calls electro-motors; the second class contains liquids, saline solutions, animal tissues, etc. He found that a double combination of these elements, so arranged that their order was reversed, neutralized each other, and produced no spasm in the frog's legs, which he uniformly used as an electroscope. This was in 1796—four years in advance of the date usually assigned as that of the invention of the Voltaic pile.

The most celebrated of Volta's discoveries was the Voltaic



DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICITY IN STEAM.



HOLZ'S ELECTRIC MACHINE.

pile, or battery. Every form of apparatus designed to produce a current of dynamic electricity is called a battery, or pile. Volta's original apparatus was, as its name implies, a pile of alternate silver and zinc discs, laid up with discs of paper or cloth between them, moistened with brine or acid-water. This arrangement was more commonly made with alternate discs of copper and zinc, care being taken always to observe the order—copper, cloth, zinc. The terminal discs were provided with ears for the convenient attachment of wires. The pile may be regarded as a Leyden jar or electrical battery, perpetually charged, and capable of recharging itself as long as the given conditions are maintained. The end of the pile which yields vitreous electricity is called its positive pole, and that which yields resinous electricity is called the negative pole—a name also applied to the wires or conductors connecting the two poles.

The discovery of the pile was announced in March, 1800, to Sir Joseph Banks, both in the form just described and also the crown of cups, a series of twenty glass goblets arranged in a circle, with wires connecting the plus and minus elements of each cup to the opposite of the next. This last is the type of all modern batteries with separate cells. He classified its effects, but made no mention of its power of chemical decomposition, a property he had not then observed. This last power was immediately discovered by Nicholson and Carlisle, in London, on the 2nd of May, 1800. These experimenters were the first to perform the electrolysis of water, and to prove that that fluid was composed of two volumes of hydrogen and one volume of oxygen.

Toward the close of the year 1800, Volta and his colleague, Brugnatelli, received permission from the French Government to repair to Paris for the purpose of conferring with the physicists of the capital on diverse scientific questions, and in particular on the Voltaic pile. On passing through Geneva, Volta showed the experiments with his pile to Professor Pictet, whose descendant has just performed the brilliant operation of condensing hydrogen and oxygen, the gases obtained from water, by means of electric decomposition. Volta was received in Paris with the highest distinction, by the first Consul Napoleon Bonaparte, who had conceived the highest opinion of his talents.

Volta read before the Institute an exhaustive memoir, during three sessions on the 16th, 18th and 20th of November, 1800, in which he gave a complete account of his researches; and at the close of each lecture performed a series of experiments in explanation. Napoleon was present at the second lecture, and witnessed the experiments at its close. Volta repeated his principal experiments with the gold-leaf electroscope, and burned iron wire by the battery, and finally decomposed water. The last experiment especially interested Napoleon, who suggested certain modifications and further researches that ought to be made in the same direction. At the close of the session, Napoleon, as member of the Institute, moved that a gold medal be struck in commemoration of Volta's discoveries, and that a commission be appointed to repeat his experiments on an extensive scale. The commission was composed of Laplace, Coulomb, Hallé, Monge, Fourcroy, Vauquelin, Pelletan, Charles, Brisson, Sabatier, Guyton and Biot.

After having repeated the principal experiments of Volta, the commission appointed Biot to draw up the report, recommending that the gold medal be conferred on the "citizen" Volta. "The professor from Pavia," says Arago, in his eulogy on Volta, "had become for Napoleon the very type of genius. We see him decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, then with the Iron Crown, then raised to the nobility, and made a Senator in Lombardy. When the Italian Institute presented itself at the Palace in Milan, if, by accident, Volta was not in the front rank, the brusque question would be asked, 'Where is Volta?—is he ill? Why did he not come?' thus showing to the other members that, in the eyes of the sovereign, they were but simple satellites revolving around the inventor of the pile.

"'I can never consent,' said Napoleon, in 1804, 'to the retirement of Volta. If his functions as professor are too fatiguing, let them be reduced, even to the extent of one lecture a year, for the University of Paris would be wounded to the core the day that I permitted a name so illustrious to disappear from its list of members. Moreover,' he added, 'a good general ought to die on the field of honor.'"

In June, 1801, a short time after the battle of Marengo, Napoleon wrote from Italy to Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, that he wished to found an annual prize of 3,000 francs for the best research on the sciences of Franklin and Volta. "Please make my disposition known to the President of the Institute, in order that the necessary steps may be taken to develop the idea. My special desire is to encourage and fix the attention of scientists to this department of physics, which, in my opinion, is the road to grand discoveries."

One of the first to receive this prize was Sir Humphrey Davy, whose admirable discoveries we shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

In attempting to increase the size of the Voltaic pile, it was found that the weight of the column pressed out the moisture and diminished its force. This difficulty was overcome by Cruikshank, who made the pile horizontal, in a long wooden box, in the form of a trough, to the size of which there was scarcely any limit. This new disposition of the apparatus enabled physicists to obtain results of the most striking character. Pepys, in 1802, made a battery in this way of sixty couples, by means of which he was able to fuse and burn the most refractory metals and to produce the most intense light.

Sir Humphrey Davy, who in 1802, at the age of twenty-four years, had been called to the Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, made preparations for extensive researches into Voltaic electricity, by having a pile of enormous dimensions constructed. He says of this, "I recently caused to be constructed, for the laboratory of the Royal

Institution, a battery of immense size. It is composed of 400 couples of five inches square, and forty pairs of a foot square. By means of this battery I can ignite cotton, sulphur, resin, oil, ether; it melts a platinum wire, reddens and burns several ounces of iron wire three hundredths of an inch in diameter; it causes liquids to boil, and decomposes them into gases." We shall see hereafter that this battery was of signal importance to Davy in his line of research.

While physicists were occupied with their experiments, the physiologists did not lose sight of the possible connection that might exist between the effects of galvanism and the phenomena of life. They therefore observed without ceasing the action of the pile on the animal economy. They could not abandon the idea that dynamical electricity would serve to explain the vital force. Even Napoleon Bonaparte was much impressed with this idea, and, on one occasion, after witnessing some experiments, he turned to his physician and said, "Doctor, behold the emblem of life! the vertebral column is the pile, the liver the negative pole, and the kidneys the positive."

The celebrated French surgeon, Larrey, was the first to repeat on a human subject the original experiment of Galvani. Having occasion to amputate the arm of a man who had been run over on the street, he carefully opened the dissected member, so as to expose the nerve, which he enveloped in lead foil. The moment he touched the muscles and the lead, there was a convulsive movement of the arm the same as in the frog. The experiment was repeated by other surgeons with like success.

It was in this department of science that Alexander Von Humboldt made his *début* as an investigator. He succeeded in reanimating, for a short time, a linnet which was at the point of death, by the simple application of zinc and silver foil. The bird was lying on its back, with closed eyes, and was insensible to pain, when the young experimenter inserted the point of zinc in its bill, and a fine silver wire in the rectum, and united the two by an iron wire. In this way the circuit was closed. "Imagine my astonishment," said Humboldt, "the moment the contact of the metals was made, to see the bird open its eyes, lift itself up, and clap its wings." The linnet continued to respire for six or eight minutes before life was extinct.

This experiment was received everywhere with the greatest interest. It was natural for physiologists to imagine that if the mere contact of two metals could accomplish such results, the powerful battery of Volta ought to render a much more distinguished service.

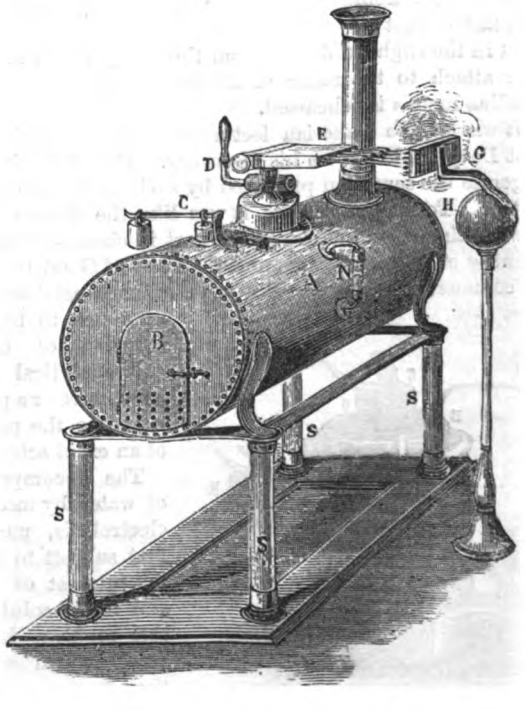
The account of Volta's pile was no sooner published than anatomists and surgeons everywhere tried experiments upon such subjects as they could obtain; and some of them went so far as to prepare the corpses of persons who had been executed, in order to pursue their inquiry. Horrible scenes were thus enacted with the freshly severed heads of malefactors, full details of which are given in the records of the early part of this century.

Perhaps the most exciting experiment was performed by Andrew Ure, of Glasgow, November 4th, 1818, on the body of an assassin, who had been condemned to be hanged. The subject was a man of medium height and athletic form. After he had been left suspended from the noose for an hour, the body was brought by the police to the anatomical theatre. A trough battery of 270 couples, four inches square, was put in action, ready for use. The first experiment was to expose the medulla oblongata at the neck, and the sciatic nerve at the hip, and to close the circuit. Instantly all the muscles of the body were agitated by violent convulsions, which were kept up as long as the circuit was maintained. The experiment was varied in different ways, the most interesting to the spectators being the artificial restoration of respiration, as if the man had been brought to life. Some of the audience were so scared that they rushed out of the room, while others fainted away. Dr. Ure was half disposed to believe that if they had commenced by efforts to restore respiration, the body could have been reanimated; particularly as there was no organic disease, and the neck of the assassin had not been broken.

One of the results of this class of experiments was the invention of a convenient form of apparatus by which the expression of the countenance could be made to betoken joy, ecstasy, hatred and the like, and exhibitions of these effects were made for the amusement of the public. This was before the apparatus was perfected for use in curing diseases.

While physiologists and physicists were thus early in the field with their discoveries, the chemists were not idle. The Voltaic battery was destined to produce a complete revolution in chemical science, to enrich it with unexpected facts, to perfect methods of experiment, and to furnish to it a new theory of chemical affinity. The labors of Nicholson and Carlisle on the decomposition of water, and those of Cruikshank on the decomposition of salts, had given the signal for the employment of the pile as a means of chemical analysis. These researches were continued by Berzelius and Hissinger, who occupied themselves particularly with the electro-chemical decomposition of salts; observing the great fact of the transportation of the elements of a compound to one or the other of the poles, where the solutions were submitted to the action of a battery.

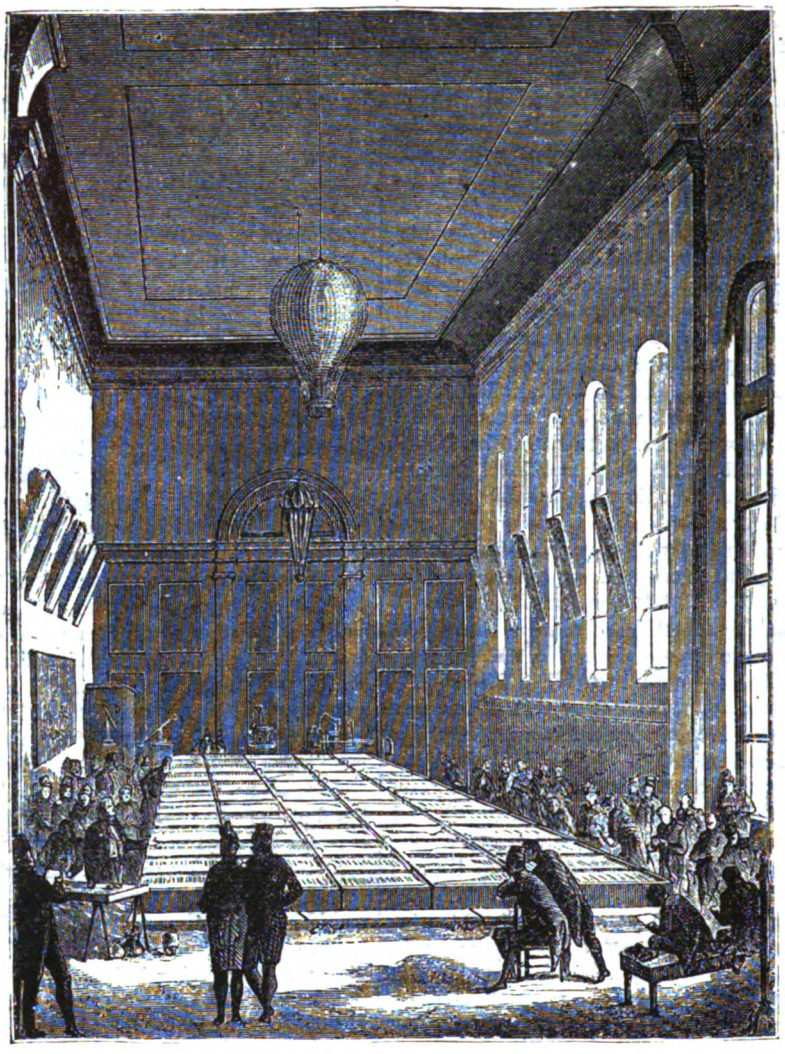
At this epoch the chemists in all parts of the world entered at the same time upon this new line of research, and it thus happened that frequently a discovery would be simultaneously made by persons far apart; thus giving rise to embarrassing questions of priority. The same observations would be made, almost at the same instant of time, in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Jena, Genoa, London or Paris; each person working independently, and without any knowledge of what others had done. The priority in such cases



ARMSTRONG'S ELECTRIC MACHINE.

would usually be claimed by the country where the chemist lived who made the discovery.

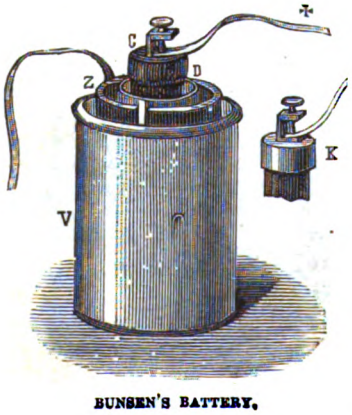
Berzelius was compelled to work with very limited means, and in the case of a Voltaic battery the expense was an item much to be considered. Sir Humphrey Davy was more fortunate, in having the funds of the Royal Society to enable him to construct the most powerful battery thus far made. But, notwithstanding this disparity of means, it cannot be denied that the contributions of Berzelius to the science of chemistry have been incomparably greater than those of Davy.



BATTERY AT THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

The honor of first decomposing the alkalies is usually ascribed to Davy; but Berzelius had anticipated him in this magnificent discovery. As neither of them knew what the other was doing this fact cannot detract in the slightest degree from the glory which must for ever attach to the name of Davy when the story of the alkaline metals is rehearsed.

It was at the Bakerian lecture of December 29th, 1806, that Davy made known his discovery. It is difficult to exaggerate the sensation produced by such an announcement as this. To men of science, it was like the discovery of a new continent, and it played the part in chemistry that the opening of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope did in commerce. New theories were at once established in reference to the constitution of bodies, and analytical chemistry was rapidly raised to the position of an exact science.

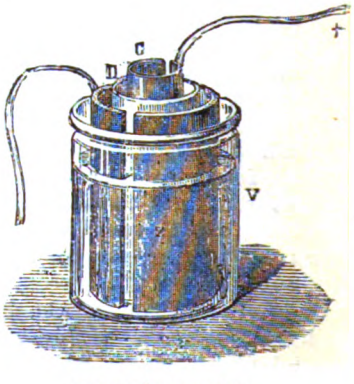


BUNSEN'S BATTERY.

The decomposition of water by means of electrolysis, was the first subject to attract the interest of Davy, and to the solution of this problem he devoted much of his time in the early part of the century; but the research which has given him the most extended reputation, was the separation of the metals, potassium and sodium, from their hydrated oxides. He attempted, in the first place, to submit to the action of the battery current an aqueous solution of potash, but only the water was decomposed. He then tried a stick of caustic potash in a state of fusion, but the current was not transmitted. He then allowed the piece of potash to gather a little moisture, and the experiment was successful. The potash was fused by the heat of the current, and soon there was perceptible at the positive pole an evolution of gas, while at the negative pole little globules of metal, resembling mercury, were gathered. When these were thrown upon water, they took fire and burned with a brilliant violet flame. Davy had decomposed the potash into oxygen and a new metal to which was given the name potassium.

This discovery was one of the most brilliant on record, particularly as it was entirely the result of inductive experiment, and in no way due to accident. What gave it exceptional importance was, that it pointed out the way to a long series of similar discoveries. In fact, potash having been analysed, it was only a question of time that all the other bases should be decomposed by the same process. Davy immediately decomposed soda, but had to use a more powerful battery. He was enabled, by the generous subscription of his friends, to construct a battery of 600 couples, and with this powerful current was successful in decomposing several of the alkaline earths.

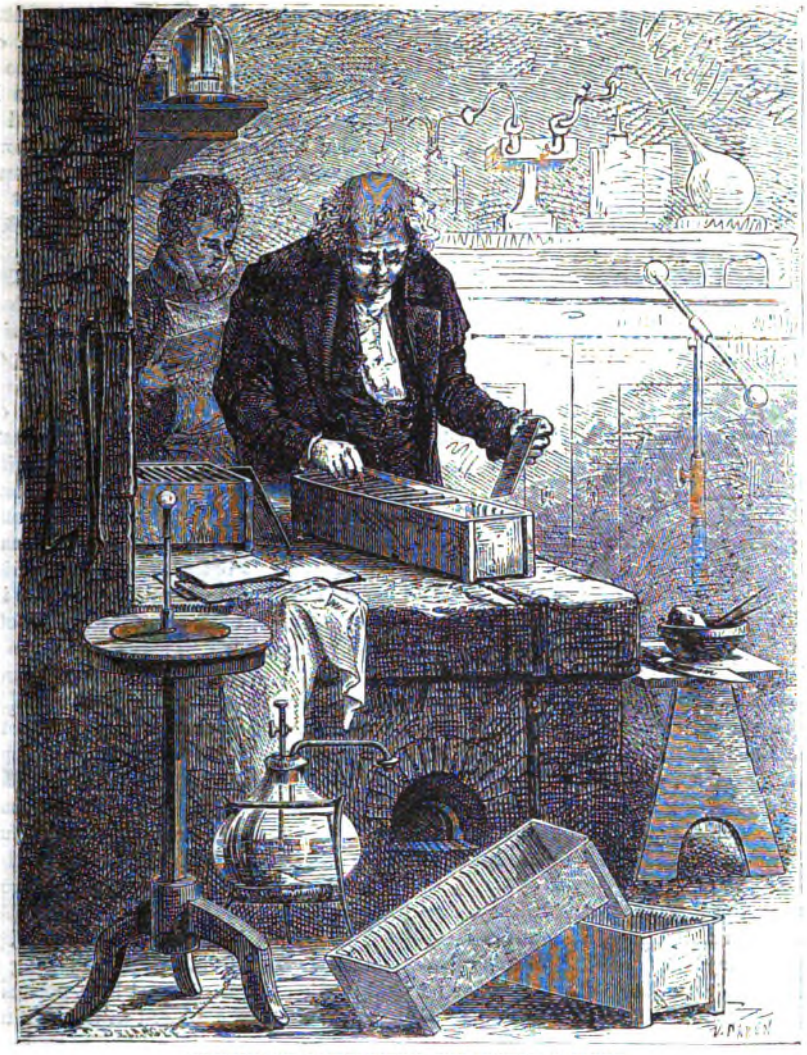
While he was at work on these researches, he received a letter from Berzelius, who recommended the introduction of mercury in the cavity



DANIELL'S BATTERY.

of the caustic oxide, by means of which an amalgam was formed as fast as the metal was liberated. By subsequently distilling this amalgam in a stream of hydrogen gas, the alkaline metal could be collected and preserved in all its purity under an oil not containing oxygen. This suggestion was of great value to Davy, and was at once applied by him in subsequent experiments.

These researches of Davy earned for him the grand prize founded by Napoleon, and it was duly accorded to him by the Institute of France. The prize was safely delivered to Davy, notwithstanding the state of war existing at the time between England and France.



CRUIKSHANK CONSTRUCTING THE TROUGH BATTERY.

Berthollet communicated the news of Davy's discovery to Napoleon. The Emperor demanded, with his usual petuosity:

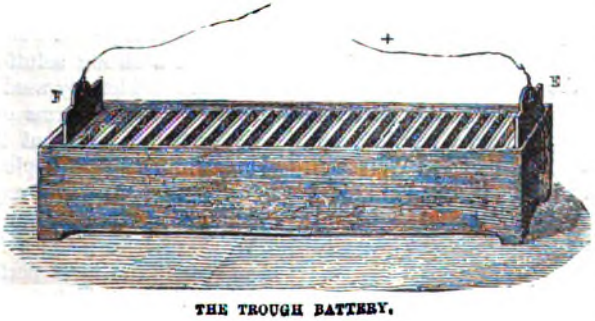
"Why were not these discoveries made in France?"

"Sire," responded Berthollet, "it is because we do not possess a Voltaic battery sufficiently powerful to accomplish the work."

"Very well, let one be constructed immediately, and spare no trouble or expense," was the reply.

It was in this way that the Polytechnic School came in possession of its magnificent Voltaic battery.

Lussac and Thenard repeated the experiments of Davy, changed their form and were the first to devise a method of preparing potassium and sodium from the carbonates by decomposition with iron or charcoal, in a furnace without the aid of the battery. In the meantime, Davy profited by the rivalry existing between France and England, to have a new battery constructed for him by public subscription. The Directors of the Royal Institution drew up a paper, in which they said: "Electro-chemical researches had their birth in our country, and it would be a disgrace to a nation so rich and powerful if, for want of pecuniary assistance, they were to be completed elsewhere."



THE TROUGH BATTERY.

The subscription list was promptly filled, and Davy was soon put in possession of a Wollaston battery, the most powerful then known to science. Wollaston bestowed much attention upon the construction of Voltaic piles, and his suggestions were most valuable in perfecting this apparatus. In the interval between the years 1815 and 1820, there was no discovery with the pile worthy to be specially noticed. The apparatus was constantly improved and observations continued to be made with it, but nothing remarkable occurred until the year 1820, when a Danish physicist, Hans Christian Oersted, showed the action of a closed current of electricity upon a magnetic needle. This fundamental observation had for its immediate result the creation of a new branch of science, namely, "electro-magnetism."

It was in the month of August, 1820, that Oersted, professor at Copenhagen, made known the grand fact which constituted his imperishable discovery.

Oersted found that, when the wire of a completed circuit was approached to a free needle the needle was influenced by it as if he had used a second magnet; in other words, the conducting wire, of whatsoever metal it might happen to be, had itself become a magnet. Great efforts had been made by philosophers up to that moment to discover the relations which existed between the electric phenomena and the unknown cause of magnetic attraction and repulsion; and the Danish philosopher had discovered the only experimental path likely to afford the key to this grand mystery of nature.

Uniting, by means of a metallic wire, the two poles of a pile in activity, Oersted approached the wire to a magnetic needle capable of free movement on its point of suspension. By disposing the wire parallel to the

needle, either above or below, it was immediately diverted from its true northern direction. The nearer the wire, the greater the agitation of the needle; and the more powerful the battery, the more marked the deflection. Thus was put in evidence, for the first time, the grand fact of the action exercised by electricity in motion, on a magnetic body—a phenomenon which was destined to lead to incalculable consequences.

Finally, the discovery of the electricity of induction closes this beautiful series of experiments.

Before dismissing the history of the pile, we must refer to the important discovery which was made in 1821, by Seebeck, in Berlin, to whom is due the invention of the thermo-electric pile. Having soldered together a bar of bismuth and a sheet of copper, he heated them at the point of junction, and found that an electric current was circulated through them which could be carried off by connection with any good conductor. This was called thermo-electricity, and the apparatus was known as the thermo-electric pile.

Becquerel, Pouillet, Nobili, Melloni, Wheatstone, Farmer and others have given much attention to this form of battery; but the currents have been so weak that it cannot replace the Voltaic battery of many cells. Its chief use is to determine small degrees of heat in physical experiments.

By connecting together successive pairs of two different metals and heating the alternate joints, while the other junctions are kept cool, a thermo-electric battery may be constructed. The size of the elements which are employed contributes nothing to the effect, except so far as by increasing the area of the conducting section, the conducting power of the circuit is increased. A thermo-electric current from a single pair is sufficient to convulse the limbs of a frog.

Nobili and Melloni applied a thermo-electric battery, consisting of thirty-six pairs of small bars of bismuth and antimony to thermo-metric purposes. Such a battery was employed by Melloni and Draper in their investigations on radiant heat, to the exclusion of almost every other thermoscopic means. Even the radiant heat emitted by insects could be estimated by such an apparatus.

The slight amount of moisture which even ordinary paper will retain is sufficient to produce a galvanic action with dissimilar metals, and this may become quite appreciable if a sufficient number of elements are used. Thus, if we take silver paper and paint one side with a mixture of black oxide of manganese and gum, and, when dry, fold it up and with a wad-cutter strike out many thousand disks—these, placed in a table to keep them in position, will exhibit opposite electric excitement at their opposite ends. This arrangement was devised by Zamboni, who found that 20,000 discs of paper would keep a light ball in motion between brass balls connected with its poles for years. A thorough drying caused all action to cease, but exposure to moist air restored it. Such an arrangement is known as the dry pile.

The history of Voltaic electricity would be incomplete without giving an account of the principal batteries which have been invented for its development. The original pile was found not to work, and the trough arrangement was substituted, which admitted of the introduction of a great number of pairs without crushing out the liquid, as would have been the case if they had been erected in a high column. The trough battery was improved by Dr. Wollaston, who surrounded each zinc plate with copper on both sides, thus doubling the effective surface. Thus arranged, the whole series could be plunged at one movement into glass cells, or into a porcelain trough divided into cells.

The famous battery of the London Royal Institution, purchased by subscription, was a series of 2,000 couples of this construction, arranged in 200 glass or porcelain troughs, ten couples in each trough, each plate having an effective surface of twenty-two square inches. This battery was placed in the vaults under the Royal Institution, to obviate the inconveniences of its acid vapors, and its power was led by conductors to the laboratory above.

Smee's battery, which followed, was formed of silver and amalgamated zinc, and required but one cell and one fluid to excite it. It has been largely employed for electrotyping purposes.

A sulphate of copper battery was designed, to use a solution of sulphate of copper in diluted sulphuric acid, the copper element being made to contain the exciting fluid. It was used for electro-magnetic experiments in the early years of the telegraph.

Daniell's constant battery was one of the most important contributions to electrical science that was ever made. It was invented in 1836, up to which time the improvements in the original Voltaic pile had been chiefly mechanical, and afforded an effectual means of preserving the power and continuing the action of the apparatus for a length of time. All subsequent batteries with two fluids are only modifications of this original apparatus. The invention of Professor J. F. Daniell, of London, consists of an exterior circular cell of copper, which serves both as a containing vessel and as a negative element; a porous cylindrical cup of earthenware is placed within the copper cell, and a solid cylinder of amalgamated zinc within the porous cup. The outer cell is charged by a mixture of eight parts of water and one of oil of vitriol, saturated with sulphate of copper. Some of the solid sulphate is also suspended on a perforated shelf to keep up the saturation. The inner cell is filled with the same acid-water, but without the copper salt. Thus prepared, the battery power would last eight or ten hours.

The Grove battery was invented by a lawyer in active practice. The fluids used are strong nitric acid and dilute sulphuric acid, kept apart by a porous jar. The metals are amalgamated zinc, placed in the sulphuric acid of the outer vessel, and platinum in the porous vessel. This has long been a favorite battery, notwithstanding the cost, and the disagreeable fumes that are given off. Its great cost led Professor Bunsen to use the carbon of gas coke as a substitute for the platinum, and Professor Poggendorff suggested a further modification by employing a mixture containing free chromic acid to replace the nitric. This mixture is obtained by mixing one part by weight of bichromate of potash with ten of water and three of common oil of vitriol. It has the advantage of cheapness, and also of avoiding fumes; but there are also drawbacks, so that the Grove battery is still preferred by many persons.

For running electric clocks, and such work not requiring much force, the Leclanche battery is found to be very convenient. This battery consists of a square-shaped glass vessel, within which is set a porous cylinder containing a plate of carbon and small fragments of black oxide of manganese packed tightly around it. In one corner of the square vessel is placed a rod of zinc, and the vessel is partly filled with a strong solution of sal-ammoniac. This form has been considerably used for medical purposes.

Numerous other forms of batteries have been proposed for specific purposes, but their differences are chiefly mechanical, no new principle having been developed in their construction. It would require too much space to describe them in detail, and for our purposes it is not necessary.

We have here given a history of electricity, from the glass rods to the most perfect Bunsen battery; from electrical machines to Voltaic piles; from frictional to chemical

forces; from simple electricity to electro-magnetism—and have thus prepared the way for an account of the wonderful discoveries of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the magneto-electric machine and the dynamo-electric motor. The simple movement of pith-balls, and the convulsions of a frog's legs, were the points of departure in a path of discovery which has conducted us to the most brilliant inventions of modern times.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE LAST IMAGE ON THE EYES OF THE DEAD.—Professor Kuhne, of Heidelberg, has succeeded in photographing, from a dead rabbit's eye, the image of a window-sash, in front of which the animal had been fixed before death. The eye was dissected in a room illuminated by yellow light, and the image which disclosed itself on the purple pigment of the retina was fixed by alum-water, and a photograph of it taken in the usual way The same pigment was found in the eye of a hospital patient who had died during the night. Dr Stefano has made a chemical examination of this sensitive pigment, and finds it identical with luteine, a substance which has been detected in the yolk of eggs, the serum of blood, and in some animal and vegetable tissues. It becomes an interesting inquiry whether luteine may not prove to be a valuable adjunct in photography. Professor Kuhne has also experimented upon the eyes of an ox. The animal was led into the court of the Physiological Institute, and the head fixed in front of a window on which the bright sun was shining, and was killed by a blow with an ax, and the eye rapidly dissected and removed to the dark room of a photographic laboratory; here it was further treated with chemicals, and the image of the window-sash fixed on the retina. The photographs taken of this image are capable of enlargement, and it is possible that the figure of the man who handled the ax may appear on the plate. These researches afford a curious confirmation of the truth of the tradition that the image of a murderer remains upon the eye of his victim after death, and might lead to the identification of the guilty person if the examination were properly conducted.

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.—The artificial manufacture of imitation stones is now conducted as a regular business in France. After numerous experiments, the operators have ascertained the quantity of metallic oxide required to impart the desired color, and by imitating nature in this respect, they have so far succeeded that it is scarcely possible to distinguish a false from a genuine stone. Rubies, sapphires, diamonds and emeralds are made by heating for twenty days a mixture of plumbic aluminate with silica, and adding certain bases of oxides to give the requisite color. Bichromate of potash turns the flux to emerald; oxide of cobalt yields the sapphire; gold gives the ruby. Formerly, a kind of glass called paste was made, but the softness of this material at once betrayed its surreptitious character. The modern improvement consists in the use of alumina and magnesia, and thus obtaining a result nearly as hard as stone and capable of a high polish. The specific gravity of the natural gems is also closely imitated, so that it is becoming more difficult to detect the fraud. It is possible that the newly liquefied gems may prove valuable solvents for precious stones, and enable us to obtain them by dissolving fragments and allowing them to crystallize out.

CARE OF FORESTS.—Forest-culture is occupying the attention of many foreign governments, and there are regular schools where everything relating to the subject is taught, the same as at schools of agriculture. How to prepare the soil, familiarity with noxious weeds, a knowledge of botany, the habits of every variety of tree; together with instruction in mathematics, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, form part of the instruction of such schools of forestry. Too little attention has been devoted to the subject in this country, and the ruthless manner in which our forests have been destroyed is paid for in the loss of many varieties of plants, shrubs, wild flowers, as well as indigenous trees which nature had designed for our climate. Foreign governments pursue systematic plans of tree planting, and an important trade has sprung up with California in the sale of seeds, amounting to $10,000 worth per year. The principal purchases are made for Germany, Austria, England, Australia. The seeds of the Oregon pine are particularly in demand.

ACTION OF NATIVE MINERAL WATERS.—Dr. E. Lewy, of Vienna, maintains that the human skin is completely impenetrable for the chemical contents of mineral waters, and that therefore the explanation of the effects of baths in their waters, at the numerous bathing places, has to be sought exclusively in the domain of physics, and not in that of chemistry. If this be true, it annuls all common views regarding the bathing cures effected by the various mineral springs, and explains in the simplest manner that, from a chemical point of view, the action of the most different waters must be one and the same.

EFFECT OF BREATHING OXYGEN.—The influence on the animal organism of breathing pure oxygen gas at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, has not been adequately determined The Royal Society of Gottingen, therefore, offer a prize for new researches on the subject, in which special attention is desired to be given to the nature of the blood and the exchange of material in the excretion of carbonic acid and urine. The oxygen must be carefully freed from all impurities. Works on chemistry have generally contained the statement that pure oxygen would act as a poison if breathed for any length of time. This assertion is now contradicted, and it is said that if the products of respiration (the carbonic acid, etc.,) be removed from the vessel where the experiment is tried, the animal will live in an atmosphere of pure oxygen as long as it is provided with food. In former experiments, this precaution of removing the mephitic products of respiration was not observed, and the animal died. The mortality was not, however, due to oxygen.

A MUSEUM OF ETHNOLOGY.—A new ethnological museum has been opened at the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, more particularly with reference to the implements of war employed by uncivilized as well as civilized nations. Warriors belonging to several nations and tribes are represented. These models have been executed in an artistic manner, and give a clear idea of the variety of destructive agencies resorted to by mankind for warlike purposes. Specimens of weapons of all kinds are included in the collection.

ADULTERATION OF BEER BY GLYCERINE.—It appears that beer is adulterated to a great extent with glycerine. This is done in order to impart an agreeable, sweet odor without increasing the danger of fermentation. On the contrary, glycerine would appear to prevent the too ready formation of acetic acid. It is so difficult to detect the adulteration that a prize of 3,000 marks ($750) has been offered in Germany for the best solution of this problem.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

NEVER make your physician your heir.

SOMEBODY says it takes a pickpocket to dis-perse a crowd.

GOOD resolutions don't cost a penny; the trouble is to keep them.

BY putting his eye out, what leaves nothing but a nose?—Noise.

BURNS'S JUSTICE.—Lighting an editor's fire with rejected contributions.

WHEN you hear of a wine being particularly *racy*, you may set it down as *aloe*.

WHY is a butcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves there.

"I LIKE a child that cries." "Why?" "Because it is then taken away."

THE party who gets whipped generally has the olive branch extended to him.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—When the groom is a "minor," and the bride a little "vein."

IT requires less philosophy to take things as they come than to part with things as they go.

PLANTS.—The newest definition of "evergreen," is "a man who does not learn by experience."

"I ADMIRE your beautiful *crops* this year," as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer.

"SHARP FRESH" is a new name for that peculiar state, which is often described as "neither drunk nor sober."

AN INDUCEMENT.—"You should always do what mamma tells you, Sibyl. If you always had, you'd have been in heaven long ago!"

THE old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

THE man who invents a noiseless drum for Christmas gifts for boys, will deserve the benedictions of a grateful people, and make a fortune besides.

THE Chicago *Journal* knows a thing or two. It says, "When a man imagines he is a prophet and a philosopher, he takes to long hair and a dirty overcoat."

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," responded the sheriff, "he was *ironed* just before he was brought in."

"I WILL lay you a wager," said Bouncer, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you." "Oh, yes," said his companion, "you always beat me at *crowing*."

A CHINESE official, having been shown a thermometer, expressed his surprise that the mere movement of a thin thread of mercury could make the weather so much colder.

A LARGE FAMILY.—A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was, "I have three sons, and they each five sisters." "Mercy!" replied the interrogator; "sic a family!"

OVERCHARGE.—Culprit arrested for trying to rob a cabman. *Magistrate to Complainant*—"Proceed to make your charge." *Prisoner*—"Your worship, these cabmen always overcharge. Don't believe a word he says."

THE HAPPY HOME.

SEE PAGE 270.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VI.—No. 2 AUGUST, 1878 $3.00 PER ANNUM.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—ONE OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF HAVANA—THE OLD MILK-PUNCH DEALER IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TACON THEATRE IN CARNIVAL TIME.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

HAVANA.—Custom House—Street Scenes—The Carnival—The Ball of the Piñata—The Cuban Waltz—Manners and Customs—College of Delgado—Royal Palms—School of the Sacred Heart—Asylo de San Lazaro—The Cathedral—Bones of Columbus—The Church of Merced—Match Factory—The Bull-ring.

"Breakfast! Oh, no indeed, I never intend to eat any more breakfasts or dinners either," was my reply to the captain's counsel to arise and come to the morning's meal, delivered outside of my stateroom door, in about the thirty-sixth hour of agony possessing me ever since our departure from Nassau. The captain laughed; yes, I am sure he laughed, although I neither heard nor saw him; but what else could have filled the significant pause between my last words and his next ones? "I am going to send you a cup of very particular coffee and a biscuit; and after that, if you will come out to the wheelhouse, I will show you Morro Castle in the sunrise."

Morro Castle! The name was a cordial, a charm, a spell that invoked, as if by the wave of a magic wand, the fair memories and associations of by-gone years, when life was at its very freshest, if not its best, and all earth and all men glittered before my girlish eyes, enveloped in those rosy clouds of dawn which, at even a very little later hour, turn to very gray and very chill fog-banks, or else give place to the pitiless sunshine of mid-day, so destructive to all illusions, so wearying to every sense.

The "very particular" cup of coffee faithfully sent by Captain Phillips was duly sipped, and after a struggle into some faint semblance of a toilet, the memories of the last few hours merged themselves into older and fairer ones, and I presently stepped into the cabin, accompanied by the sister of my soul, and made my feeble way to the wheelhouse, where armchairs, footstools and cushions stood ready to receive us.

Not until I was seated would I glance out at the open window; but when I did so, and in the fair morning light beheld the grand old fortress proudly rearing its impregnable towers against the cloudless sky, while even the cruel sea could only fawn persuasively at its feet and wash with foam the living rock upon which it is reared, my heart swelled with fond pride in its strength and its beauty, and I forgot myself in joy at once more beholding it.

Beyond and behind Morro rose the white walls and steep acclivities of Cabañas, larger in extent and more diversified of structure than the former, but not so famous and not so impregnable; opposite, lies the fortification of La Punta, and the distance between this and Morro is only one thousand feet—so that a hostile fleet, attempting to run the gauntlet of these forts, would do so in considerable peril.

Opposite Morro and Cabañas, lies the city with its many church towers rising above the red-tiled roofs of the houses; its busy and picturesque water-front, its rows of palm trees, and suburban gardens pressing closely down upon the newer part of the town; while, as we approach near enough to distinguish the blue and pink and yellow coloring of the stone and plaster houses, we wonder whether it is a real city of the nineteenth century, a scene out of a play, or a sudden reproduction of Pompeii, whose ruins it so strongly resembles. Beyond the city lie the fields and trees and mountains making up the lovely Cuban scenery.

At a later date we crossed from Havana, one bright day, by boat, to visit these forts. The expedition was laborious and not very entertaining to those of the female sex who were not of a very inquiring turn of mind. Landing at the quay close below Cabañas, we climbed to the hill by a succession of steep ascents laid in masonry, and so contrived that at each angle a battery of light guns or a company of riflemen could sweep the inclosed path, while the breast-high walls at the sides would prevent escape or a counter-attack.

Up a long succession of these weary ways we passed, until the last one ended in a covered gateway with a guard-room at one side, where we presented our pass, and, after a little parley and a glass of tepid water, were allowed, by the officer in charge, to enter the fort proper. We did so, and, after visiting numberless bastions, inspecting numerous cannon, old and new, looking into the barracks, and glancing at the pleasant quarters of the officers, we reached a pretty little house with a deep veranda in front, beneath whose shadow we rushed with but scant ceremony; for the Cuban sun was overpowering, even in February, and although Cabañas is uncommonly well provided with shade-trees, our ways had not lain altogether beneath them.

This cool and pretty little mansion was the dwelling of the commandant—a fine, courtly Spanish hidalgo, who received us with the stately courtesy of his nation, made us free of Cabañas, entertained us hospitably, and escorted us to the steps of the veranda as we departed.

A long, windy, sunny and fatiguing walk brought us to the sternly guarded portals of the older fortress, and we were admitted without difficulty, but found little within to gratify feminine tastes or curiosity. The O'Donnell lighthouse, and the signal station, an elevated wooden building painted sky blue, were the most interesting objects; and from the latter we obtained a most glorious view of the city, the ocean and the country behind Cabañas—or, to give it its full title, the fortress of San Carlos de la Cabaña, while that in which we now stand is the Castillo de los Tres Santos Reyes del Morro.

Strolling through this fortress, oppressed by the weight and size and solidity of its every portion, the multitude of its defenses, and the abundance of its munitions, we are induced to believe it indeed impregnable—the Gibraltar of the New World; but in point of fact it was mined and taken by the English in 1762, remaining some months in their possession. After its restoration, in 1763, the works were reconstructed and strengthened by the Conde de Ricla, then Governor-general, with Marshal O'Reilly sub-inspector. Six million dollars, drawn from the gold mines of Mexico, were expended at this time, but the forts were not considered complete until 1771, when the Marquis del Torre put the finishing touches.

At the water's edge, to the left of Morro, is a battery of a dozen guns, called the Twelve Apostles; and beyond this, barracks and other buildings for the accommodation of the families of the garrison. Among them is a little stone quay; and, taking boat here, we enjoyed a charming sail across the bay to Havana.

But during this digression the *San Jacinto* has dropped her anchor, the health officers have come on board, a boat has come off bringing kind friends to welcome us, stateroom luggage is collected, and, with a hearty grasp of the hand, we bid good-by to genial Captain Phillips, and go down the navy gangway to the queer little tub-like boat, its stern roofed over, gondola-like, and its sail of a cheerful yellow, lying in wait for us.

A dollar and a half in gold for each passenger seems quite enough for fifteen minutes' passage, but we forget the extortion as we land at the sky-blue custom house, and are marshaled into a great, open hall, where, protected by a high railing, the officials of the customs inspect each passenger's passport, compare its pen-portrait with the original, and give orders for the boxes, bags and budgets of the

sitter to be opened and examined. This over, we passed through a courtyard and an iron gate to a *plaza*, where sundry of the quasi victorias, replacing the time-honored *volante* in the streets of Havana, awaited us; and, selecting the two best, we dashed away through the lower part of the city, with its narrow streets, queer old houses and jail-like windows, to the brighter and more modern, but, therefore, less interesting, new town, outside the old city walls, where are situated the best hotels, the theatres and fine new houses.

Weary and dizzy as we just-landed new voyagers were, we could not but feel a certain excitement and interest in this return, after so long absence, to the beloved city so foreign to American sights and experiences; and the Sister and I craned our necks and broke our backs most perseveringly in the effort to see from under the drooping hood of our victoria, calling upon each other to wonder, now at the streets, so narrow that an awning is frequently stretched quite across from house to house, reminding one of old Cairo—a resemblance supported by the barred and glassless windows, the latticed upper-balconies, and blank, forbidding look of the exterior of the dwelling-houses—and again at the signs over the shop-door: *Las Ninfas*, The Nymphs; *Los Dragones*, The Dragons; *El Angel*, The Angel; *Las Filipenas; Paradiso; El Palo Gordo*, The Big Stick; *Perla de Cuba*, The Pearl of Cuba; and a hundred more as curious. We afterward found that the shops were always distinguished by these names, instead of that of the proprietor; and we remarked, "They have some new fans at the *Filipenas*," or "I bought this linen at the *Angel*," as naturally as, at home, we should speak of Arnold's or Stewart's.

Another feature in Cuban shopping is, that nobody goes shopping—that is, only foreigners. If a Cuban lady wishes a dress, some lace, boots or gloves, she sends a servant to the shop she intends to patronize, and a clerk is dispatched to her house with samples of the desired article, from which she selects; or, if she is of a more enterprising turn than to be content with this plan, she drives to the shop, sends in for a clerk, and the articles desired are brought out and exhibited to herself and the passers-by; even boots being fitted in this fashion.

A Havanese lady rarely, if ever, walks; and owing, perhaps, to this peculiarity, the pavements are so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast, and if a gentleman is met he must step off into the street, revenging himself for the inconvenience by staring out of countenance the pedestrienne—his sense of propriety obviously shocked by meeting her at all!

The one exception to this law of life to the fair *Habanera* is Good Friday, when no vehicle is allowed within the city walls; and as it is imperative that every good catholic should be at church on that day, the streets are filled with bewildered-looking dames, dressed in rigid black, their heads covered with lace vails, who go tottering along, staring this way and that, and too ignorant of the rules of the road to turn out for each other; while behind each walks a page or grown servant, carrying his mistress's praying-mat and missal, and generally grinning with delight at the señora's fatigue and distress.

This absence of femininity is the visitor's first impression of street-scenes in Havana; and even the unabashed American presently learns to be a little shy of presenting herself unattended in so conspicuous a situation.

A drive of two or three miles from the quay brought us to the Paseo Isabella and the Pasage Hotel, where our rooms were engaged. Does some one inquire *why* "Pasage," which means simply passage? So did we, and were shown how an arched passage, a sort of arcade, runs through the building from street to street, having shops at either hand, and making an agreeable promenade for a wet day.

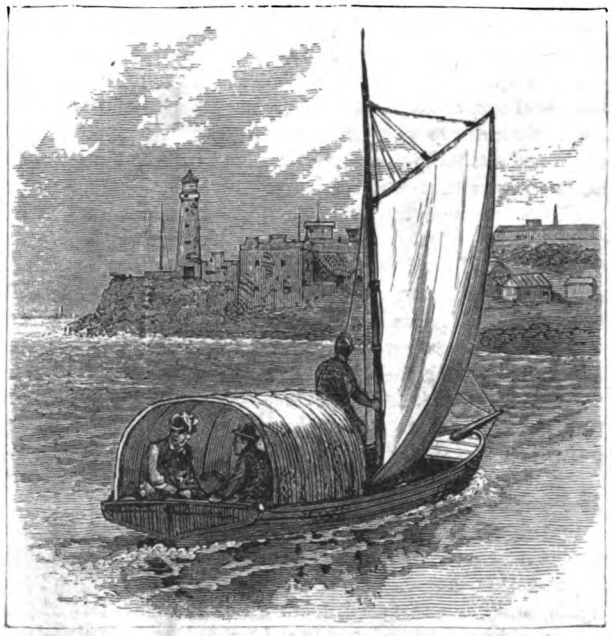
Upon the ground floor is the *café*, with great glass doors opening upon the sidewalk, so that the fair sojourner breakfasts or dines, as did Louis XIV., in presence of the admiring multitude, saluting friends between two spoonfuls of soup, and exchanging a tender glance with the man of one's heart with an orange at one's lip.

The floor above the café is a sort of *entresol*, and is not considered so eligible as the next. To this we mounted, and were conducted through two enormous marble-floored drawing-rooms, or *salas*, to our apartments—two lovely little bed-rooms, with an abundance of mirrors, and decorated with blue satin and white lace. The ceilings were lofty and the floors of marble—both necessities of the climate, and a great window, glassless, of course, opened upon a little private balcony, where we overlooked the Paseo and a large portion of the city, and confronted the Tacon Theatre, the Hotel de Inglaterra and the Louvre, a *café*, a pleasant resort of an evening for a cup of chocolate and a rusk.

Opening upon the *sala*, outside our doors, was a sort of courtyard roofed by the sky and filled with flowering plants; beyond this, a reading and writing room, and beyond this again, another courtyard, from which ran corridors of dormitories, in one of which our artist "did up" his slumbers. All our apartments being airy, cool, ample and elegant, we, with much content, settled ourselves for several weeks.

The hotel *cuisine* in Havana is very like that in most foreign cities; and, if desired, coffee with a roll—but please don't ask for butter—is served in your bed-room, whenever required, and is taken *con leche* or *solo*—with or without milk, at option. After a leisurely toilet and a little dawdling, including, perhaps, the samples from a dry-goods, millinery or boot and shoe establishment, a descent is made to the café and there order a substantial breakfast; beginning, if wise, with the fresh *camarones* or shrimps for which Havana is famous. These, with olives, bread, butter (and *such* butter!), cresses, radishes and other little relishes, are always set upon the table first, both at breakfast and dinner, and used as "openers of the appetite" by the Cubans. Coffee is served at the end of the repast; and, day by day, the Sister subjected poor Pépe to a fresh attack of the horrors, by demanding tea, which, when procured, he poured from on high with a stream of boiled milk into a huge coffee cup; but we think the tea was not any worse, served thus, than in the usual manner! After this breakfast, nobody is expected to hunger or thirst again until six, seven, or eight o'clock, when dinner is served. Later in the evening guests generally go to the Louvre for chocolate or an ice-cream, always served with chocolate wafers done up in scrolls very crisp and delicious.

One of the principal features of the Pasage Hotel, is its mistress, Señora Doña Innocencia, wife of the proprietor, but in Spanish fashion addressed always by her first name. This lady is Spanish by birth, and her marvelous beauty at once invokes the desire to relegate Murillo from the land of shades to fitly paint her picture, since only he could touch that creamy brown skin; those level, mobile brows, always drawing together about the stormy eyes; the turbulent dark hair, and red, loving mouth. It was a pretty thing to meet Doña Innocencia as we passed in and out; nor was she only benignant to gaze upon, for we cannot forget the unbought kindness with which she carried out the writer's inconvenient whim of possessing herself at the last moment of some of the great linen sheets trimmed all round with Catalan lace, which are the glory of Cuban beds, as now of one in New York. They are not to be bought ready made, and Doña Innocencia devoted all the last day of our stay to summoning the merchants of linen and lace, and helping us to



A PASSENGER BOAT CROSSING THE BAY TO CABANAS.

ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT FORTRESS AT CABANAS.

select patterns; and, finally, with her own shapely hands and feet, did the necessary needlework upon her machine.

The first Sunday after our arrival was a carnival—a sort of "treating resolution" celebration, for Lent had already begun, and nothing could be less Lenten than the carriages and costumes which, about four o'clock, began to pour past the hotel, all making the round of the *Paseo* Isabella, and then out to the Prado and back—a circuit of a couple of miles or so.

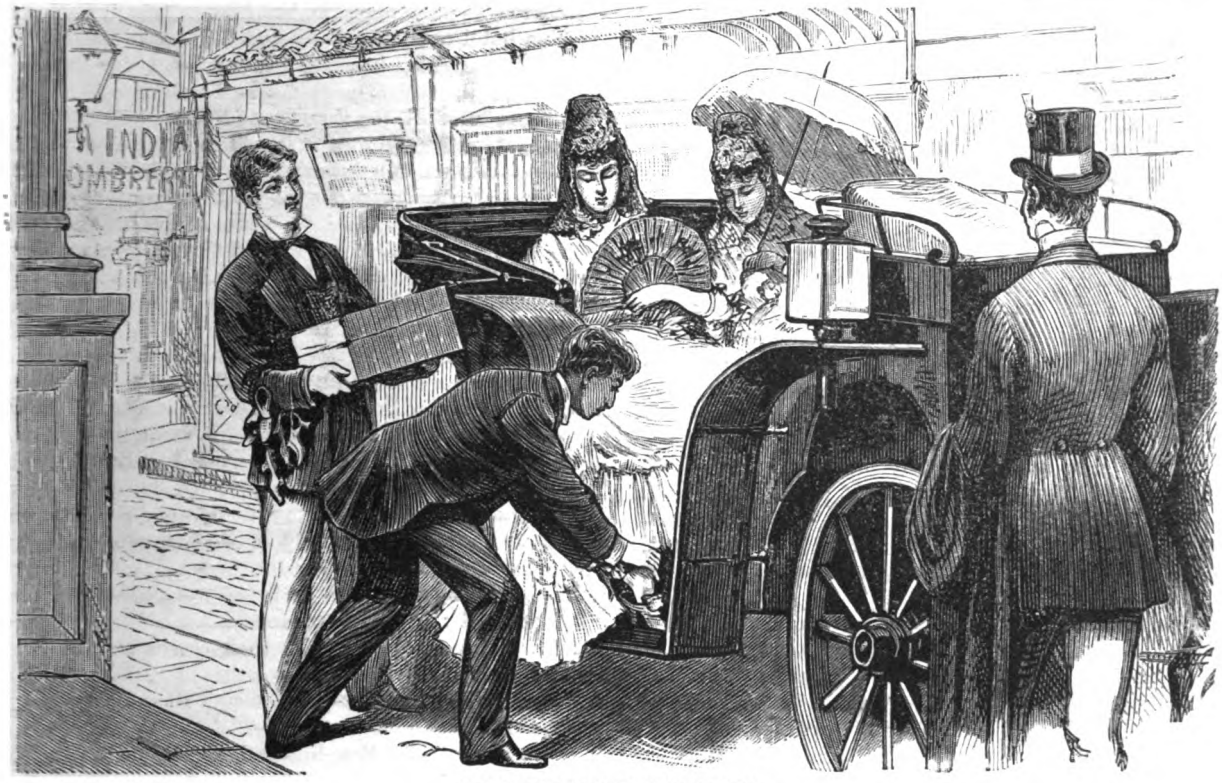
Recalling the old proverb about Rome and the Romans we accepted the invitation of friends to join the gay procession, and were presently seated in a fine barouche drawn by four horses, their tails plaited with red, white and blue ribbons—a delicate compliment to our nationality—and tied to the saddles in true Cuban fashion, while our negro driver was gotten up in the height of barbaric splendor.

In spite of our determination to be Roman, we had instinctively put on our hats to go out; but although the use of bonnets is becoming quite general in Cuba, they are not so during Carnival time, for nearly all of the fair *Habaneras*, whose carriages we met or passed, had their own magnificent hair elaborately dressed and ornamented as their only head-gear; and many of them were costumed as if for a ball—with uncovered shoulders and arms, and richly ornamented dresses of white or delicately tinted silk, with a profusion of jewels. The faces were almost without exception marvelously handsome, but more or less marred, in these carnival times, by the lavish use of *cascarilla* powder, laid on so thickly as to nearly resemble a white mask, and contrasting painfully with the glorious dark eyes and black hair, so beautiful in themselves.

Another noticeable feature in the faces of almost every one on this occasion was their utter immobility. Not the faintest ray or change of expression was to be perceived more than if each one had heard: "The camera is uncovered; remain just as you are till I speak!"

PASSENGERS LEAVING THE STEAMER AT HAVANA.

PASSING BAGGAGE THROUGH THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



LADIES SHOPPING IN THE OPEN AIR.

Neither seeing a smile, nor perceiving any one speaking, nor catching the dimmest glance of pleasure or amusement, nor even the turning of the head in curiosity in one of those hundreds of handsome faces, we could not be surprised when our companion naïvely inquired, "Are these people amusing themselves or doing Lenten penance?"

A NARROW SIDEWALK IN HAVANA.

A few persons, both male and female, wore half masks, and a good many, apparently not of the *haut ton*, were draped in fancy costumes, some of them rather funny, but generally in poor taste; indeed, the same rule applied here, which is found universal all over the world on such occasions—the best people were the quietest in dress, manner, and deportment.

A few *volantes*, richly ornamented, as were the harnesses of the horses and the livery of the *caleseros* guiding them, joined the procession; but these carriages are almost banished from Havana by the more convenient victoria or barouche, while a few misguided *emigrés* have brought home coupés which look sadly out of place in this out-of-door climate.

We drove for nearly three hours, meeting continually the same people, and yet continually amused, and finally, as the evening dusk drew down, and the air grew a little chill, we dismounted at our hotel, and went at once to the café—well filled already with weary revelers like ourselves.

The "wait" before dinner was longer to-day than usual, owing to the influx of guests. Pépe, our peculiar waiter—nicknamed, from his weary dark eyes and general air of languid elegance, "the tenor"—actually not having time to stray into the corridors and glance over the papers, or exchange a few remarks with the loungers as was his usual fashion, while we sat dinnerless; but the interval was enlivened by an incident both pretty and characteristic.

At the door of the café a barouche halted, and from it dismounted an elderly aristocratic-looking gentleman, and a little girl, fantastically and richly dressed in carnival fashion, her pretty face peeping archly out from its frame of abundant dark hair.

Scarcely had these taken their places at one of the tables, when a maimed and deformed old beggarman — his bowed form hung with picturesque tatters, and his gray face half hidden by white elf-locks, presented himself at the same door, and, hat in hand, stood imploring charity.

The little girl looked at him, her

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF HAVANA.

great eyes full of pity; she spoke to her father, who answered with a smile and a bank-note; then tripping across the floor in all her daintiness, the little maiden approached the beggar, and placed the money in his hand, gravely murmuring, "Que Dios te bendiga," and he, as graceful of feeling if not of motion, raised the gift to his lips and kissed it, fervently invoking blessings upon the little lady, who ran shyly back to her seat, somewhat abashed at her own act.

In the evening, we attended the ball at the Tacon Theatre, and from a coigne of vantage in the first tier of boxes looked at the motley crowd of revelers below. Here again fancy dresses were the exception, and plain black dominoes and masks the rule; a favorite disguise being a complete and tight-fitting covering of black for the head, neck and shoulders, passing down inside the dress, so that not one line or point of those portions remained possible to recognition; while a handsome bandanna handkerchief was wound negro-fashion around the head.

Many of the men also had their skin covered and wore wigs of negro wool with black gloves, but no *bona fide* negroes of either sex are admitted, and the company is as select as can, in such cases, be managed; plenty of balls being available at the same hour for persons of other classes.

Two bands at opposite points in the gallery furnished music of an exceedingly inartificial nature, but well adapted to its use of marking the time for the dancers who filled the floor without intermission from eight o'clock until three or four in the morning.

The only dance, however, was the *danza crtolla* or Cuban waltz, occasionally amplified into the four simple figures of the quadrille, but always coming back to the waltz movement peculiar to this climate and people, and more resembling the graceful posturing and undulatory movement of the Egyptian ghawazee than the rapid, heating, ungraceful gyrations of our American waltzers.

The principal feature of the evening was the drawing of the *Piñata*, a huge case or ball, suspended from the ceiling and filled with sugar-plums. Various ribbons float from this affair, and tickets are sold corresponding with those on the ribbons; these entitle the holder to try a pull more or less vigorous, and in answer to one of these, the whole affair comes tumbling down, and the bonbons are dispersed in every direction, occasioning much mirth and scrambling.

A little overcome by the noise and heat of the ball, we descended to the inclosed courtyard of the theatre, where, under the light of a brilliant moon, groups of promenaders or an occasional pair of waltzers enjoyed themselves *al fresco*. Upon the pavement, at one side, sat an old woman with a huge cigar in her mouth, hovering over two kettles simmering above a charcoal brasier, one of them containing coffee, and the other a savory soup or stew, for the composition of which she has acquired a local fame, she and her kettles being an "institution" of the Tacon Theatre.

A little later we left the ball and walked between the rows of little tables which, for the accommodation of coffee-drinkers, filled the *paré*, and across the plaza to our hotel, breathing with delight the fresh, pure air, and looking up to the unchanging sky and those wondrous impassive stars which look down with the same calm gaze upon carnival balls and lonely grave-yards, upon lovers' new-plighted vows and hearts that break but will not die.

Returned to our pretty apartment, we seated ourselves in the balcony, and for another hour enjoyed the gay life of the city spread out at our feet for, although it was past midnight, the carriages rolled by as merrily as ever; the plaza in front of the house was thronged with promenaders; the dance-music floated through the fresh air, not only from the Tacon Theatre opposite, but from a French ball going on at a hotel upon the *Paseo* Isabella; while the brilliant rows of gaslights, branching away in every direction, mapped out the streets more clearly than by day.

Night is, after all, the time to see Havana and its people to the best advantage; for it is seldom until about sunset that the ladies venture out except to early mass; while the evening is always chosen for the most ceremonious visits.

The heat of the climate, the sense of the becoming and national indolence, all tend toward this custom; and the *Habanera* spends the entire day, if she is a wife and mother, in attention to her house, her children, and her husband's comfort; or, if she is a *señorita*, in fanning herself and reclining in a cane rocking-chair, but always in a cool and easy *deshabille*, ready at night to submit her magnificent hair to the hands of her maid, don her prettiest clothes, and as soon as the victoria or barouche is made ready, two or more of the pretty creatures seat themselves therein, with, perhaps, a male relative, and sally forth to drive slowly around the *Paseo*, or pay some visits, ending, perhaps, with the theatre, where every family of consequence has its own box, or, at least, hires it for the evening; our American fashion of using parquette or balcony chairs being almost unknown, so far as ladies are concerned.

The watchmen (*serenos*), with their staves and lanterns, are also a feature of these night scenes in Havana, and are unchanged since the days of General Tacon, who did so much for the well-ordering of the island. The nickname of *sereno* refers to the time-honored custom of crying the hour of the night with the addition of "rainy" or "fine" (*sereno*) as the case may be; and as the weather is always fine in Cuba, this cry became so monotonous as to attach itself to the criers.

Another pretty item in the night scenery is the custom of leaving the large barred windows of the *salas* of private houses uncurtained, so that while driving slowly past, you may contemplate with respectful sympathy the domestic bliss of some quiet Darby and Joan, the frolics of some gay little party of young people, or the mingled joy and annoyance of some betrothed couple, whose greatest freedom is to sit in adjoining chairs, with mamma glaring at them from the head of the row, and a maiden aunt on either hand. But we all know that "Love laughs at locksmiths," and we suppose as much in Havana as anywhere else.

One bright and lovely morning of summer-like February we drove out of Havana to the fashionable and beautiful suburb of the Cerro, to visit the College of San Francisco d'Assis, belonging to Señor Don José Delgado. It was charmingly situated, the entrance shaded by great trees, and an open space opposite donated by Señor Delgado to the Church for the erection of a chapel to Our Lady of Lourdes.

Entering, we were received by Señor Delgado, who led us through the entrance-hall to the long, open court, roofed only by the blue sky, and surrounded by a wide veranda, beneath whose shadow the happy youth of this school received tuition, as in ancient Greece they sought the "porticos" of the philosophers. On one side, a class in English was reciting, and others were busy within the airy rooms opening upon this veranda.

All arose as we entered, and fine, bright, handsome, gentlemanly boys they were. Taking us into the *sala* where parents and visitors are received, the Señor showed us the portraits of several distinguished Cuban literary men, and also three plaster busts, on which he gazed with a sort of rueful affection; for, although but cheap affairs, they have cost him a great many hundreds of dollars and much annoyance. The originals were not only literary men, but with strong political tendencies; and

although our friend cherished them solely on the former account, he was complained of as parading revolutionary patriots. Officers came to his house and compelled the removal of the busts, and a large number of his pupils left. Now that peace is restored and party spirit calmed down, the busts have ventured forth again, and we hope that the pupils will come back in throngs; for certainly no fairer or serener halls of learning can be found, far or near, than these, opening upon the wide, green courtyard, with its great trees covered with red lilies—called *mar pacificos*, for some reason known to the namer—its gymnastic apparatus, including some mighty dumb-bells, and its wide canopy of fair blue sky.

Señor Delgado took us to see the pretty chapel, its altar-piece a wonderful reproduction of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a side altar decorated with a picture of the death of Saint Francis d'Assis, of which picture the Señor, in parting, presented us with a lithographic copy.

At the end of a long class-room we found a little theatre, the stage gayly decked in preparation for a *fiesta* in honor of Saint Francis's Day, then close at hand; and the principal invited us so cordially to attend that we really felt as if we must participate in the entertainment.

Then came the dormitories, refectory, etc., and finally, returning to the wide stone veranda, we found a vender of *dulces* seated upon the ground, his tray in front of him, and a crowd of boys hovering around, awaiting permission to pounce upon him. But before giving it, the Señor seated his guests, and then, with his own shapely hands, piled a plate with all that he considered choicest of the dainty sweets, and brought it to us. What those luscious morsels were, we cannot say; but sitting there, and looking at the *mar pacificos* burning scarlet against the deep-blue sky; breathing that Summer air; nibbling at the golden and white and chocolate-colored *dulces*, so much sweeter than sweet; listening to the mild, quiet voice of the courteous host, and watching the handsome Cuban lads at their feast and their fun, we mentally photographed a picture that many a day of realistic, work-a-day life will not efface. Finally, water was brought by a charming, fair-haired little rogue, Señor Delgado's adopted son, and then we went reluctantly away, leaving the Señor standing bareheaded under his gateway trees, bowing and smiling with all the courtesy of a Cuban gentleman. *Vale*, Señor, and all peace and prosperity to the College Delgado and its gracious master!

We were much impressed, during this drive, with the beauty of the royal palms. In Nassau we had seen only the cocoa-palm and palmetto; but here in Cuba we were delighted with the majesty and grace of this king of the whole tribe, this majestic royal palm. But in this case, as in so many others, "beauty is its own excuse for being," so far as the fruit is concerned; for, instead of the delicious cocoanut or the palmetto-cabbage, the profusion of nuts borne by the royal palm are only fit to feed the pigs. Much use, however, is made of the fibrous trunk, the hard sheath of the leaves, and the leaves themselves; indeed, it is said that the entire material for building one of the native huts is to be found in a single tree. But were it the most useless of vegetables, the royal palm would still be a joy and a glory to the land where it grows so profusely and so lovingly.

Some of the finest trees on the island are in the *quinta* of the Governor-general, just outside the city, and also in the Botanical Gardens—a fine collection of trees and plants, indigenous and imported.

Finding the need of a corrective to all the sweetness, quiet and dreamy restfulness of our late visit, we called in, the same evening, at the Asylo de San Lazaro, lying just beyond the Asylum of San José and near to the cemetery. This is a large edifice, substantially and handsomely built of the white stone so popular in Havana, and located near the sea, both for the health of its inmates and the safety of the city; although the form of leprosy known in this part of the world is not supposed to be contagious unless by absolute contact.

The hospital is in charge of Sisters of Mercy of the Rule of Saint Vincent de Paul, and a Lazarist Father acts as their chaplain. Whatever private religious opinions may be, it is impossible to fail to see that these women are carrying out the precepts of Christianity in the very spirit of the early martyrs; giving their lives, without rest or recreation, day or night, to the care of the most loathsome form of disease as developed in some of the most degraded of the human race.

The Mother and one of the Sisters took us through the house, through the long, airy wards, where, each in his own curtained bed, lay the poor, afflicted patients—some dying, some convalescent, some sickening, but all carefully attended and delicately ministered to; all comfortable, so far as comfort could be attained.

There were a great many of these wards; the men occupying one wing of the great house, and the women the other, with a large courtyard filled with flowers and shrubs in the centre of the hollow square.

In a sunny window of one of the lower rooms, a tiny new-born baby lay in a basket, like a kitten—probably destined, poor child! to inherit its mother's terrible disease, and return to the Lazaretto in later life; or, perhaps, never to leave it at all, like a poor creature pointed out to us, born in the Lazaretto, developing leprosy in her cradle, and never having been outside the doors, or likely to do so until she died. She was more than thirty years of age, and a loathsome object to contemplate.

A few of the patients belong to the wealthier classes, and can pay for private rooms and service. One of these rooms giving upon the veranda stood open, and the inmate, a woman of fine manners and style, when we admired her flowers, pictures, etc., very courteously assured us, in true Cuban form, that the room was our own. Was ever a more ghastly compliment imagined!

The convalescents, and those suffering a mild form of the disease, sat or lay or strolled up and down the wide stone verandas or cloistered walks around the garden, and must enjoy, as much as is permissible by their condition, of the delicious climate, sky, flowers and sea-air in which they live.

The refectories and kitchens are large and airy, and scrupulously clean. A comely, sweet-voiced Sister was in charge there and showed with much pride her larder stored with rice, corn-meal, flour, vegetables, fruit—fresh and canned—and great tin barrels of butter and lard. Strings of onions and garlic hung picturesquely overhead, with well-cured hams, chains of red peppers, and bunches of dried herbs. A mass of tomatoes glowed duskly red upon a table, and we astonished the Sisters by eating one *au naturel*.

The food is abundant and carefully suited to invalid necessities; and we were glad to notice that the Mother and the nuns did not appear to starve with all their hard work. Also did the Sister exhibit with much pride the copper and tin utensils of her craft, shining with cleanliness, and insisted on our peeping into the great boilers over the brick furnace in the middle of the kitchen, to see and smell the savory mess preparing for dinner. Finally, at the door of the kitchen, she bade us good-bye, saying, with a little laugh:

"I can go no further; I must stay with my pots and pans."

MASQUERS ON THE PRADO DURING CARNIVAL.

AN HAVANA LADY IN HER CARRIAGE.

But although pots and pans are not attractive companions, we concluded that this Sister was to be envied, for the lepers are far less attractive.

We reached the chapel; and here the padre, who had showed himself a little meek and modest in the kitchen and dormitories, suddenly bloomed out and displayed, with simple pride, the silver candlesticks, vases, censers, crosses, and other regalia of the altars, stowed away, in this Lenten season, along with the artificial flowers and gayly-dressed little saints, which would, as he assured us, make so glorious a display at Easter.

The chapel is quite large, with spaces at either side of the chancel divided by close wire screens from the rest of the house—the one for men and the other for women patients; while the nave is open to the public, who attend in considerable numbers.

A side chapel contained an altar, and a life-size image of the Blessed Virgin, magnificently dressed in blue—her appropriate color—and at her feet we laid the bunch of *mar pacificos* bestowed upon us by Señor Delgado.

Returning finally to the parlor, we sat in rocking-chairs on either side a large rug, and chatted pleasantly for a little while with the Sisters and Padre; finding singular refreshment in the simplicity, devotion, and unworldlinesss of their utterances.

They were all Spaniards, for it is a singular fact that very few Cuban women accept the religious life, and there are Spanish, French, Irish and American nuns in Havana, but a native of the country is seldom met! *Per contra*, let us state another fact of which Cuba may well be proud: very rarely, indeed, is one of her own legitimate daughters found among the *Traviatas* who swarm in this as in other large cities, and whose ranks are swelled but too largely from the United States.

Being in a conventual mood, we called, on our way home from the Lazaretto, at the Sacred Heart—a fine, handsome new building, arranged for the reception of young lady pupils, of whom there were a hundred or

AT THE BALL OF THE PIÑATA.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CARNIVAL IN THE CAFÉ OF THE HOTEL PASAGE.

more scattered in pretty groups through the various class-rooms and corridors.

There are some fine views to be obtained from the roof and balconies of this house, and the Sister especially insisted upon the wide stretch of sea to be overlooked at one point. Poor soul! Does she ever get up there by herself, and murmur, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove," or is it true that birds grow so fond of their cages that they do not long for freedom?

There are several nunneries in Havana, that of Santa Clara being the most popular, and its pretty church is filled nearly every morning by fair devotees, kneeling on their bright rugs, their amber or pearl or golden beads slipping through their fingers, and their eyes wandering from the Virgin above the altar to the face of this or that friend with whom they will presently indulge in a little gossip before going home to breakfast.

There is a very old Ursuline convent down by the water's edge, but the nuns are strictly cloistered, and very little of the house is shown to visitors.

Of all the religious edifices of Havana, however, the cathedral is most interesting, both on account of its age and dignity, and as the resting-place of all that is left on earth of Christopher Columbus.

Poor man! one cannot but marvel if his soul finds the "rest" promised to the faithful in another life, for, neither living nor dead, has his body found much in this world.

Most of us by weary effort early learned the story of his migrations from one continent, one hemisphere, one country, to another, during his mortal pilgrimage; and some of us have just learned that he died at Valladolid, Spain, in 1506; in 1513 was dragged from his grave and carried to Seville; in 1536 was again ordered to "move on," this time to St. Domingo, Hayti, and finally, in 1796, was brought to Havana, and all that three centuries had left of him was deposited in an urn, which with much pomp and circumstance was enshrined in the wall of the chancel of the cathedral, where to-day the traveler may respectfully contemplate his effigy carved upon a stone slab, with a flourishing inscription beneath.

On the opposite corner of the chancel is a picture claiming to be four years older than Columbus, representing a miraculous apparition of Christ among some feasting disciples.

The mosaic pavement of the chancel is rich and elaborate, and there are some fairly good pictures above the various altars and in the sacristy; one of the latter claiming to be an original Rubens.

We were also shown some magnificent vestments, embroidered in gold and silver by Spanish nuns. The sacristan, a pottering old fellow, was disposed to put us off with only a specimen brick or two of these gorgeous robes, but a saucy, bright-eyed little acolyte kept close to his elbow and perpetually suggested, "Show them the new white chasuble, *señor!*" "Show the ladies the stoles!" "Where are the best scarlet vestments?" so that the poor old verger had finally to drag open every one of the heavy drawers, and unfold as many of the robes as we cared to look at.

Finally, when we offered the *peso* for his acceptance, and he refused it, we were quite sure that he did so in fear of the acolyte; and when, ultimately, he received it "for the poor," we were equally sure that the little imp would watch him to the alms-box, and never leave him until he heard the coin jingle at the bottom!

Next best to the cathedral is the Church of La Merced, that is to say, Our Lady of Mercy, and not, as a distinguished traveler reports it, "Saint Merced," evidently with the idea that it is dedicated to some holy woman of the name of "Merced."

A lovely and beautifully dressed statue of the Virgin stands above the altar, and behind it is a window of stained glass, through which the afternoon sunshine streams, giving the effect of a living glory around the figure of the Madonna. It is most peculiar and very beautiful.

At each side of this window are paintings representing the Virgin engaged in loosing the chains of captives, feeding the poor, and other works of mercy. But the most distinctive picture of the whole church is a large one, rather ignominiously banished to the open cloister around the courtyard, which represents a group of truculent-looking Indians surrounding a big cross which they are trying to drag down with ropes, while a few Spanish soldiers and a priest stand with terrified faces in the background, watching these proceedings with much disapproval.

Upon one arm of the cross, however, sits Our Lady of Mercy with the Blessed Babe in her arms, and by a motion of her hand throws aside both the ropes and the arrows rained at her by the savages, who are beginning to look frightened. A scroll in the lower corner of this painting relates the *facts* of this wonderful scene, and it is well worth the study of any one relishing very old and crabbed Spanish.

A side chapel is in process of building for an image of Our Lady of Lourdes, just now so popular; and the pleasant padre, who acted as guide, expressed a modest hope that Our Lady would be pleased to consecrate it by some special miracle. The writer sincerely hopes she will.

For the rest, the Lazarist Fathers, whose monastery is joined to this church, may well feel that their lines have fallen in pleasant places, for nothing could be lovelier on a sunny Cuban afternoon than the deep cloistered arcade running around the inner court, with its glowing wealth of roses and lilies and flowering trees; the air softly blowing their fragrance and warmth through the great doors into the church, with its score of altars, each one surmounted by a picture of more or less merit, and the great stained windows of the chancel throwing a flood of golden light around the figure of the Madonna, and down upon the marble floor. Who would not take a vow of holy poverty and live in such a spot as this?

The study of religious affairs leads one, by a natural sequence of ideas, to lucifer matches, and so, the day after the Cathedral and Merced, we drove out to the larger and more celebrated of the two factories for the manufacture of these articles, belonging to Señor de Artiz.

Our first impressions on entering the building were both vague and unsatisfactory, for the workmen eyed us jealously, and when our artist produced his sketch-book and pointed his pencil, an overseer promptly stopped us, saying that no sketches could be taken.

Just as we were concluding that our visit was to be a failure, and our minds were to remain unilluminated by luciferial agencies, a good-looking gentleman, having the air of the proprietor, stepped into the building, and after a few words with the overseer, came forward, greeting us with cordial courtesy, and expressing his pleasure in the visit of Americans, and above all, of ladies.

The artist received permission to make unlimited sketches, and the reserve of the workmen was explained by a statement of the rivalries and competitions which make the life of a manufacturer of lucifer matches one long worry and suspicion. But as the Señor de Artiz politely and Spanishly remarked, ladies did not need to learn the secret of kindling flames much more fatal than those caused by the very best of matches!

The whole party agreeing in this beautiful sentiment, we went through the factory into a great quadrangle, surrounded for the most part by buildings, and for the rest by

a very high wall, with a little watch-tower above it, reached by a flight of steps from the inside. A great bell swung above it with a rope in the watch-tower; and the *Señor* informed us that a guard kept vigil here every night, and at the first appearance of danger, whether from fire or robbery, would arouse the whole establishment by this alarm-bell.

We were also presented to the aids of the sentinel, in the shape of three enormous bloodhounds, of most unamiable aspect, who spend their days in a great open-work kennel, and their nights in perambulating the yard.

A small building is devoted to a neat little fire-engine, a number of buckets and some neatly slung axes, picks and other instruments for demolishing a burning building. Opening a trap in the floor, Señor de Artiz showed us a foaming stream of water, rushing whence or whither I know not, but ready to supply engine and buckets at a moment's warning.

In another building we found casks and boxes of the raw material for matches, and for boxes to pack them in; casks of sulphur, wax, phosphorus and gum-arabic, and stacks of light wood for the stems of the matches and packing-boxes; also great kegs and barrels headed up, ready to be sent away with completed packages.

Mildly expressing our wonder at such active consumption of this article, as shown by the proprietor's figures, we were informed that the domestic trade of Cuba was quite sufficient to keep two or three factories in operation; for, where everybody smokes incessantly, everybody must carry a match-box and keep it supplied—and so the argument is potent, as well as the matches.

Another large building was devoted to the workmen, who live upon the premises; and on a great brick fireplace, out-of-doors, their Friday dinner of fish, rice and potatoes was merrily bubbling and steaming.

Returning into the principal building, we began with the cauldrons of boiling wax and sulphur and pans of phosphorus; and we saw how bales of wick-yarn were wound around great, hollow wheels or drums, and how these wicks, lying side-by-side, were drawn through troughs of melted wax, and the process repeated three times, until the little taper was complete; and then, how they passed through an ingenious machine which cut them into lengths and stuck them, like cribbage-pegs, into a square frame; and then, how these frames were lightly dipped into a pan of colored phosphorus, so that all the rows and rows of little wax men came out with beautiful blue heads, while the more plebeian wooden fellows had brown ones over their yellow-sulphur first coat.

And next we stood some moments to watch long lines of youths filling the little paper boxes, with gay label and a bit of sandpaper on the end, which we all have so often seen and handled; and marvelous was it to observe the dexterity and accuracy with which the little men with blue heads were divided up, without counting, into groups of a hundred each, and packed away into boxes before we fairly comprehended what was becoming of them.

Then we saw the boxes cut out of pasteboard, gummed and made up, and also the larger, coarser boxes for packing a gross of the little ones. We were shown, too, the construction of those wonderful affairs which, once lighted, do not go out, let the wind blow never so violently—a desideratum to gentlemen determined to smoke in a storm at sea. We next viewed a machine for cutting the match-sticks into lengths, and hot closets for drying them after their bath in phosphorus; also, the eight-horse engine, and the cool and pretty counting-room; and finally, unwearying Señor de Artiz took us across the road to his own handsome house, approached through a garden full of gorgeous blooms.

Before mounting the high steps leading to the veranda, upon which the principal rooms opened, our friend, with a little modest pride, took us into the basement story to see the bathing-room, a large apartment with a great tank in the centre, lined with pure blue and white tiles, and half-filled with delightful-looking water, running constantly in and out of the two openings—very likely another form of the lively brook we had seen under the engine-house.

A flight of steps led down into this basin, and everything was as fresh and pretty and inviting about the whole establishment as can possibly be imagined.

Was it again a subtle association with the name of Lucifer that led us, in driving home, to stop at the Plaza de Torros, or Bull-ring, in the Calle Belascoin, near the sea? It was a dismal-looking building enough outside, and some great doors, like those of a prison, were opened for our admittance. Inside it was very like a circus-ring, with rough seats rising tier upon tier around it, and barricades erected inside at short intervals, behind which the *banderillos* and *matadores* may retire if too hard pressed by the bull. At one side of the ring is the stand for the judges and for the music, and at each side of this are the best seats in the house—the boxes—being more private than the others, and on the shady side in the afternoon, when the principal fight comes off.

A wide, low door admits the procession of *picadores*, or lancers, mounted upon the wretched horses used on these occasions; the *banderillos*, or flagmen, on foot; and the *matadores*, or swordsmen, the heroes of the performance, who are gorgeously dressed in velvet trimmed with a profusion of gold braid.

Everybody knows the routine of a bull-fight, and everybody agrees that no sight voluntarily sought for amusement can be more horrible or repulsive; but it still lives as one of the *Cosas de Cuba*, and most Cuban gentlemen patronize it freely, although ladies are now seldom seen, except at some rare function for a charitable purpose.

What pleased us more than the unwelcome memories of the descriptions we have all read, perforce, of the ignoble sport to which this place was dedicated, was the dignified and courteous old man who showed it to us. He was presented to us by our kind friend, the editor, who accompanied us on most of our exploring expeditions, and was the custodian of the building, and lived in two or three rooms at one side, whither he invited us with the air of Louis Quatorze placing St. Germain at the disposal of Their Majesties of England.

The family were just sitting down to a meal, which may have been dinner or supper, consisting of a savory-looking stew, corn bread, bananas and red wine. The wife of our host was a majestic, white-haired woman, quite unembarrassed and affable, although scarcely caring to take much notice of mere Americans, and women at that.

An elder daughter was cut upon her mother's model; but the younger, a girl of sixteen, straight and supple as a willow wand, with a soft, olive skin, and great, dark eyes, emphasized by straight black brows and heavy lashes, with a mutinous rosebud of a mouth, and little white teeth that would have loved to set themselves in the flesh of any one who offended her—ah, there was a beauty! and we did not wonder at the jealous pride of the old father, as he half-suspiciously, half-gladly, listened to the raptures of the gentlemen accompanying us.

The rest of the family were four tortoiseshell cats, all exactly alike, and two very young puppies; and the whole picture of the dark room with its earthern floor, the table whose fruit and wine saved it from vulgarity, the stately, handsome host and hostess, and the glowing beauty of the young girl in her careless white dress, and the scornful

THE CLOISTERS OF THE MONASTERY OF LA MERCED.

curve upon her mouth, the light from the one high window falling upon her head, is so fair and attractive that one can easily forget all other associations, and be glad of the visit to the Plaza de Torros.

THE GULLERTANZ OF THE ALSATIAN PEASANTRY.

THE lack of ancient popular customs in the United States cannot be ascribed so much to a want of tenaciousness among the country people as to the comparatively recent settling of the land. New England has retained old-time manners more than other sections.

All the European countries have been densely inhabited for many centuries, and as no considerable changes have taken place in the composition of the national elements, or in the texture of society, old customs have been brought down from times immemorial to the epoch in which we live. No doubt these peculiar forms of national life will finally disappear when the modern means of communication and locomotion have entirely changed the face of "Mother Europe," and many of them have vanished already.

To transmit some of their features to posterity is, therefore, not only useful from an ethnological point of view, but also affords means for instructive comparisons with our present commonplace and unmeaning customs, mainly of French origin.

The people inhabiting Alsace, Baden, Wurtemberg, the German part of Switzerland, and a part of Western Bavaria, constitute as a group the Alemannic stock of the Germanic nation, and as such have many peculiarities in common not shared by their neighbors. This will hold good in regard to language and physical constitution, as well as to laws, manners and customs. We observe similarities in their baptisms, weddings, funeral rites, in the amusements at the village fairs, church-feasts, church processions, athletic games and sports, wooings, dances, proverbs and superstitions. The egg-dance, the cock-dance, the crab-apple dance and the sheep-dance, occur on both sides of the Rhine in very similar shapes.

The illustration which we present to our readers is the faithful reproduction of Brion's masterly oil-painting, "*Gullertanz.*" The lofty dancing-hall of an Alsatian country-inn is thronged with a happy-looking, joyous crowd of young peasants, who, to the melodious tune of the musicians, visible in the background, are leading their contented partners in a waltz around the decorated pillar, which marks the central part of the open room. An old spectator, conspicuous for his broad-brimmed hat, characteristic of many Alemannic countries, stands in the entryway.

The pillar is decorated with flags and garlands of flowers, and on one side of it hangs a dead cock. When dancing has continued for a while, we see one of the young men lifting his fair partner by the waist, while standing directly underneath the bird. If he does not succeed in making her ribbon-covered head touch the the defunct king of the barnyard, another will try it; and the first who succeeds wins the prize

CUBAN LADIES AT A BARRED WINDOW.

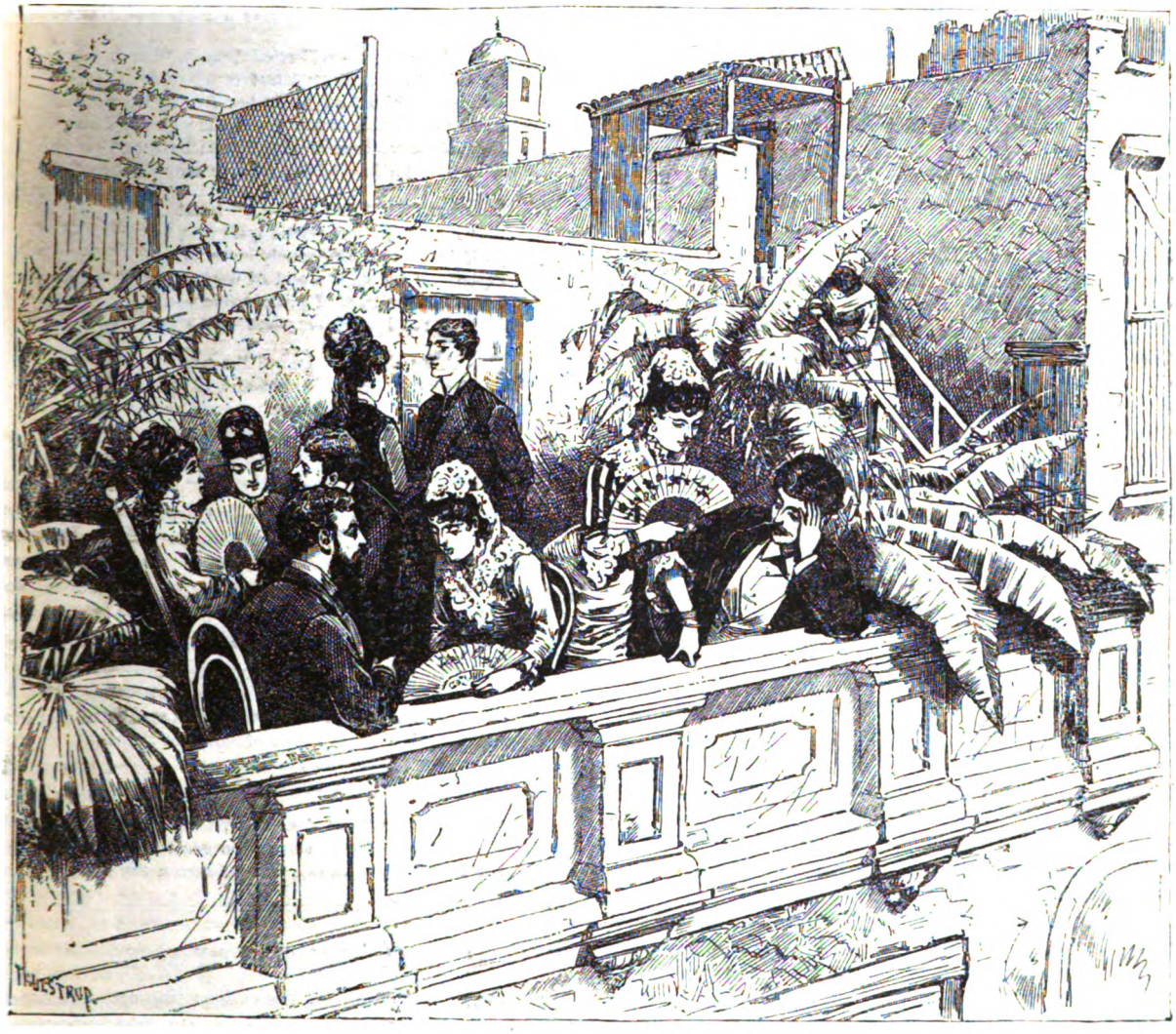
for her—for to the victor's sweetheart belong the spoils. Generally this prize consists of some pieces of fine silk or other attractive part of female dress.

Crossing the Rhine, and going only a short distance from Alsace, we find the Guller-dance again on the picturesque headquarters of the Danube, in a slightly varying, but not less attractive and popular, shape. It is performed there only about harvest-time, generally in a spacious barn. On a stick placed horizontally a symbolic wooden triangle of minute size is hung, and by the motion of the dancing couples it is kept constantly swaying. Within this triangle stands a glass of the best wine of the valley. In the centre of the barn, and close to the triangle a high pole is planted, and on its platform-shaped top sits a cock. The dancers whirl in their hops, galops and waltzes around the bird, and accompany their rhythmic gait with mimic gestures.

When the musicians are about half through with their piece, a couple, who have just reached the spot under the tumbler, suddenly stop; the fair dancer kneels down on one knee, and tries to lift her partner to the height required, so that his head causes the glass to fall. If successful, the prize of the day belongs to this first couple; if her strength fails to accomplish this, the feat will be attempted by other couples, until finally the tumbler comes down.

The style of dress in this region, which is the very centre of Suabia, is very similar to that of Alsace: the men wear the same slouched hat; their showy suspenders—generally the gifts of their sweethearts—are both connected, behind and in front, by wide straps; the women wear velvet bodices of tasteful patterns, and twist their hair in to braids, which hang over their backs.

This kind of harvest jollification is found all over the southwest of Germany, but other forms of dances occur in certain villages only. From this we must not conclude that they are imported customs; they are probably as thoroughly national as the Gullertanz, and must have been more frequent than now in former days. These dances are the crab-apple dance observed in the town of Dossenheim, near Heidelberg, and the wether or buck-dance in Hornberg, both in the principality of Baden.



AN OPEN-AIR PARLOR, HAVANA.

The young men of Dossenheim, after the 15th of August, gather some crab-apples, and on a Saturday eve they leave them as tokens of invitation for the coming dance on the window-sills of their female acquaintances. This silent invitation is understood so well, that on the very evening, the girls repair to the houses of their partners to obtain their hats, which they crown for the next day's festivity with wreaths, ribbons, artificial lemon-blossoms, and other flowers.

A small yard, inclosed with lofty walls, to keep off the uninvited, is selected for the dance on Sunday, to which

all the honorables of the town are readily invited. The premium for the winning couple is two-fold; for a boy standing on the wall carries a long pole, from which dangle a fine pair of stockings for the maiden, and a new, finely ribboned hat for the victorious rustic. The functions of umpire are fulfilled by four citizens, who stand aside from all the rest, each holding a twig of the walnut in one hand and a rifle in the other, which we presume is not loaded. At some distance from the yard, may be perceived a gun tied to a tree, loaded and provided with a slow-match, which is lit as soon as the dancing begins, when an attendant has emptied a large sack of crab-apples on the dancing-floor, to make them slip and fall at intervals. An umpire surrenders his twig to a dancer, who starts off on the first round with his fair one.

When the circuit is achieved he hands the twig to the "inspector," who selects his successor from the expectant number of dancers.

When the gun explodes, that young man who happens to be dancing with twig in hand becomes the winner, but must pay for his honor by treating all the participants in the frolic at the country-inn, to which all now repair in a solemn procession.

The sheep-dance of Hornberg does not differ from the above in any essential particular. Two prizes await the lucky couple: a fat sheep, ornamented with a profusion of ribbons, is brought in by small boys, and will be the gift for the youngster; while the premium of his belle is a piece of cloth fixed to a long pole, fulfilling at the same time the useful purpose of an advertising sign, inviting the villagers to the dance.

When the young men, in their best Sunday dress, have arrived with their partners, dancing commences in the open air. One couple takes the lead, and, after achieving a turn, the second follows, and the others after it. A tumbler filled with wine is placed inside of a double ring, and is suspended by a slow-match, which hangs from a house-wall. The match is touched off during the waltzing, and, when the wine-glass falls, the couple dancing at the time are presented with the gifts.

A COMET AND A PANIC.

In the year 1712 William Whiston, a learned divine who became noted for his eccentricities (and who had enjoyed the friendship of the great philosopher Sir Isaac Newton), predicted that a comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared, and then a number of silly things were done by credulous and superstitious people, of which the following are specimens:—A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place in such a crisis! South Sea and India stock fell, though why it should do so is not told—for whether the world had been destroyed by fire or not it could not have made any difference in the value! A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river that the ship might not be endangered! At noon after the comet had appeared, upward of one hundred clergymen were ferried over to the Lambeth Palace to request the Archbishop that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the Church service. People believed that the Day of Judgment was at hand, and some acted on that belief. There was a prodigious run on the Bank of England, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England. The comet appeared and disappeared, but of course no catastrophe occurred.

SESTINA.

By Edmund W. Gosse.

"Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello
Gran maestro d'amor."—*Petrarch.*

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"Harsh be my lines!" cried Arnaut, "harsh the woe,
My lady, that enthorn'd and cruel rose
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!"
But through the metre spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic song,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"Smith of his mother-tongue," the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe,
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the laboring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose.

A NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.

Spiders, notwithstanding their disgusting appearance and natural ferocity, seem gifted with the nearest approach to reason of any of the insects of this clime. Their industry, perseverance, the "geometrical instinct" (as Agassiz calls it) of their wonderful houses, all challenge our admiration. Not wishing to be personally responsible for such an instance of spider intelligence as the following, I immediately called to it the attention of a gentleman with me, and together we watched the affair to its conclusion; and he, as well as myself, can certify to its entire and literal truthfulness.

One August day I sat watching a small web that had been built beside the attic window. Two common house spiders were in it, and in perfect unity—so long as they had nothing to quarrel over—were quietly waiting for some vagrant fly. They soon caught something—nobler game no doubt than they had anticipated, for a large wasp, flying unwarily, became entangled in their net. The larger spider ran down

on one side, and carefully watching his opportunity, would skilfully throw his silken threads over the doomed wasp. But while he is so cautiously keeping out of harm's way, the wasp is gradually freeing itself. But one wing is entangled now, and that is wearing, tearing, breaking slowly loose. Buzz! buzz! buzz! goes the wasp, and the few remaining cords strain and slip. The large spider meanwhile retains his respectful distance, and accomplishes little. The smaller one, with more bravery, runs down the threads on to the struggling insect, and deliberately makes a hole in its wing—pulls a thread through it, and then fastens it securely to the centre of the web. This is repeated until the wing is firmly secured. The poor wasp soon entangled its other wing, and before he could release it, the little spider had fastened it in the same way. The work was now easy, and the wasp was soon dead.

Then the large spider showed the tyranny of his nature. The instant the victim surrendered his life, that instant the spider attacked his faithful ally. For a time the result seemed doubtful; then size triumphed, and the conquered spider was driven from the field. No—not conquered; for, though vanquished in direct conflict, the smaller warrior resorted to other means.

Remaining quiet a few moments, he awaited his opportunity. During this time the victorious spider had not been idle. He broke all the threads that connected the dead wasp with the sides and bottom of the web. This left only two threads, leading straight up to the den; these threads sustained the body of the wasp. Then he seized the wasp in his forelegs, and began backing up toward the den in the corner.

Now was the time for revenge. In an instant the small strategist stood on the main thread which supported his rival and his prey. The next instant that support was broken, and the plucky little warrior saw his discomfited enemy swinging to and fro on the remaining string. Before he could reach and break this, the larger one was there, and fiercely pursued him. Now showed forth the cunning of the little fellow. It almost made me wonder if spiders were gifted with a reasoning mind. My *protégé*—for by this time all my sympathies were enlisted with the weaker party—ran nimbly along the web, and soon seemed to find a place to suit it. It was a long thread, several inches long, with no support except at the end—or, in other words, a suspension bridge of but a single cable. Quickly making his way across this, he seats himself at the further end, and there awaits his foe.

On comes that foe, slower, slower, as though fearing some trap. Now but an inch separates them. With a single bound half the distance is passed; but the second leap is not made. Quick as thought—quicker than I could think it—the cunning little fellow breaks the bridge in front of him. I almost thought I could hear the tantalizing little rascal laugh, as he saw his disappointed pursuer swinging several inches below him.

One or two similar interruptions took place before the wasp was stowed safely away at the mouth of the den. The little champion, finding further hostilities of no advantage, and apparently humiliated and discouraged by his want of success, sought a distant corner of the web, where he seemed to give way to despair. But he was only waiting to take a fuller vengeance; for, returning after a short absence, I found the gorged and helpless usurper had fallen a victim to the rage of his injured helpmate, who was quietly devouring the remains of the banquet.

TEACH children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be useful and good.

IS THE 29TH OF FEBRUARY A DAY?

THE question whether the 29th of February is legally a day or not has lately been presented to a local court in Indiana. There is authority in that State to the effect that the 28th and 29th of February are to be counted as one day; but when the Supreme Court so decided, it had not examined an ancient English statute concerning leap year, passed in the twenty-third year of Henry III., which bears upon the subject. Accordingly, in the case to which we refer, the Judge determined to consider the question *de novo;* and he came to the conclusion that the 29th of February must be regarded as a day, in contemplation of law, as much as any other, and must be reckoned in the legal computation of time, where days are concerned.

"Is a man who works on February 28th and 29th to have pay for one day only?" he asks. "Has a judgment rendered on February 28th no priority as a lien over one rendered on February 29th? Could a man sentenced to be hung on February 29th be legally executed on February 28th?"

Of course not. The confusion on the subject has evidently arisen from statutes treating of the entire year as a whole. Thus, there is a provision in the Revised Statutes of New York that whenever the term "year" or "years" shall be used in any law, contract or instrument, the year intended shall be taken to consist of 365 days; a half year, 182 days; a quarter of a year, 91 days; "and the added day of a leap year and the day immediately preceding, if they shall occur in any period so to be computed, shall be reckoned together as one day."

SOMETHING OF A TITLE.

THE Czar of all the Russias has a variety of titles longer than the moral law, and less easy of perusal. In the San Stefano treaty he appears as Alexander II., by the grace of God Emperor and Autocrat Panrussian, Moscovite, Kievian, Vladvimirian, Novgorodian; Czar of Kazan, Czar of Astrakhan, Polish Czar, Siberian Czar, Czar of Chersonesus, Georgian Czar; Gosudar of Pskoff, and Grand Prince of Smolensk, Lithuania, Vollhynia, Peodolia and Finland; Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, etc.; Commander of the whole Northern Country; Gosudar of Iberia, Kartalinia, the Kabardian land, and the Armenian territory; Hereditary Gosudar and Ruler of the Circassian and Highland Princes and others; Norwegian Heir-Apparent; Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and Oldenburg, etc.

WEDDINGS.

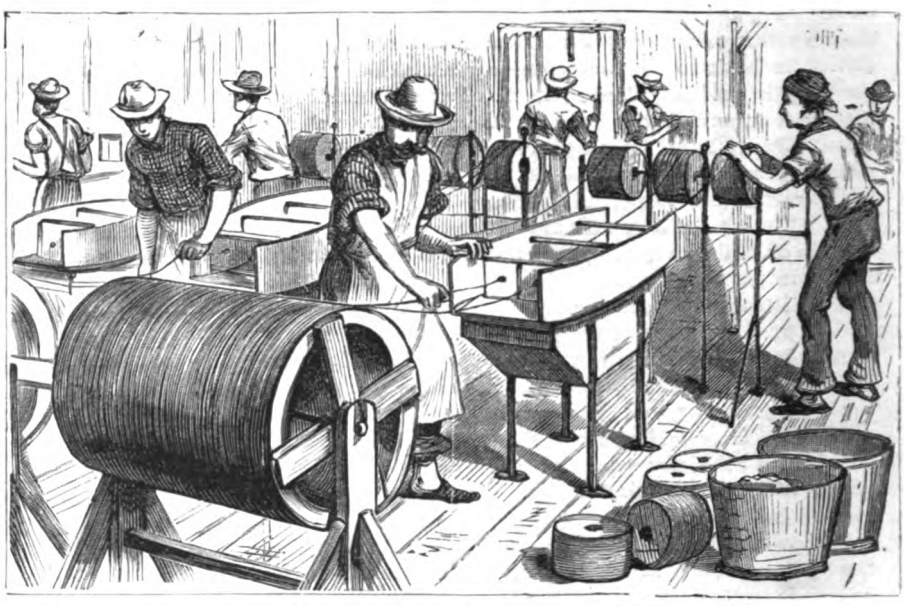
WEDDING presents, now so common in the first stage of matrimony, have come down from the feudal system. In almost all parts of the civilized world such things are given and received, and, we might add, expected.

In a start in married life, certain necessaries in the way of furniture, napery, crockery, and so on, were always acceptable. Rich people and feudal lords would not object, on the bridal of their daughters, to receive presents from their vassals.

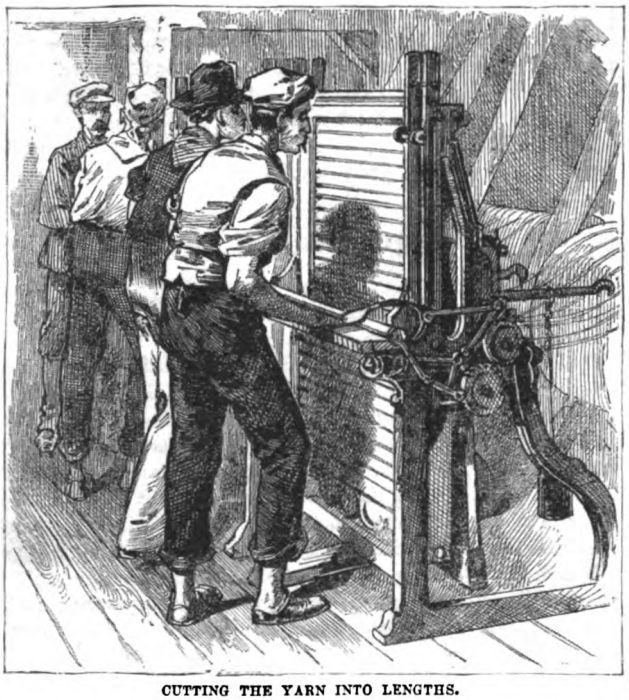
In different countries different modes. The penny weddings in Scotland, of which Wilkie gave a lively and accurate idea in one of his domestic paintings, are peculiar. Invited guests make contributions in money. One shilling is the general tribute, and half a crown is a princely offering. Out of the sum thus collected the not very costly expenses of the feast were paid, and the surplus went toward buying the furniture.

In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland, this levying contributions on guests never takes place, for, however poor a man may be, his pride revolts from the appearance of poverty on such an occasion. There is a collection, however, to raise the sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer this swells up to a good round sum.

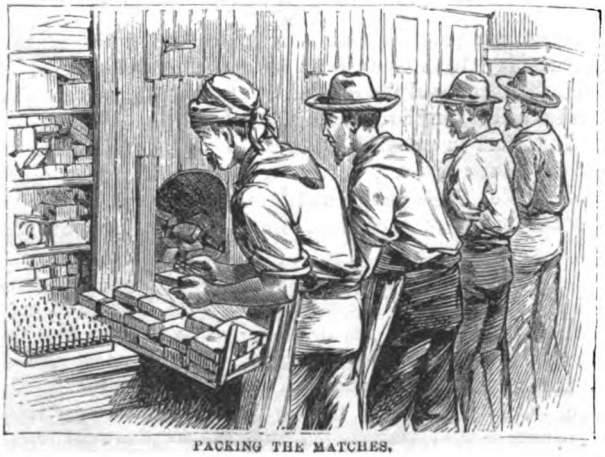
In Wales, among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of "bidding," not single guests, but whole families to a wedding. That such an event is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspaper, with a request that all persons who, in times past, have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and groom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations, in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to-be wedded folks may have some especial claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, furniture, flour, fuel, table and chamber linen—even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies are among the gifts.



THE MATCH-FACTORY, HAVANA.— WAXING THE YARN.

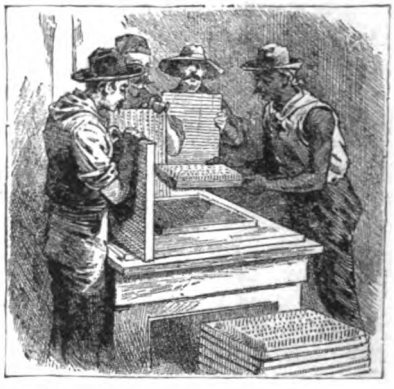


CUTTING THE YARN INTO LENGTHS.



PACKING THE MATCHES.

In Germany there is the "pay wedding," at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, each person depositing a jewel, silver spoon or a piece of money, at the same time apologizing for the donation being so far below value, compared with the damsel's deserts. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks, just as if he were in a hotel, but not at fair hotel prices. Thus the entertainment sometimes extends over several days, and the young couple often realize a sum out of the profits sufficient to start them fairly in life. From 100 to 300 guests are often present throughout these festivities.



DIPPING THE MATCHES IN SULPHUR.

Sometimes the flow of presents takes a very different course. In Poland, a lady is not regarded as eligible for double blessedness until she has wrought, with her own hands, cloth and garments for each of her future lord's friends (groomsmen) accompanying him to the altar.

In Norway the clergyman has to be propitiated with two or three bladders of mince-meat, made by the hands of the bride, and a bottle or two of brandy. In that country, most presents made on wedding occasions take the tangible form of larder supplies, at least among the peasantry and artisans.

TOO LATE.—"SOFTLY, AS THE MINUTES SPED BY, SHE WHISPERED THE NAME THAT IN FIVE LONG YEARS HAD NEVER PASSED HER LIPS. AND LISTENED AS HE SPOKE THE WORDS OF LOVE THAT WELLED UP FROM HIS BROKEN HEART."

TOO LATE.

"I SUPPOSE I ought to look out for a situation as governess or music-teacher."

"I suppose you will do nothing of the kind."

John Dupont spoke in resolute tones, bringing on the table before him the full weight of his mighty fist; for he was a tall, powerful man of forty or thereabout, and his will was law in his own household.

"Look out for a situation, indeed!" he continued. "My dead brother's child, and I a rich man! You will stay here, as you have stayed for years, and nobody need ever know you are not as rich as you were before this —— rascal"—I am sorry to say John used a very emphatic word before "rascal"—"ran away with all your money. You will be my daughter until Herbert Ross takes you away from me."

"He has resigned his right, sir."

"The cowardly hound! Jilted you!"

"I suppose that is the word," she said, wincing a little. "He has written me a most civil letter, bidding me farewell, freeing me from my engagement with a man as poor as himself, and has gone to Europe as tutor to Hill Graham's son."

"I wouldn't have believed it. Herbert Ross! Why, Helen, I would have staked my life on his honor—his love for you. Herbert Ross! Why, I would have trusted him with my whole fortune. Did I not trust him with more? Did I not promise him your hand, Helen? Did I not give to his care what is dearer to me than all my gold?"

Helen Dupont had borne with dry eyes the loss of a handsome fortune, and the treachery of the man she loved; but her fortitude gave way under the tenderness of her uncle's voice, and she threw herself into his extended arms, sobbing bitterly.

Only one week before she had been summoned to hear of the suicide of her guardian and the certainty that he had periled her whole fortune in speculations, and lost all. A second blow came when Herbert Ross deserted her. She was a proud woman, and this blow was far more bitter to endure than her loss of fortune.

Young as she was—not yet twenty—Helen Dupont had been in society two seasons, and, by right of her beauty and her wealth, had been the object of much attention. She had flirted with none, but had passed the first year fancy-free, to surrender the second before the low voice, the tender eyes, and, as she believed, noble nature of the young artist, Herbert Ross, who had no gold save what he painted into sunset skies, and who was one of John Dupont's special favorites.

The loud-toned, hearty banker, who opened his hospitable doors to the artist, loved the lad for the sake of a dark-eyed woman who lay in her grave, but who had won his worship when he was a boy himself. And when the stripling grew to manhood, it was John Dupont's encouraging voice that helped him over many a rough place in his chosen career; John Dupont who bought his first landscape; and, finally, John Dupont who introduced him to Helen, and smiled upon his wooing.

Helen loved him, believing his love all her own, scorning utterly the thought that her fortune had brought him to her feet. He seemed a man too utterly unworldly, too much absorbed in his chosen art, to think of money; and when Helen remembered it, it was only to be glad that

Herbert need never consider his genius for its gold value, or degrade his art as bread-winner. Generous in all things, she thought of her wealth only as her husband's, when once they were married.

And when the gold melted from her hand, he fled from her!

The one blot upon the womanly loveliness of Helen's nature had been her pride—the undue value she gave to her position, her name, her wealth; and through her pride her lover drove the rankling arrow of his desertion home to her heart.

She stood before the mirror in her room, after the flush of weeping was gone from her eyes, and looked earnestly at her own face. She had been too proud a woman to be vain, till to-day, when her pride was writhing in bitter self-contempt, and vanity was whispering comfort. Her beauty had filled little of her thoughts; but on the day when she studied her own face closely, every little womanly vanity clustered at the mirror.

"I have been called beautiful," she thought, "and I am not a fool; and yet, for my money alone the only heart I ever cared to win was offered to me. Is it always so? Do men think only of the golden setting for fair faces? Will Herbert Ross hear from his friends here how his former love sits neglected in corners, pining for him, forgotten in the throng of richer beauties? He shall not!" the girl cried aloud, in her excitement; "I will show him that the love he scorns is sought still. I'll win hearts yet, and break them as carelessly as he has broken mine!"

Society watched the face somewhat curiously, when it was known that fortune and lover were both lost; and Society, for once, could find no peg to hang a rumor upon. For the faultless face was as perfect as ever, the proud head as erect, even the costly dress as exquisite in every detail.

But where lovers had met that icy repulse that in ludes the most polished courtesy, there was now an indescribable softening of the dark-blue eyes, a modulation of the cold voice, that drove the blood tumultuously to young hearts, to bid it beat high with a new hope.

Helen Dupont had never known the power of her own beauty till her lover's desertion drove her to test it, doubting and scorning her own arts. She felt a haughty triumph when the truth grew more evident every day, that she could win and chain hearts at her pleasure.

Where she smiled most sweetly, she drove home most steadily the sting of her refusal, when her victim sued for a return of the love she had wakened only to scorn it.

The Winter closed, a Summer at Newport succeeded, a second Winter opened; and Miss Dupont was spoken of openly as the most heartless flirt in her circle. Knowing their fate, men fluttered round her like moths round a candle, each bowing to the nameless charm that held him captive, each hoping that he alone was the favored of all. She had that supreme power of a flirt, of convincing each victim that she made him the exception to the rest.

Mrs. John Dupont was deep in the duties of a New Year's reception. Helen, radiant in garnet velvet and pearls, was beside her, receiving the homage of the season, when John Dupont, lounging in his library with a cigar, was surprised by a caller. He had rushed through his own visiting list early in the day, had growled over the sumptuous delicacies that were offered to him in place of dinner on his return home, had complimented Helen and his fair-haired little wife upon the splendor of their appearance, and had retired to his "den" for a smoke.

Then a thundering knock at the door, and the head of an old crony, peeping in, interrupted him.

"You're a pretty fellow," growled the intruder, "shut up in here, smoking."

"Come, be another pretty fellow, and take a cigar," was the reply.

And the invitation was immediately accepted. But the new-comer, after smoking silently for a few moments, suddenly put his hand on John Dupont's arm, and said:

"I came in here for ten minutes' serious talk, John."

"I am ready."

"I don't like Helen's looks."

"By Jove! you must be hard to suit. She looks like an empress."

I mean, professionally. Speaking as a doctor, and a friend who loves her, I tell you I don't like her looks."

John Dupont's face was troubled enough now.

"What is it, Tom? Not—not the mother's trouble?"

"Exactly. The bright eyes and crimson cheeks that added such a bewildering lustre to her beauty are the signatures consumption is writing on her face. Late hours, over-heated rooms, over-excitement—I have warned you against them all."

"What can I do, Tom? The girl is driven by some restless demon, and has been for years. Nettie says she is never still. All day she is out, calling, shopping, or she is in the drawing-room practicing, or romping in the nursery with the children. She reads, but never sews or sits with Nettie, as she used to to do."

"And quiet alone will save her. A life of dull regularity may keep her here for years. Six months more of this wild excitement will kill her. By-the-way, John, has she refused Gardner?"

"I don't know."

"I met him coming out, with the face of a corpse. He has no more brains than the law allows, but he is a simple, good-hearted fool."

"With a million dollars. If Helen refuses him, there are plenty to console him."

"I don't know," said the doctor, musingly. "If ever I saw utter despair, I saw it in that white, foolish face. John, what is the secret? You know. Was it the loss of her father's money that turned Helen into such a flirting devil? Strong words? Well, yes; I don't mince words, generally."

But John Dupont would not tell Helen's secret, even if he guessed it himself.

Smoking, chatting, comparing notes of long-past days of boyhood and youth, the two old friends sat in the library till the clock chimed ten. Still the sounds of gay voices floated in from the drawing-room, when suddenly a woman's voice, loud and clear, broke above all the others. The two men sprang to their feet, for this voice was in the hall at the door, demanding to see Helen Dupont.

"What has happened? That is Mrs. Gardner's voice!" John Dupont cried, his face pale as ashes. "Come! Stop her before she sees Helen!"

To cross the room and go into the hall was but the work of a moment, but they were too late.

Already the woman had penetrated the crowd in Mrs. Dupont's drawing-room, and stood before Helen. Pallid, wild-eyed, with no shawl over her reception-dress of black velvet and point-lace, no bonnet covering her diamond-trimmed hair, just as she had left her own drawing-room, she confronted the girl, who waited, with parted lips and an ashy face, for the tidings of horror she felt must come.

"Helen Dupont!" the mother cried, in a harsh, shrill voice, "I have come to denounce you. Murderess! I did not believe them when they told me you were making a toy of my son's heart. You could look into my face and smile, only yesterday, and to-day make me childless. Come and see him—come and see the man who shot himself not an hour ago for your false face. Oh, my son! my son!"

And, the mad excitement over, she sank, a sobbing, wailing heap, at Helen's feet.

"Catch her, John!" the doctor cried, as Helen lifted both hands to her throat.

One convulsive struggle, and the life-blood gushed from her lips—over the snowy pearls upon her bosom, over the bowed head of the wretched mother at her feet. Not a word broke from Helen's lips.

John Dupont lifted her in his strong arms as she reeled back and fell insensible, and carried her to her room, the doctor following; while Nettie bent in tearful sympathy over Mrs. Gardner.

The reception closed abruptly. Some of the gentlemen went for a carriage to take the widow home again, some summoned her friends to the house of mourning, while more than one heart contracted with horror, thinking of the despair of the boy who had worshiped at the same shrine as themselves.

And in her own room Helen Dupont fought her way back slowly to consciousness—not to reason. With every word increasing her danger, she raved through seven long days, the attacks of hemorrhage succeeded by insensibility and prostration, and followed again by fever and wildest delirium.

All hope was over for the wasted life, when at last a deep sleep was followed by a return of reason, a weakness so pitiable that John Dupont's eyes filled, looking at the wasted, helpless hands.

Her uncle, grieving as her own father might have done, had he lived to see her die, was alone in the library, not a fortnight after the fatal New Year's reception. Strong man as he was, he had cried himself almost blind, and was sitting stupefied with his own misery, when a servant announced:

"Mr. Ross, sir, to see you."

John Dupont was too much smitten by sorrow for loud indignation, but the face he turned to greet Herbert Ross had no welcome in its hard, stern lines. Yet, even in his wrath and grief, he was struck by the misery in the face of the young artist—the pallid complexion, the sad eyes.

"Do not speak the reproach in your face till you have heard me," Herbert Ross said, in a broken voice. "I came home only four hours ago, so full of hope and joy, to hear that——"

"To hear that Helen is dying. You know that there are but a few hours left between that young life and the grave. Do you know, too, that your faithlessness, your treachery, have to answer for the miserable work of the last five years?"

"Never faithless! never treacherous!" said Herbert Ross, sinking back into a chair. "My only fault was that I loved her too well to take her from the home of luxury to share my poverty. You to misjudge me, too! I thought you would understand."

"Understand what?"

"What!" cried the young man, hotly, "why, the love that would go out into exile and despair, rather than drag that bright young life through the lingering torments of poverty. I had no thought but for her when I went to Italy with a pupil, to direct his studies, to try to find some path for fame and fortune to bring home to lay at Helen's feet. Only for her! only for her!"

"But why did you not tell her this?"

"To bind her to me, when she might find some one as loving and tender, with the wealth denied to me? I left her *free*, because I loved her. Can you not understand?"

"It was a fatal error."

"As the years went by, I heard of her, always single, though I knew she was a queen in society, and might have chosen of the worthiest and wealthiest. I hugged the knowledge close in my heart, working faithfully, winning my way, little by little, till a few weeks ago—only a few short weeks—I heard of a death here—my father's sister's—and my accession to a moderate fortune. It is not great wealth, but it is enough for a home of comfort, and my pencil and brush could add more. As soon as I could arrange my business, I hurried home, full of hope, for Helen was still free. At the hotel, in a group of my old friends, I found one who told me all my hope is vain. Oh, for my love's sake, pity me! Let me hear her say she forgives me! Let me look once upon her living face."

"Do you know all?" John Dupont asked, cruel in his own wretchedness. "Do you know how the belief that you had wooed her for her wealth, had deserted her in her poverty, drove all the womanly sweetness from Helen's heart? For your sake, because you were false, she revenged herself upon all men who came under the influence of her rare beauty. She flirted desperately, cruelly, until——"

"Stop! I have heard!"

There was a long silence in the room, broken only by the heavy breathing of the two men, until Herbert felt a gentle hand placed upon his bowed head, and heard a murmur of:

"I do pity you."

A few moments later, looking up, he found he was alone. He scarcely heeded the time, wrapped in his own sad reflections, till his host came in again.

"Helen will see you. Before you go," and he put his hand kindly upon Herbert's arm, "let me warn you to be very quiet. I have told her all you told me, and already the agitation has hastened the hour we dread. Any excitement now would be instantly fatal. Will you remember? Can I trust you?"

"You can trust me."

The voice was firm, but very low, and over the agitated face a sudden calm seemed to lock every feature. Slowly, with bowed head, Herbert Ross followed his old friend to the darkened room where Helen lay dying.

The white face, looking unearthly in its pallor, agains the mass of raven hair lying upon the pillow; the large, hollow eyes, watching with burning eagerness for his coming, almost unmanned him again; but a warning pressure of John Dupont's hand reminded him of his promise, and he went steadily to the bedside, blinded for a moment by his own emotion.

He did not see the doctor on the other side, watching intently; nor Nettie, stifling her sobs, in one corner of the room. He only saw that white, sunken face, those eager eyes.

In a whisper, scarcely audible, Helen said:

"You were not false to me. You loved me, Herbert?"

"Always, my darling. Never more than when I left you to seek a new fortune to place at your feet."

"You should have told me. It would have been happiness to wait and watch for you. It was cruel to let me think you never loved me, Herbert."

"I know it now. Heaven forgive me. I never thought my deceit would bring us to this, Helen."

"But you love me."

She whispered this over and over—the wakened senses grasped only one idea—that Herbert was there; that Herbert had loved her always.

Softly, as the minutes sped by, she whispered the name that in five long years had never passed her lips, and listened as he spoke the words of love that welled up from his breaking heart.

The doctor, watching over the pallid face, motioned to John Dupont and his wife to draw nearer, as the breath

AGA KHAN.—THE BUNGALOW WHERE THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

came more fitfully from between the parted lips. She looked up when her uncle bent over her, and smiled as he pressed his lips upon the face where already the dews of death were gathering. She whispered a word to her aunt, who controlled her sobs to listen; and then she said, softly:

"Lift me a little, Herbert. I cannot breathe. Let me die in your arms."

A moment later she gasped:

"God have mercy! have mercy!"

And so she died.

There is a tomb in Greenwood where Herbert Ross lingers when Summer winds stir the leaves, when Winter snows whiten the ground—the tomb of the woman who, but for his mistaken love, might have shared his life in happy content. The sins of the life hidden under Helen's tombstone press heavily upon his conscience when he realizes how fatally the deceit he practiced in love warped the noble nature to whom he brought his love and his penitence TOO LATE.

AGA KHAN.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF RECENT TRAVEL BY AUGUST LOCHER.

THIRTEEN years ago I was a resident of Bombay, India, and one of the founders of the Bombay "Gympkhana (Sporting Club), which numbered among its active members all those European (there were no Americans there at that time) residents and officers of the Bombay garrison, who delighted in field-sports, such as horse-racing, target-shooting, hunting, cricket-playing, etc., and considered plenty of out-door exercise the best preserver of health and most powerful antidote for ennui, lassitude, depression of spirits, and bilious disorders; the dread effects of the enervating climate of the torrid zone, so pernicious to European and American constitutions.

Our club, however, was not composed of Europeans only, but counted among its members several prominent Parsees, Hindoos, Moslems, such as a brother of Sir Tamsetjee Teejeebhoy, that famous "Crœsus" of Hindoostan; Parsee "Peabody"; Ramchunder Rao, a Hindoo prince; the notorious Aga Khan, pretender to the questionable honor of being the legitimate "Sheikh-al-Lebal" (Prince or Old Man of the Mountain) supreme or absolute ruler of the "Assassins," a military Order of the sect of the Ismaelites, whose record of blood and crime of every description—from the lifetime of the founder of the Order, Hassan-ben-Sabbah-el-Homairi, a Persian, who lived about the middle of the eleventh century, down to Aga Khan, the subject of this sketch—is historical.

Even the late Imaum of Mascat and Sultan of Zanzibar was an honorary member of the Bombay Gympkhana—ran horses at our races, and participated in our rifle-matches whenever he visited Bombay. Many a prize presented to the club by the affable monarch was competed for by the members.

But in the Spring of 1866, just while the writer happened to be in Mascat, the capital of the Imaum's dominions, this unfortunate prince fell by the hands of one of his own brothers, Said Selim, the present Imaum of Mascat, who basely and treacherously murdered him in the royal tent, right in the midst of the Imaum's camp on the frontier of the province of Oman, whither the Imaum had gone with his troops, and accompanied by his three brothers, to chastise some unruly tribes.

It was the intention of the fratricide to assassinate his other brothers also; but they got timely warning of the well-meant intentions of their precious relative, and fled for their lives in different directions.

I do not know whether both of them succeeded in escaping the clutches of the monster; but on my arrival, a fortnight afterward, in Bassora, a town of the Ottoman Empire, situated near the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, or joint waters of the Mesopotamian rivers Euphrates and Tigris, I was introduced by the then British Vice-Consul of Bassora, Mr. Johnson, to Prince Mohammed Ali, youngest brother of the murdered Imaum, then a young, intelligent-looking, olive-complexioned fellow, scarcely seventeen years of age, who, assisted by a faithful Bedouin, and disguised as a woman, had escaped on a fleet dromedary, which had to carry both the Prince and Bedouin, the latter serving as guide, across the terrible deserts of El Hassa and El Dhana; and safely reached, after unheard-of hardships, an asylum on Turkish soil, where he forthwith implored, and was promptly accorded, the protection of Great Britain, who had always been friendly to the late Imaum.

Whatever became of his fugitive brother, he did not know

THE ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE MURDER BY A BOY WHO WAS OUT GUNNING.

AGA KHAN WITH HIS SONS AND SECRETARY.

then, and perhaps he does not know to this day. If he values his life, he will remain in exile as long as the fratricide now on the throne of Mascat remains in power.

However, as I have undertaken to give a sketch of Aga Khan, and not of the present dynasty of Mascat, and as the reader will undoubtedly wonder why an individual of the notoriety of the former was permitted to be a member of the Bombay Gympkhana, I am in duty bound to explain this matter.

Aga Khan is, or was—for he may be dead by this time—a refugee in Bombay, from Persia, where the doings of himself and of the Order of which he claims to be the head and soul had rendered the "climate much too hot" for himself and his adherents, the latter of whom numbered several thousands; and the Indo-British Government, fully cognizant of the character and history of the notorious Order, only suffered them to stay in Bombay (but nowhere else in India) on Aga Khan's solemn pledge of good behavior on the part of himself and his followers.

At the time of my first acquaintance with him (in 1860) Aga Khan was a man apparently about fifty years of age. It is very difficult to guess a Persian's age correctly, as even very old men have still jet-black, glossy hair. In stature he was rather short, certainly not over five feet five inches in height; stout, but not corpulent; short and thick-necked, and remarkably broad-shouldered; in fact, his entire physical development was athletic to a high degree; and, although a cripple, on account of one of his legs being six inches shorter than the other, and walking with a stick, he bore himself very erectly. His physiognomy was strongly marked by a broad, square forehead, luxuriant, finely arched, jet black eyebrows, small but keen and restless eyes, intensely black and fiery, betraying the combined characteristics of the fox and the panther; a rather large, but well-shaped, slightly aquiline nose; a large, ugly, thin-lipped mouth, armed with the largest, whitest and most formidable set of teeth I ever saw in a human being; a long chin, large ears, marked cheek-bones and rather fleshy cheeks, lined by deep wrinkles and disfigured by a scar, apparently from the stroke of a sword or cutlass, on his left cheek, just below the cheek-bone. His complexion was of the shade of darkly tanned calfskin. A very thick, coarse, jet-black beard and mustache, worn *à la Persan*—not as long as they are usually seen in Moslems, but with the hair growing nearly all over the face up to the cheek-bones—effectually hid the more repulsive portion of his physiognomy; but when he laughed, which he did, apparently, quite naturally, in doing so exhibiting his formidable "ivories," the expression of his face was downright diabolic, and Satan himself would have questioned his own identity on such occasions.

Aga Khan, although undoubtedly a Persian by birth, and claiming direct descent from Rokneddin, who lived about the middle of the twelfth century, and figures in history as the last "Old Man of the Mountain," is, in my opinion, not of pure Persian descent. His high cheek-bones, small eyes, large ears, thin-lipped mouth and long chin belong to the Tartar or Mongolian race.

Both he and his two eldest sons, then boys of seventeen and fourteen years, dressed in the height of Persian fashion—usually in frocks of silk taffetas of a bright-green, dark-blue, lilac or orange color; very wide pantaloons of fine white linen; Persian morocco shoes or half-boots; a Cashmere shawl around their loins; and high, sugarloaf-shaped hats, manufactured of the finest fleeces of new-born black lambs.

The well-known short, straight, double-edged sword or cutlass of the Persians, profusely ornamented, usually dangled on the right side, pending from a leather strap buckled around the waist of each of the trio. They were very fond of displaying jewelry, each wearing two costly gold watches and chains, the former snugly housed in little breast-pockets, the latter hanging from their necks; while a number of valuable diamond, emerald, ruby and turquoise rings adorned their fingers.

The palms, or, rather, the entire inner surface, of their hands, were usually stained with hennah, the most fashionable cosmetic of both sexes of Moslems, which dyes the skin brown or dark-brown, like the juice of the green walnut.

The old limping fox, on his arrival in Bombay as a refugee from Persia, and shortly after receiving from the Indian Government permission to settle down there, being a man of immense transportable wealth, which consisted chiefly of precious stones and coined money, invested a portion thereof in the purchase of two large residences at Byculla, a garden suburb of Bombay.

One of these residences he occupied himself, with his family and harem; the other he gave to his eldest son,

THE EX-POLICEMAN, OR RAMSEE, WHO UNRAVELED THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

Hassan, who, although at that time only fifteen years old, had, according to Persian custom, just come of age, and was liberally provided with a household of his own, consisting of a harem and an ample staff of attendants.

Thereupon Aga Khan established a horse-mart on a very extensive scale, keeping constantly hundreds of the very finest Arab, Persian and Australian horses on exhibition and for sale in his vast stables, located in the most frequented portion of the Bombay bazar, where he bought, sold and swapped them right and left.

At the time I made his acquaintance he was, unquestionably, the largest horse-dealer in India; whole shiploads of horses being consigned to him by his agents of Bassora, Abusher (Persia), Mascat (Arabia) and Melbourne (Australia); and he would actually have been able to furnish the Government, or anybody else, with a thousand horses at ten minutes' notice.

Always polite to everybody, rich or poor, he soon dealt with almost everybody in Bombay desirous of acquiring or getting rid of horseflesh; and, being uncommonly shrewd, and, moreover, the best judge of a horse I ever saw, he generally got the better, though not unfairly, in a business transaction.

He spoke English—was very proud of it, too—and would never allow a European to address him, out of politeness, in Hindoostanee, Persian, Arabic or Turkish, all of which languages he spoke to perfection; but the manner in which he used to extol the qualities of any of his horses to a European customer in broken English would have brought tears to the eyes of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings.

Very hospitable and liberal with his money, he delighted in the characteristic Oriental mode of distributing alms to the poor, in driving, with his sons and private secretary, in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, through the bazar and other parts of the city where poor people abounded, and causing his secretary to throw handfuls of copper coin, taken out of a large leather bag deposited in front of that functionary—an overgrown, gaunt and sallow-faced individual, who looked as if he had not tasted any food since he came of age—to the right and left out of the carriage as they drove along; and the scramble of the rabble after the coppers scattered in the dust of the streets is easier to imagine than describe.

These efforts to relieve the poor were, undeniably, very commendable, but scarcely the proper way of giving charity, as it undoubtedly caused a great increase in the number of the already far too numerous street-beggars, who actually appeared to be correctly informed beforehand through which streets Aga Khan's carriage would pass; and hours before it drove through, both sides of the streets would be lined by all the beggars, cripples and vagabonds of the vast city.

In consequence of his extensive dealings, both with the Government and the public, his growing popularity among all classes of the population, and the generally good behavior of himself, his sons and his adherents, Aga Khan managed gradually to insinuate himself into the good-will of the Government and the people; was regularly present, with his two eldest sons, at the public receptions of the Governor of Bombay; was admitted into good European society; and, being an excellent shot, an expert horseman, and inveterately fond of sport generally, he and his sons were finally admitted as members of our club, the Bombay Gympkhana.

After participating for about a year in all the sports of the club, and carrying off many a prize at the races with their excellent horses, Aga Khan and his eldest son had a slight misunderstanding; and rumor would have it that it was the result of the latter's attempt to poison his progenitor. The matter was hushed up between them; but whatever may have been the cause of coolness between father and son, certain it was that none of the trio were again seen at our meetings.

A year or so after the unpleasantness just referred to between Aga Khan and his son Hassan, the former rather abruptly left Bombay in the regular mail-steamer for Europe, accompanied only by his second son and his inseparable companion, the emaciated private secretary. He pretended to be so anxious to see England that he had suddenly come to the conclusion to pay it a visit.

A month had scarcely elapsed since his departure, when, on a Sunday morning, Bombay was startled by the news that a horrible murder had just been discovered in a deserted, long unoccupied house of Mahim, a small native village, snugly ensconced in a forest of palm-trees, only a few miles northwest of Bombay.

Mahim is a well-known resort of European residents and wealthy natives of Bombay during the hot season. Quite a number of very comfortable *bungalows* (country-seats), generally built of adobe walls, with palm-leaf roofs, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens, are scattered all over the salubrious neighborhood of that village; and these country-places, mostly belonging to wealthy natives, rent readily to Europeans.

Some of these *bungalows* are occupied all the year round, but the majority of them only during the hot season, and at other times are usually left in charge of a resident of the native village, who never fails to draw his pay for watching the premises; but, with the characteristic unreliability of those natives, often neglects his duty and allows the premises and their contents to take care of themselves.

Some few of these country residences, on account of their standing too isolated, or too far away from the railroad which establishes communication between Bombay and Mahim, or for some other reason, are not so easily rented, and remain unoccupied for one or more seasons; and it was in one of these latter that the tragedy took place.

Prompt investigation by the Bombay police revealed the fact that five prominent and wealthy natives, belonging to the Khoja caste, had been invited, or, rather, decoyed by some person or persons unknown, to a *khana* (dinner-party or collation) in that house. The doomed guests had arrived, and, evidently without misgiving, partaken with their treacherous host or hosts of the dishes prepared for them; and, while still at their meal, were, probably at some sign previously agreed upon, given by the host, suddenly pounced upon by a gang of well-armed ruffians, and literally slashed to pieces with swords, then left floating in their gore and abandoned.

The house stood rather isolated, was surrounded by luxuriant shrubbery, and, moreover, by a dense grove of palm-trees, and was the most suitable place that could possibly be selected for the commission of the foul deed. It had evidently been broken into by the fiends in human form, and specially prepared, and, in all probability, furnished for the occasion; for it was found to belong to a wealthy Parsee widow, who had neither occupied it herself nor rented it to anybody since her husband had died there, some three years before it became the scene of the murder; and it was proven to have stood perfectly empty for at least two years.

Though absolutely nothing was found in the house by the police except the five gory corpses and some remnants of their last meal, it was not at all likely that five highly intelligent natives could be decoyed into an empty, lonely house to participate in a *khana*, without having their gravest suspicions aroused of there being something foul; but if the house had been actually furnished for the occasion,

what became of all the furniture? which nobody in the village had seen carried thither or taken away.

There were the remnants of that ominous meal, strewed all over the floor, between and around the corpses, which was either done in the hurry of the assassins to get away with the dishes or plates used at the meal, or to keep up the appearance that fearful orgies had taken place there. The food so promiscuously scattered was found to have been prepared and served in the style of the natives of the wealthier classes, and, according to all appearances, was cooked on the premises, fresh peels of the egg-plant and banana having been found in the vicinity of the kitchen, and fresh ashes discovered in the fireplace; but no stranger had been seen, either about the premises or in the village, for nearly a month; nor was there any food sold to a stranger during that time; nor did anybody living in the neighborhood see any smoke arise from the bungalow since the Parsee widow moved to Bombay, shortly after her husband's demise.

Another feature which somewhat puzzled the writer, who, out of curiosity, went to inspect the scene of the butchery, was, why the five victims did not escape through the wide-open window on being assaulted—the latter, as in most of these bungalows, which are, almost without exception, only one story high, being only four feet from the ground, and on a level with the floor of the low veranda in front of the premises; rendering escape through them as easy as through an open door.

This circumstance seemed to indicate that they were either drugged, and thereby incapacitated from escaping, or the onslaught upon them was so sudden that they had not even time to get up from the ground, and were mercilessly cut down while in a sitting posture.

That the unfortunate men were utterly unarmed is more than probable, for the natives of Bombay are not in the habit of carrying arms; and who ever would have thought of the necessity of going armed to a dinner-party at Mahim?

The murder was accidentally discovered by a boy—a "half-caste," as they are called in Bombay, *i. e.*, a Portuguese creole—who, while out gunning in the vicinity of his father's bungalow, the nearest house to the scene of the murder, and about a mile distant from the latter, was attracted to the spot by the violent croaking of a swarm of the peculiarly boisterous and amazingly bold East Indian crows, gathered on the trees and bushes surrounding the lonely bungalow; and, thinking it rather strange to see so many crows flying in and out of the open windows of the building, he went and looked in, and was horrified to discover a swarm of rats and crows busily engaged in dissecting five corpses; although, according to subsequent medical testimony, life had ceased in all of them scarcely forty-eight hours before their discovery.

No spoliation of the bodies had taken place. Costly diamonds and emerald rings, even, remained intact upon their fingers; but, strange to say, no money whatever was found on any of the poor dead. This circumstance seemed to indicate that the unfortunate men fell victims to malice, not to rapacity; yet the total absence of money was difficult to explain, and shrouded the case still deeper in mystery.

The Bombay detective force—a rather efficient body, by-the-way, composed of Europeans, and natives of every part of Asia—had no clue whatever to work upon, and the case threatened fair to become one of those strange *causes célèbres* whose mystery is never solved, when, almost forgotten, it fell to the lot of an obscure individual, a discharged *ramesee* (native policeman) to lift the vail from this profound secret.

Ever since his ignominious discharge from the police service, this poor, but evidently most sensitive, fellow "went to the dogs," *i. e.*, spent his wretched existence, and sought to drown the remembrance of his disgrace, among the lowest of the low that haunt the bazars of Bombay, and pass the nights in carousing with lewd women in gambling-hells, thieves' dens, etc., and usually wind up their beastly orgies by munching confections drugged with *hashish* (Indian hemp), and smoking *chandoo* (pills of extract of opium).

One night, while his boon companions were all more or less under the stupefying influence of these powerful drugs, and he, by chance, had still retained a spark of the faculty of reasoning, he overheard, while lying with one of his wretched chums, in a semi-conscious state, in a corner of one of those horrid dens, a few incoherent sentences, which the latter mumbled in his dream of ecstasy, and whereof he could only distinguish the words, *Mahim—khoja—mara* (dead or killed). These three words, however, were of sufficient significance to the ex-policeman to attract his attention.

Overcoming, by almost superhuman force of will, the paralyzing effects of the pernicious drugs upon his own faculty of reasoning, he cautiously crept nearer to the dreamer, and, bringing his mouth close to the ear of the latter, commenced to lisp questions into the auricle of his ecstatically entranced, semi-conscious companion; and, by dint of great caution, skill and patience, actually elicited from the self-betrayed murderer that he, with three others, whom he named, committed the atrocious butchery of Mahim.

An hour afterward, the four assassins found themselves in the clutches of the law, securely lodged in separate cells of the prison. A simultaneous careful examination of their clothing brought to light a small private silver seal, such as are in common use among the native merchants of Asia; an impression in ink or indigo being usually added to and stamped in the immediate vicinity of the signature of all papers or documents of value, as a token of good faith and as a proof of the genuineness of the signature. This seal was instantly identified as the property of one of the murdered men.

All the prisoners attempted, but failed, to prove an alibi. They were tried, convicted of murder, sentenced to be hung, and duly executed simultaneously in front of the Bombay jail, immediately in the rear of Aga Khan's stables, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

They were proven to be strong adherents of Aga Khan, unquestionably members of his atrocious Order; and, although generally believed to be Fedàvies, or Fedàis (*i. e.*, devoted, or members of the devoted band), the executors of the commands of the Sheikh-al-Lebal, and, as such, probably instigated, if not actually ordered, by that worthy to commit the deed, they steadily refused to incriminate him, even at the prospect of a pardon for themselves, and died with the stoic fortitude characteristic of the Moslem fanatic.

It was at that time, and undoubtedly is to the present day, the general belief of the inhabitants of Bombay that Aga Khan's rather abrupt departure for Europe was a mere blind to shield him against all suspicion of being the author of foul play. Certain it is that, in spite of his pretended anxiety to visit England, the alleged cause of his trip to Europe, he never put a foot on British soil—was he afraid of the telegraph ordering his arrest?—but went straight to Paris, and stayed there until the fuss about the butchery of Mahim had blown over, and the four assassins were well under way on their journey to the Paradise promised to the faithful by Mohammed the Prophet.

HOW WIDOW WILLETTS WAS SOLD OUT.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

CHAPTER I.

THE ATTORNEY.

A little country office, shaded by pine trees—an attorney's office—a place where lean and hook-nosed men went in and out, and discontented men leaned against the door-post, disputing with old Pinchbeck, and ruddy-cheeked men called occasionally to hear the news, and pale-faced widows, who wanted to raise a little money on house or land, and now and then a fresh, sweet young girl—say, for instance, beautiful Lucy Willetts—came to give some message from her mother, whose little property was all in his hands.

It would have done you good to see the sudden brightness that illuminated Peter Pinchbeck's countenance at sight of this glorious little beauty—if it had only been a somewhat different countenance; but when a nose which is permanently crimson, and cheeks that are perpetually red, and eyes that are always inflamed, take on more light than color, one is reminded instantly of a conflagration, and not of that supremest of all passions—the passion of innocent love.

"He prowled up to the window and tried to look in."

It happened one day that a stranger came to Pottstown. It also happened that, strolling through one of its narrow, picturesque streets—I say picturesque, because one side was not as yet built up with modern French-roof villas in wood, and there were enormous posters of every conceivable and inconceivable quack medicine under heaven staring one in the face for a mile or so—this stranger saw the following notice:

"For Sale—The premises and all effects therein contained of the Widow Willetts—a fair, two-story house, nine rooms, good barn on the premises, 6,000 feet of land, and all the furniture, at auction, on Thursday next, the 16th of July; to be sold under hammer to the highest bidder."

The stranger, a stalwart, handsome man of forty or thereabout, ran his eye over this notice at least four times. His demeanor, had only any one been looking, might have been considered singular, to say the least.

At first he set his lips hard together, and all the color seemed to die out of his bronzed face. Then he lifted his hat and wiped the great drops of perspiration that all at once gathered at the roots of his hair and began to roll down. Then, when he had replaced his hat, his fingers came gradually together, as if there was something for them to close on.

He stepped out from the shadow of the great, branching elm, and looked at the sign over the low doorway. A very unpretentious sign—simply—

Peter Pinchbeck,
Attorney-at-Law.

And then he made straight for the office.

Peter Pinchbeck looked up. His rheumy eyes watered and brightened at sight of the stranger. There was business in his face.

"Morning, sir," he said, ducking his large head, and half-rising from his chair.

"*Good-morning, sir!*" said the stranger, with a clear, strong accent. "I see there's a cottage to be sold."

"Yes, sir—a snug, tight little place. Just the thing for a good country residence, sir—just the thing for a man with a little money to invest. There's the plan, sir. Won't you look it over?"

"Humph! Was the widow hard pushed?"

"Very, sir. Can be got at a bargain—as pretty a little piece of property as you would ever wish to see."

"Was there a mortgage?"

"Yes; foreclosed a month ago."

"Did you hold it?"

"Yes; I've had it for a year or two."

"And she tried her best to pay?"

"Oh, well, she wanted time—they always do. I gave it; then she wanted a little more. Why, sir, she might extend it till eternity if she would."

The singular look which accompanied this statement, inflamed the curiosity of the stranger.

"I don't understand you, sir," he said; and his fingers came together again.

"Of course you don't; I can only say that there's a pretty girl in the case."

"HE MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE OFFICE."

"Oh, her daughter?" questioned the stranger, eagerly.

"Her daughter—a mighty nice piece of flesh and blood—a splendid young filly!"

"You speak of her as if she were no more than a bit of horse-flesh."

"Oh, ay, that's my way; we men of business have an off-hand manner that men of the world understand. I dare say you do!" and he laughed with an impudent swagger that made the blood of his listener tingle.

"And if this girl had married you—I suppose that's what you mean—you wouldn't have foreclosed?"

"You take—that's just what I mean—every time," was the coarse reply. "But, as she won't take the chance of saving her mother and her home, the proud, cantankerous little huzzy, why, she may go to the deu——"

Another second, and he was spluttering and gasping and struggling under the heavy hand of the stranger, who had grasped him by the throat, and, with livid face and heaving chest and set teeth, pinned him to the wall.

"Mur—mur—der!" shouted the attorney, as, after writhing desperately, he slipped from under the other's aggressive hand.

"What do you mean, sir, to attack a respectable man—the only lawyer in this village, sir? Death and destruction!" And a torrent of vituperation followed.

The stranger stood his ground, quite cool and composed, though his lips were set and white, and in his eyes was a dangerous glare; but he merely said, in the most indifferent manner imaginable:

"My friend, I am subject to spasms, particularly when men of your calling stigmatize young and innocent girls. Just as you spoke, the spasm came on with great power, or I might possibly feel it my duty to beg your pardon."

"I think you had better, as it is," muttered Peter, measuring the tall figure of his antagonist. "I'm not used to such rough handling, sir!" he continued, growing fierce again.

"Suppose we come down to business, then," said the other, calmly. "I've a mind to buy this place, if we can make terms."

Before considerations of money all other matters vanished into thin air, and the attorney pocketed his insult with the best grace in his power and turned to the plan again, and the two were soon deep in consultation.

When the stranger left the office, a curious smile overspread his features.

"So that's the sort of men that have the power," he said; "and he thought he could ride roughshod over the helpless and the dependent! Great heaven, how he made my blood boil! So, the widow and the orphan are the prey of such human sharks as this! Well, I did not come here any too soon."

IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT OF THE ATTORNEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE BILL OF SALE.

An old-fashioned hostelry stood at the junction of two roads. It was an unpretending wooden house, whose sign swung from the branch of an old oak, and had so swung for fifty years or more.

The landlord was a fat man in a white jacket; the land-

lady was a portly woman in a calico wrapper, who took great pride in a brood of young chickens that were continually foraging in the cool hall.

There were but few boarders at the inn, consequently the host was more than usually courteous as the stranger came forward and requested accommodations.

When he made his appearance at the supper-table, everybody became silent. He wore a heavy beard, was dressed in a suit of Scotch tweed, and looked altogether a man of importance.

Presently the conversation turned upon general matters. The landlord's son came in with his new wife, a fussy little woman with a huge red bow at her throat.

"Shall you go to the sale to-morrow?" queried the young Benedict of his opposite neighbor.

"What sale?" the clerk at the feed-store asked, with his mouth full of cold beef.

"Didn't you hear? I thought everybody know'd Widow Willets was to be sold up."

"Jack," said the bride, taking her big blue eyes for the first time off the stranger's face, "I want the crockery. They say things is going for nothing."

"Very likely; git all the crockery you want, and I'll foot the bills," said the young man, with a look that languished between biscuit and bliss. "There's nothing I want but the old man's gun; but they say the widder values that as the apple of her eye. Silly of her, for he was a bad lot, that old man of hers."

"What was the matter with him?" asked the stranger, composedly.

"Oh, he drank like the dickens, and went to the dogs. Old Pinchbeck down here got hold of the mortgage some way; he's a spry chap, that; money's money to him. He wouldn't a' foreclosed, I guess, if the widder's daughter 'd a married him. She's a pretty little girl, sixteen years old."

"Oh, Jack, you don't call *her* pretty?" said the young wife, with unnecessary emphasis; "that pale thing!"

"Sixteen," muttered the stranger to himself—"sixteen years old; a woman grown. How long has her father been dead?" he asked, aloud.

"Can't tell you," said the young man, clearing his plate, and heaping it again. "I only know that he went off one day, and was found smashed by a train of cars. That was the last of him."

"I remember him," spoke up the bride, anxious to thrust her pretty face and new importance into notice; "he was an awful man. Lucy was just as afraid of him as could be. Lucy and I went to school together, but somehow she wasn't a favorite. Poor thing! she was so ashamed of her father. They used to call him Nosey Willetts, his nose was so red. Why, the boys used to stone him all the way from the tavern, and he'd do any mean thing for a drink. If a man will make a beast of himself, why, he deserves all he gits; and you can call that a temperance lecture if you will."

"A very good one," said the traveler, rising.

"Will you have a catalogue, sir?" asked the young man, whose name was Jim. The stranger took the paper quietly, and went out.

A new moon silvered the peaceful hills and valleys and pleasant garden-spots in the picturesque little town, as the stranger left the inn and sauntered slowly down the street. He paused for a moment to look at the interior of a barn where a sturdy boy was ministering to the comfort of two or three fine horses.

Beams, rough as if hewn out of granite; draperies of dusty cobwebs; the broken, uneven floor; the saddles hanging on the wall with other gear; the sleek quarters of the coach-horses; the ruddy face of the boy distinctly pictured in the light of the huge lantern hung near the door, appeared to attract him, for he moved away with apparent reluctance.

How peaceful the place seemed at that hour! There was no sound save the laughter of children, the tinkling of cow-bells, or the careless song of the busy worker within doors.

On strode the man, busy with thought, till he came to a cottage on which the rays of the young moon seemed to rest with a peculiar silveriness.

Like painted leaves upon a delicate ground, the rich-hued ivy clung to the splendid pillars that upheld the pretty porch. The man paused here, and moved forward almost stealthily. He walked cautiously about the building, surveying it on every side.

A detective would, in police vernacular, have "spotted" him, for he even prowled up to the window and tried to look in. Once, as he stood there, a hand lifted the lace curtain, and a young face looked out upon the night—a face superbly beautiful. But he did not see it, for at the first movement within he stepped hastily aside.

Then he leaned against the paling of the garden, stooped and pulled a sprig of sweet-smelling mint, and very slowly, glancing often behind him, he moved away.

CHAPTER III.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE face that had looked out upon the night was that of Lucy Willetts, the widow's only child. The widow had long earned her living by going out to days' work in the town and suburbs. She was a busy, active little woman, and her services were generally in request.

She sat to-night in a low rocking-chair, her face shaded by her hand.

The light burnt low—much of the room was in shadow, yet what was visible indicated the delicacy and refined taste of its occupants.

In early life Mrs. Willetts had married her father's partner, a young and rising man, but misfortune followed within a year. The firm failed ruinously, and from that time commenced the downfall of John Willetts.

They moved out to Pottsville, and not long after Mrs. Willetts came into possession of some money, enough to build a comfortable home and set her husband up in business. For nearly ten years he contrived to keep wife and child above want, but his habits were bad and his companions demoralizing. He was fast drifting to ruin, and had mortgaged the house and land for more than two-thirds of its value. And now it was to be sold under the hammer.

Lucy stood for a long time looking mournfully out. The *pose* of her slender, beautiful figure suggested, in some way, the delicacy of the spirit it encased. One could divine that she had suffered and was still suffering, for the small white hand, that clasped the frame of the window, had a certain tenacity of grasp not natural when one's mind is at ease.

Presently she turned away with an inaudible but long-drawn sigh. In the dim light she looked as ethereal as a spirit. The classic head, the broad, clear forehead, the satin-like lustre of the hair, the graceful step—all took and held the eye captive. Gliding over to where her mother sat, she sank upon her knees at her side.

"Mother, dear," she murmured, "we are in great trouble."

"My darling, I have seen darker times," was the low reply. "I was just thinking that this is a sad anniversary-day. Ten years ago to-day, your father left that door, and I have never seen him since. To-morrow, you and I are going."

"But, mother, dear——"

"He stood there," continued the woman, pointing to the door, her eyes fixed in a far-away gaze. "I felt that I had borne all I could, but he was my husband—your father. 'Go,' I said, 'and never let me see your face again.' Oh, darling, how often have I crept out of my bed, in the darkest hours of the night, down into this room, fancying that his spirit called me."

"Mother, don't! you frighten me!" freely sobbed Lucy, trying to restrain her mother, who had half risen, a wild gleam, like the fire of insanity in her eyes; "you had cause to say all you did."

"Yes, but who knows what I might have done in time and with forbearance. Oh, child, that thought has haunted me all these years—will haunt me eternally! I am always asking myself questions—why did I not do this, or, why did I do that?—till my brain aches with the care and perplexity of my mind. Heaven forbid that a reproach may ever fall from your lips like the words I said, or that the bitterness of a living death may be your portion. I have never known a happy moment since that time—never a happy moment."

"Mother, don't reproach yourself."

"But I drove poor John to his death. And now we must leave this house. That is a bitter punishment, too. John and I planned it together. Oh, how happy we were! We looked forward to such peaceful days! We brought you in this room, and put you in your dainty cradle. I little thought how it would all end," she added, bitterly, sinking again into her chair, and hiding her face in her hands.

"Mother, we need not leave this home; mother, you *shall* stay!" said Lucy, springing to her feet, drawing up her slender figure.

"What! do you think I would consent to sacrifice you?" the widow exclaimed, her face changing. "Never! I have had sorrow enough for my own sin."

"But it will not be a sacrifice—perhaps—they say love comes after marriage—and—and it is only because he is old and ugly; but you know he may be very kind, and I had better be an old man's darling——" She broke down there, and slowly sank to her mother's side again, taking both the thin hands in hers and kissing them; but two hot tears fell with the kisses. "You know it is only to say one word, and then——"

"Repent the saying of it for the remainder of your life—perhaps in bitter anguish, as I have done. Do you think I would purchase ease and happiness at such a price? No; I will work my fingers to the bone first. Heaven will help us, dear, for we are willing and able to help ourselves."

Calm as she was, and bravely as she struggled, the thin lips quivered and the breath came quick. Lucy was crying now, her head bowed upon her mother's knee.

Suddenly, three sharp strokes sounded at the outer door. They knew whose signal that was. Peter Pinchbeck rode a gray mare, and Peter always knocked with his whip-handle.

"There he is," said the widow, her brow contracting.

"He has no business to come here now!" cried Lucy, her face growing stormy, clinching her little right hand. "Oh, if I were but a man!"

"Don't you go, Lucy—I will let him in. Thank heaven, after to-morrow he will not dare thrust his hateful presence upon us!"

Another moment, and the red nose of the attorney was visible, even in the semi-darkness of the hall.

"I—I thought I'd jest call," he stammered, evidently feeling himself unwelcome. Nobody spoke. He looked round for a chair.

"I suppose I may sit down and rest myself a moment, eh?" he asked.

"Certainly—the house is about as good as your own," said Lucy, promptly.

"Well, it's a mighty unpleasant business now, I assure you," he said, looking at the beautiful girl with undisguised admiration.

"Then, why do you go on with it?"

"Well, times are hard—the matter has been running a long time, and—the deuce take me, you know well enough why."

"Oh yes, to revenge yourself because——"

"Lucy!" said her mother, gently, but in a tone of reproof.

"Let her go on, widow," said Peter Pinchbeck, his very nose growing livid. "It isn't to be supposed that *I* have any feelings. The fact is, you know I've held off and held off, and you know that I like your daughter Lucy, and have liked her ever since she was as high as my riding-whip. Now, I could keep her handsomely—set up a good carriage—do anything in the world in reason for her—and I—I thought that mebbe at the last moment—she—she would alter her mind."

"I have not altered my mind!" said Lucy, her dark eyes emitting sparks of fire. "We are quite willing to leave this house, and make another home, mother and I."

"You'll find homes ain't so easy made," retorted the attorney.

"There is no use in wasting words," said the widow, with added dignity. "Lucy and I are both willing to work. We could not live in disgraceful idleness. We are well acquainted in this village. You can take away our property, but you cannot estrange us from our friends. Good-evening, sir."

"I suppose that means that I may go?" said the man, rising, and fairly shaking with anger.

"I believe the house will not belong to you till to-morrow," said Lucy, calmly.

"Well, virtually it belongs to me now," was the reply, "only I gave you permission to stay till to-morrow. I am not sure but it would have been wiser in me to put a keeper in—how do I know what you may see fit to spirit away?"

"We cannot permit you to insult us," said the widow; while Lucy came forward, with heightened color. "The goods are all inventoried, and I think we are known well enough to be trusted—at least by those whose good opinion is worth possessing. Will you leave us alone, sir?"

The man glared at them, and pressed his thin lips together till they were bloodless. He even had the meanness to double his fist and shake it toward them, as he said:

"I came here willing to befriend you; but after this, I show no mercy. I'll sell every stick of timber over your heads. To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, all shall go to the highest bidder—indeed, though it's a secret, the house is already sold. The auctioning will be only going through the form."

"Indeed! and you came here willing to befriend us, did you?" queried Lucy, who stood tearless and white, one arm about her mother's waist."

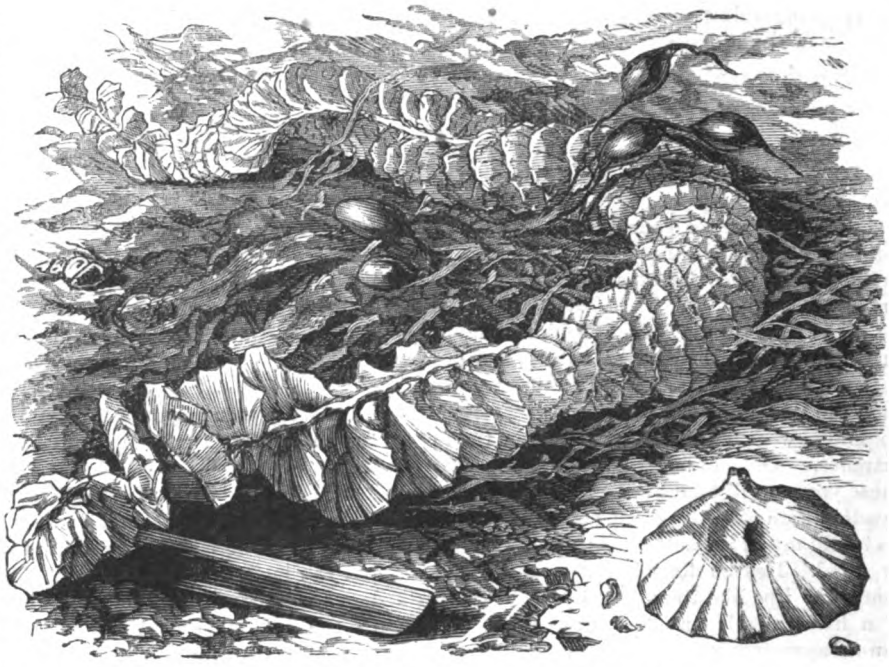
"None of your sneers, miss!" he said, almost furiously. "As for you, your pride will have to come down. No doubt you'll find a good place—in somebody's kitchen."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" Lucy cried, with flashing eyes and heaving breast, as the door closed on

Peter Pinchbeck. "How dared he ever ask me to marry him? I'd die first!"

"Do not trouble yourself about him, dear. His words were cruel, but they can only sting. Thank God, he will never come again!"

Meantime the stranger in the little inn by the roadside walked his chamber restlessly, now and then pausing to look out on the moonlighted landscape. On a table was his traveling-desk, together with paper, pen and ink.



THE EGGS OF THE CONCH SHELLFISH.— SEE PAGE 158.

At midnight he sat down to the desk and wrote with great rapidity, dashing off sheet after sheet. Then he read, reflected, gathered them up in his hands, and tore them in pieces.

"How can I tell her coolly that I deceived her so, allowing her to think me dead all these years?" he muttered.

CHAPTER IV.

"HAVE YOU QUITE FORGOTTEN ME?"

THE morrow came. It was a quiet, breezeless Summer day. All the world of Pottstown flocked to the sale—the few to buy, the many to see how the house was furnished, and judge whether the widow was a good manager.

"They say she's got chists full of the best linen sheets and piller-cases," remarked a thrifty old lady, as she laboriously ascended the stairs.

The little wife of the innkeeper's son was busy among the crockery. She had selected her purchases, and stood guarding them with the vigilance of a small but particularly fierce dragon, determined to have them, as she said, if everybody in Pottstown bid against her.

In one of the smallest rooms up-stairs stood Lucy and the Widow Willetts, watching the gathering crowd. And a motley assemblage it was, of lumbering old carts, family carriages, one-horse chaises, light spring-wagons, gayly painted, horses of every description, saddles of the most antique pattern, while the men, women and children who had come, intending to make a day of it, crowded into the yard, and ran through the pleasant rooms and up and down-stairs, with much chattering and shrill laughter.

Old Deacon Pitt, who was a good friend to the widow, poked among the kitchen-utensils with his cane.

"Several of us neighbors were going to buy up things," he said, eyeing a nest of pans wistfully, "but they say some stranger's made a bid for the hull lot, cash down. I'm mighty sorry for the widder—mighty sorry."

"Old Pinchbeck deserves a coat of tar-and-feathers, and I know somebody who'd like to give it to him," spoke up twelve-year-old Tom, the deacon's son.

"Silence, sir!" said the deacon, gravely; then added, in an aside to another old deacon, "It would be the best fit he ever had in his life."

Meantime the clamor outside increased. It was nearing high noon. Those who had brought lunches were comfortably seated, regaling themselves with doughnuts and sandwiches. The children cried from weariness, and some of them were put to sleep in the shade.

THE AKEE FRUIT.— SEE PAGE 158.

Lucy and her mother watched the proceedings from their little perch, themselves unseen.

"Why don't they begin?" said Lucy, in a nervous tremor. "The auctioneer is here. Oh, how I dread it!"

At that moment, amid the shouts of a crowd of small boys, Peter Pinchbeck mounted his stand—the smoothly cut trunk of a tree, which Lucy had made beautiful with vines; but now the pretty green tendrils lay prone and trampled in the dust.

Presently business commenced. Two anxious old farmers bid against each other till they were hoarse, when suddenly a deep, low, masterful voice exclaimed:

"Five thousand dollars for the place, just as it stands—every stick of timber, every rod of land, every article of furniture!"

"Widow and daughter included?" queried Peter Pinchbeck, making an attempt to be facetious.

But on a sudden he recoiled, and, in stepping back—for he saw that ominous look in the stranger's face as the latter came viciously forward—down he went amidst the broken vines and tumbled grass, and a roar of laughter went up from the throats of the assembled urchins.

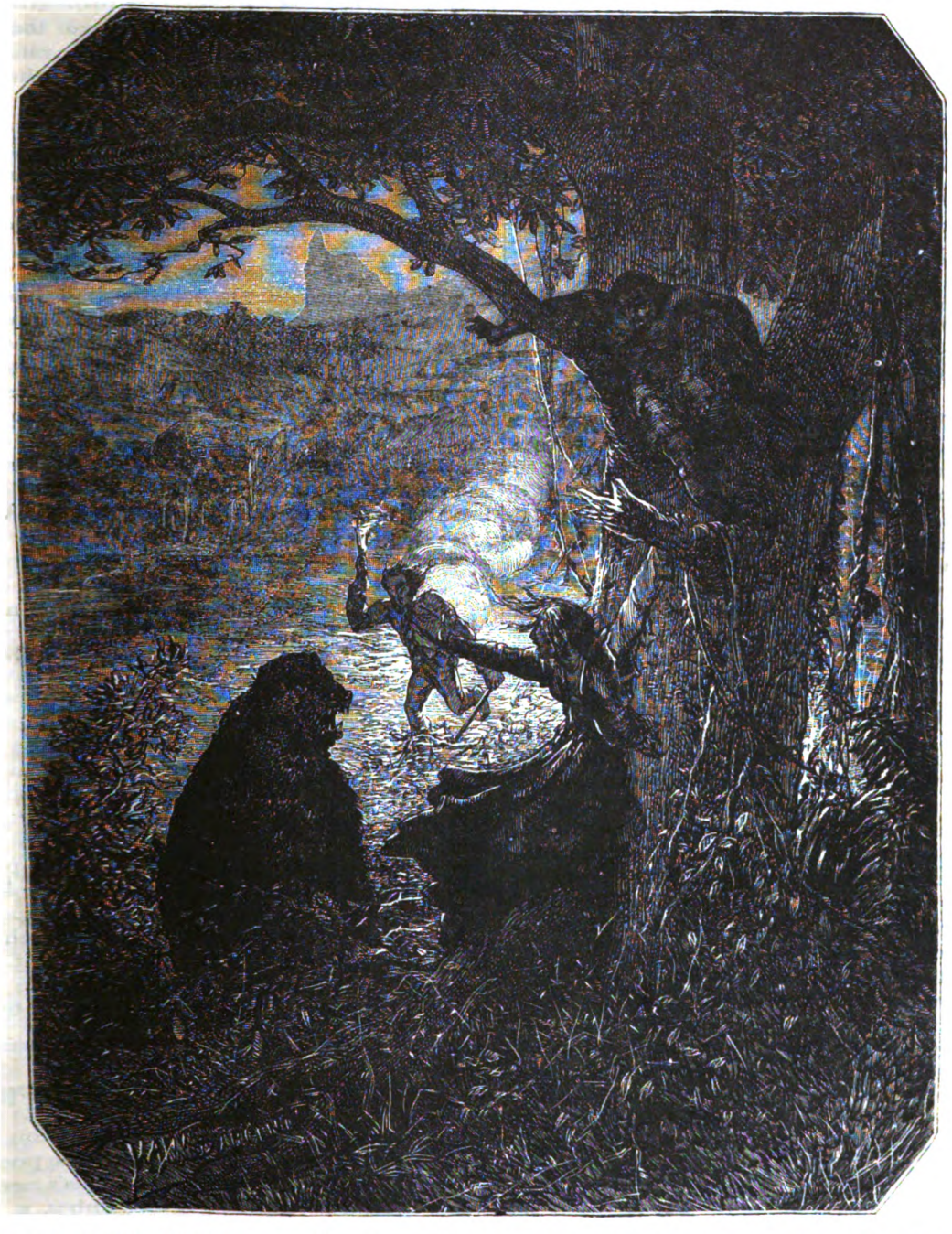
"It will be safer for you if you keep your tongue within your teeth," was the low-uttered warning, "or I won't be responsible for what might happen."

And the attorney gained his perch, looking white, scared and crestfallen.

Meantime, the people were talking in groups. Of course nobody could compete with a man who bid in that fashion. The property was not worth much over three thousand, and who could this stranger be who felt such an interest in this out-of-the-way place, and was so rich that he could afford to throw away his money?

The innkeeper's new daughter stood tremblingly guarding what she had made sure was hers. Deacon Pitt proposed that a contribution be taken for the purpose of setting the widow up in housekeeping.

Lucy turned to her mother as the house was knocked



THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME LACOUTURE.—"THE NEGRO HAD CLIMBED THE TREE, BUT THE POOR WOMAN, UNABLE TO FOLLOW, CLUNG SHRIEKING TO A BROKEN BRANCH, WHILE AN ENORMOUS BEAR WAS READY TO SPRING UPON HER."—SEE PAGE 159.

down to the highest bidder, and threw herself in her arms, as she cried :

"It is all over, and we are beggars !"

"Not quite, Lucy. You forget we can work. God will overrule this great misfortune for our good."

"How *can* you be so quiet over it, mamma ?" asked Lucy. "It was I who was going to be so brave, and now look at me."

"Did you see the purchaser ?"

"Yes—a tall man with a heavy beard. Oh, I hope we need not meet him ! But there he is, coming in. Let us go !"

She flew to the door and opened it, meditating a retreat. The groups outside fell back at the sight of her white face.

A heavy step was heard ascending the stairs. As she stood there, uncertain and expectant, it drew nearer. It was the man with the heavy beard. She could see, in her fright, and almost hate, that his face was working with emotion.

As if it were his right, he passed into the little room, shut the door, and, as Lucy retreated, planted himself against it. Then he gazed searchingly from mother to daughter. Then he held out both hands beseechingly, and, with a cry that was almost a wail, exclaimed, piteously :

"Have you quite forgotten me—you and little Lucy ?"

"Mother, it is my father !" screamed Lucy, and ran straight into his open arms. "I knew all at once," she sobbed—"all at once ! Oh, father, father ! Mother, come here—father has come back from the dead !"

The woman, thus appealed to, staggered to her feet, still regarding him with bewildered eyes and dizzy brain.

"John, John ! and you were killed, they told me !" she cried, in hollow tones.

"Yes, I was taken up for dead from under the wrecked cars. For weeks and weeks I was in the hospital. Afterward I saw the report of my death, and let it go. I *was* dead, in a certain sense—I felt myself a ruined man. You had bid me never come back ; and when I was dismissed, cured, having taken care to conceal my name, I went to California, and tried to forget that I was human. But there were good influences thrown about me at last. I worked like a slave, determined to call no man master. I conquered myself, after years and years of bootless trial ; and then I resolved to come back, and, if I found you as I left you, make a new home for you, and give you back, through Heaven's grace, a new husband and a better man."

"John, have you forgiven me ?" asked his wife, in a faint voice, as she clung to his arm.

"What had I to forgive ? You were the sufferer. Thank God, I've come back rich, and we will try and forget the past. I bought this place because I wanted to give that brute out there a lesson that will last him his lifetime, I reckon. He thinks he is having his revenge. Come downstairs with me."

Gladly they went, beaming faces and brightening eyes taking the place of pallor and tears. One by one the groups within-doors comprehended. The crowds outside heard a ringing cheer. Louder and more exultant it grew. They had prepared themselves for the sorrowful exit of the widow and her daughter ; but an answering smile broke over their faces as the three appeared on the little vine-covered porch.

Peter Pinchbeck was talking volubly ; but at this sight he stood dumb, his mouth half open and his rheumy eyes starting forward.

"Friends," said the stranger, in his deep tones, "I bought this house as a gift for my wife, who, with my daughter, you have long known. Some of you remember that I left home ten years ago.

The dullest of the throng comprehended now, and on the instant there arose a deafening cheer, in which the very babies seemed to join. Hurrah followed hurrah, caps were thrown up, handkerchiefs waved ; the men shouted themselves hoarse, and then laughed themselves clear again in order to raise another cheer.

In the midst of all this glee and rudely-expressed joy stood Peter Pinchbeck, like a grim and evil spirit, his face ashen and his teeth set. He had never been a favorite, and most of the townspeople knew the history of the mortgage ; and the sight of pretty, smiling Lucy, so radiant in her new-found happiness, turned the current of their thoughts at once.

"Three groans for Peter Pinchbeck !" cried a small, thin voice—the voice, indeed, of the deacon's son, and which was the signal for an uproarious tumult, which resulted in the ignominious retreat of the attorney, followed by a number of small missiles, such as the ingenuity of youth invents as it finds occasion for.

That night a happy company gathered round the tea-table, for busy hands and light hearts had been at work, and the little room was restored to its usual and beautiful order. And yet, tears were very near the smiles.

The sign of Peter Pinchbeck no longer decorates the office in which that worthy spider-at-law wove his toils. Finding the place too hot for him, he moved to other quarters.

I don't think anybody but the bride at the inn murmured over the return of the long-lost citizen. She always regretted the lost opportunity to buy up all Widow Willetts's chinaware.

THE AKEE FRUIT.

This curious fruit, which is occasionally seen in New York fruit stores, is a native of Guinea ; but is now largely cultivated in the West Indies and South America. It is produced by a tree which grows to the height of some thirty feet, with compound leaves, three or four pairs clustering together. The fruit is of an orange color, variegated with red and yellow, and is three-sided. It is about three inches long and two wide. When it becomes perfectly ripe, it splits open down each side, and discloses three glossy, purple black seeds, in a creamy, spongy pulp. This pulp, which is slightly acid, is eatable, and considered wholesome and nourishing. As it comes to our market it is plucked green, and ripens on the voyage, losing of course much of its natural taste. But even so, it is a pleasant fruit to eat, the pulp melting in the mouth, and inducing one to wish to live where you could pluck them ripe from the trees.

THE EGGS OF THE CONCH SHELLFISH.

The chain of discs shown in our illustration and often seen on our sea-coast, is known among the people as the sea-rattlesnake, vegetable-rattlesnake, Venus's necklace, etc. They are really the egg-cases of a strombus, a large yellowish or reddish spiral shell. These egg-cases contain at first a jelly-like substance, and, like the spawn of most shellfish, are greedily devoured by various species of fish. They are sometimes thrown up by the waves in this condition ; sometimes empty, sometimes, again, filled with minute shells, the young fish just ready to leave the sack by a small aperture, which will be found in each disc. Sometimes, though rarely, these shells contain the fish ; in most cases, they are empty, and bleached by exposure on the sandy beach.

It seems strange that the eggs are thrown in this unprotected way to fight their battle into life, and escape all dangers while imprisoned. The conditions of normal development we do not know; but our sea-aquaria will, in time, tell us all this.

The cluster of egg-cases are a curiosity, and when filled with the delicate, tiny conchshells, are beautiful objects to examine and study.

The conch furnishes a healthy, though coarse food, and was much used by the Indians along the coast, and the shell is in various parts transformed into a trumpet, and in others used to make an inferior kind of cameo.

THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME LACOUTURE.

Few narratives of peril exceed in intense horror, in a combination of shipwreck, treachery, and wandering in the wilderness, that of Madame Lacouture, wife of the captain of the *Tiger*, a small vessel which sailed from Cape St. Louis, January 2d, 1766, for St. Domingo.

The vessel, old and poor, encountered a storm, which drove it ashore near the Isle of Dogs. After many efforts, in which one sailor was dashed to pieces on the rocks, the rest of the crew, with the passengers, reached the shore in safety.

Viaud, who assumed command the next day, managed to get to the vessel in their wretched boat, and brought off some biscuit, six guns, with powder, and some blankets. Some barrels of liquor floated up. These were in part buried, and in part hidden, lest any Indians that might come up should become intoxicated and kill them.

Some days after, five Apalaches, from St. Mark, came up and showed great friendship. Their leader, Antonio, who spoke Spanish, promised to take them to St. Mark, which was thirty miles off, but loitered around several days. At last he started off with Viaud, Lacouture, his wife, and son Desclau, and a negro; the others remaining with the Indians.

But a few days after, their treacherous guide abandoned them during the night, carrying off the guns and knives of the unfortunate French people, who were thus left on a desert island, with nothing but what they had on, and a wretched knife that escaped the search.

By wading and swimming, they reached the other islands, but without bettering their condition. At last, finding on one a broken wooden canoe, two, Desclau and Lacouture, resolved to try to reach the mainland. They undoubtedly perished, as nothing was ever heard of them.

Viaud, with Madame Lacouture, her son and the negro, then constructed a rude raft, but it was swept away in a sudden tropical storm. Soon after they found a dead seal, and, in spite of its decayed state, ate it, but soon paid dearly for their rashness. All fell sick, and young Lacouture seemed beyond all hope. He rallied a little while they were building a new raft; but when it was ready he lay senseless, with scarcely a sign of life.

They could not leave him, and deferred their departure. At last he came to, and, finding how matters stood, pressed them to go on in search of help, and leave him in the hands of Providence. They yielded at last, and, making him as comfortable as possible, with shelter, water and dried fish, they embarked.

Twelve hours' sail brought them to land, and they started through the woods. Night soon surprised them. They kindled a fire, but the howlings of the wild beasts soon filled them with terror. The negro ran to a tree, followed by Madame Lacouture, in spite of Viaud, who begged her to remain by the fire.

In a moment he heard her cries of terror. The negro had climbed the tree, but the poor woman, unable to follow, clung, shrieking, to a broken branch, while an enormous bear was ready to spring upon her. Viaud, who had fortunately seized a firebrand, drove it off at last, and succeeded in getting her back to the fire. But the bear was not to be so easily balked. He besieged the negro in the tree, and it required a steady shower of fiery missiles to drive him from the field.

After a sleepless night, they resumed their march; and as their hunger increased they began to chew leaves from the trees. Chance threw in their way some which were so poisonous that they were soon rolling on the ground in convulsions.

They struggled on, after a time, but not a fruit or berry met their eyes. At last they all sank down, and the negro was evidently dying. There was no alternative but to sacrifice one to save the others. The negro was doomed.

With portions of this horrible food they crossed a sandy waste, and at last found and killed two rattlesnakes, and saw a young alligator asleep. This, after much manœuvring and a long struggle, they also killed, and, drying the flesh in strips, made moccasins of the skin. Relieved by this good fortune, they kept on till they reached a river, and, after following it for a time, made a raft and crossed it; nearly, however, losing their lives in the attempt, the raft being parted by a floating tree.

On, on they plodded, without knowing where they were, or in what direction to look for relief. At last Viaud, half blind, gave out and lay down in despair, begging Madame Lacouture to leave him. She refused; but, seeing a turkey-hen enter a thicket, followed it, in hopes of getting some eggs.

During her absence, Viaud, sunk in a sort of torpor, heard voices near him, evidently from some canoe on the stream. He endeavored to cry out, but his voice refused to aid him. At last he raised his cap on a stick, and waved it once or twice before his strength utterly failed him. Fortunately the action was seen, and in a few moments some men stood beside him, and from the ready flask rum was poured between his lips.

It was the 6th of May, and they were a party sent out from St. Mark, of the Apalaches, by Swettenham, the commander, on his hearing from an Indian that a dead body had been washed up on the seashore—probably Desclau's or Lacouture's.

Viaud and Madame Lacouture were at once taken into the boat and cared for, and they kept on, to save her son, if possible. A soldier sent ashore reported him dead. Viaud insisted on burying him, and knelt beside him while they dug a grave. Suddenly he was seen to move. They at once took him up, washed him, restored him with spirits, and, though actually covered with worms, succeeded in getting him to a bed prepared on the boat. Here, after taking a little food, he slept, and in the morning was able to give an account of his sufferings on his solitary bed; his mother hanging over him from the first, in a delirium of anxiety and joy.

At Fort St. Mark they were all cared for and restored. Here they learned that the eight sailors left on Antonio's Island, finding themselves deserted by him, had killed the women left with them, and seized a pirogue, on which five embarked, to perish, apparently. The other three were killed by Antonio on his return, to avenge the death of his family.

After resting for a time, the three survivors separated. Madame Lacouture and her son proceeded to New Orleans, where they belonged; Viaud went to St. Augustine, and

thence to New York, where Mr. De Peyster, a wealthy merchant of the day, gave him a hospitable welcome till he could procure passage to France.

For the Window.—It is an error to suppose that smilax cannot be easily cultivated. It needs but little pot-room for soil, and clings to any slight support in the form of wire-trellis or twine. Ivy, in any well-lighted room, will keep green all Winter, and grow rapidly without window exposure. A picture hanging above the mantel can be wreathed with it, the pots holding the soil on either side being hidden from view by placing behind the picture or by setting inside vases. The best house-plants for ladies who have time and room for only a few varieties are, we think, the old-fashioned geranium, calla lily, heliotrope, a variety or two of oxalis, some mottled petunias, and ivy, smilax, or other climbing plants. To make Winter plants a success, slips ought to be cut off the large ones and stored during the Summer months. Cleanliness is necessary to the health of potted plants. They should be frequently dipped in tepid water (not warm), and gently moved back and forth until the leaves appear free from dust. Rain-water is best for watering plants, which, by-the-way, seldom need watering, as many persons think, every day. Flowers should be cut, not broken, from the stem. A few pieces of charcoal dropped in the water assist in a preservation of cut flowers, ferns, etc., and prevent any bad odors.

AMONG HER PETS.

It would be a great advantage to some schoolmasters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, THE POTTER.—THE LAST TRIAL OF MADAME DE PALISSY.

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, THE POTTER.

In the early part of the 16th century, there dwelt in a small hamlet on the banks of a little river—a tributary of the Garonne—in the province of Perigord, a family of the name of Palissy. So little record exists as to the occupation, lineage, and characteristics of this family, that we are only able by supposition and by putting together analogous circumstances, to assume that the head of the family was a glass-painter and worker generally in painted glass for church windows.

Perigord is, in part, hilly and mountainous; in part, made up of barren plains. In the days of which we write, it abounded, much more than it now does, in large tracts of forest land containing many walnut trees, and chestnuts in such unlimited abundance that they formed the chief articles of diet to the poor natives. This staple also aided in the rearing and fattening of great herds of pigs; and these pigs being fond of truffles, with which the light soil of the forest abounded, were commonly used for the purpose of discovering and literally unearthing this luxury. Not so early, probably, but not a great while later, the province of Perigord gained great fame for its manufacture of a wonderful pastry known to this day as the "Perigord Pie." As it was composed of pheasants—which also abounded in these generous woods—and as the pheasants doubtless feasted on the truffles, the dish was unquestionably sufficiently edible to become illustrious—so that altogether, upon its chestnuts, its pigs, its truffles and its pheasants, the wealth of Perigord depended. But as, unfortunately, none of these productions were in the greatest demand early in the 16th century, it followed that the people of the province, though free-hearted, lively and energetic, were indubitably poor.

And not only was this poverty a characteristic of the lower orders, the very nobles had but little wherewith to sustain their nobility, and not a few of these were forced to embark in some trade or pursuit, in order to ameliorate their otherwise unhappy condition; since a noble lineage, even though backed by estates, could not, in the midst of a poverty-stricken population, fill the place of ready money; and as among the trades to which these nobles, thus forced to labor, ordinarily gave the preference, that of glass-painting stood high in rank, there is reason to believe that the family of Palissy, of which we speak, came from noble origin—a fact not altogether to be scorned, although not altogether sufficient in those days for a livelihood.

To the Palissy who was the head of the family was born, in the neighborhood of 1510, a son named Bernard—the subject of our sketch. This glass-working was not only in the times of which we speak a profitable trade, but it was conducted by its votaries, each on his own part, in strict secrecy, as to the methods of preparing, and proportions

of material used. Among the woods of Perigord the fires of the French glass-workers were lighted in the days of Palissy, the very ashes of certain woods and of ferns being used as an ingredient in their manufacture. Thus it came to pass, that the boy's child life opened and continued for many years in the midst of such simple and uncultured associations as one could readily imagine might exist under the circumstances. Bits of colored glass, no doubt, held a high place among his early toys, and some of his first lessons must have been those which taught him to distinguish between certain minerals, by the burning of which upon its surface glass was colored.

Of the learning of the day, he got none. The invention of printing was only a dozen years old, and though it was spreading rapidly, had revived letters, and created with the power the desire to read; still, little information, thus gathered, found its way among the secluded hamlets of the section of country where Bernard Palissy was born. But the knowledge of his father, that is to say, the knowledge of a glass-painter, was transmitted to the son, and, somehow, the young Bernard learned to read and write. Somehow, also, he learned as to the minerals employed in staining glass, and some few of their properties, and so gained his first lesson in chemistry—a science which he afterward pursued with ardor.

But Bernard was gifted at least in one direction, even in these early years of his life. He could draw; and, as nature supplied him with copies immediately about him—the trees of his own woods, the adjacent rocks, the birds, the lizards, the faces of his family or the villagers—we may assume that a great portion of his leisure time was passed in advancing himself in the single study in which he certainly already excelled those about him. Certain it is, that by the time he was eighteen years old, and when—as was customary in those days—he shouldered his scanty wallet, and, after scattering his farewells through the native hamlet, went forth to make his fortune in the world, Bernard Palissy was not only a proficient in the art of glass-painting, but also understood the principles and practice of drawing, not only from natural objects, but geometrical drawing and land surveying.

By this time it was 1528, and throughout Europe there were wars and rumors of wars. Francis I. sat on the throne of France, and Charles V.—he who closed his life in the Convent at St. Just—was Emperor of Germany. The ambition of these two princes held one-half of Europe in a tumult. Hundreds of thousands of lives were destroyed, and millions of families were ruined, so that to the ambitious and courageous youth, there was always open the life of a soldier, and the field of war for the pursuit of honor and emolument.

It does not appear, however, that Bernard Palissy possessed that kind of courage, or that ambition, of which soldiers are formed; and, therefore, in his wandering year or more, he rambled peacefully from town to town and from province to province, picking up, as best he might, a precarious livelihood by prosecuting the trade in which he had been instructed and the profession with which he was gifted. Sometimes patching a broken church window, at other, mending one in some lordly mansion, where, perhaps, the heir of the house had idly flung a stone or sent an arrow—by these means, Palissy was able to obtain food and lodging; and as he traveled on foot, and as time was certainly his own, he could travel far at little expense.

Meanwhile, as, despite his rustic rearing and crude associations, there was planted in him an instinctive desire for knowledge, he devoted himself during these journeyings to the study of nature and to gaining such information as he might from other travelers, or from such philosophers as he met with in the larger towns through which he sometimes passed.

The philosophers of the 16th century had not yet broken loose from the influences of alchemy and astrology; and we find Palissy stumbling into his knowledge, which afterward became so broad and so important, over the traditionary influences which had been inculcated by the practice of the occult sciences, and even of the black art itself.

And so we are told of his visiting an alchemist of considerable repute, even beyond the small town in which he lived, and of finding that savan and his immediate servant-man in a starving condition, while laboriously working in the effort to transmute the baser metals into gold. From such as these Palissy learned but little; but what he did learn failed to make injurious impression upon his mind, and was possibly, at least, negatively useful.

Not only, as we have said, was Europe suffering at this time from the inroads of a disastrous war, but, only the year after Palissy set forth on his tour, there arose that magnificent religious enterprise which is now known as the Reformation. The two great teachers, Luther and Melancthon, besides hundreds of others less great, but equally earnest, were struggling for spiritual emancipation, and undertaking a warfare which was soon to shake the civilized world to its centre. Already fourteen imperial States had uttered their protest, which has now become historical, against the decisions of the Diet of Spires, and by this protest had gained the name to their church of Protestants.

Meanwhile, in the court of Francis I., his sister, Marguerite of Valois, ruled fashionable society, and was noted for her "Heptameron," or collection of tales told by her to the gentlemen and ladies of the court, and of a character rendering them absolutely unreadable at the present day. Bocaccio, an author of the same licentious character, was the pet of the hour; and it was in imitation of him that Marguerite and other ladies of the court set their brains to work in the composition of novelettes. Francis I., essentially selfish and without fixed religious principles, had given over supremacy to the Pope, while he, addicted to war and luxury, cared little for the poverty, ignorance, demoralization, or even destruction, of his people, so that his ambitious purposes were subserved.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Palissy, traveling as an observer, and with the acuteness of his people, should have, at an early period, begun to consider many political, religious and social questions, which were, in a manner, thrust upon him as he moved.

These were the days of knights, who rode in armor and swept down upon the enemy in battle, or on a rival at a tournament, with lance in rest. These were the days of the great tournament of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where, in 1520, Henry VIII. had his interview with Francis I., and from which the story of its magnificence and splendor has come down to us as though taken out of the pages of the "Arabian Nights."

Moving slowly and thoughtfully through scenes where all the gorgeous panoply of war was displayed, on the one hand, or among incidents illustrating squalid misery on the other, it was a part of the character of Palissy that he should have become at first interested and then engrossed with the new religious sentiments which were beginning to force themselves as a power into the world. Traveling along the road, Palissy met mailed knights, and bowmen in closely fitting dresses; men on foot, in costumes fitting to their limbs, suggestive of a period of war, and the necessity of putting no incumbrance upon bodies made for animal contention. Nobles and officers of State appeared wearing their robes and ornamented with rich devices.

The dwellings of the poor and of the middle classes were

wretched and uncomfortable; the palaces and mansions of the rich were fortresses. Examples of religious persecution, cruel punishment of heretics in market-places, were customary scenes to the young man as he continued on his travels. More than once he was in Paris, where, doubtless, he met and argued with the scholars and the ecclesiastics of the day; finding little to encourage his simple tastes, but much to arouse in him heartfelt antagonism against class luxury.

The travels of Palissy, which led him, at one time or another, as far south as the Pyrenees, concluded about 1536, when he finally settled in the small town of Saintes, on the left bank of the river Charente, forty-three miles southeast of La Rochelle, famous in the history of the Huguenots. Here the young man is supposed to have married, at the age of about twenty-nine, and here he undertook whatever occupation he could get, as a surveyor, as painter—being deft at portrait-painting—or as a glass-painter. His engagements as a surveyor sprang out of disputes concerning land, frequently a cause of litigation in France at that time, and in which the quarrel commonly depended on the question of boundaries, when a plan of the contested property was essential.

When these quarrels occurred in his own district, it was usual to employ Bernard Palissy in a character similar to that of a sworn surveyor; and every little engagement of this character strengthened the household purse. But, on the whole, his supplies came in slowly; and as he had now a wife depending on his labor, and as children were not tardy of appearance, his circumstances were not affluent.

And now Palissy's slow-growing ambition began to influence him. He grew dissatisfied with labor that produced only food, and, becoming conscious of his own strength, hoped yet to live to accomplish something better. Simple-minded, cheerful in his disposition, hopeful beyond most, he always sustained abundant spirit and vivacity; and, though in a measure poverty-stricken, toiled for a better future.

It was about this time that there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture—an earthen cup—turned and enameled with so much beauty that, seeing how portrait-painting was not in favor, and glass-painting but little patronized, it occurred to him that if he could learn to make enamels he might put the ability to advantage.

At this time he knew nothing whatever of the art of pottery, and there was no man in the entire nation who could make enamels. This, however, which would have undoubtedly been an objection to most men, was only an incentive to him. The enameled cup had come from Italy, where only at this time it could have been made, and where the modern art of pottery began.

For 200 years Moorish pottery had held its own, even in Italy; it being considered that this was the thing to be admired, not to be imitated. It was not until the beginning of the fourteenth century that the Italians began to make an imitative ware termed *majolica*, the early specimens of which were painted with Arabesque patterns, yellow and green upon a blue ground—simple copies from the Moorish.

The Italian discoverer of enamel was a Florentine sculptor, born in 1440, and who died in 1481; so that when Palissy undertook the work of discovering the component parts, proportions and manufacture of enamel, his effort was entirely creative.

And here, at the threshold of his new task, we are brought to the consideration of his wife. Palissy had married, as a glass-painter, a woman out of the lower ranks of society, and who, while she was doubtless willing to bear with him and to console him under all seasons of inevitable poverty which might arise from lack of occupation, did not possess those peculiar qualifications which would enable her to retain her serenity of temper under the novel and unexpected change which now came over the characteristics and habits of her husband; for, having once set himself to studying out the question of enamel, Palissy devoted himself to it as to a duty, without regard to any other circumstances whatsoever. To him this became the labor of his life and his love, and to it were sacrificed remuneration, occupation, comfort, wife, children, and what not.

Devoting all that he earned to carrying out his projects, buying drugs, buying pots, building furnaces, Palissy, of course, left little to sustain his family, while his time and his labor were thus occupied. He worked, too, under serious disadvantages. He knew nothing whatever of clay, and had never seen the inside of a pottery; and he set himself to rival the enamel cup of Italy, when he would have failed in an attempt to make the roughest pipkin.

Not unnaturally, he was totally unsuccessful in his first attempts. His furnaces had to be built, destroyed and rebuilt; his chemicals, bought with household money, were burnt and spoiled. Wood was not cheap, and Bernard had to use much of it. To use his own language, he "fooled away in this manner several years, with sorrow and sighs, for the bread of his children lessened."

He was weighed down by domestic care, yet he continued to grope, and employed his old arts only for the earning of a bare subsistence and to help in the purchase of his chemicals, probably also incurring debt. By-and-by, Palissy got tired of this totally unfortunate occupation, and for a time, gave it up and again devoted himself to painting and glass-working.

Now, too, he got a job to survey certain salt marshes in his neighborhood, which brought him in money, and relieved him from domestic difficulties. But this being done, and a little money in hand, Palissy again entered upon his former quest and devoted himself to search for the secret of white enamel. For two years he now continued in this effort, laboring rarely in his former callings, and consuming the profits of his salt-marsh surveying.

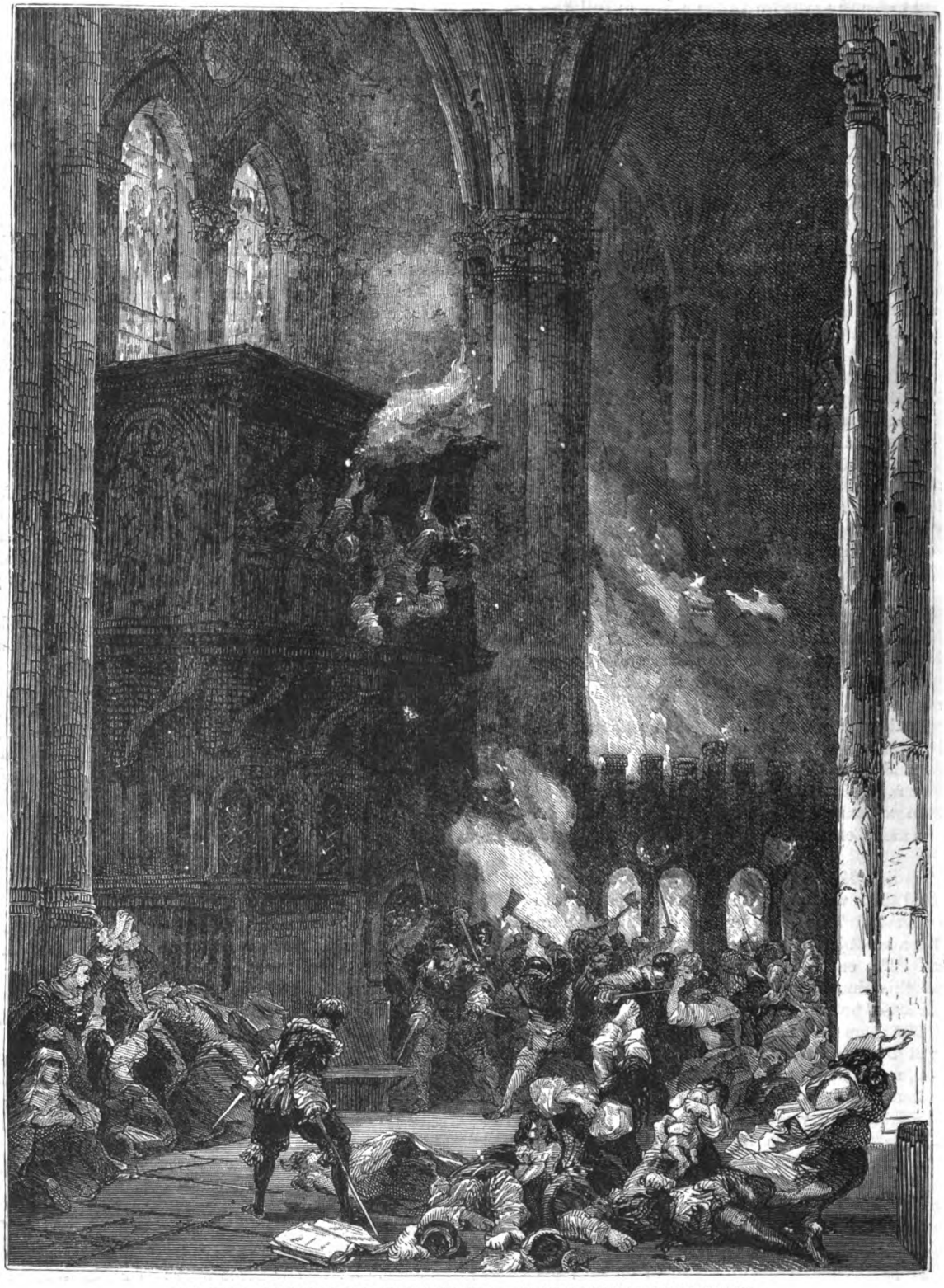
He saw his home fall into decay, new children born to him while some died, yet through anxiety and mourning he bought pots and broke them, bought drugs and burnt them, and did nothing but come and go between his own house and the adjacent glass-houses.

It was in 1546, Palissy being then about thirty-seven years of age, that he met his first success in a composition of white enamel. This success was, of course, merely a trial, and only in a small way, and he was forced to burn his paintings, his furniture, and almost everything else that he had to keep up his fierce fires, with which he now sought to produce a more complete result of his discovery.

His furnace fires lighted for his final grand attempt, Palissy fed them by day and by night. The sun rose and set, the dark night came, and still he worked on. Day after day broke over him, pale, haggard, half stripped, bathed in perspiration, and still he fed his furnace fires. The third day and night—a fourth—a fifth and a sixth—six days and nights were spent about the glowing furnace, each day more desperately indefatigable in his labors than the last; but the process was not perfected.

He could hire no man to feed the fires while he was sleeping, and so for two or three weeks more, he devoted himself to the all-important task. The labor of years might now be crowned with success if he could persevere. All his own vessels having been spoiled, Palissy went out into the town and purchased pots with which to try his fresh enamel. He had borrowed money for his last experiments;

the wood was gone; the hope of food was almost gone. He was working at the furnace. His wife sat in the house, overwhelmed with despair. Her despair was not to be wondered at. For nine months she had witnessed the always fruitless efforts of her husband in the direction of what must have seemed to her uneducated and unappreciative mind only a myth. There was a crashing in the house. The children were in dismay. The wife, assisted, doubtless, by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house. Palissy was tearing up the floors, to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town, making loud publication of the scandal.



THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, THE POTTER.—AN EPISODE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, THE POTTER.—THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.

The neighbors rushed in, and the unfortunate man found himself the object of their mockery. It is said, that, infuriated at the failure which she had doubtless all along predicted, Palissy's wife broke in pieces, at the moment of their successful completion, the fine enameled pots over which he had so long labored. Whether this be true or not; or, whether driven to desperation, perhaps by his own conscience, perhaps by the attack of his wife, he may have broken them himself, as is alleged by others, it is certain that the woman poured on him maledictions, ignorant and careless alike of the serious harm she was doing.

During the next two years, Palissy prospered but little. He made, indeed, vessels of different colors, by selling which he was enabled to keep house tolerably; but lost the greater part of his more ambitious work by various mischances. These difficulties belonged to his whole career as a potter; but of course more especially to the first years. Despite all the efforts that had been made, both by Palissy and by some of his biographers, to smooth over the asperities of his wife, it is certain that she was a woman of violent temper; and that at a time when he most needed domestic love and sympathy, he was denied these utterly. Every day she went out, telling new distresses to her neighbors in the town; and every night Palissy came in long after midnight, cold, wet through, and stupid with work; while she administered to him the wholesome cordial of a "curtain lecture." Worse than want of food, and ruin, was the want of wife and sympathy.

It occupied Palissy for fifteen or sixteen years to teach himself by his own genius, without aid from without, the full knowledge he had obtained in the molding and enameling of pottery. During the last eight of these, however, and more especially during the last six, he produced many things in his vocation as a potter, to enable him to keep his family in tolerable comfort. At the tenth year, he might have stopped and rested comfortably on his profitable knowledge; but Palissy never did stop. He never accounted himself as having attained an end. In the eye of his genius, there was always before him a long vista of infinite importance. After these fifteen or sixteen years, he did, to be sure, take heart to call himself a potter. In fact, the sixteen years, in his estimation, formed his apprenticeship.

The pottery made by Bernard Palissy, of which, under the name of "Palissy Ware," exquisite specimens are still existing, was of a kind extremely characteristic of its maker. He wished to make beautiful things; but he was a naturalist, and his sense of beauty was his sense of nature. To reproduce in his ware the bright colors and elegant forms of plants and animals over which he had hung so often with his pencil in the woods and fields—combining his qualities of naturalist and potter—he founded his reputation on the manufacture of what he called "rustic pieces."

The title which he took for himself was that of "worker in earth," and "inventor of rustic figurines"—small modelings. These "rustic figurines" were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other works of nature, tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a vase or plate. His rich fancy covered his works with most elaborate adornment; but his leaves and reptiles and other rustic designs are so copied in form and color with the minute accuracy of a naturalist that the species of each can be determined accurately.

There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers and seas of France.

Meanwhile, Palissy continued to follow the new religion, and even to seek to make proselytes of others. Heretics multiplied rapidly in Saintes, and, though established in the beginning with great difficulty and imminent peril, the new Church began to thrive in that vicinity with great vitality.

Francis I. of France was succeeded by Henry II., whose reign is notable for the ascendency gained over the king by that remarkable woman, Diana of Poitiers. In the meantime, Calvinism—heresy—was spreading, and already numbered many great men in its ranks. Among these, it will be remembered, Admiral Coligny was one of the chiefs of the great body of heretics in France.

Palissy now made himself prominent among the Reformed circles; and although rapidly achieving character and reputation, risked both in his efforts to forward the new religion, and even to save certain of his friends, who, by reason of it, had fallen under the ban of the established Church.

At this time, too, he wrote a book, not upon religion, however, but as it would seem, for the book appears to be lost utterly, upon the use and nature of medicines, and, indeed, upon drugs in general.

He now came under the patronage of Constable Montmorency, and was employed to decorate his chateau, about four leagues from Paris. This work he performed, painting and enameling tiles with designs from Scriptural subjects, producing, by their composition, an effect of rare beauty.

He is said, also, to have been the painter of all the windows at this chateau; while in a grove in the garden, he constructed a rustic grotto, of which he always spoke with pride as being one of the chief triumphs of his ingenuity.

At this time, it would seem that Palissy was too busy to interfere much in the religious warfare which was going on. Massacres were taking place in all parts of France, and almost indescribable cruelties were being performed everywhere. As this state of things progressed, the potter could not, however, withstand his own feelings, roused to horror at the scenes of which he heard, if he were not an eye-witness of some of them; and we presently hear that he became obnoxious to the Catholics of his neighborhood, to that extent, that at length, although Palissy held, for his protection, a safeguard from Louis de Bourbon himself, and while some of the greatest men in Palissy's vicinity were patrons and friends, he was attacked by the rabble, his workshop was demolished, the pottery on which he was employed was broken, and at night he was hurried to a dungeon at Bordeaux.

Imprisonment of Bernard Palissy implied stoppage of decorative works upon the premises of many wealthy people. Palissy put to death, meant the extinction of an ornamental art. Great men required the service of the potter; and these, therefore, stretched forth their hands to save him from the gallows, at the foot of which he now certainly stood. By the efforts of these, Palissy was saved and set free. He returned to his workshop, wiped away the traces of the temporary interruption, and went on with his old labor and his old habits, as before.

He now wrote another book, containing treatises on agriculture, natural history, and similar subjects; which he dedicated to his patron, the Marechal de Montmorency. This book was published in the year 1563, and on its cover, the author is described as Bernard Palissy, of the Tuileries. It is, therefore, evident that the potter did not long continue to reside at Saintes after his restoration; but that he went to Paris and settled. It would seem that about this time, his skill, both as a potter and in general rustic decoration, had reached the ears of Catherine de Medici; and it was, doubtless, at her call, that he removed to Paris, and established his workshop in the precincts of the Tuileries. Here it was designed by the Queen mother to build the palace

now known as the "Tuileries," and which gains its name from the fact that the ground had been occupied by *tuile-kilns*, or tuileries.

Here Bernard, aided by a study of the best works of Italian art, was able to surpass all his former efforts in the creation of rich designs. Here, too, he was able to live in constant intercourse with men of genius and the best works of art collected in the capital. His entire time not being occupied in his labors on the palace grounds, he found much employment in garden architecture elsewhere. He made statuettes, elegant groups, vases, cups, plates, rustic basins; and obtained for these a high price, as works of taste. Some of these are covered with modelings, exquisitely colored, of fruits, shells, fishes and reptiles; others present colored pictures, in delicate bas-relief, of subjects from mythology, or holy writ. The colors used by Palissy were commonly bright tints of yellow, blue or gray; he used, also, but less frequently, green, violet and brown. His enamel is hard; but he seems never to have succeeded in making it so purely white as the Italian enamel, which he first copied.

During the ten years following his settlement in Paris, Palissy, familiarly called Bernard of the Tuileries, labored with his sons as a potter, at the same time that he exercised his genius as a naturalist among the men of taste and learning in the capital, and continued the prosecution of his studies among the hills and fields. His philosophy grew yearly deeper and wider, while he never ceased studying and seeking to forward his mind to maturer views.

It was at this time—August 24th and 25th, 1572—that there took place the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is unnecessary to go into details concerning this terrible historical event, further than to state that Palissy survived it, though he made no secret of his faith. Doubtless his quiet life, and employment in the royal service, sheltered him.

Palissy was now sixty-three years old. He was recognized among scholars and philosophers as a man of science; and within the next few years he met others of like tastes and learning, before whom he delivered lectures on various scientific subjects. He was also a collector of curiosities, and his museum was the first cabinet of natural history that had been thrown open to the public in Paris. His lectures upon natural history were the first delivered in that capital.

At this time he published his third and last book, a work discoursing on the nature of waters and fountains, natural and artificial; on metals, salts and salt springs, stones, earths, fires and enamels. It was written in the dialogue form, and published in Paris in one volume. His doctrines on all the subjects upon which he wrote were original and peculiar, and they were sustained against all antagonists. On all the hidden processes of nature he seems to have thoroughly informed himself, while actually creating many novel theories. Whether writing upon the origin of fossils, upon the characteristics of plants, or upon the formation of land out of the sea, he wrote always clearly, and with such force and seeming accuracy that his views impressed themselves upon the minds of the most distinguished and learned men of the age.

Pursuing his course with the simplicity and innocence of manner which had always characterized him, he suffered himself no longer, though tempted often, to mingle in the heated scenes and incidents which the policy of the French Crown inflicted upon the people.

Since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the mobs of Paris had become familiar with blood, and the whole temper of society had taken an aspect of increased ferocity. Tortures and executions were frequent, at which Charles IX. assisted, and Henry III. followed the examples of his predecessor. The corruption of the court was incredible. Courtiers wore feminine attire, had earrings fitted into their ears, and devoted themselves to the utmost wantonness and folly. The King and the young nobles ran races, leaped ditches, tried pistol-shots; and he was proudest who could talk most loudly, whether with or without truth, of his feats as an assassin.

In 1585, the King, in imminent danger from the political intrigues of the extreme Catholic party, put himself at the head of their league, and issued a decree prohibiting the future exercise of the Reformed worship, on pain of death.

Palissy was then an old man of seventy-six, teaching philosophy and superintending his workshop. In his lectures and in his book he abstained from all allusion to the struggle of the time. He preserved his religion pure; but, turning from the horrors of the civil strife, he avoided all religious controversy. He was known, however, as a Huguenot, and no royal ordinance could alter his convictions or drive him out of the way he had chosen as the way of truth. The king was informed of his stubbornness, and Palissy was sent to the Bastille. The sentence of death was, however, delayed in his case, by the influence of friends in power; but for four years—all that remained of his life—Palissy awaited death in the Bastille.

In 1588, when Palissy was seventy-nine years old, the King, Henry III., then thirty-seven years of age, visited the prison where Palissy was confined, and, feeling an interest in the old man whom he regarded as an ancient servant of his mother, he held with him this discourse, preserved for us in a contemporary record:

"My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine; and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women"—alluding to other prisoners—"and you. They are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man; "you have said several times that you feel a pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of Heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The girls were burnt a few months afterward, in June, 1588. In 1589, King Henry III. was stabbed by a monk named Clement, and died miserably. In the same year, Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastille.

Palissy left a collection of objects of natural history, not only the first that had been formed in France, but exceedingly valuable in the character of its composition. In his lectures on natural history and physics, he was the first in France to substitute positive facts and rigorous demonstrations for the fanciful interpretations of philosophers. His theories with regard to the origin of springs, and the best means of purifying water, as well as the importance of *marl* as a fertilizing agent, have been fully supported by recent discoveries and investigation.

As a sincere, earnest and courageous man, he was no less eminent than as an artist. His works are, at the present day, almost beyond price, and his ornaments and arabesques are among the most beautiful of the period. Specimens exist in the Museum of the Louvre of the Hotel *Clugny* in Paris, and that at Munich. Some relics of this famous potter were discovered in 1865 in the *Place du Carrousel* in Paris.

A NATURAL BIRD-TRAP.

NATURALISTS have been recently studying a new and interesting field, the insectivorous plants; and the result has been very curious. Nature has evidently formed a whole

A NATURAL BIRD-TRAP.

class of plants with the design of forming traps to catch insects; and many absorb the substance of their prey for the nourishment and support of the ravenous member of the vegetable world.

In the same way the roots of a tree will draw from anything buried near it all that helps to nourish the tree, and the rootlets seem to run toward the object, as if in search of food. When the grave of Roger Williams was opened, some years ago, it was found that the rootlets of an adjacent tree had penetrated the coffin, and absorbed the remains, which they had evidently followed while comparatively intact, as the mass of roots still bore the resemblance of a human form.

But there are other traps still, and an illustration is given where a burdock-stem has proved a natural trap, causing the death of a weakly bird, which, lighting on it, or flying past, was caught, and, in its flapping to escape, became inextricably fastened, and perished.

THE FIVE ALLS.

AN old English sign called "The Five Alls" was long an object of interest. The object of the quaint picturing was one that our Grangers will accept, although they will probably, as good Christians, demur to the last. It is designed to show that agriculture is the real source of national wealth, and that on the farmer and planter, all, indeed, depend.

The clergyman preaches and prays for all; the lawyer pleads for all; the soldier fights for all; but the farmer may well say, "I maintain all."

The old caricature puts the whole question at once before the eye and the mind. Where the agricultural interest is depressed by unwise legislation, or combinations of any kind, the whole country must suffer; and, in another point of view, it is the agricultural force, the men accustomed to exposure and toil, who in all countries form the solid phalanx of victorious armies.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY SARAH DORR.

THE old house was filled with guests, who had come from far and near to be present at Cousin Amy's wedding, on the morrow. The younger ones, after a joyous evening, spent chiefly in rehearsing the festivities of the next day, exchanged gay good-nights as we passed to our rooms, most of which opened from the broad hall on the second floor. The one assigned to me, however, was at the end of a long, low, unused corridor; and the housekeeper who preceded me, shading her candle from the cold drafts, said, as she turned the key in the cumbrous lock:

"I am sorry to be obliged to put you out here, in this lonely part of the house, Miss Anstiss; but I thought you would mind it less than the others, and every spare nook is filled to-night. I trust you will rest well in the old-fashioned bed. George Washington slept here, on his way to Cambridge to take command of the army. The pillow on which his blessed head rested should surely be a peaceful one."

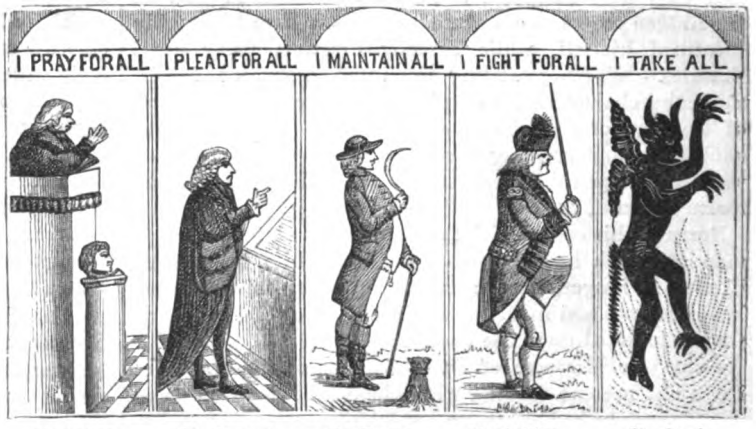
She moved the light up and down before the dark, carved posts and faded bed-furnishings, and then set it hurriedly on the black, spindle-legged stand beside the bed. Her stiff black dress rustled sharply as she moved quickly about the room, stirring to a crimson flame the crackling sticks in the deep, tile-framed fireplace, closing the heavy shutters, and dropping before the recessed windows their draperies of time-worn chintz.

"Of course I shall rest delightfully," I said. "You could not have given me a room which would have better pleased me, Mrs. Warner. How strange dear grandpapa should have kept this place for so many years under lock and key!"

"There is no bell, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Warner, glancing nervously at the uncouth shadows gliding along the ceiling; "but old Pomp will bring his blanket and sleep outside your door. You can call to him if you want anything."

Again she glanced furtively upward, but this time at the portrait hanging over the fireplace. My eyes followed hers, but I could discern nothing clearly, save two lovely hands, which, as the tremulous, flickering light played over them, seemed for a second to clasp convulsively the slender fingers, twining and wringing in a sharp spasm of agony.

Mrs. Warner kissed me good-night; the door, creaking on its rusty hinges, swung heavily behind her; the rustling of her dress and quick fall of her footsteps grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and died into silence.



The Parson. The Lawyer. The Farmer. The Soldier. The Devil.

THE FIVE ALLS.

Left to myself, I sat down in the high-backed armchair which was drawn up before the hearth, and took a sweeping survey of my fascinating room—wainscoting, beams, dingy inlaid floor, worn Turkey rugs, tall canopied bedstead, quaint old cabinet, and, lastly, the portrait over the carved oaken chimney-piece.

The beautiful hands lay gracefully crossed over the lustrous satin of the dress; the face was for the moment in shadow, but I was conscious of the sad, fixed gaze of gray, mournful eyes.

Moved by an irresistible impulse, I rose and lighted the dusty candles in the tall silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece. How lovely, how exquisitely lovely, was the pale face, framed by rippling golden hair, that now looked out at me from the canvas! In my girlish admiration I gazed long into the sad, haunting eyes; but even as I gazed, the hands seemed to me closing tightly, the slender fingers quivering with some untold anguish.

"What an absurd idea!" I thought, as I piled anew on the hearth the smoldering brands.

The light from the freshly stirred logs trembled and danced athwart the old cabinet of inlaid ebony and ivory opposite the chimney, giving momentary life and motion to the figures and scenes depicted on it. What secrets must have been locked up within it! With what varied tears and smiles fair faces must have bent over its hidden recesses!

I rose, strangely moved, to pry into the mysteries of that cabinet; but a delicate, outstretched hand seemed to remove the quaint key noiselessly from the lock—the hand of the portrait on the wall. Nothing daunted by what I supposed some mere optical illusion, I tried the dilapidated little door, which, a moment before, I saw slightly ajar; but now it was closed and fastened.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.—"THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT GRAYLY ON COUSIN AMY, WHO LAY EXTENDED, PALE AND STILL, ON THE UNDISTURBED BED."

"Such a preposterous fancy!" I said to myself. "Mrs. Warner's coffee must have been too strong for me to-night."

And thus I disposed of the matter.

Tired with the journey and the excitements of the day, I soon after began to prepare for rest, thinking George Washington's bed, though a trifle sombre with its dingy curtains and tall, dark posts, promised, by its comfortable pillows, feather-bed and eider-down quilt, the peaceful sleep which Mrs. Warner had desired for me.

Undisturbed by any more nervous imagining, I soon fell into a profound slumber. From this slumber I awoke in mortal terror, just as the hall-clock on the landing was striking twelve. The long, low wail of the house-dog was still vibrating in my ears; the strange sights and scenes of my terrible dream were still gliding before my eyes.

"How glad I am it was but a dream!" I hastily ejaculated, as I sat up in bed and looked about the quiet room, now but dimly lighted by the waning fire. The sound of Pomp, snoring heavily in his blanket outside my door, helped reassure me, and after a while I slept again.

In the early morning I was aroused by old black Vilet creaking along the floor with an armful of wood with which to replenish my fire. I watched her at her work, piling up the fire-sticks and blowing away at the flame with the wheezing bellows.

"Massy on us, Miss Anstiss! be you awake at this onearthly hour? How have you slept, missis?" called out Vilet, cheerily, at the sound of the little cough I gave.

My dream rushed back vividly as she spoke.

"Oh, Vilet! I have had such a dream—such an awful, awful dream!"

Vilet wheeled round on her knees and faced me, saying, solemnly:

"I ain't one mite surprised, missis. Was it about dat ar ?"

She pointed with the bellows to the portrait over the fireplace.

"Yes, Yes, Vilet; about *her*. I dreamed she was wandering about the room, in the same dark satin dress and red velvet sleeves, her hair all fallen down out of her little gold-bordered cap. She was weeping and wringing her hands, and she was very, very pale. Once she came up to the bed, and looked at me so sorrowfully and earnestly, and then I, too, began to weep; for I knew she wanted me to help her in her trouble, and I knew it must not be. She was in constant and restless motion—now here and now there; neither walking nor floating, but appearing and disappearing through a vail of luminous mist. At last she stood before the cabinet, unlocked the door, opened a drawer, and took out something which looked like an old-fashioned locket. She covered it with kisses, she knelt before it, she stretched out her hands imploringly to it, crouching in an agony of supplication. Then a shadow seemed to pass between me and the lady, and blot her out of sight. Gradually the shadow flitted away, and there was the dim appearance of a hand, which laid the locket back in the drawer, and took from beside it a small glass flask. Faintly outlined, leaning uneasily against the cabinet, I saw the lady again, holding in her fingers the same strange flask. Two or three times she extended her hand tremblingly, as if trying to pour from the flask; but then, with a shudder, she drew it back, as if she dared not. Oh, Vilet, Vilet! come close to me, while I tell you what is coming. All at once I saw her before the cabinet, bending over the drawer. There was a faint, sighing sound of shivered crystal, followed by a smothered, far-off din of many voices, a rush of cold air, a faint gleam of unearthly light—all unlike the light of fire or lamp or moon or star—in the midst of which I saw my beautiful cousin Amy, in her white satin bridal dress, her dead form borne along by a figure whose face was like that of a young man with peaked beard, and hat and feather, in grandpapa's Holbein—like it, and yet not like it; for the eyes looked older and more cruel than any earthly eyes. So, bearer and upborne, the two slowly passed on and vanished, leaving the lady of the portrait cowering before the cabinet, her face hidden in her beautiful hands, and her golden hair hanging down over them like a vail. Was it not an awful, awful dream, Vilet?"

"'Twas no dream, Miss Anstiss," whispered Vilet, wiping the drops from her forehead. "When the Lady Barbara walks, there's sure trouble astir for the house; but when she pours from the little crystal flask, there's death under the roof."

I sprang from the bed. We neither of us spoke another word, but, with such wrappings as I could snatch, I followed Vilet out through the long corridor and into the broad hall, to Cousin Amy's room.

Vilet, trembling with terror, thrust me before her in at the door. The early morning light fell grayly on Cousin Amy, who lay extended, pale and still, on the unstirred bed. She was dressed in her bridal dress. We girls, as we kissed her good-night on the previous evening, had seen it spread out on Amy's couch, and had gathered round to praise and admire it. Even in the horror of this presence of death I saw Amy's wondrous resemblance to the lady of the portrait. The hands even, in their delicate beauty, lay crossed as in the pictured semblance of her far-away ancestor.

Poor Amy! that day the bridal flowers were laid upon her coffin.

"Heart-disease," said the old doctor, huskily, as he stooped to kiss the beautiful hands.

Closing the door gently behind him as he went away, Mrs. Warner, with a mysterious shake of the head, sighed out:

"Just so her mother died this day twenty years. She hadn't been down-stairs for a twelvemonth, she was that poorly; but that day she would have it she was better, and insisted that I should dress her in her gray silk dinner dress and her point ruffles. I left her sitting up in her chair, and went down to lunch. When I came back, she was still sitting there just as I had left her, only that she had crossed her hands; but she was quite dead. Poor, dear little Amy! to think that, girl-like, she should have slipped on her wedding-dress to see how it became her, and then the death-pang came upon her so suddenly, that there was nothing for her but to lie down and die in her bridal gown. Well, life is strange, somehow, but death is stranger when it comes to these Pomeroy women."

Mrs. Warner stooped to pick up a stray slipper of Amy's, and to wipe away her own fast-falling tears.

Sore indeed was the sorrow and confusion of the troubled household on that fatal morning. Pacing up and down the broad hall, later in the day, pondering on its mysterious events, I saw Vilet beckoning to me from the end of the long corridor. In strange agitation she almost hustled me into the room where Mrs. Warner was sitting, utterly overcome with grief and fatigue.

"It's given me at times," began Vilet, with the air of a prophetess, "to look further into the future than some, and I foretell, now the glass is broken and the last drop spilled, there's peace for the Pomeroys in all time to come."

The prophetess relapsed into an oracular silence, and Mrs. Warner took up the words:

"My dear Anstiss, it is said that never a Pomeroy, maid or matron, has died, but the night before her death the Lady Barbara has been seen wandering up and down in great distress, and pouring, reluctantly, blood-red drops from a crystal flask. The tradition is, that generations ago a certain Lady Barbara Pomeroy, the original of the portrait, broke troth with the man she really loved, to marry more advantageously. In the last interview which her old lover forced upon her, he cursed the females of her race in all time to come.

"As he was suddenly hurled from his great happiness, so life should suddenly be snatched from them, whatsoever its blissful promise, and she, Barbara Pomeroy, should summon them whenever he so willed. He bade her look into her cabinet and see, beside his picture, the flask of crimson drops with which she was to do his bidding. She could never break it or destroy it; it would last as long as his enmity lasted, which would be for time and for eternity.

"It is said Barbara died young, though burdened to the end with her own unfaithfulness, and the sin of this loved, lost soul. The cabinet has been preserved, as well as her portrait, for it was believed a malediction rested on the destroyer of either. It is supposed still to contain the flask and the picture of her lover, though the strictest search has never revealed them."

I suddenly remembered the shadowy hand stretched out to withdraw the key, and my vain attempts to open the door. I then hurried to the cabinet, and found it yielded to my first touch; and, horror of horrors! there, in a half-opened drawer, lay the shivered fragments of an antique Venetian flask, its blood-red drops having trickled over the locket, almost effacing the fine features of a young man in a peaked beard, and hat and feather, but the unmistakable face of grandpapa's Holbein, and of the fearful vision of the night before.

I fell back, half fainting, into old Vilet's stout arms.

"I told you so, missis. The curse is removed. The sin

is repented of. Mistress Barbara will rest in her grave henceforth and for ever. Her lover will never call another Pomeroy."

I never told grandpapa my dream. The dear old man sorrowed long for his lost Amy, dying so pitifully of heart-disease on her bridal eve. While he lived, her room remained just as she left it, and I have often seen him sitting there in the Summer twilight, the evening wind stirring his long, white hair and fluttering the gay ribbons and trifles lying untouched on Amy's dressing-table since that sad night. But the corridor was locked and bolted ever after. There seemed to be some dim connection in his troubled mind between it and all his heaviest life-sorrows.

WHEN I COME HOME.

Around me life's hell of fierce ardors burns,
When I come home, when I come home;
Over me heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home;
For the feast of gods garnished—the palace of Night,
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
This city makes mirth! but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark and the dropping of tears;
For I feel that He listens, down Night's great dome.
When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far in the night, when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come home,
Exulting with life, like a conqueror's march,
When I come home, when I come home.
I pass by the rich-chambered mansions that shine,
Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine;
I have fought, I have vanquished the dragon of Toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides smile!
And oh! but love's flowers make rich the gloam,
When I come home, when I come home.

Oh, the sweet, merry mouths upturned to be kissed.
When I come home, when I come home!
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come home!
My weary-worn heart into sweetness is stirred,
And it dances and sings like a singing bird
On the branch nighest heaven—a-top of my life;
As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing wife!
And thy pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth bloom;
When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far in the night, when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
When I come home, when I come home;
And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet wife,
When I come home, when I come home.
With her smiling energies—faith warm and bright,
With love glorified and serenely alight;
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm.
And oh! but the urns of Love sparkle with foam
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home!
Far in the night, when I come home

Jeremy Taylor says: "It is not only to be reasonably expected, but it is experimentally felt, that in weak and ignorant understandings there are no sufficient supports for the vigorousness of a holy life; there being nothing, or not enough, to warrant and strengthen great resolutions, to reconcile our affections to difficulties, to make us patient of affronts."

MADAME DE GENLIS AND HER TIMES.

By Lady Pollock.

MADAME DE GENLIS was a fertile writer, who will eventually be remembered only by one book, her Memoirs, the value of which depends chiefly upon occasional sketches of famous characters, and upon records of the manners of her time. Born in 1746, she lived till 1830, with full enjoyment of her faculties; and had the opportunity of witnessing some of the most momentous events that have occurred in history. She was presented to Louis XV.; she was a prominent figure at the Court of Louis XVI.; she was a favorite with the first Napoleon; and she was treated with courtesy by Louis XVIII. She saw the banishment of Charles X., and the succession to his vacant throne, of her own favorite pupil, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. She not only saw, but partially shared in those strange events and tragical changes of fortune. But how did she see and feel them?

It is told of an old lady, Madame de X., who lived in Paris throughout the Reign of Terror, that, being asked to tell what she remembered of that time, she said: "I recollect that I still had my Thursdays; people always came to my Thursdays."

There is an egotistic smallness in Madame de Genlis, which reminds us of this old lady; and we question her pages in vain upon the changes of the State, or the sorrows of the royal race with which she came in contact; we find only how well she wrote, how much she was admired, and what great esteem she deserved! Thus we glide over immense disasters, in company with one incapable of sounding their depths; with a woman whose intelligence was bright; whose mental activity was considerable; who could learn and teach; but who had scarcely any imagination, and very little feeling. In the place of imagination, she had invention; and in that of feeling—sentiment. What we mean by sentiment, is a shallow emotion on parade; of this we find an abundance in the works of Madame de Genlis; and the manner of her bringing up would lead us to expect it.

Her mother, Madame de St. Aubin, was a woman whose leading idea in life was diversion; she had beauty, and a charm of manner which she loved to exhibit in society, and also in private theatricals, to which she was addicted to a degree that was extraordinary even at an epoch when amateur acting was the rage in France. Madame de St. Aubin was scantily educated, and probably her delight in dramatic art was mainly a love of representation and personal display, the only tastes which she took pains to encourage in her daughter. At six years old Stephanie Félicité Ducrest St. Aubin (afterward Madame de Genlis) was taken from the Château de St. Aubin, her paternal residence, to Paris; nominally in order to be solemnly baptized, but actually to be properly prepared for the ways of artificial life. Here, under the superintendence of a fashionable aunt, the Comtesse de Bellevau, the child had her feet crammed into a pair of narrow shoes, in which to walk was impossible; her hair twisted into four thousand curl-papers; her neck imprisoned in an iron collar (to prevent stooping); and her waist encumbered with a hoop. Besides all this, as soon as the little girl woke in the morning a pair of spectacles was clapped on her eyes, to cure her of a slight squint; and a master was engaged to teach her to walk—a

TUFFOLINA.—A STATUE BY TABACCHI.

piece of discipline necessitated by the tight shoes; and, indeed, by the whole apparatus, unnatural and formidable, which overweighted the state of infancy.

Women are perhaps born with inherited instincts of coquetry; and Mademoiselle de St. Aubin's portion would, in this case, be a large one; but it was not so excessive as to make this bondage tolerable to her at six years of age, and she suffered as a victim of the Inquisition under torture; the inquisitors, however, were not altogether cruel. It is true that they forbade her to ask questions, and would on no account allow her to jump an inch from the ground; but then they held high festival on the day of her baptism, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, which was splendid, they took their young victim to the Opera, the delights of which are vividly recorded. "Never shall I forget," says Madame de Genlis, "that I saw the famous Chassé, old though he was, in 'Roland le Furieux.' When he tore down the trees at the wing I trembled all over."

MADAME DE GENLIS.

When the operatic delights and the baptismal feast were over, new pleasures came into play, and the little Félicité passed the greater part of the Summer in a delightful residence at Etioles, belonging to M. le Normand, the husband of Madame de Pompadour, the King's mistress. Here she was relieved of her hoop, and wore a dress which was called a *savoyarde:* it consisted of a tight bodice of brown *taffetas*, with a short tunic of the same material, trimmed with three rows of pink ribbon laid on flat. Her head-dress was a gauze handkerchief tied under the chin. In this costume she dined with the elders, and was allowed the run of the beautiful gardens. At the conclusion of the visit, a great entertainment was gotten up in honor of the host, in which Félicité represented the allegorical personage of Friendship, and sang with that success which she attributes to herself upon every occasion. It appears that the words of her song were meaner even than is customary for such performances, but Madame de Genlis never forgot them, nor the applause which she obtained.

Her next glory was her reception as a Canoness of the noble Order of Alix. The Abbey of Alix was not far from Lyons, and she staid with her mother at Lyons for a fortnight, while her claims to this honor were undergoing due examination. These claims were founded upon hereditary nobility, and the subject of investigation was the family pedigree. As soon as it was found to be satisfactory, the candidate was received at Alix, with caresses and sweetmeats in plenty, by the abbess; and when the great day of inauguration arrived, it was enjoyed with that tremulous delight, half pride, half fear, which is one element of glory. The newly elected Canoness was dressed all in white, but the ladies present were fashionably attired, only with the addition of black silk robings over their hoops, and cloaks lined with ermine, and after a theological examination the Canoness repeated the Credo—and then followed a curious ceremonial: kneeling on a velvet cushion, she bent her head in order that the officiating priest might cut off a lock of her hair; a proceeding which was symbolical of the casting away of all personal vanities. It chanced this man was old and very blind, and he snipped the child's ear with his scissors, which misadventure she bore with heroism. After this a gold ring, blessed by the priest, was put upon her finger, and a piece of black and white cloth of about a finger's length was fastened upon her head, which the Canonesses called a Husband. Then came the decorations of the Order, a red cordon, a beautiful enameled cross, and

a wide sash of black watered silk. This done, there was a short exhortation, and the whole was wound up with a general embracing; after which there was high mass. The rest of the day was passed in festivities, and from this time Félicité de St. Aubin bore the title of Comtesse de Lancy, by which she was known till the date of her marriage with M. de Genlis—Lancy being an estate which belonged to her father. It was open to the Canoness to take the vows of the Order at the age prescribed, or to dispense with them. Whoever took the vows was in time well provided for, only she might not, in that case, take a husband, and she was obliged to spend two out of every three years at the abbey.

The newly created Comtesse de Lancy was much pressed by an aunt, who was a Canoness, to take the vows, with the bribe of a handsome legacy in prospect, but her mother declined the favor.

"My fate would have been far more tranquil," says Madame de Genlis, "if it had been accepted."

This, however, is a doubtful conjecture; for no amount of seclusion, no quantity of dullness, no gifts of bonbons from a flattering abbess, no comfortable provision, could have made Madame de Genlis a nun at heart.

At seven years of age she showed a singular aptitude for music, and Madame de St. Aubin procured for her a pianoforte, and engaged a young lady distinguished by her musical attainments to reside with her. This was the beginning of the little Félicité's education, for her mother was too much a woman of society to take any trouble for her child.

Mlle. de Mars was only sixteen, but the entire charge of her pupil's education, musical, moral, and literary, was confided to her. She was an excellent person, worthy of the trust, but she was not much educated, and her pupil's taste for literature grew partly as an inheritance from her father, who was a remarkably accomplished man, and partly from the influence of the dramatists whose verses she was continually learning to repeat for the gratification of her mother's theatrical proclivities.

M. de St. Aubin was not less fond of pleasure than his wife, and when it flagged at home he sought it elsewhere. He had a playful fondness for his little girl, but made no pretense of superintending her education, and only on one point he interfered—he would not allow her to indulge in the nervous affections and supposed natural antipathies which were, at that time, in vogue among fine ladies. The child had a horror of spiders and toads, and was frightened at mice. To counteract this, she was compelled to bring up a mouse, and to hold spiders and toads in her hand. Félicité never disobeyed her father, but at these dread commands her blood froze in her veins, and although her reason finally became convinced that no poisonous venom issued from the toad, the violence done to her feelings increased the irritability of her nerves, and strengthened the antipathies which it was intended to eradicate.

A mistake of this sort is often made by otherwise excellent teachers. No child can be forced to overcome aversions or desires; the training must be gradual and gentle if it is to be efficacious; but such training is a slow process, demanding time and patience, and most people have no patience, and think that they have no time.

M. de St. Aubin, however, if he was partially feared, was more entirely loved; and, when he one day announced that he was about to depart for Paris, and should be absent for six months, Félicité was afflicted to the point of illness.

Nevertheless, he went, and she was consoled by the hope of his return. When three months had elapsed, Madame de St. Aubin proposed to give a festival—nominally, in anticipation of his approaching return; actually, by way of diversion during his absence. For this festival she composed a pastoral comic opera with a mythological prologue, in which Félicité played the part of Cupid, the god of Love.

Cupid's dress was pink silk covered with point lace, and decorated with artificial flowers. It reached to the knees; the boots were straw color embroidered in silver, the little girl's long hair was all let down, and a pair of blue wings was fastened upon her shoulders.

A small village boy played the part of Pleasure, who also wore wings; but they were destined to be torn, for the god of Love, in a couplet supposed to be addressed to M. de St. Aubin, sang,

> "Au Plaisir j'arrache les ailes,
> Pour le mieux fixer près de vous,"

and so saying, threw himself upon Pleasure and robbed him of his wings.

But one day, at a grand dress rehearsal, it happened that the wings were too tightly fixed. Cupid pulled in vain, Pleasure's wings stuck fast; the god of Love got angry, and felled Pleasure to the ground; he wept loudly, but Love had no mercy, and even when he was down, attacked him with frenzy, till the unwilling wings were wrenched off, amidst the screams of the victim.

Besides this pastoral-allegorical entertainment there was a tragedy, which was nothing less than "Iphigenia in Aulis," *Iphigenia* being played by Félicité, and *Clytemnestra* by her mother. During the ensuing three months an infinite number of dress rehearsals took place, in the course of which Voltaire's tragedy of "Zaire," and Regnard's comedy of "Les Folies Amoureuses" were performed. Nothing was too difficult or too grave, nothing too light or too trivial, and expense was not spared.

The country neighbors, roused from a dull routine and the tedium of their gardens, arrived in throngs to witness these representations, and applauded all they saw; but naturally, it was the infant prodigy who won the largest share of admiration, and here was laid the foundation of the personal vanity and conceit which accompanied Madame de Genlis faithfully through her long life.

Her dress as Cupid was so much appreciated that enthusiastic friends suggested her always wearing it, and, accordingly, several suits of this costume were ordered, and the child was daily dressed in it. On Sundays, only a slight change was made, the wings being taken off and a mantle put on; and on saints' days the god of Love's costume was changed for an angel's, and she walked in religious processions; but habitually she roamed through woods and fields in Cupid's attire, with a quiver at her back and a bow in her hand.

A theatre was erected, and new and wonderful performances took place. But in spite of all these entertainments given in his honor, the truant husband did not return. It was not till the Spring of 1757 that he came back to his home.

His daughter was then eleven years old. It was the desire to communicate with her father in his absence that made the child learn to write, otherwise she was never taught; but having achieved one letter by imitating printed type, she afterward daily, with a little help, worked by herself, and learned to write, evidently with great facility, for before long she began to compose.

But while she studied writing on her own account, her mother, more zealous for her outward than inward graces, procured for her a dancing-master, who also taught fencing, and who had a desire to teach the little girl to fence. Her success was great in this art, and suggested immediately to Madame de St. Aubin the idea of giving her a malo part in a piece, wherein she could show off this last accomplishment. Accordingly, she acted Darviane in the play of

"Melavide de la Chaussée," in which she wore such a charming costume, that the dress of Cupid was set aside, and Félicité now went about every day and everywhere in man's apparel.

No one made any objection to this proceeding, not even the worthy Father Antoine, who was her religious instructor. Her life passed pleasantly between music, dancing, and acting, and she read a little history with Mdlle. de Mars, and a little religion with Father Antoine; but when she walked forth in her male attire, neither of her teachers could restrain her runs and leaps and mad vagaries. In this way she acquired a particular agility and freedom of movement which never deserted her.

After this happy Summer, Madame de St. Aubin took her daughter to Paris, where they resided for some time with Madame de Bellevau, and where Félicité assumed the usual attire of her sex, from which she never again departed. One of Madame de Bellevau's frequent guests was the celebrated author, Marmontel. He used to read his stories to her, and Félicité, then twelve years of age, was allowed to be present at the readings.

At that early age she had her originality in criticism, and boldly pronounced his tale called "Le Soi-disant Philosophe" to be sheer nonsense. Nor does she reverse her judgment in later days. "How little," says she, "did the writer suspect that the little girl who was kindly permitted to listen to him would one day publish a criticism of his stories which would throw him into convulsions of rage."

This withering criticism is to be found in Madame de Genlis's story of "Les Deux Reputations," a work which is now so lost in obscurity that Marmontel's anger, from our point of view, appears the most absurd thing imaginable.

Another author, Antoine Gautier de Mondorge, who wrote some lyrical pieces and a few plays, found more favor with the young critic. He told pointed anecdotes, had graceful manners, and was well versed in the art of paying compliments. With all these adjuncts, his poetry was so much relished that a spirit of emulation was roused, and under its influence the following epigram was produced, for the full understanding of which it is necessary to remember that Félicité's maid was named Victoire, and her governess, Mdlle. de Mars.

"Félicité, Mars et Victoire
Se trouvent rassemblées chez nous,
Est-il rien de plus grand, est-il rien de plus doux
Que de fixer chez-soi le bonheur et la gloire?"

These lines are described by Madame de Genlis as her first *poetical* composition, and they excited so much enthusiasm in M. de Mondorge that he presented her with the odes and poems of J. B. Rousseau, splendidly bound, as an act of homage, and urged her strenuously to devote herself to literature; but all she could do in acknowledgment of his interest in her, was to learn the odes and poems by heart, for her time was so engaged that anything like serious study was impossible—four hours every day were given to music, one to the recital of verses, three hours were spent in society at Madame de Bellevau's, and the rest were passed alternately at the Théâtre Français and the Opera, Madame de Bellevau having a box of her own at both these houses.

That M. de Mondorge should have been so enchanted with the feeble epigram quoted above, may surprise the readers of to-day, but it is really no bad sample of the compositions called poetical which were in vogue at that period in France, and which many sensible and some brilliant people spent a great deal of time in concocting. To make amends for this, at social meetings there was plenty of real, spontaneous wit, more, probably, than at the present day, when men's minds, occupied with grave subjects, are not so ready for a lively phrase or a quick repartee.

Madame de Genlis records a clever witticism of Mdlle. Arnould, a distinguished actress, whose *début* she witnessed from Madame de Bellevau's box at the Français, and who, being called upon to admire a mean little rivulet which had the name of a river bestowed upon it in a garden *à l'Anglaise*, replied, "Cela resemble à une rivière comme deux gouttes d'eau."

The gay months at Paris came to an end with a quarrel between Madame de St. Aubin and Madame de Bellevau. At the same time came the news of the ruin of M. de St. Aubin's fortune, and the necessary sale of his estate. This was a change from affluence to poverty, and one of its most painful consequences was the dismissal of Mdlle. de Mars, whom Félicité loved as much as she was capable of loving. This parting, with the removal from her aunt's luxurious residence to a small flat looking out upon a damp garden, was Félicité's first affliction; but at the end of a fortnight she was again on the wing, and, with her mother, she spent the Summer at the house of M. de la Popelinière, who was a man of large fortune, and who spent it in acts of kindness and charity.

At his house were renewed those shows of life which were the source of so much happiness to Madame de Genlis. When these were combined with charity, her sentiments of benevolence were also gratified, and the first ceremony that took place, which was the marriage of six poor village girls, portioned by M. de la Popelinière, combined many attractions. The dresses of the brides were elegant, their trousseaus were pretty, and there was a village ball in honor of the occasion, at which Félicité danced, and was admired to her heart's content.

This was an annual charity of M. de la Popelinière—there was, indeed, no end to his deeds of kindness; and although his generosity was on a larger scale than could be customary, it must be admitted that there was a great deal of help given to the poor by the rich at that time in France. But, unfortunately, the liberality of a few wealthy individuals could go but a little way in relieving the distress of the people, which augmented daily under a bad government and feudal oppression, with a Court and aristocracy given up to luxury, frivolity and lavish expenditure.

For the first time, at Passy, Madame de Genlis heard a tune played on a harp. It took her fancy, and afterward this inclination was increased by the arrival of an old German harpist, named Gaiffre, but who was more generally known as "King David," and who was the inventor of the harp pedals. Before his time the harp, having no pedals, was so limited in its capabilities that it was only used in the streets or the tavern.

Gaiffre gave many lessons to Félicité, and she soon began to excel in her performances. At a later period she became so great a proficient that it was a delight to hear her, and her art as a musician gained for her in general society a more enthusiastic appreciation than her literary attainments.

The combination of her gifts and acquirements excited the admiration of M. de la Popelinière to such a point, that he began frequently to sigh and say, "What a pity that she should be only thirteen!"—an ejaculation which the child wondered at in the first instance, but gradually began, not only to understand, but mentally to respond to. M. de la Popelinière, with his fifty years, was the hero of her fancy, and she would gladly have become his wife; but destiny did not intend it. A series of concerts, amateur plays, and dances, however, made the girl's life happy, and, according to her views, glorious. She played the first parts in tragedy comedy and farce, and was universally admired.

Aristocracy and literature were united at these entertainments at Passy, and it was no wonder that Félicité suffered when the visit came to an end, although, before that time, her hero had fallen in love and married another. She now returned to Paris with her mother, and cultivated music with assiduity. She had two offers of marriage, though only fourteen years of age—one from an old man of eighty, Baron de Zurlauben, another from a young widower of twenty-eight, handsome and accomplished, M. de Monville; he was also rich; but Félicité was ambitious, and resolved that she would take no husband but one attached to the Court.

While Félicité was practicing her accomplishments at Paris, her father, for a short time, rejoined his wife and daughter, but only to leave them again for a voyage to St. Domingo, on the pretext of there recovering the fortune he had lost. But it is evident that under no circumstances could he long tolerate domestic felicity. This voyage, however, was to decide the fate of his daughter. On his way home from St. Domingo, he was taken prisoner by the English, and was carried off to Launceston, in Cornwall, where he met with several other French prisoners, among whom there was one distinguished by his graceful manners and his remarkable intellect. This was the Comte de Genlis. He had done great service in the French navy, though still a very young man, and had received in acknowledgment the cross of St. Louis and the command of a vessel.

THE DUKE D'ORLEANS.

These two prisoners became friends, and a portrait of Félicité which M. de St. Aubin carried about with her letters excited the interest of M. de Genlis. Conversation frequently turned upon this subject. But M. de Genlis was not long in prison; his uncle, the Marquis de Puisieux, was then minister for foreign affairs, and speedily procured his liberty.

When M. de Genlis found himself free, he promised the friend of his captivity that he would spare no effort to procure his liberation. Accordingly, as soon as he reached Paris he conveyed letters to Félicité and her mother, and afterward besought his uncle with so much zeal to assist his friend, that three weeks after the date of his own arrival M. de St. Aubin joined him in Paris.

But his troubles did not end here. He was threatened with imprisonment for debt, and in vain applied to his wife's sister, Madame de Montesson, for the loan of 600 francs to extricate himself from his difficulty. He was in prison for a fortnight, at Fort l'Evèque, where his wife and daughter visited him daily; at the end of this time his debt was paid and he was released, but his health had suffered and his spirit was broken. His daughter devoted all her time and energies to him, and it was his only pleasure to converse with her and to listen to her music. During the period of his illness she forgot her vanities, and a self-sacrificing filial affection took their place. His death, which soon followed, deprived her, not of a parent who had watched over her, for he was a truant, but of a scholar who had appreciated and stimulated her mental faculties, and who had been her ideal of a man of intellect and a gentleman.

After this a friend compassionately offered to the widow some rooms in the convent of the Filles du Précieux Sang, Rue Cassette, and there the mother and daughter resided for four months. In this retirement they received a visit of ceremony from Madame de Montesson, whose refusal of the small loan before mentioned was the cause of their present affliction. She was met with icy coldness, but she went away satisfied that she had done her duty in complying with the laws of etiquette.

Félicité took an enthusiasm for the gentle nuns of the Sang Précieux, and was a favorite with them. Madame de St. Aubin received many visits in the parlor of the convent and, among others, those of an old friend of the family, the Baron d'Andlau, who was rather more than sixty years of age. This gentleman took a fancy to the young Félicité, and, presenting her with a large roll of parchment containing his pedigree, he offered her his hand and heart. In spite of his unimpeachable birth, she declined the offer, which he soon afterward transferred to her mother, who accepted it, and in the course of eighteen months they were married, Félicité thinking him better fitted for the *rôle* of *père noble* than that of *jeune premier*.

When they left the Convent of the Sang Précieux they removed to that of St. Joseph, where they hired apartments, and here they saw the world again. Félicité again began to act and sing. M. de Genlis was one of their frequent

visitors; tenderer feelings succeeded to the interest previously awakened, and he fell desperately in love with Félicité: he was loved in return.

They were privately married. A week before the marriage Félicité left the convent of St. Joseph to stay with her aunt, the Comtesse de Sercey, in the Rue de Rohan, and at a neighboring church the wedding took place at midnight. The reason of this secrecy was the anticipated indignation of the Marquis de Pisieux, who had provided for his nephew another bride in the person of Mlle. de la Motte, an orphan, whose inheritance was £1,600 a year, entirely at her own disposal. M. de Genlis had consented to this arrangement, M. de Puisieux had negotiated with the young lady, and now the nephew, so distinguished in battle, wanted the courage necessary to confess to the uncle his passion for Félicité. The displeasure of M. de Puisieux was severe and long lasting.

The greater part of the bridegroom's family withdrew from him upon the announcement of his marriage, but his eldest brother, the Marquis de Genlis, opened his house to him, and welcomed Madame de Genlis as a sister. The Marquis was an agreeable, dissipated man, whose extravagances had annoyed the Marquis de Puisieux; his dissatisfaction at the behavior of the elder brother had given an impulse to his affection for the younger, but now they had both equally offended him.

WHEN I COME HOME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 171.

The Marquis de Genlis had sacrificed to his follies very brilliant prospects. He was only fifteen when he found himself the inheritor of the fine estate of Genlis, about ten miles from St. Quentin; and M. de Puisieux, his uncle and guardian, being a favorite with the King, Louis XV., obtained for him, at that early age, the military rank of colonel, giving him, at the same time, this characteristic piece of advice:

"Be discreet and you will make a great marriage; promoted to the rank of colonel at fifteen years of age, you have a great military career before you; you will, eventually, possess the estate of Sillery as well as Genlis; and, for your sake, because I look upon you as my son, I will persuade the King, at the time of your marriage, to convert the marquisate of Sillery into a dukedom."

These prospects were too fair, and the young colonel at seventeen became addicted to play, and gave himself up to riotous living.

He was just twenty when at "one fell swoop" he lost £20,000 at play, previously owing £4,000 to his adversary. Upon this, M. Puisieux lost all patience and all pity. He obtained from the King a *lettre de cachet*, and his nephew was confined in the Chateau de Saumur for five years. By this act of severity, his best hopes were forfeited, and he was compelled to leave the army.

He found himself obliged, when he was liberated, to retire to his estate at Genlis, for Paris was prohibited until he should think fit to make a creditable marriage. Half of his estate went to the liquidation of his debts, the rest he enjoyed with a remarkable share of animal spirits still left to him, and took out in wit and gayety what he had lost in money. He and his adventures fairly illustrate the reign of Louis XV.: such men and such proceedings were common at that Court. If the young Marquis had not been related to a King's favorite, he would neither have been a colonel at fifteen nor a state prisoner at twenty. The frequency of similar vicissitudes perhaps made men indifferent to them, and the lightheartedness of the French aristocracy of that day may have been partly due to the despotism which made serious thought a useless faculty, and left all importance to the amusement of the hour.

M. de Genlis was a colonel of the grenadiers, and being

summoned to Nancy, in the month of November, he thought it prudent to establish his pretty wife in the Convent of Origny Ste. Benoite, rather than to take her with him into a dissipated society. Madame de Genlis, with her natural good humor, her harp, and her books, contrived to be quite happy in this position. She sang and danced, and played tricks on the nuns, practical jokes being the fashion of the time; during their sleep she would steal into the dormitory, and put rouge and patches on their cheeks, so that when they met at matins, each looked amazed upon the other's face.

M. de Genlis returned from Nancy after three months' residence there, and took his wife back again to Genlis, where they acted comedies and tragedies, played pranks with their friends, and composed and recited verses whenever they were not rehearsing their parts. They had many visitors, some of whom were distinguished by literary attainments. Madame de Genlis now read to her husband a novel she had composed at Origny, called "Adèle et Théodore," and he admired it and encouraged her to go on writing. The story was founded on the misfortunes of a nun at Origny, Madame de Rochefort, who had been compelled by her father to take the vail on account of her attachment to a cousin, of which he disapproved.

The next important event was the marriage of the Marquis de Genlis, which took place at Paris, and which was sufficiently aristocratic to bring back the affection of the Marquis de Puisieux, who took the part of father at the ceremony, while Madame de Genlis, then only twenty years of age, was supposed to be the mother. This was somewhat embarrassing, as M. de Puisieux had not yet forgiven his nephew for marrying her, and he was forced to offer her his hand in the wedding procession. He then perceived that hers trembled.

"You are cold—you shiver, madame," said he.

"No," she replied, frankly, "it is not that."

And, knowing what she meant, his heart was touched.

Thus two reconciliations were effected by the union of the Marquis de Genlis with Mademoiselle de Vilmeur. Félicité's own marriage had, by its distinction, called into play another family affection, and Madame de Montesson, who had turned her back upon her sister in adversity, smiled upon the prosperity of her sister's daughter. Acts of courtesy and affectionate letters succeeded to neglect. Madame de Genlis tolerated, if she did not enjoy, the change. Madame de Montesson occupied a good position in society, and perhaps this was an assistance to the power of forgiveness.

Monsieur and Madame de Genlis now took apartments at Paris, and some months later Madame de Genlis became the mother of a little girl, and experienced new sensations of tenderness, which she announces with a flourish, according to her nature. Nine months after her daughter's birth she was presented at Court, under the auspices of that Uncle and Aunt de Puisieux who had so long held themselves aloof from her.

It was a grand but tiresome ceremonial. The unfortunate little lady had her hair done and undone three times, and finally made up into the most unbecoming shape possible. She was then besmeared with rouge and powder, and forced to sit down to dinner with her *grand corps*, in order to accustom her to its discomforts. It left the shoulders bare, and cut the arms painfully; besides which the waist was so tight that it made eating impossible. There was a sharp discussion between Madame de Puisieux and the Maréchale d'Etrée (her daughter) as to the arrangement of the ruff, which, as Madame d'Etrée was backed by three lady's-maids, ended in the discomfiture of Madame de Puisieux; this she could ill endure, and sulked for some hours afterward. When the dress was completed by the hoop and train, the victim was desired to rehearse her entrance and her curtsey, which, having taken lessons from Gardel, dancing-master to the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, she executed to the satisfaction of her spectators; only Madame de Puisieux, embittered by her recent defeat, objected to a little kick of the train which Madame de Genlis was guilty of in walking backward. She calls it a *slight adjustment of the train with the foot*, but it is more generally known as a kick. Madame de Genlis protested that if she gave it up she should get entangled in her train and tumble down; but Madame de Puisieux imperiously pronounced it to be a bad theatrical habit, and insisted that it should be given up. It is to be regretted that Madame de Puisieux can receive no comfort now from our support, but she was clearly right in this matter. There is nothing more ungraceful than the backward kick, and it can certainly be avoided by practice. Madame Desclée, Madame Favart and Madame Chaumont may be cited as examples of perfect art in the management of the train. Madame Chaumont can go across the stage backward at a rapid pace without ever touching her train with her foot, and generally appears unconscious of its existence; it never comes unexpectedly to the front, or encumbers her walk.

Whether Madame de Genlis achieved such an amount of skill is not recorded; but at any rate, her presentation to Louis XV. was a success. The king was complimentary, and Madame de Puisieux was restored to equanimity. Madame de Genlis was struck with the King's dignity of bearing, with his perfect courtesy, and with his personal beauty, though he was then an old man. She describes his majestic look, which at once drew attention to him as the man who must be the monarch, and she makes some just remarks upon the necessity of such attributes for a sov ereign. It is only a pity when he has no others.

The return of Madame de Montesson's good graces affected the life of Madame de Genlis more deeply than could be anticipated; for it happened that the Duke of Orleans fell in love with Madame de Montesson, and privately married her, and that out of this alliance grew those relations between Félicité and the Duc de Chartres (Philippe Egalité), upon the true nature of which some doubts have been raised, which can probably never be explained.

As for Madame de Montesson, she was a scheming, fascinating woman, with enough coldness and enough artifice to compass any ambitious design she formed. It was, perhaps, inadvertently, as it was strangely, that she first roused the passion of the Duke. They were both at a stag-hunt, and found themselves together at a moment of general confusion, when a second lady accompanying them had dropped behind, when the hounds had lost scent; and the Duke's servants requested him, as it was very hot, to wait in the shade while they pushed on to ascertain the right path. The Duke consented, and he and Madame de Montesson both dismounted and went to rest under the trees. The Duke of Orleans was remarkably fat, and, being in a condition of fatigue and profuse perspiration, he asked leave to take off his collar; which being granted, he unbuttoned his coat and began to puff and blow with such a comical air of contentment that Madame de Montesson burst into a peal of laughter, and in her mirth addressed him as "*gros père.*" Her gayety had a charm in it which struck the heart of the Duke; he joined in her merriment, and he fell in love. He himself told this anecdote to Madame de Genlis, and she, who always likes to point the moral and adorn the tale, comments upon it as follows:

"C'est un effet sur avec les Princes que celui d'une familiarité imprévue, placée avec grâce à la suite d'une conduite respectueuse et réservée."

Madame de Montesson's marriage to the Duke of Orleans, though private, did not take place till the King's consent had been wrung from him; but there were conditions appended, which, although they did not ruffle the serenity of the Duke of Orleans, greatly irritated the lady of his choice. She was to retain her own name; she was to take no precedence as a princess; she was not to declare her marriage; and she was not appear at Court. These stipulations seemed to take from the conquest all its advantages; yet, in spite of present annoyance, the conqueror saw possibilities for the future; and, notwithstanding a promise given to the Duke de Chartres of a delay of two years, in order to test the constancy of his father, she now hurried on the marriage, which took place at midnight, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Paris, and in his own particular chapel; the witnesses being the two Lords Chamberlain, M. de la Tour du Pan, and M. de Dumas. The Duc de Chartres resented the hurry of these proceedings, and the breach of faith which they involved.

Meanwhile, Madame de Genlis had entered into the household of the Duc de Chartres, in the first instance at the suggestion of her aunt, and against the wish of some of her best friends. M. de Genlis was doubtful on the subject; but finally, finding his wife determined to belong to the Court of the Palais Royal, he obtained for himself the post of Captain of the Guards, in order that she might have a proper protector.

This was in the year 1770, and Madame de Genlis was twenty-four—young, pretty, vain, calculating and ambitious. It appears that many scruples of conscience beset her on this occasion. In the first place, she had promised her dearest friend on her deathbed not to enter the household of the Palais Royal; in the next place, she felt that her motives for breaking this vow were not altogether pure. She represented to her husband that it was with a view to the future advancement of her children that she accepted a post which brought her into immediate contact with the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres; but she confesses to the reader that another thought was in her mind, which was the glitter and gayety of life at Court. If this was all, her remorse seems disproportionate, and while she avows one feeling, suspicion is aroused of another; for the trick of a seeming frankness in owning a lesser fault is often used as a vail to conceal a greater one—nor is Madame de Genlis so subtle in this proceeding as she might be: her vanity betrays her, when, denying that her appointment was altogether due to Madame de Montesson, she says that the Duc de Chartres had been captivated by her.

This was, no doubt, true; and this was the secret cause of her disquietude. It was at once her hope and her fear; otherwise Court life, with its enticements and frivolities, was not new to her. She had always fluttered and hovered about it; nor was there any danger, but one, which it could offer, that was not already familiar to her. But whatever may have been her inward sentiment, it was partially masked to the world, and perhaps to herself, by an enthusiastic friendship which the Duchesse de Chartres conceived for her, and to which she eagerly responded. It was not, however, to the Duchesse de Chartres, but to Madame de Genlis, that Madame de Montesson (now Duchess of Orleans) appealed to bring about a reconciliation between the Duc de Chartres and his father; even holding out bribes to Madame de Genlis to obtain her intervention. She rejected the bribes with resentment, but the reconciliation was effected. She wrote to her aunt that she had no influence with the Duc de Chartres; but in an aside to the reader she avers that without her persuasions he would have remained for ever in open enmity with the Duke of Orleans. As it was, the film was thin which covered the ulcerous sore, and the rancor of Madame de Montesson knew well how to show off all the follies of the Duc de Chartres. He scarcely needed her help in that respect, but he got it, with good measure and running over.

Madame de Genlis found many enemies and few friends at the Palais Royal. The men were too gallant, and the women were too calumnious. In addition to this, her conscience was uneasy; and after a while she obtained leave to take a holiday at Brussels, from which she returned to find none of the softened feelings that she hoped for. Her power over the Duc de Chartres was still made use of, and still condemned.

Amongst many figures, effaced now, and deserving no resurrection, which then flitted briskly and with self-importance round the Palais Royal, there came one who is not to be forgotten, and the work of whose hands can never be obliterated: this was Jean-Jacques Rousseau. He asked to be reconciled to Madame de Genlis, having quarreled with her many years before for a puerility which it is worth while to relate, as an illustration of the singular temper of a man whose mind was in some qualities the most brilliant that France has known.

The whole account of the acquaintance between Madame de Genlis and this extraordinary personage is diverting The first meeting took place when Madame de Genlis was just eighteen and recently married. She was one day informed in great secrecy by a friend that M. de Genlis was preparing for her a little mystification on the subject of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whom she had expressed an ardent desire to know. He was so shy and strange a man that there was little prospect of inducing him to come to the house, and under these circumstances the vivacious husband bethought him of a means of gratifying his wife's fancy for a day, and making himself merry for many days afterward. He was a friend of the celebrated actor, Préville. Préville was short of statue, not unlike Rousseau in figure, and had the power of assuming any face and manner that he chose. He was to be introduced in disguise, as Rousseau, and Madame de Genlis was to sit in breathless ecstasy watching the great man who was the author of her favorite opera, the "Devin du Village," the only one of his works which she then knew.

She heard of this plot against her with childish delight, and laughed in her sleeve at the idea of the double mystification she would prepare, resolving to play the dupe and deceive her deceivers. Some time elapsed, however, and Madame de Genlis almost feared that her husband had forgotten his intentions, as, indeed, he had, when she was informed by him one morning that Rousseau had expressed a great desire to hear her play the harp, and that if she had no objection to this he would write to him to come the following day.

With suppressed mirth, believing that the promised trick was about to take place, she gave her consent, and all the afternoon she was in a state of unusual excitement and mirth. Her sudden fits of laughter surprised M. de Genlis, who expected, rather, to see her shy and embarrassed in expecting such a visitor. He had no recollection of his passing notion of calling in Préville, and looked forward to the arrival of the actual Rousseau with a certain degree of terror. What, then, was his astonishment when, at the moment of Rousseau's announcement, he saw his wife turn aside and laugh!

She was immensely diverted by the sight of the personage whom she supposed to be masquerading. His dress and demeanor were most comical; his wig was small and round, his coat was of a strange cut, and he wore maroon-colored stockings.

Madame de Genlis, biting her lips to keep back her smiles, received him with courtesy, but every now and then in the

course of the conversation which ensued, gave way to a fit of merriment. Rousseau attributed her mirth to his wit, and expatiated with eloquence upon the charms of youth.

Madame de Genlis thought Préville very clever, and especially admired the absence of caricature in his acting; he appeared more natural than when he was on the stage, and the only fault she found in his performance was his too great kindness, for Rousseau was generally described as gloomy and reserved, and his representative was open-hearted and good-humored. But, delighted to keep up the sport, she played her harp and sang several airs from the "Devin du Village," while Rousseau smiled on her as on a child with whom he was pleased.

He took leave, saying that he should come to dine with them next day, upon which she jumped for joy; and when the door closed upon him she gave way to a fit of immoderate laughter. Her husband frowned, and said he had not understood her behavior during this visit. On this she rallied him and begged him not to suppose her his dupe, adding that, after all, Préville had not played his part perfectly, for he had forgotten to be grumpy.

The name of Préville recalled to M. de Genlis his former project, and the friend who had revealed the plot being also present, there ensued much more mirth than the mystification formerly devised could have created. Madame de Genlis exacted a promise of secrecy, and Rousseau never knew that he had been taken for the great comedian, but conceived a liking for Madame de Genlis, as the merriest, pleasantest young lady he had ever met. He became a constant visitor to the house, but happening on one occasion to praise some wine at M. de Genlis's table, his host said:

"Allow me to send you some of it."

"I will accept two bottles," said Rousseau.

M. de Genlis sent him two dozen, and Jean-Jacques took mortal offense, and sent back the wine with a letter full of scorn and indignation. His rage lasted long, but Madame de Genlis wrote him a pretty letter, sending with it the two bottles of Vin de Sillery which he had consented to receive. He was apparently pacified, returned to the house, and resumed his intimacy with her; but he was never again quite friendly with M. de Genlis, and her turn was soon to come. M. de Sauvigny, a friend of both parties, had written a piece called "Le Persiffleur" for the Comédie Française, and Madame de Genlis requested Rousseau to go with her to the first night of its representation. He consented, on Madame's assurance that she had a *loge grillée* with a private entrance; and they set off in high spirits for their entertainment, though as a rule Rousseau avoided all theatres, because, he said, he disliked publicity. On the way there he said to Madame de Genlis:

"You are very much dressed, surely, for a *loge grillée*."

To which she replied:

"I dressed for you, not for the public."

And Rousseau was satisfied; the fact being that she had only added a few natural flowers in her hair to her usual dress.

When they reached the box, Madame de Genlis began to put down the *grille*, in order to screen Jean-Jacques as she had promised; but he arrested her hand, saying:

"No; it will spoil your pleasure."

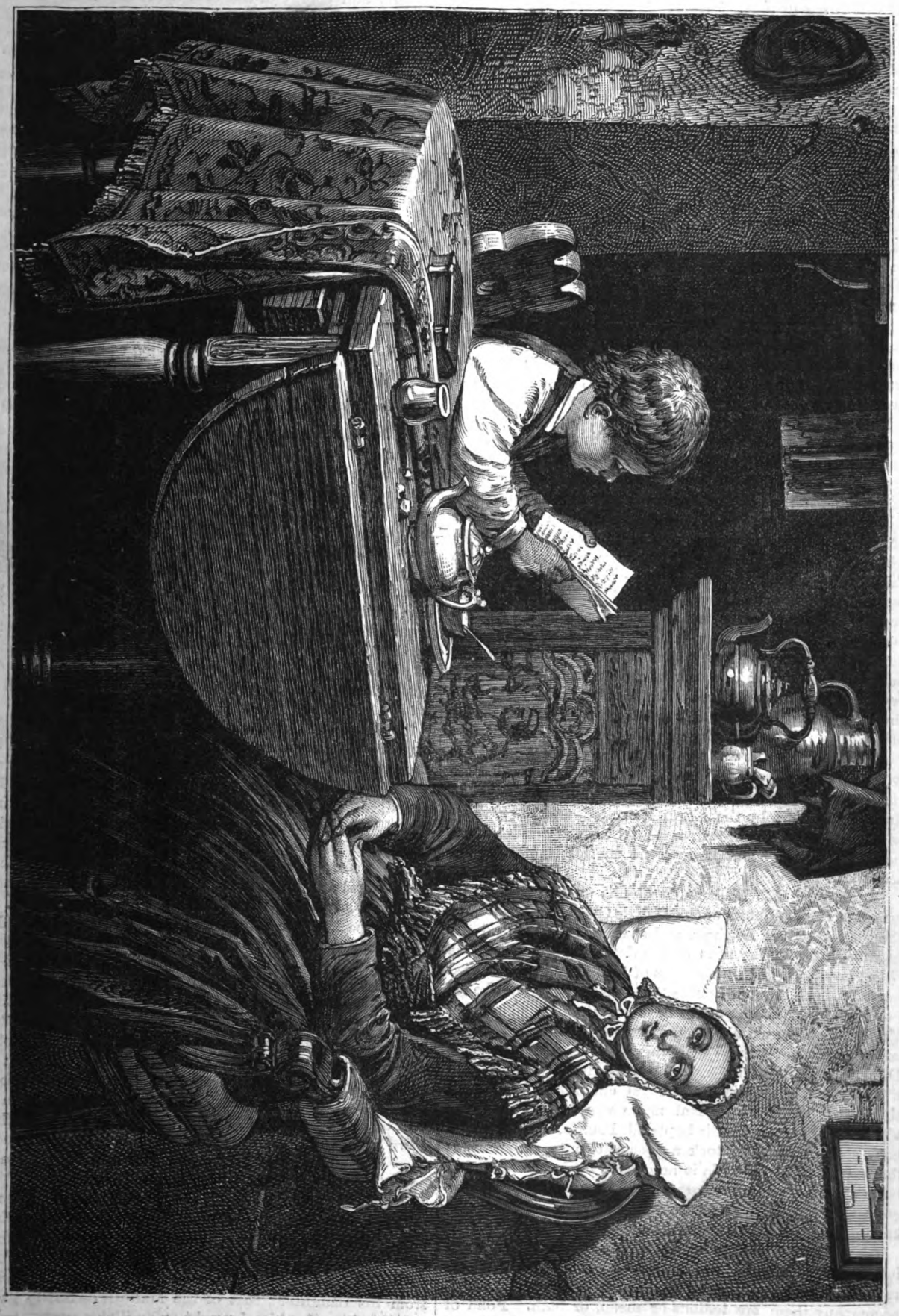
"Not at all," said she; "and besides, this was an understood condition."

A slight scuffle ensued between them, which ended in Rousseau's victory, as Madame de Genlis feared that they might disturb the performance, and Rousseau said he could hide himself behind M. de Genlis, which, for a moment, he did, but an instant after his head peeped out, and Madame de Genlis warned him to draw it back or he would be seen. But he would not alter his position, and he was seen. "Rousseau! Rousseau! Rousseau!" was murmured by several voices, and a few people got up to look at him, but there was no general excitement and no applause.

The play had begun, and it interested the public more even than the presence of the great Jean-Jacques. This angered him; a deep gloom came over him, and when they left the theatre, his face was terrible to see; refused to go home with his friends to supper as had been before arranged, and took an abrupt leave. The next day he sent a message through M. de Sauvigny to Madame de Genlis that he would never see her again, as she had entrapped him and taken

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.

MRS. PUFFY.—"*Dear me, Mr. Trotters, I'm afraid you've no room.*"
TROTTERS.—"*Deed I have—room to spare, if I could only find some fellow to come and take it.*"



THE MINISTERING CHILD.—SEE PAGE 183.

him to the theatre, to exhibit him as a lion. Her counter-statement was in vain, although M. de Genlis was prepared to support it.

He was so irritated at the want of a reception when he was secretly expecting one, that for six years he held himself aloof, and, as before said, it was when Madame de Genlis was established at the Court of the Palais Royal, that he indicated to her his desire for a renewal of friendship. Madame de Genlis refused, for such moods and humors were not to her liking; she had enough on hand without them.

It is but just to say that the description given by Madame de Genlis of the Princesse de Lamballe, for a while the favorite and always the friend of Marie Antoinette, has been corroborated by the letters recently published of Mercy d'Argenteau to Marie Thérèse. The faithful devotion of Madame de Lamballe to the Queen, her tenderness and her beauty, made people naturally unwilling to accept derisive comments upon her affectations and her intellectual deficiencies, and these satirical observations were generally attributed to the spite of a pretty, vain woman not caring to see another so prominent and so much loved.

Mercy d'Argenteau's letters, however, far exceed in severity those of Madame de Genlis, and it is certain that the Princesse de Lamballe was far from clever, and had many of the fashionable affectations of her time, which consisted in an exaggerated exhibition of delicate nerves, with periodical fainting fits. At the same time, both writers are probably mistaken in supposing these nervous attacks to be wholly assumed. Madame de Lamballe was a person of a delicate organization, and had gone through much suffering before the Queen came across her. Had it then, as now, been the mode for women to assume a manly deportment, she might have slapped away her fainting fits, or have swooned as quickly as possible in her own room, and have galloped across country five minutes after her recovery; but custom went the other way, and she yielded to the pleasure of exciting interest by her weakness, as the ladies of our day seek to inspire it by feats of force.

Madame de Genlis was present at the celebration of the wedding of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), and incurred some risk from the catastrophe which followed the explosion of fireworks, which, by the alarm it excited, and the rushing and crushing of the crowd, was fatal to such a large number of spectators. But there is no special interest in her account of it.

In the year 1777 Madame de Genlis was appointed governess to the daughters of the Duc de Chartres (Egalité), at the request of the Duchess, and some years afterward she became tutor to the sons at the desire of the Duke, the eldest boy being then nine years of age. The Duke offered her £800 per annum, double the usual salary, but she refused, and took charge of the boys gratuitously. Knowing English well herself, she wished her pupils to be thoroughly conversant with it; and with this view she requested the Duke to procure from England a little girl as pretty as possible, to be a playmate to the royal children. A beautiful child was found, whose real name was Alice Syms, but whom Madame de Genlis baptized Pamela, and in whom both she and Egalité took a passionate interest. This is the way in which Pamela is accounted for in the Memoirs, but a different origin was generally attributed to her. She grew up handsome and brilliant, and married the well-known Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

When events become great, Madame de Genlis shrinks into small dimensions, but there is an accuracy in her narrations which gives them value, though the thoughts which accompany them are tedious or mean, or both. Fond of shows, she took her royal children to a safe spot, whence they could witness the destruction of the Bastille; and the rapidity and energy of the destroyers are vividly set forth by her. She was a near-sighted woman, and did not then anticipate any of the results which followed that day's work.

It was at the beginning of the Revolution, after the death of the old Duke had made the Duchess of Chartres the Duchess of Orleans, that a serious quarrel took place between Madame de Genlis and her royal mistress. A difference in political opinion is suggested as the cause of this division, but there was probably a deeper reason. In a quiet time this breach would have been a grave matter; but change now succeeded change, and nothing was permanent but alarm and consternation. In the year 1791 Madame de Genlis obtained leave to quit France, the failing health of Mademoiselle d'Orleans being the ostensible motive for flight; but she had not been a year away when a mandate from Egalité ordered her return to Paris with her charge, lest they should be proscribed as *emigrés*. Afraid of the dangers on the horizon, she hesitated whether she should send her young pupil alone to Paris, remaining herself safe in London, and asked the advice of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He decided her to go by telling her that it would be unworthy of her name to stay, and she went. She found the Duke of Orleans in heavy gloom, and abrupt in manner. They had a sharp altercation, for she urged him to emigrate with his whole family to America; but he denied her, saying: "I have thrown in my fortunes with the Jacobins, and I shall hold to my word." She pressed M. de Genlis (now, by the death of his brother, Marquis de Sillery) to go also; but he would not; and he remained in Paris to be the one courageous deputy who dared to refuse his vote for the King's death, on the true ground that Louis did not deserve to die. After this act he went straightway to the prison of the Abbaye and surrendered himself, well knowing that he had decreed his own destruction. Accordingly he was not long afterward removed from the prison to the scaffold.

The Duke of Orleans dismissed Madame de Genlis (Sillery) to Tournay with his daughter (Belgium was at that time neutral ground), promising soon to recall Mademoiselle, and to release Madame from her charge. But it finally happened, after many panics and divers comings and goings, that they were thrown upon the protection of Dumouriez's army at St. Amand, the young Duc de Chartres accompanying them; soon the situation grew too hot for them, the general renounced the republican cause, and the Austrians were advancing; so Madame resolved on flight, and secretly packed her things and hired a carriage, intending to leave her tender princess to the care of God and her brother. She made believe to her conscience that the girl would be safer without than with her, and with all her usual self-esteem she stepped into the carriage, which was waiting for her with mounted postilions, at early dawn, in the street of St. Amand, and gave her order for departure; but an unexpected sight for a moment arrested her progress; the young Duc de Chartres appeared at her carriage-door, bearing in his arms his sister, whom he had plucked from her bed, on the discovery of Madame's flight, and whom he flung down by her side, with nothing but her nightgown to cover her, exclaiming: "Take her, in God's name; I am no guardian for her in this rough camp; away, away;" and so they fled, Madame de Genlis impelled to her duty now by the young prince, as she had previously been by Sheridan. They found refuge in the convent of St. Claire, at Brengarten, in Switzerland. The execution of the Duke of Orleans, soon following her own escape, was long concealed from his daughter; that of the Marquis de Sillery gave a shock to his wife which brought on an illness aggravated by

pangs of remorse, for there had been a time when a compliance of hers with his expressed desire, that she should leave the Palais Royal and come to live with him at his estate of Sillery, might have altered the course of his life. She refused, knowing that she was wrong, and in the edition of her Memoirs published in 1825 there occurs a passage wherein, to her expressions of self-reproach, she adds some words quoted from her work of "Les Parvenus," which contain a confession that a passionate affection for another, to whom she has devoted her life, was the cause of this denial. The quotation is omitted in the latest edition, and "Les Parvenus" is a book so wearisome that any secret committed to its custody is in the safest keeping.

It is as a writer for children that Madame de Genlis is most agreeable. The Palais de la Verité, in her "Veillées du Château," has in it the true quality of wit; but in her more ambitious fictions there is a mixture of sentiment and utilitarianism which might be dangerous if it were not tiresome.

We here conclude our extracts from her Memoirs; she having, at the hour when we leave her, lost, by the swift work of the guillotine, her husband, her royal protector, both her sovereigns, and most of her friends. She suffered after this some inconvenience from want of money, but she soon righted herself in this, as in other troubles, with the dexterity and suppleness of the nine-lived cat. M. Barrière, the editor of the one-volume edition of her Memoirs (1857), relates that he took his niece to see her as a curiosity, in the last year of her life, and she received them with the courtly manners which she ever retained, Upon the young lady she bestowed a long and meditative look, and then said: "Elle est charmante: cettte fraicheur, cet éclat, ce gracieux visage me reportent au temps de ma jeunesse: grâce à ma vie active et sobre, elle s'est prolongée plus que d'ordinaire; et même dans un age avancé les hommes m'entouraient d'hommages." Then, turning to the young lady, she added: "Ils vous diront que j'étais belle, très belle: ne les croyez pas, cela n'est pas vrai; mais j'étais excessivement jolie!"

THE MINISTERING CHILD.

No affection is purer or holier than that existing between mother and child. Usually it is the mother whose care and kindness are lavished upon her children; but in the accompanying picture we find these relations reversed, and the young boy endeavoring to lighten the hours of their weariness to his invalid mother.

The chubby-faced lad, no doubt, enjoys play as well as any of his fellows, and, at other times, would deem it a bitter disappointment to be deprived of participation in the sports and games of his playmates; but now his love for his mother causes him to remain by her side, and endeavor to repay her a portion of the kindness he has received from her. He is busily engaged in reading to her, and, however interesting the subject may be, we may be sure that the mother finds more joy in the fact of her child's presence than in any song or story pen has written.

The sweet patience of the invalid cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of all who look upon her face; and the intent, serious look of the boy, shows how fully he is engrossed in his self-imposed task.

The hours of convalescence are tedious at best, and only when soothed and enlivened by the loving attentions of those near and dear to us are they even endurable.

With a thoughtful consideration beyond his years, the boy has left his toys and games, and withstood the solicitations of his playmates to join their merry sports. We may be sure that his self-abnegation will be fully rewarded in time to come, and he will never regret that in the hour of sickness and trial he was able to be a "Ministering Child."

PEANUT.

The peanut (*Arachis hypogæa*), so common inour streets, where women sit retailing them, and so identified in most people's minds with the pit of a certain class of theatres in this country, is produced by a plant very curious in its mode of growth, and possessing a value which want of extensive cultivation has hitherto failed to give it.

Our illustration shows one growing. It has four broad, blunt leaflets in pairs. The plant grows from one to two feet high. The barren flowers are small, yellow blossoms, while the fertile ones are destitute of calyx, corolla and stamens. After a time the ovary elongates into a pod, and, by a strange provision of nature, inclines down and buries itself in the earth, as shown in our illustration. There it ripens, and becomes fit for use. The peanut is not, as some suppose, the root, like the potato—the real root is seen in the engraving—but simply a self-buried pod.

The peanut is raised in large quantities in North Carolina and some other States that offer a warm, sandy soil. It is also cultivated in South America, Africa, and, latterly, in the south of France. It is eaten raw or roasted, and is used by confectioners in a cheap candy.

It has its value, also, as containing an oil which greatly resembles olive oil, and, for some purposes, is esteemed one of the most valuable lubricating oils we possess.

It is a native of America, and species of it are found in Northern States. Besides its name peanut, it is also called pignut and groundnut.

CROMWELL'S AMBASSADOR'S RECEPTION IN SWEDEN.

Christina was in a large, fair room. At the door stood a guard of her partisans in gold-embroidered liveries. The room was hung with cloth of arras; in the midst of it were great candlesticks full of wax-lights, besides a great number of torches. The Queen was perceived sitting at the upper end of the room upon her chair of state, of crimson velvet, with a velvet canopy over it. Some ladies stood behind her, and a very great number of lords, officers, and gentlemen of the court filled the room. Upon a foot carpet, and near the Queen, stood the senators and other great officers, all uncovered, and none but persons of quality were admitted into that room.

As soon as I came within this room I put off my hat, and then the Queen put off her cap, after the fashion of men, and came two or three steps forward upon the foot carpet. This, and her being covered and rising from her seat, caused me to know that she was the Queen, which otherwise had not been easy to have discovered, her habit being of plain gray stuff. Her petticoat reached to the ground, over that a jacket, such as men wear, of the same stuff, reaching to her knees. On her left side, tied with a crimson ribbon, she wore the jewel of the Order of Amaranta. Her cuffs were ruffled *à la mode;* no gorget or band, but a black scarf about her neck, tied with a black ribbon, as soldiers and mariners do sometimes use to wear. Her hair was braided and hung loose from her head. She wore a black velvet cap lined with sables and turned up, after the fashion of the country, and which she used to put off and on, as men do their hats. Her countenance was sprightly. She had much majesty in her demeanor, and though her person was of the smaller size, yet her mien and carriage were very noble.

AT SARATOGA.

By Jennie K. Griffith.

Fleecy laces and warm beneath
A silken sunset shimmering through,
Sweet blush-roses and mignonette,
With tufts of English violet,
Dropped in the soft folds here and there,
Upon her bosom and in her hair;
Bands of gold with tawny glow,
Clasping her waist and arms of snow;
This is Fanny, and I am one
Basking myself in such May sun.

The pink of her face is the pink that shines
'Mid clusters of trailing arbutus vines;
Rosily deepening under your gaze,
To the pink that the wild rose wears always.
A charming something 'twixt blossoms that blow
And the blushes young faces alone may know.
Velvety, soft, dark eyes, and shy—
The dark of a moonless, Spring-night sky;
Warm and hushed, with the robin's breast,
Newly gathered in northern nest.

With the music telling bewildering things,
All of my pulses young birds' wings;
Her breath on my cheek as she floats and floats,
The palpable echo of dulcet notes;
One hand light as a reaching vine,
Dropped on my shoulder, and one in mine;
Her foot and my foot noiseless uplift,
By the waves of sound, as we whirl and drift;
Fanny and I waltz, and—you guess,
I fall in love too?—well, then, yes!

UNDER BAN.

By Mrs. M. W. Denison.

"Sir, you will oblige me by allowing me to pass."

The voice had a haughty inflection, and Geraldine Le Vert moved out of the dim organ-loft of Stoneden Church, her head high and her lips curved proudly.

Though she had evidently assumed her most stately bearing, there were signs of terror in her face, and, as she left the church (it was a week-day), she looked about as if anxious to meet some one on the road; but, seeing no one in view, she started at a paee so undignified as to be almost a run, until she came in sight of the principal street, with its drooping elms, shutting out the glare of the noonday sun. Then she subsided into her usual graceful motion.

Her mind was evidently ill at ease. Restless eyes, and cheeks that now blazed a burning red, now changed to a strange pallor, denoted this. Occasional frowns, that dented the white forehead deeply, quick claspings of the hands, and even almost indistinct mutterings, told that she had just gone through some unpleasant experience.

"How dared he?" she murmured. "A stranger—a foreigner! I never saw so bold a man. Why did his presence chill me so, like an augury of evil? What has he to do with *him?* Something, I know—something humiliating—something terrible! How dared he address me in that familiar way, with almost the manner of a maniac? I wonder if he was crazy? Who would look for such a thing in a quiet place like this? And then for him to revive those horrible memories! Oh, heaven! if I could have been spared that!"

A quiet and pretty place was Stoneden, embedded, like a jewel in rough setting, right at the foot of the mountains. Some called it a Paradise, and so, to the happy, it was; but Geraldine was not of the happy—far the reverse.

She had come to this country village two years before, an almost despairing woman, and, though time had somewhat deadened her sorrow, she yet felt life burdensome, and sometimes intolerable.

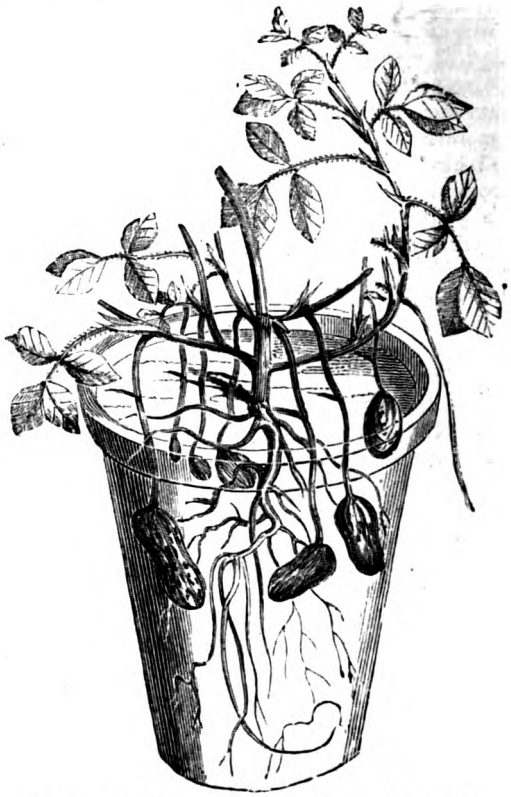
Passing down the main street, she turned into a pleasant lane, planted with elms, and presently found herself at the door of a pretty cottage-house standing in the midst of a wilderness of vines and blossoming trees.

Lifting the knocker, she knocked hurriedly, and, at the summons, a staid, Quaker-looking lady, with silver hair and pleasant blue eyes, came to the door.

"I knew it was you, by your knock," she said, her plain face made attractive by a gentle smile. "Are you not well?" she asked, anxiously. "You are breathing so quick—did you run?"

"Oh, aunty, don't question me," replied Geraldine, with tones at the same time petulant and passionate. "I'm not feeling well. But I shall be better soon," she made haste to say, in a softer voice.

The old lady, used to her moods, walked into the



THE PEANUT (ARACHIS HYPOGÆA).—SEE PAGE 183.

UNDER BAN.—"'SIR!' SHE ROSE HURRIEDLY FROM HER SEAT, SHAKING OFF THE RUDE TOUCH—'I CANNOT ANSWER YOU. IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU—YOU WILL OBLIGE ME BY ALLOWING ME TO PASS!'"

little parlor, while Geraldine hurried to her own room.

"Oh, miserable! Why can I not tear him from my heart?" she cried, with a heavy sob. Then, lifting her head, she saw herself in the long toilet-mirror opposite. A white face; large, dreary, dark eyes, rendered yet more pathetic by the violet tinge that circled them; lips perfect in their outlines, but, ah! how pale and drawn!

"Only twenty, and looking nearer forty!" she murmured. "Well, what is there to keep me from growing prematurely old? I have given up the world, and the world has given me up. I tried to love its ways, its fashions, and even its follies; but I couldn't—I couldn't!"

"I'm sure she was bright enough this morning," said Miss Armitage, resuming her old-fashioned lace-work.

Miss Armitage had for years taken the place of the mother Geraldine had never known.

Yes, Geraldine was brighter than usual on that fateful morning; her aunt, always on the watch, had observed that she ate her breakfast with more appetite, and entered into the little details of the day with some of her former spirit.

"It's such a lovely morning!" Geraldine said, after breakfast. "I'll go down to the church and play for an hour or two."

"So I would, dear," her aunt responded, cheerfully; "but do lock yourself in. I had a dream last night that makes me uneasy."

"I should feel like jumping out of the window if I did that, at the slightest noise," was the girl's answer. "No; I always take the key with me up into the organ-loft, and I feel safer with the doors wide open."

Moving quietly along the pleasant road, she felt strangely happy—so unusually light-hearted, that once she asked of herself, "What is going to happen to me? It cannot be possible that the cloud that has so long shadowed my life can be lifting."

The little church of Stoneden was like a picture, inside and out. She had, some time before, consented to play the organ; it diverted her mind from its sombre channel of thought, and gave her congenial employment.

So the church was a Mecca to Geraldine. In all her troubles, here, in the solitude of its cloistered aisles, she could come and pour out her soul in music. The sexton's son, a boy of eight, with a head white and shining, was always on hand at sight of her signal, for she paid him liberally.

On this particular morning, the cool, rich interior harmonized with the quiet and peace of her own spirit, and it seemed to her that the organ assumed a vitality that made its tones like the responses of a human heart.

Suddenly there was the sound of some one entering below-stairs. Geraldine paused a moment; but, secure in the companionship of the sexton's son, whose white head bobbed indefatigably just within her line of vision, she played on. A few steps more, and then there was silence. It was very probably the rector, who sometimes came to the church-study, and she did not mind him.

Presently her fingers wandered again into the little melody which she began, weaving in and out of a series of harmonies, while her face seemed to lose all its sunshine, and her lips trembled. Then, in a voice but just audible, she sang the theme in the following words:

"While life is sweet, and one adores,
While blue is all the sky;
And my free spirit sings and soars,
I cannot bear to die.

But when as doves, with snowy wings
Broken, forget to fly;
My heart, sore hurt, no longer sings,
I almost long to die.

Oh, trust! oh, love! I give farewell
With this my soul's last sigh;
Hope hath no flattering tale to tell—
I'm ready now to die."

As she finished, she felt a presence near her, and, suppressing a cry, she turned to see a stranger standing at her side, hat in hand, some deep emotion visible on his countenance. The face had a foreign cast, and was piercing of eye, while the powerful forehead, straight eyebrows and long, careless hair, spoke of the poet or *littérateur*.

Geraldine was startled. A strange feeling crept to her heart—not fear, but a thrill, vibrant and intense.

"Pardon me, miss," said the man, "but the air you were playing has a peculiar significance to me." His voice trembled. "Will you tell me of whom you learned it? I was not aware that it had ever been published."

"It is not in print," she answered, not without constraint, and growing paler and paler.

"What! not in print? Then, great heaven, where did you hear it—where learn it? Who——"

In his eagerness, that seemed almost frenzy, he forgot himself so far as to lay his hand upon her shoulder.

"Sir!"—she rose hurriedly from her seat, shaking off the rude touch—"I cannot answer you. It is quite impossible. I have nothing to say to you—you will oblige me by allowing me to pass;" and, with all the strength and dignity she could command, she pressed her way between him and the choir-chair, and went, faint and trembling, out of the church.

The man she had left behind stood for a moment as if chagrined, but did not attempt to follow her.

Geraldine had left the organ-loft; the rustle of her garments had subsided, and the stranger turned to the organ, and commanding the boy to blow—a performance which the young tow-head had slowly kept up, wondering in his phlegmatic fashion what the matter was—he played the same sweet, sad air, proving himself, by his touch and style, a thorough master of the instrument. Then he rose, went thoughtfully down to the railing, glanced over the church, sighed, and called the boy to him.

"You were not paid to-day for your work?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Here is some money. Now tell me, where does the lady live?"

"Miss Geraldine, sir—our organist?"

"Yes; if that was she who just went away."

"I guess you frightened her, you did."

"Speak quick, if you want some more money—where does she live?"

"Why, you goes up Main Street to Cedar; you turns Cedar and comes to Brook, what's a little street. Well, that's where she lives, in the cottage used to be Squire Hart's. He up and died, and Miss Hart sold it to her."

"On Brook Street? That will do. What a brute I was!" the man soliloquized. "I should have known that my abrupt manner would frighten her. But how did she learn that air, if not from *him?* Great God, grant that I may be on the right track this time! It seemed like the echo of his voice, and the words were his, too. I must find this woman again, and, by some gentler method, learn how she possessed herself of both words and music. Can he have loved her? She is very beautiful, though there is a look of suffering in her face. Poor, poor Henreich!"

He went slowly out of the church, as she had gone. Something in the road caused him to stop—he picked up a pair of dark gloves.

"Hers, perhaps," he muttered. "Good! with them I can gain admittance to this dainty madam."

Geraldine still sat in her room, lost in thought, when the

maid entered to say that a gentleman was in the parlor waiting to see her, and would not detain her long.

In an instant she comprehended who it was. But a moment before she had taken herself to task for her ungracious behavior of the morning. Now she was eager to accord the stranger an interview.

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes grew brilliant. She looked beautiful when she went in to meet him.

Reflection had calmed her judgment; she wished to observe him more closely, for it had occurred to her more than once that there was some resemblance between him and the man she so hopelessly loved, who was parted from her for ever.

As their eyes met, she became again confused, for the tremor which had agitated her before returned.

"I found a lady's gloves," he said, "on my way here."

"They are mine," was the low reply, as she took them and thanked him; then waited for further communication.

"I have to ask your pardon for my unintentional rudeness this morning," he commenced; "but great anxiety, and hope long deferred and suddenly awakened, must be my apology. Pray let me hope you will answer the question I am about to put to you?"

She bowed her head, and was silent.

"Did you know Henreich Leland?"

"Did I know—Henreich Leland? Did I know him?"—a spasm of pain seemed to change her features. "Yes, I did know him," she replied, with difficulty; then, after a brief pause, "I may as well tell you all. He was my betrothed husband. We were to have been married on the 14th of September, two long years ago."

She paused, growing very pale, contending with some unpleasant recollection.

"And the marriage——"

"Was delayed unavoidably. The bridegroom never came."

"Unhappy man! What, you were ready and waited——"

"Hours, sir. Everything was prepared; even the guests had come. Nothing was wanting but his presence. Oh, it was terrible, terrible!"

She covered her face and trembled from head to foot.

"Great heaven!" ejaculated the stranger. "Poor—poor Henreich!"

"It was a time that it is an agony even to remember; to recall it is beyond me. Everybody blamed him, and some cursed him. I, however, who had suffered most, kept silence. Something seemed to excuse him to me, though, certainly, his conduct seemed base enough; but—but I could not help it."

"And you never heard from him again? Alas! sorrow and despair may have broken his heart."

"I did hear from him again, indirectly," she said, in an agitated voice.

"You will tell me what it was? I have reason to take an interest in his fate."

"Perhaps you are related to him?"

"I am his half-brother. His mother was also mine."

"Ah, I see now; that accounts for the slight likeness I noticed."

"Yes, I have been said to resemble him. Ah, if it had gone further than the mere outward likeness! I am not his equal in goodness of heart. I was always jealous of his superior genius—of his beauty. Both inheritors of the gift of music in a large degree, he was far beyond me as a composer, and also as a poet. His should have been a brilliant future. But you said you heard from him?"

"Yes, a few months after that unfortunate night. I was nearly heart-broken by his seeming cruelty, and was just recovering from an attack of fever, when a letter came to me, written by some one in his confidence. It merely said that inclosed was a note, which I was at liberty to open if I wished, but which the writer made it imperative for me to do should I ever hear of anything to his advantage, as it would reveal a clue by which he might be found."

"Great God!" I thank Theo!" said the stranger, much moved. "He must, then, be in hiding."

"And for what? In hiding! That supposes—what I dare not think of him!" cried Geraldine.

"Did you read his letter?" asked the stranger.

"I never did."

"What!"

"I never could—never dared. It seemed to me that if I did I should, perhaps, doubt his honor—his integrity. Once he hinted at something that sent my blood cold to my heart. What if this letter should confirm my suspicions! No, I wished to think well of him to the last. I tried, therefore, to put it, as well as him, out of sight."

"But have you never wished to possess yourself of its contents?"

"Never!"

"You are a most extraordinary woman!"

She smiled sadly.

"I believe I have been unlike other women since that time," she said. "Love, hope, everything—even curiosity—has been dead. Yet, try as I will, I cannot forget."

"My brother is to be envied," said the stranger, with an admiring look. "I bring news greatly to his advantage. Will you now allow yourself to open that letter?"

"It certainly seems to be my duty to do so," she answered, after a slight pause, growing pale as she spoke. "At all events, I will get it."

She re-entered her own room, where her aunt was.

"Well, my dear," said the latter, in her quiet, even voice, "I never expected to see a gentleman at Brierly Cottage. It can be no pleasant errand, I fear, for you are as pale as death."

"Don't worry about me, aunty," Geraldine said, as unconcernedly as she could. "The gentleman has only come to inquire for a friend."

But her aunt still watched her.

"No ghost could be whiter," she said, sadly, and shook her head.

Meantime, the stranger, left to himself, stood looking thoughtfully into the garden.

"How they have suffered! Just Heaven!" he murmured; "and the poor fellow as innocent as a babe! Oh, it has been a wretched business! I dread to hear from him. Where has he spent all this dreary time, while suffering for the guilt of another? I know I should have gone mad for the loss of this noble girl. God help him!"

Geraldine entered again, still pale, and with a half-frightened expression in her eyes and movements. In her hand she held the letter. She only said:

"I have brought it."

"You will read it, will you not?"

"Oh, yes—that is—indeed, I have not the courage," she murmured, irresolutely. "Can it be—any crime—anything reflecting on his honor? I could not bear it."

"There is no stain upon his honor," was the response; "that I can swear; but he has been the victim of unhappy circumstances. If you will open the letter, Miss Le Vert, I can exonerate my poor brother—believe that."

Through the mist that seemed to have gathered in her eyes, she could not read with readiness the following lines:

"MY WORSHIPED GERALDINE: When you read this I shall be far away. God only knows the agony of my soul as I pen the last lines it may ever be my privilege to write to you. I am one of those unfortunates whose lives are burdensome, not from the committal of

crime, but from the accusation of enemies. A terrible deed has been laid to my charge—a deed most revolting, and that I will not name to you. For years—now nearly five, since I left my native land a fugitive, though entirely innocent—I have pursued the even tenor of my way unmolested. You knew that I had forsaken my country, but you little dreamed for what cause. To-day, when the cup of bliss is near my lips, when the future seems like a glimpse into heaven—when you were waiting to seal the dear promises you have given—to-day I hear that my deadliest enemy is watching the very house in which I am writing this letter to you—nay, more, I see him, though he cannot see me—and I feel that there is no more hope in life for me. And yet I tell you again I am an innocent man. To make you my wife to-day, to be arrested to-morrow—oh, I could not bring upon one I love this shame and disgrace! It would be acting the part of a fiend if I did so. My heart is broken. God grant, in His mercy, to take me soon from the wretchedness that consumes and destroys me! If I should ever be inquired for by *a friend*, send to ——" (here came the directions.) "These parties will inform you where I am."

This, and what followed—the warmest protestation of unaltered love, which the young girl silently perused — Geraldine devoured, with burning eyeballs. Then she looked up. The stranger was studying her face intently. A sudden terror possessed her.

"How do I know," she cried, in alarm, "that you are what you represent yourself to be? Under the guise of relationship, you may be his enemy, coming to take him to some terrible fate."

A KNOWING DOG.— SEE PAGE 191.

"But I am not his enemy," said the stranger. "I don't know exactly what credentials I have which will satisfy you—stop! You know his handwriting. I happen to have by me a letter written by him years ago, and which I have always kept by me."

He produced the missive, in which the ink was faded, and which commenced thus: "Dear Brother Gustave," and was signed, "Yours, in love, Henreich Duvale."

"Yes, I am satisfied that this is his writing, and I believe you. Take this letter—read it for yourself," said Geraldine, handing it to him.

The stranger walked toward the window. He seemed much overcome, and, as he read, once or twice put his handkerchief to his eyes. When he returned he was more collected.

"I am going to tell you all about it," he said. "Will you be seated, and will you take the trouble to listen?"

The trouble to listen! The poor girl was throbbing from head to foot with curiosity and dread.

"Berlin was my brother's native city," he said. "His father was for years organist of the cathedral, and enjoyed an immense popularity as a musician.

"Among his scholars of some promise was a young girl named Emily, not more than seventeen, with whom three persons were infatuated—a young German student, my brother Henreich, and myself. The girl was exceedingly beautiful, and possessed the faculty of seeming to favor each of her admirers; but the one she really loved was Barnard, the student, whose father was immensely rich, and whose family was very powerful. The girl was fond of admiration, ardent, artful, and a born coquette.

"As I said before, she was wicked enough to encourage all three of us, making each by turns fancy himself the favored suitor, but at the same time being really engaged to Barnard. Of this we, of course, were ignorant, until Barnard and my half-brother quarreled. They even drew weapons; but, fortunately, it ended in a war of words.

"As it happened, however, my brother was overheard more than once to use threatening words when Barnard was mentioned, and everybody who knew them knew also that they were enemies. Still worse, he was heard to declare that Barnard had lived too long. That day poor Barnard was found in the room of the house where he boarded, dead in his blood. There had been a terrific struggle, and all appearances indicated that he had been attacked in a cowardly manner from behind. He boarded with a widow lady quite advanced in years, and she, being deaf, heard nothing of the struggle."

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" exclaimed Geraldine. "I knew he had loved some one else, but he called it a mad, foolish infatuation."

"It was nothing more with us both. The girl was not worth the honest love of a good man. The poor child paid for her trifling with her life, however. The shock of the news threw her into a fever, and she died shortly after.

"Of course, the circumstances pointed at once to my half-brother as the murderer. Even I believed in his guilt, but, for the sake of our family, which stood high, I advised

him to fly for his life. I assisted him off, not believing his protestations of innocence at all. He was successful in his flight, and it was so arranged that it should seem as if he had taken the law into his own hands, and committed the act of self-destruction by drowning."

"Oh, what an awful story!" exclaimed Geraldine. "But he was innocent?"

"You shall hear," continued the stranger, gravely. "For three years we held no intercourse with each other whatever. My father, who was broken much by this shock, believed him dead; I, myself, had almost come to the same conclusion. The fourth year, I received one letter from him; it was a sad one, in which he still protested his innocence, and declared that he would not change his name. Yet here and there were gleams of hope. One man in

THE SECRET PANEL.

our community still nursed the longing of revenge, never for one moment believing that Henreich was either innocent or dead. That man was Emily's only brother. The girl had been his idol, Barnard his dearest friend; consequently he suspected me of complicity, and watched and dogged my footsteps, declaring that he lived only for vengeance. By persistent following, he found at last that I sometimes received letters from America. That was over two years ago. He was the man my brother saw, and from whom he must have escaped by a miracle. One year after that he, too, died.

"And now comes the romance of the story. Three months ago, in the early part of April, a man came to my house near midnight, with a message from some person living in an obscure part of the city. I felt disinclined to leave my comfortable quarters, and offered to go early on the following day.

"'He says as how he can't die easy till he tells you somethin,' said the messenger.

"In a moment it flashed over me that this might concern my brother's innocence; and, though it was the worst quarter of the city, I did not make any more excuses. Something seemed to impress me that, at last, the truth would be known.

"Arming myself in the man's presence, I put on my hat and cloak, and accompanied him to the place designated. I found it a mean and deserted building, evidently unfit even for tenants of the less respectable sort. In one room which had been made comparatively comfortable, although both wind and rain found easy access, I saw a miserable cot, from which a haggard, wasted face looked up at me.

"I suppose I need scarcely tell you that this poor wretch, so near his end, confessed to the murder of Barnard, and that for the basest purpose—to rob him of his watch, which was very valuable, and the large sum of money he was supposed to have on his person, from the fact that he had that morning cashed a heavy check at one of the principal banks. The man watched his opportunity, and, as my brother went out, made his way unperceived into the house, to the room of Barnard, and there, after an awful struggle, killed the unfortunate man, but failed to secure either money or watch. The former Barnard had concealed, the latter happened to be undergoing repairs.

"I lost no time in procuring witnesses and taking down the confession in writing. The poor wretch, being in a dying state, could not be touched. Thus, thank God! you see the character of my brother is free from stain."

"Oh, God be praised!" exclaimed Geraldine, the tears raining from her beautiful eyes.

"No wonder the flight of Emily's unfortunate brother, at the time he was to have become a happy bridegroom, drove him nearly beside himself!"

"Ah, poor Henreich!" sighed Geraldine; but a beautiful light irradiated her countenance.

"I started for America, taking care that my brother's innocence was thoroughly published. I am happy to add that the good news so wrought upon my father that it raised him from a bed of sickness, and all my family met together, with great rejoicing, before I left home. Since then I have wandered from city to city, till, led in the most extraordinary manner to this secluded spot amid the mountains, where I came to seek for health, I chanced to stop before the little church. And judge how my heart thrilled when I heard the song and air which my brother wrote not long before he left me, and which I knew he had never published, on account of its associations. And now to find him! God grant that he may still be among the living!"

Geraldine rose as he did, and stood before him, her pale countenance almost transfigured.

"If he were dead," she said, slowly, "my heart would have told me."

"Thank you, for the hope you give me; and be sure you shall be the first one to hear of my success if I have the good fortune to find him," he replied. "I shall go immediately to this address, and from there I will communicate with you."

"Smiling, but like one yet in a dream, Geraldine left the room, as he bade her adieu; and, sinking on her knees prayed out of the rapture of her great relief.

* * * * * * *

Two men stood in the hallway of a house princely in its proportions, but which was in reality a hospital for the insane. One of them we recognize as the stranger. The other was a friend who introduces the person who accompanies him to the doctor of the establishment.

"You will find the person you seek in the billiard-room," said the doctor; "he sometimes amuses himself in company with the patients."

"And do they consider him insane?"

"Oh, yes; they think everybody crazy but themselves," replied the doctor, laughing. "I have one or two medical men among my patients, who consider *me* insane, and prescribe for me accordingly. It is they who take care of me, so they imagine. Here is the billiard-room, sir."

The three had been walking slowly along the finely arched hall, when suddenly they found themselves in a large and lofty room, in which were groups of gentlemen—some engaged at the game, others talking together, still others watching the players.

Drawing back, they stood for a while in the shadow, and continued their conversation.

"I cannot say," remarked the stranger, "but that your brother's mind might have been a little unhinged when he first sought an asylum here. At all events, I knew he feared insanity and wished for entire seclusion and medical advice; and, as he had some acquaintance with the doctor, a clear-headed, kind-hearted fellow, he thought it best—Ah! he has recognized you."

A loud and hurried exclamation from the midst of the small circle of players denoted that the man was right.

With another quick, joyous cry of delight, Henreich came hastily forward, his eyes radiant, his cheeks crimson.

"Saved! saved!" he exclaimed. "The doctor says you bring good news?"

And the next moment the brothers were weeping in each other's arms.

"Yes, it is all right. We found the murderer. You are declared innocent by a mighty tribunal—the people."

"Ay, the same who would have torn me to pieces at the first. But thank God! thank God! I am a free man at last! It is what I have hoped, but scarcely looked for. How did you find me? for I have not dared to correspond with any one."

"By a singular providence. After a long and fruitless search, one hot, dusty day I stopped before a little country church, and heard an organ."

"Yes, and what said the organ?" queried Henreich, as his brother paused, smiling.

"It said Henreich lives, for I heard an air and a voice. The voice sang the words you composed just before the great trouble fell upon you. It was as the voice of an angel."

Henreich caught at his hand, breathing hard.

"Your words mean—oh! I scarcely dare hope—and yet, there was but one person in the wide universe, besides yourself, who knew that song. And her I laid under obligations never to reveal the author."

"And what if it was that very person I heard?" queried

his brother, with moistening eyes. "If her name was Geraldine——"

Henreich staggered, and put his hand to his heart.

"Geraldine! Can she have preserved my memory?"

He grew pale, his head hung down, and again he whispered, "Geraldine!"

"Are there, then, no faithful hearts among women?" asked his brother.

A light broke over the face of Henreich.

"She is not married, then?"

"She is not married," echoed his brother. "She does not know where you are, but sympathizes deeply with your misfortune, and almost the last words she said of you were, 'My heart tells me he is not dead.'"

"Faithful heart!" murmured the man, tears springing to his eyes. "She has not forgotten me—she sings my poor little song."

He turned away, overcome with emotion. Presently he said:

"Come! go with me to my room! To-night I leave this place! Great Heaven! shall I know again what freedom is?—freedom! freedom! I have been a slave for seven long years. *Exultemus Deo!*"

He looked like a new man.

Hope and love had banished every trace of age. Sorrow no longer sat enthroned upon his brow. He had been known as the man who never smiled.

Under the ban of murder, is it any wonder that a man forgets to smile.

There is little more to add, save to say that the pretty cottage on Brook Street was the scene of a wonderful meeting some ten days afterward. Geraldine, in her bridal dress, welcomed the lover so long banished.

A KNOWING DOG.

There was a panic in a Paris street over the conduct of a magnificent retriever in front of the window of a picture-frame dealer. He jumped, yelled, barked, tried to make his way through the glass; and he was mad, of course. The bystanders were about to kill him, when a philosopher interfered. It seemed to him that all this strange conduct in the dog showed method, and had reference to a portrait of a lady which stood in the show-window.

He was allowed to enter the store after the picture had been placed in another position. He at once rushed up to it with frantic signs of joy. He evidently knew the portrait or the original. And so it proved. The lady, it was soon ascertained, lived in Marseilles, and the dog had been stolen from her many months before. He had recognized his mistress in the painting, and by a strange chance was thus enabled to regain his old, pleasant quarters by means of the accidental placing of the picture in the show-window to exhibit its beautiful frame.

THE INDIANS OF THE AMAZON AND THEIR BLOWGUNS.

This singular weapon is found only among two widely separated savage tribes—the Indians of the Amazon and of Guiana in South America, and among the Dyaks of Borneo. Of that used in South America, and shown in our illustration, there are two leading varieties. The first of them is termed the zarabatana, or gravatana, and is found throughout a very large tract of country southward of Guiana, when it takes a somewhat modified and improved form.

The zarabatana is exceedingly heavy, and requires not only a strong but a practiced arm to hold it steady. A far superior weapon, called the pucuna, or gravatana, larger, lighter and more easily handled, is made by the natives of Guiana; that used by the Macoushie tribe being the best.

The essential portion of the blowgun is the ourah. This is a singular reed, which grows on the ridge of the Upper Orinoco. Like the bamboo, it grows in clusters, and, though not exceeding half an inch in diameter, the first fourteen or sixteen feet are without a knot. The portion used for the blowpipe is the first joint, which is uniform in diameter throughout, and is naturally polished within. One end is chosen to serve as a mouthpiece, and is bound with a string made of silk-grass; and the other is tipped with the half of the acuero nut, which is very hard, and prevents the end of the weapon from being injured by accidental blows against a tree or the ground. This acuero seed acts as a fore sight by which the native hunter can direct his weapon.

Such a weapon as this is exceedingly light and easy to handle. It is held in rather a curious manner. The left hand is turned with the palm upward, and the elbow against the hip. The hand then grasps the blowgun within a hand's-breadth of the mouthpiece, and the right hand seizes it, palm downward, in the space left by the other hand. The blowpipe is then raised, not by the arms, but by bending back the body; and it is astonishing to see how steady it can be held for a lengthened time—a steadiness which can never be gained if it be held by stretching out the right arm and grasping it at some distance from the mouth.

The shaft of the arrow is made of the leaf-ribs of the coucourite palm, a species of areca. It is about ten inches in length, no thicker than a crow-quill, and at one end is brought to a point as sharp as a needle by scraping it between the teeth of the pirai-fish.

When properly made and mounted, these arrows can be propelled with wonderful force. The force comes entirely from the lungs, the cheeks having nothing to do with it. When an arrow is rightly propelled, it flies from the tube with a slight pop, like that which is produced by quickly drawing the cork of a small bottle. It is quite invisible for some little time, so rapid is the motion; and even when fitted with white instead of yellow cotton, the eye can scarcely follow its course.

Such an instrument as this is simply invaluable for the purposes to which it is devoted. It is intended to be used almost exclusively for killing birds and small monkeys, both of which creatures live on trees. Now, as the trees of Guiana run to an enormous height, some of them attaining at least a hundred feet before they throw out a branch, it will be seen that the birds are beyond the reach of shotguns. The pucuna can throw an arrow higher than a gun can propel a shot, and if the needle-like point enters any part of the bird, the effect is fatal.

There is another advantage which the pucuna possesses over firearms. The report of the gun frightens away every bird within sound, whereas the pucuna is practically noiseless. The slight pop with which the arrow is expelled does not alarm the birds, and an expert hunter can kill twenty or thirty birds from one tree without alarming the others.

Just before the arrow is put into the blowgun, the hunter places it between two of the pirai-teeth already mentioned, and turns it round between his fingers. He thus cuts it through just above the poisoned portion, so as to leave a mere thread of wood attaching the head to the shaft. If, therefore, the bird or monkey, on feeling the smart, should seize the arrow and withdraw it, the poisoned head snaps off and is left in the wound.

THE INDIANS OF THE AMAZON AND THEIR BLOWGUNS.—SEE PAGE 191.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"AS THE COUNT STOOD GAZING DARKLY DOWN UPON THE LIFELESS GIRL, FINETTE RUSHED ACROSS THE ROOM, FLUNG HIM VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE PANELED WALL, AND SNATCHED HER YOUNG MISTRESS FROM THE FLOOR."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXIX.

(Continued.)

A servant opens a pair of doors on the first landing, and they walk across a space decorated with rare plants, and on into a superb *salon*, paneled with paintings of flying cupids and rose-garlands. At its farther end a glass door leads into a little green, dewy garden. Wax-lights burn in the room, and show the splendor of its appointments—its gilding and buhl and malachite, its flashing mirrors, and the gold embroidery which covers the rose satin of the Louis Quinze furniture.

The countess sinks down upon a sofa, her opera-cloak slipping from her shoulders, her rich draperies exhaling the odor of crushed violets. The count advances to her side. An unbecoming scowl darkens his face.

"Madame," he begins, "there is not a solitary franc left at your banker's."

She signifies that she is conscious of the fact.

"A month ago you wrote to your father for fresh supplies. You assured him that he must deposit twenty thousand dollars to your credit immediately. And the money has not yet arrived—Monsieur Sardis has deigned you no word of answer."

"True," she replies.

"I demand an explanation of his strange silence. Are you not his daughter, the sole heiress of his wealth?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Did he ever before refuse to supply you with money?"

"Never," she answers, in a hard, bitter voice. "He has been to me always the most generous of fathers. I do not comprehend his indifference to my latest request any more than you do; but—is it not just possible that he may have become tired of the countless calls made upon his purse—that he may have concluded to leave you, at last, to depend upon your own revenues?"

The count grows pale around his heavy nostrils.

"My revenues! Ah!"

She keeps her eyes cast down to the Aubusson carpet, and plucks absently at her fan.

"For two years my father has supplied you with large sums, which you have squandered—heaven only knows how. For two years he has maintained us in our present style of living. Where are your castles in Saxony, your hotel in Paris—the wealth of which you used to speak before I became your wife?"

Wrathful as he is, the count smiles.

"Madame, you drive me to something which I particularly dislike—candor. I have no hotel in Paris, and no castles in Saxony. The former I possessed for a little while during my first countess's lifetime; the latter, never. Madame, you married me for my title, I married you for your wealth. It was a fair bargain; let us each be content with it."

The color leaps into her pale face. She springs up from the sofa, like an outraged empress. A breath of soft air sighs through the salon, the wax-lights throw long gleams upon the mirrors, the tinkle of a fountain is audible in the little garden.

"And you tell me this to my face, Count Stahl!"

"*Oui*, madame—why not? You have long been aware of the fact. Would I have fettered myself for any other consideration than wealth? True, you are beautiful; but so are thousands of other women. A man soon tires of beauty. And as for you, madame, you gave your hand to me, when your heart was in the keeping of another—ah! you wince. You flung sentiment aside to become a countess, and you showed great wisdom in so doing; but, I beg of you, be courteous, be just—do not forget that our marriage was a purely business transaction, in your eyes, as well as in mine."

It is the bitter truth in these words that makes her cringe.

"And once you swore that you loved me!" she says, scornfully.

"True, madame, and I did—in my own way; but would you have me waste my passion upon a creature of marble—a statue? Heaven forbid! Long ago you killed my love with your coldness. Let us now be content to live for the world. You have wealth sufficient for us both. You shall pursue your way, I will pursue mine. You have the rank which you desired, I the fortune—though I tell you frankly that I am tired of the manner in which it is doled out to me. Madame, I wish you to write a few instructions to your father upon this subject. I desire him to settle upon me, altogether independent of the sums which he may pay to you, an annuity of—well, let us say fifty thousand dollars—a very moderate sum for the private expenses of a man of my rank. I will bring pen and paper, and you shall write the letter now, under my eyes. My needs are pressing, and the sooner we arrange our pecuniary affairs in a satisfactory manner, the happier lives we are likely to live here in this adorable Paris which we both love."

Yes, it had come to this, after two short years of married life! The contempt, the aversion, in her face might have intimidated another man; but Count Otto had grown familiar with that look, and was quite unmoved by it.

"Am I to understand that you have no resources whatever?" she says—that you are henceforth to be a dependent upon my father's bounty?"

He frowns.

"Madame, you are unfortunate in your choice of words. The honor which I have conferred upon your money-making father by giving his daughter my noble name is more than an equivalent for any sum, however large, that he can settle upon me. I have not a sou in the world, countess—I beg you will loan me your purse till relief arrives from America."

A bitter smile curls her lip.

"You are welcome to the purse, count—you will find in it a few five-franc pieces. You have borrowed of me until I am reduced to the same strait as yourself."

"Eh, well! It is awkward, but for once we must endure it. Without doubt, your expected supplies will reach us by to-morrow. Strange that Monsieur Sardis cannot understand how humiliating it is for a gentleman of my rank to be kept watching and waiting for his filthy plebeian dollars! And now, the letter. You shall write, and I will dictate."

He goes to an escritoir, brings writing materials, and places them on a buhl table by her side. She has fallen back on her sofa, and looks as cold and passive as stone. She takes the pen mechanically, and writes as he bids her—supplicating her father to settle without delay an income of fifty thousand dollars upon her dear and honored husband, Count Otto, to whom she owes so much of supreme happiness. This sum is to be for his sole use, his exclusive benefit. She begs Cullen Sardis, for the love which he bears to her, his only child and heiress, to do this, as the count is suffering from pecuniary embarrassments, very unpleasant to one of his exalted rank.

She writes all this without flinching, and signs her name.

"Good!" says the count.

But he is premature in his speech; for, as she meets his exultant eyes, a wave of color flashes into her pale face. She suddenly tears the letter in atoms and tosses it from her.

"For two years I have been your wife," she cries, clasping her hands, as if in intolerable agony—"for two years I have suffered every sort of neglect, humiliation and misery, and I have kept it, as best I could, from my father, my friends, and the world; but to call you dear, to call you honored, to say that I owe you anything but shame and grief and unutterable disappointment—this is too much! You must excuse me; I cannot make the request to-night, Count Otto—some other time, perhaps, but decidedly not to-night."

Never did she look so grand, so queenly, as at this moment. He grows pale with wrath; but he knows how to control himself when it is for his interest to do so.

"You are severe, countess—you wound me to the heart. It will be necessary for you to attend to this matter—if not to-night, then to-morrow. I fear you are not well. Shall I ring for your maid?"

"No; I wish to be alone."

"Adieu, then. I kiss your beautiful hand."

He lifts her cold, reluctant fingers to his lips; then turns and leaves the room.

And Ethel? She stands by the buhl table like a statue of despair. What memories throng upon her!—what thoughts! She is a proud woman, and for weeks and months she has suffered and made no sign; but now her strength gives way suddenly. In her rich evening dress she sinks upon her knees, and hides her face in the silken pillow of the sofa.

"Merciful Heaven!" she murmurs, wringing her hands above her bowed head, "what a life I lead! My punishment is greater than I can bear!"

This marriage, contracted by one party for money, and by the other for the gratification of pride and ambition, has turned out badly enough—perhaps no one but the countess herself knows *how* badly. The first tears that she has shed for many a day fall on her pillow. With a bitter sense of being utterly shipwrecked—of having lost all that makes life worth keeping, she kneels there under the waxlights, crying out, as the young and the despairing always cry, "I wish I were dead!"

A faint tap at the glass door opening into the little garden. She does not hear it. It is repeated. She looks up then.

and, with a thrill of surprise, sees a human figure standing without, gazing into the *salon*. She rises to her feet. The figure makes an eager movement, a deprecatory gesture, and, pushing back the door softly, steps into the presence of the countess.

She wears a black shawl and bonnet, and a coarse, black gown. The waxlights show Ethel her dark, stolid face and eager eyes, as bright as a hawk's. It is a late hour for visitors, and this unceremonious way of entering madame's apartments is somewhat startling.

"Pardon, madame," says the intruder; "do you know me?"

Ethel has by this time regained her composure. She looks steadily at the speaker; then sends her thoughts backward for two years and more, and exclaims, in a voice of surprised recognition:

"*Finette!*"

She makes a deep obeisance, and another entreating gesture.

"Yes, it is I. I beg madame's pardon. Her servants would not let me enter—they bade me come to-morrow. Ah, I could not do that—I was too anxious; so I found my way into the little garden. I have been waiting there for hours, madame, to have one word with you."

"And what do you want of me?" says Ethel, in French. "Do you come from America—from New York?"

"No, madame. I returned to France two years ago, just after I left the service of your mother. Ah, you know about that, do you not? I pitied the pretty mademoiselle, because she was pining in prison—because Madame Sardis would make her marry the man she did not love. I opened her door—I set her free, and I lost my place. Tell me, madame, did I do wrong?"

Ethel's pale face is stained with a sudden flush.

"No!" she answers, with vehemence, "a thousand times, no! You did right—quite right, Finette! Through your instrumentality, Beatrix is to-day a happy and a blessed woman."

"Thanks, madame. Well, then, I return to Paris, as I said before. At Verrières is the cottage of my brother Gustave. I go to him—I tend his geese, I make his butter; but now he has taken a wife, and needs me no more. Often I have seen madame driving in the Bois, or along the boulevards; and to-day I hear with joy that her waiting-maid is to wed a soldier and go to Algiers; and I say to myself, madame has a kind heart—it is possible that she may give me the place—that, *mon Dieu!* she will not blame me for the help I bestowed on little mademoiselle in New York."

"Blame you!" murmurs Ethel, bitterly; and Finette knows that she has played a trump-card.

"Madame, I beg you to take me again into your service; yes, I go down on my knees to you!"

She suits the action to the word. Her brown face is quivering with excitement, her eyes are preternaturally bright. She lifts Ethel's cold hand to her lips.

"Madame, for the wages I care nothing; I ask only to be near you. Recall my ways in the past—did I not serve you faithfully two years ago? Were not these hands skillful? Ah, *ciel!* cannot you trust me?"

Ethel looks down upon the kneeling, importunate woman who has forced herself into her presence at that late hour, and makes a sudden determination.

"It is quite true that Marie, my maid, leaves me in a few days to marry a soldier," she says, "and her successor is not yet engaged. Yes, I can trust you, Finette, and I am glad that you came to me to-night. Because of the aid you rendered to my cousin—because you did not hesitate to suffer in her cause, I rejoice to be of help to you. Rise! The place is yours."

"Madame, I kiss your hand for gratitude. When may I come to you?"

"In three days."

"No sooner?"

"No."

"Heaven guard you till then! Believe me, you will never regret your kindness. Madame, I depart happy."

She retreats toward the glass door, and before the countess can utter another word, the black, sombre figure makes an obeisance, and vanishes like a spirit into the cool, dark, silent garden beyond.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LAST ACCOUNT.

IN the dingy music-room of Madame Manner's school, a wonderful soprano voice, as clear and sweet as some English lark's, was warbling Mireille's aria in Gounod's opera of that name. At an open piano in a corner sat the singer, dressed in lustreless gray, with bands of the finest linen at throat and wrist, and a great braid of golden hair drooping upon the nape of her snow-white neck.

The annual Spring vacation had come, and swept the scholars to their various homes for two happy weeks; but this pupil had no home, and consequently never left the establishment. Moreover, she was too deeply absorbed in study to care much for vacations.

The door opened, and a man noiselessly entered the room, and paused, unobserved, behind the singer. The silver voice, which had been for more than two years under careful cultivation, broke into a series of marvelous trills, and then dropped into silence. Its owner began to search for a new piece of music in a rack by her side.

"Mercy!"

She sprang up from the piano with a cry of delight.

"Guardy!"

He took her face in his two hands, and kissed the white forehead tenderly. At the school, it was generally acknowledged that the tie betwixt Miss Dill and her guardian was of an unusually strong nature.

"My dear child, that voice will make your fortune some day," said Cullen Sardis; "your teachers tell me that your talent is equal only to your diligence. They prophesy a bright future for you."

She stood before him with grand, shining eyes, her gold head held high with the old superior air which had struck all beholders so forcibly in the days of her poverty and want—not the pale, wasted Mercy that we last saw in Mrs. Phillips's chamber; but a girl radiant with health and strength, and the knowledge of her own developed powers; clothed in soft raiment—for Cullen Sardis would have it so—her royal beauty perfected by more than two years of tender care, good food, rest from toil, and happy associations. She was like the long-despoiled princess of some fairy tale who had, at last, stumbled upon her birthright.

"I would rather hear *you* praise me than any one else in the world," she answered, with a bright glance. "Do I not owe everything to you? Are you not the kindest, the most generous of benefactors——"

"Hush!" He laid his hand gently upon her lips, then drew her to the nearest chair. "Sit down, Mercy. I have come to talk with you for a little while. Are we likely to be interrupted?"

"No," she answered; "I am the only pupil left in the house—it is vacation. The others are all away." Then a

sudden alarm thrilled through her voice. "Guardy! how haggard you look—how pale! You are ill!"

The banker had fallen into a seat, without, however, releasing his ward's slender hand. He was, as usual, faultlessly dressed; but his cool face looked gray and thin, his eyes were sunken in their sockets and bloodshotten, either with sleeplessness or great exhaustion. Mercy had not seen him before for three months, and she was greatly shocked by the change in his appearance.

"No, I am not ill, my dear child," he answered, impatiently. "I am quite well."

She sank into a low chair by his side. Her eyes, fixed earnestly upon his face, were full of anxiety and pain. He might deny it or not, but she knew that something was wrong with this, her benefactor, her kind, generous friend. The wan light of a rainy Spring afternoon, struggled through a neighboring window and fell upon the two—the girl, young and beautiful; the man with his uneasy eyes and gray face, scored with the unmistakable marks of inward torment. A smiled curled his lip, as he noticed how closely she watched him.

"My dear, I have lost some sleep, lately, and I have had some perplexing business matters to think about—that is all. But it is you of whom I wish to speak, not myself. How long have you been at this school, Mercy?"

"Two years and six months," she answered.

"And you have learned a great deal, have you not?"

Her lovely hands fluttered, one over the other, on the lap of her gray dress.

"Yes, Guardy; and it is time, I think, to turn the same to practical account. You have spent your money freely upon me—laid me under great obligations. With your consent, I would now like to leave school, and become a teacher."

He gnawed his gray mustache.

"Obligations! Merciful God! Anything but that word! Hush! Mercy, don't talk of teaching to-day—to-morrow—some other time we will discuss the matter. Now I have a story to tell you—one which you ought to know—which you must know. My cowardly tongue has dreaded inexpressibly to make this revelation, but it can no longer be delayed. Place your hands in mine—that is right. Do you love me, dear child!"

"Yes," she answered; "I should be an ingrate indeed if I did not. Have you not been like a father to me?"

"Like a father! bless you for those words!" and so, holding her slim fingers and looking into her wondering, uplifted face, he began:

"Let me tell you how and where I first met your mother. It was upon a ferryboat in the harbor, one breathless, moonless, ill-omened Summer night. I had been dining with an old friend upon the East Boston side, and was returning alone to the city proper, well satisfied with the sumptuous dinner, myself, and all the world. As I stood on deck, smoking a cigar and watching the fantastic lights in the distance, a woman glided by me, noiseless as a spirit, and flung herself straight into the water. The passengers screamed, the whistle sounded, the boat slackened speed; but swifter than any of these things, I had leaped overboard, and was striking out for the white face that arose in the black water and drifted past me like a fallen star. I dragged her from her self-sought grave, and reached the boat—I scarcely knew how. I had saved a human life; but it would have been a thousand times better for both rescued and rescuer had she been left to the doom which she coveted. Bear in mind, Mercy, that I was young, hot-blooded, impetuous; the son of an old, rich, haughty family—an aristocrat by birth and breeding alike. I looked once at the face of the woman I had saved, and was lost!

"She was young—a mere girl, and she was beautiful, with a wild, evil beauty, suggestive of some half-tamed leopardess, or some splendid Tartarean goddess. As I speak, she rises again before me, the perfect whiteness of her face shrouded in drifting black hair, her wild, glorious eyes full of anguish and despair, her slight figure dressed in plain, coarse mourning, eloquent of sorrowful poverty.

"'Why did you save me?' she said, wringing her hands; 'why did you not leave me to drown? I do not want to live—I will *not* live!'

"'You are mad!' I answered. 'Be calm. You must live, and you must let me take you home at once.'

"'I have no home,' she shivered, and then began to weep bitterly.

"I called a carriage, and conveyed her straightway to the house of a friend, where for three weeks after she lay ill almost unto death. Already the swift poison was working in my veins. Her wild, dark eyes had done their work. I loved this waif of the water, this girl altogether unknown to me—I had not learned so much as her name then—with as mad and unreasoning a passion as ever laid waste a man's life.

"In the days of her convalescence, she told me that she was without friends or kindred; that she was the daughter of a poor, vagabond scene-painter, who had died by accident a few days before her attempted suicide. She herself had been upon the boards during his life, but only for a season—she had no talent. She was kinless, penniless, despairing; and her sole wish was to die. And this was all that I knew of her—all that I, in my mad infatuation, cared to know. A week after her recovery—don't start, my dear child!—I married Marie Dill; for that was her name, and all that she had said of herself was true. I married her, Mercy, openly, honorably; thereby calling down upon myself a tremendous tempest of righteous indignation from my aristocratic kinsfolk, my shocked and amazed friends. It did not matter in the least. I was in love, heart and soul. I had inherited a princely fortune, which I held independent of all relatives, and I was ready, like another Antony, to fling the world away for the woman of my choice.

"I carried her to a home crowded with every luxury which wealth could purchase; I made her wild, dark beauty to shine resplendent in costly jewels and rich fabrics; I surrounded her with servants; I lived only to gratify her whims and caprices. She was my idol; I was her slave.

"For a few months this fool's paradise continued—yes, till your birth, Mercy—for, though your heart may not have told you the fact before, I am your father, my darling, and you are my child. Then came my awakening, swiftly and surely. First the tried old family servants hinted the fatal truth to me; then I began to see it for myself. The woman that I had married, the wife that I adored, she who sat at my board and bore my name, and of whose beauty I was so inordinately proud, the mother of my child—was the willing slave of drink. Whether the vice was acquired in the luxury of her new surroundings, or born with her, a black taint in her blood, inherited, perhaps, from her vagabond father, I do not know, nor can it matter. Suffice it to say that with this frightful discovery the whole fabric of my happiness tumbled about me, like a house of cards. God keep me from the memory of that time! After your birth a legion of devils seemed to enter and take possession of her. She was simply ungovernable. For you she cared nothing: and if she had ever felt any love for me—which I greatly doubt—it was now gone; consumed in the unholy, the terrible passion which had gained complete control of her. The disgraceful scenes in my home, the continual attempts which she, in her frenzy, made upon my life; the

natural death to which she brought my love—I shall not speak of these things to you, Mercy. Life with her became unbearable. The nightmare of shame and horror which had fallen upon me was too heavy to breathe under. I turned to the law for relief. In good time it divorced me from her, and gave me the custody of my child. She left me, breathing threats of vengeance.

"For a few months all went well. I saw from the very beginning of your little life that you were as unlike your mother, in looks and in nature, as morning is unlike night. You had the blue eyes and yellow hair of my own race—I used to thank Heaven devoutly for that—used to pray, too, that you would continue to grow unlike her, and, imperfect as the prayers were, I cannot but conclude that they were heard.

"My own sore heart, and the scandal which this unhappy termination of my married life had created, drove me, at last, abroad. You were left, with your nurse, to the charge of a relative who had pledged her word to guard you faithfully till my return. Neither of us could apprehend danger to you from my brief absence.

"One day, when I was wandering through Italy, seeking rest and finding none, word came to me that you were lost—stolen—gone—nobody knew whither. Some person or persons had entered your nursery by night, while your attendants slept, and carried you noiselessly away. An open basement window, which a careless servant had left unfastened, the shred of a dress hanging to its sill, a print on the thick carpet of a woman's small foot, smeared with the mud of the street, alone told the story of your abduction.

"Moll Dill had taken you from me—wreaked upon me the vengeance which she had promised; but at what a cost to you, my innocent child! Every possible effort was at once made to apprehend the woman and secure her unlawful prey, but in vain. I sailed immediately for home. For weeks and months I searched diligently for you—believe it, Mercy, it is God's truth! Knowing Moll Dill as I knew her, do you think I could willingly have resigned my child to her future care? But, cunning as a fox, she eluded all pursuit; and after a time, I say it regretfully, remorsefully, I grew tired of the search. All hope of finding you seemed lost; the rewards which I offered for your recovery were useless, and as new purposes and events crowded into my life, the past became intolerable to me, and everything connected with it. I abandoned you to your wretched mother.

"It was not long before I contracted a second marriage—one in my own station of life, and my first unhappy union ceased to be spoken of—was forgotten or ignored by the world, and so passed, at last, from the minds of men. The second Mrs. Sardis, though fully conscious of that plague-spot on my life, has never once alluded to it in all the years that we have lived together. Her daughter, your sister, is entirely ignorant of my first marriage. As for Moll Dill, she never crossed my path, nor did I know whether she was living or dead until the day of her release from Deer Island three years ago. Mercy, my child!" With a cry he opened his arms. Strange that Moll Dill's daughter should have touched a chord in this man's nature that Ethel the countess had never found, and never would find now! "On the night of your unhappy mother's death, I knew you were my child!" he said. "Mercy, come to me!—to your father!"

She sprang into his arms. She was pressed closely to his heart. With what great, heavy strokes that heart beat against her own!

Parent and child were united, at last. For more than two years Mercy had loved this man as her benefactor, her friend of friends; and now to find in him the father whom she had never known—this was joy unspeakable!

"You were called Mabel in your babyhood—not Mercy." he whispered. "*She* changed your name. Well, it does not matter."

There was silence. The rain rattled against the window, the dingy music-room was as still as death. They embraced each other solemnly, All pride, all coldness, had gone from Cullen Sardis's face. He laid his haggard cheek upon her golden hair.

"You have been greatly wronged," he murmured; "I ought never to have abandoned my search for you. With a little patience and determination I might have found you, perhaps—might have saved you from all your sufferings with that woman. My poor child, forgive me—say that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, tearfully. "Do not reproach yourself. You did what you could. *You* never wronged me in the least; and as for my mother, she is dead—we must forgive her everything."

Presently, she began to ask him about the sister that she had never seen: Her whole fair face was lighted up with eager interest. He answered her kindly and patiently—told her all that she wished to know.

"And she is a countess," mused Mercy, gravely. "A lady of rank and fashion. Do you think she will care to have me for a sister?"

"I trust so—I hope so," he replied. "Ethel's heart is in the right place. Yes, she is a woman of fashion, but she is very unhappy, I fear, in her foreign marriage. It was an unwise match. I wish to heaven it had never been! Mercy, I know your courage, your goodness, your wisdom,—and something tells me you will be a great solace and support to Ethel in the days to come."

She started up in her agitation, and stood beside him, one hand resting on his shoulder.

"Papa—I may call you that, may I not?—do you mean that Ethel shall now know who I am—that everybody shall know?"

"Yes," he answered. "Surely. It is time."

"And you are not ashamed to acknowledge me to the whole world, papa?"

Something like a groan broke from his lips.

"Ashamed? Great God! Don't talk like that, Mercy. You hurt me sorely. Are you quite blind to your own beauty, your own worth?"

"Papa, you are rich and great, you are known and honored everywhere, and to think that I am your child—that I am to step from my small world into yours, which is so different, so grand, confuses and bewilders me—yes, takes my breath. Am I to leave school—am I to go with you to your home?"

"Rich and great!" he repeated, slowly; "known and honored everywhere! Quite true, I dare say. Certainly, you will leave school; certainly, you will go with me to my home."

"At once," she urged, eagerly; "to-night?"

"No," he answered, with an almost imperceptible shudder, "not to-night. Have patience. In a few days, Mercy." He drew out his purse. "Here is a little pin-money for you—you may want it before I see you again. Remember your bills are all paid to the end of the present quarter—I hold Madame Manners's receipts for the same."

"But, papa, I do not need any money," said Mercy, "my purse is well-filled. You give me more than I can spend. And now, that I am to leave this place so soon——"

"Take it," he interrupted, quickly, "one never knows what a day may bring forth."

And she obeyed, wondering at his strange manner. He gave an uneasy start as a clock on the mantel struck the hour.

"How fast the day is passing!" he muttered; "and I

have still so many things to say to you. My brave, beautiful darling, I fear your lines were never made to be cast in pleasant places."

She did not understand this speech, nor the weary sigh that followed it. He passed one hand across his forehead.

"I am worn out," he said. "Sing me one of your Gospel songs, Mercy. Perhaps your voice can exorcise the demons that have got possession of me."

She took her place at the piano, and played and sang her best for him. He listened critically. He asked her a hundred questions about herself, and the knowledge which she had acquired at the school.

"I had planned to send you abroad to foreign teachers," he muttered; "but—it is scarcely possible now. If such a thing was necessary, Mercy, do you think you could earn your living by your talent?"

"Yes," she answered; "I am sure of it."

He seemed strangely loath to leave her. Long afterward she remembered how he lingered and lingered, while the rainy day died, and the mournful twilight began to creep into the room. She remembered the tenderness in his voice and manner, the kisses which he pressed on her forehead and hair, the sad reluctance in his face when the time came, at last, to bid her good-by. He even turned back from the door, hat in hand, to embrace her again.

A great heaviness fell, like a sudden cloud, upon Mercy's heart. Tears rushed unbidden to her eyes.

"Papa, you will not return to New York to-night?" she pleaded.

"No," he answered; "I go another way to-night."

"Will you let me see you to-morrow?"

He was very pale, but he smiled as he answered:

"Yes—to-morrow."

She clung to him, sobbing.

"Somehow, I cannot bear to have you go. Oh, will you come again in the morning—shall we meet in the morning, dear papa? And are you sure that you love me?"

"I love you more than anything else in the world," he replied, from the depths of his wrung heart; "and we shall meet in the morning, dear child—never fear."

One last look in his gray face—the door closed. She ran breathlessly to the window, and saw his tall, imposing figure moving away from the door—a dark shape, around which a darker night was gathering. He glanced back at the eager face pressed against the window of the music-room, kissed his hand to it hurriedly, then went on, and vanished in the storm and the gloom.

Mercy had found her father, and she had lost him again.

From Madame Manners's school Cullen Sardis went straight to his hotel, where he supped with his usual appetite, and then retired to a private parlor with Jacob Phillips, who had come to talk with him upon matters of business. The two were closeted together for a long time; then Phillips departed, and the banker locked his door and sat down alone to write a letter to his wife.

It was a long—a very long communication. In it he related Mercy Dill's story, and commended her to the care and affection of Mrs. Sardis. Of Ethel he wrote: "God only knows what will become of her now. Her marriage has been my ruin, as well as her own." With the brief statement of a few facts which were destined to astonish the world upon the morrow, the letter closed. The writer signed and sealed it, flung down his pen, arose, and went to the window.

Vehicles rumbled through the street below; the rain was still falling; the east wind blew up from the harbor. It was a dreary night for a journey. He turned back into the room, full of warmth and light and luxury, and walked its length back and forth a few times, his hands clasped behind him, his head bowed, his brain busy with the last figures of a long account.

Then the great capitalist, the money-king, paused under the gaslight that shone mockingly down upon his gray, awful face; and, fumbling at an inner pocket in his coat, slowly drew out a small, shining object. He cast one look toward the letter on the table, another to the window, beyond which the rain fell, and the street-lamps beamed cheerfully, and the streams of people went to and fro. To-morrow the city would ring with his name—and not this city alone, but many others.

Quietly he raised the muzzle of the shining thing, and placed it against his temple. One faint shudder shook his tall figure, as the warm flesh and the cold steel met. Then there was a flash, a report, the fall of a dead, heavy weight along the thick carpet; and after that—silence.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TEMPEST BREAKS.

ONE fine morning, at a certain American banking house in the Rue Scribe, Paris, knots of people were assembled, mostly Americans, discussing with grave voices and serious faces, a strange and startling piece of home news. More than one blanched lip in the assembly revealed a tale of personal loss and despair. A great calamity had burst upon men, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. A huge colossus had fallen in the financial world, and buried many in his hopeless ruin.

"By Jove! it's incredible," said Archie Van Dorn. "Everybody supposed the man to be a new King Midas. Wonder what Count Stahl will say to this unexpected turn of affairs?"

"If the truth was known," sneered another voice, "you would find that monsieur the count is at the bottom of the whole matter. Cullen Sardis paid too high a price for his titled son-in-law. I should say his actual worth was something less than a bad sou, and Sardis has given tens of thousands of good dollars for him. The count's establishment here in Paris, and the sums he spends at the card-table and upon Mademoiselle Nicole, of the Variétés Theatre, are enough to ruin a half dozen rich fathers-in-law."

"I pity the young countess," remarked another; "the blow will fall heavily upon her, for she is a perfect child of luxury. I attended a ball which she gave last Winter, where the guests appeared to be sitting in groves of white lilac and camellias, where the orchestra was completely concealed in flowers, and a chorus of trained voices accompanied the stringed instruments, and where supper was served in a gallery hung with Gobelins and other costly tapestries—a supper fit for a royal palace. The Paris papers announced next morning that the strawberries alone cost fifteen thousand francs."

"Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!" sighed Van Dorn. "I'm a hundred thousand out—I think I'll go back to New York."

Meanwhile, in the stately white streets of the vividly colored city without, the day was warm and fair. People clustered about the sparkling shops, and drank mild liquors in front of the *cafés*. In the Bois de Boulogne the sun shone brightly down on the blue lakes and the green, rustling foliage. A soft wind sighed in the horse-chestnut trees; the Arc de Triomphe gleamed white in the background. Troops

of cavaliers, gayly attired officers, and countless carriages moved hither and thither. Among the latter was a light Victoria, in which a beautiful, pale woman, in an enchanting costume, was taking her daily airing alone. The Countess Stahl.

Ill news travels fast. Was it fancy, or did the Americans who passed her on the drive stare as they had never, never stared before, and then turn immediately to speak with each other? What could it mean? Ethel felt uneasy and depressed; she was out of spirits this morning—indeed, she was often out of spirits. For two years she had been *fêted*, flattered, praised and welcomed everywhere as the social success of Paris; for two years she had worn a title, and turned a serene face to the world, and in secret wept tears of unspeakable anguish and humiliation; and now she began with dismay to realize that her powers of endurance were growing weak—that it was impossible for her to live this life much longer. Then she looked up, and saw a horseman approaching her carriage—a big, broad-shouldered, red-haired fellow, mounted upon a superb beast, which he rode with great ease and grace—that ugly young English baronet, Sir Valentine Arbuckle.

He lifted his hat, and gazed at the beautiful woman in the Victoria with such earnest, pitying eyes, that, in spite of all her self-control, the blood rushed tumultuously to her cheek. How dared he! Had she reached such a pass that she must submit to compassion from strangers? Were her sorrows known to all the world? The light faded suddenly from the lakes and the green trees of the Bois. A heavy cloud fell upon Ethel's heart. The staring faces on every side made her shiver. She spoke a few words to her driver, and the next moment the carriage was rolling away toward the Avenue de l'Imperatrice.

She entered her own *salon* with a feeling of strange, unpleasant expectation.

"Has anything happened?" she said to Finette, who came forward to meet her mistress.

"Nothing, madame."

Ethel looked around the room. It was empty. The glass door stood open, the little garden beyond looked green and dewy and still. Doves fluttered about in the sunshine.

The countess sank into a seat.

"Madame, you are ill! Let me bring you a glass of wine," urged Finette.

The brown Frenchwoman had now been in the countess's employ for a week, but she had not yet met the count. Finette had her own private reasons for avoiding Ethel's husband.

"No, I am not ill—only a little dull, Finette," answered her mistress, listlessly. "Where is monsieur?"

"I know not, madame. He went out an hour or two ago."

"Leave me now, Finette."

The waiting-maid vanished. Ethel sat looking out into the little garden, oppressed with an indefinable fear of coming evil. A tiny silver basket on a table near her held cards of invitation for the day—a dinner with a duchess in the Faubourg Saint Germain; a ball at the American Minister's; a reception at——

The door flew back suddenly, and Count Stahl entered. It was unusual to see him in his wife's *salon* at this hour of the day. Ethel withdrew her eyes from the doves and the garden, and turned to meet him in cold surprise.

His face was like chalk; the nostrils were pinched and bloodless; the jaws looked heavy and livid. Under the sleepy droop of the lids a red fire burned in his eyes. He crossed the *salon* with noiseless speed, and stopped in front of his wife.

"Madame! For weeks we have been expecting money from monsieur your father, have we not? We have looked for it daily—we have experienced great inconvenience because of its non-arrival—we have thought the delay exceedingly strange?"

With eyes fastened on his diabolic face, she answered, mechanically:

"Yes."

"Madame, I bring you the solution of the mystery—I bring you news of monsieur, your rich and honored father. I have just come from the American banking-house in the Rue Scribe, and nothing else is being talked of there."

Instinctively she stood up, as slim and rigid as a column, a look of dread expectancy on her blanched face.

"What do you mean?" she said; "what has happened?"

He grasped her wrists with cruel violence.

"This has happened, madame—you are a beggar!—you, whom I thought to be the heiress of millions! The house of Sardis and Co. has suspended payment—gone to hopeless ruin. And monsieur your father, what has he done? Why, shot himself dead, like the coward and cheat which he was; and so made good *his* escape out of the matter!"

He hurled the words at her with barbarous haste—without one sign of pity or reluctance.

Pity? It was not in Count Stahl's nature to feel that emotion, and especially, at this time, when furious with the disappointment, the utter wreck of many hopes. She did not speak or move in his wicked grip—only stared at him with eyes of blank horror.

"He is dead!" repeated the count, savagely; "and his liabilities are hundreds of thousands, his assets—nothing! Now, madame, what is to become of *you?*"

She swayed helplessly to one side. He relinquished his hold of her wrists, and let her fall backward—let her sink, a dead weight, to the floor of the *salon*. He stood over her without one throb of compassion, or one attempt to raise her from the dust at his feet.

"My supplies cut off!" he hissed, with livid lips, "my debts unpaid, my purse empty, my liberty lost, my title thrown away—I, tied to the daughter of a beggar, a disgraced suicide! It is intolerable!"

As he stood, gazing darkly down upon the lifeless girl, a velvet curtain at the other end of the *salon* was thrust back, Finette rushed across the room, flung the count with all the strength of her stout arms violently against the paneled wall, and snatched her young mistress from the floor.

"*Mon Dieu!* would you let her die, monsieur?" she cried, and laid the countess upon a sofa, chafed her hands, dashed water upon her, and flung up the long window to give her air.

Count Otto watched all these movements with attention, and suddenly discovered that the countess had lately changed her maid.

"Ah, monsieur, she has swooned," said Finette. "See how rigid and cold she is—how young, too, and beautiful! You were too abrupt with your news."

She had been eavesdropping. He glared at her fiercely.

"To the devil with you! Where have I seen you before?" he answered.

"I know not, monsieur," replied Finette.

"Look at me, vermin!"

She felt that it was impossible to deceive him. Her eyes met his, sternly and defiantly. A sickly yellow hue overspread his heavy face.

"*Marie!* the deuce!" said Count Otto.

"Yes, monsieur—Marie Finette—that is my name. You recognize me, I see."

He gave her a frightful look.

"In the name of all the fiends, how came you here?" he cried.

She faced him bra

"I am your wife's waiting-maid, monsieur. I entered her employ one week ago. You wince—great heaven! You grow pale! Did I not serve the first Countess Stahl faithfully? I will do as well—yes, even better, by this, your second wife."

He gathered himself up from the wall against which her strong arm had flung him.

"I fear my second wife will not long require your services," he sneered. "It was not chance which brought you to her, good Marie—such things never come about by chance—it was design. Take care! You are seeking to play some game of your own. You are deep, but—I am dangerous!"

"Monsieur, I know you are dangerous—yet behold me! If I was afraid of you, should I trust myself under your roof?"

He turned on his heel and left the *salon*.

Pushing back a velvet *portière*, Count Stahl entered his wife's bed-chamber—a dazzling room, with hangings and furniture, coverlet and curtains, all in white and gold. On the lace-draped toilet-table stood the boxes containing Ethel's jewels. The count lifted the lids, looked in at the glitter and gleam of precious stones, then promptly gathered up the whole—great moon-white pearls, flashing diamonds, changeful opals—everything—and transferred the same in compact form to his own person.

Money he must have, and at once. From these gems he could realize a very respectable sum—enough, at least, for immediate wants. Without so much as a glance at the *salon* where his wife lay, he stepped out upon the landing, spoke a few words to a valet who was waiting there, and immediately left the house.

Very slowly and reluctantly Ethel drifted back to consciousness. She opened her eyes at last, on the anxious face of Finette.

"Oh, madame—dear madame, I feared you were dead!" cried the waiting-maid.

With her hands pressed wildly to her distracted head, Ethel struggled up to a sitting posture, and looked round the *salon*. Her father a bankrupt—dead by his own hand—everything lost, even honor! It was too terrible for belief! Where was the count?

"My husband!" she gasped, faintly, "call him."

Finette ran into her mistress's chamber. Her lightning eyes fell at once upon the toilet-table. With a stifled cry, she rushed toward the jewel-boxes. Some were gone, all were empty. She saw at a glance what the count had done.

"Madame!" she cried, flying back to the *salon*, "he has taken your jewels, and left the house! Oh, *mon Dieu!* the coward, the thief! Your jewels, madame, that you brought from your own land!"

With a cry, Ethel fell back on her sofa. Finette ran to her side. Oh, thank God! here was one pitying face—one, too, that she had known in her home across the sea.

"Finette, Finette!" she wailed, wringing her hands, helplessly, "what shall I do?"

"Madame, I know not. Ah, I tried to save you, and you would not let me—do you not remember? I longed to save you—to balk *him*, for I hate and abhor him—I *know* him, and you—you too, know him—*now*."

"You tried to save me? What do you mean?" cried the countess, wildly.

"Ah, madame, have you forgotten the letter and the woman whom you met in the New York park more than two years ago—the woman who begged you, for your soul's sake, never to marry the count? It was I. *I* wrote the letter, madame. My mother was an Englishwoman, and she learned me to read and write in her own language. I disguised myself for that interview. Alas! it came to nothing—you would not listen to me."

Amazed, dumbfounded, the countess seemed scarcely to comprehend her.

"You, Finette! Oh merciful God!" with a quick clinching of the hands, a quick swelling of throat and bosom, "what did you say to me that day—of what crimes did you accuse him? My head is in a whirl—I can remember nothing."

"Madame, listen, and I will tell you all. I have been in this house a week, and avoided him upon all occasions; yet I already know that he treats you shamefully—that you are the most unhappy of women—that the sorrows of the Countess Olga have overtaken her successor. *Mon Dieu!* I knew it would be so. He loves nothing but his luxuries and dissipations; but for your money, he would never have married you. Try to understand all that I say, madame; it is time for me to speak, time for you to comprehend your own situation. Years ago, I was called Marie, though my name is also Finette, and I was waiting-maid to your husband's first wife, Countess Olga, the Russian."

Ethel did not move or speak, but her pale, intense face, told that she was listening.

"Madame, she was an angel—the great God only knows how good she was to me, and I loved her. She was blonde and beautiful, and young—barely eighteen when she married that man, and she had a fortune of I know not how much money. I had been her maid from her childhood, for she had lived long in Paris—she and her father. He was an old Russian noble, and he died the year of her marriage.

"I liked not my mistress's husband from the first, madame; I liked not his valet, Adolphe, who was a smiling devil, sly and cunning as a fox. No, I abhorred both master and man. But my dear mistress loved the count; she thought him noble and good; she gave him freely of her fortune, and for a little while all went well. At the end of six months, however, he began to tire of her; and she, who was as beautiful as you are, though in a different way—she used to sit in her chamber, madame, and weep, and wring her hands, because he had ceased to love her—because his coldness and cruelty made her life miserable. How I hated him then, and *ciel!* how I hate him still, when I think of it!

"Well, it was not long before he spent all her money—monsieur the count is an adept at spending money—and then, I think, he began to consider how he could safely rid himself of her. She was as sweet and guileless as a child—she loved him, and she suspected nothing; but of that black serpent Adolphe she always stood in deadly fear. After her death the count whispered among his friends that my poor mistress had cherished a secret passion for his valet. *Dieu!* what falsehood! She detested the wretch. He terrified her—he filled her with horror. 'At sight of that man,' she once said to me, 'I become like ice. The sound of his voice makes me shiver.' And at another time I heard her plead with the count to send him away, because of the repugnance which she felt for him; and monsieur laughed, and said, No, he could not live without Adolphe—it was simply impossible. And so he was not dismissed.

"The count began to be hard pressed for money.

"More and more frequently I used to find my young mistress in tears. Yet they were often seen in public together—he kept up a semblance of affection for her, though all the time he was plotting her destruction. Now that her fortune was spent, and she had become a burden to him, he meant that she should die.

"One night—ah, can I ever forget it!—I dressed the countess for a ball at the Tuileries. She looked like an angel, madame—all white, from her gold head to her little

feet—white as a shroud. The count told her she was incomparable, and kissed her hands with a great show of devotion—the arch-hypocrite!

"AMONG THE POPPIES."

"He went with her to the palace; and after their departure I was putting away some laces and jewels in the countess's dressing-room, which adjoined her boudoir, when I heard in the latter apartment a sudden noise—stealthy, creeping footsteps. I ran to the *portière* just in time to see Adolphe making his exit into the corridor.

"'What are you doing in the countess's room!' I called. He turned about, changing color rapidly.

"'Ah, *peste!*' he answered; 'looking for a diamond stud which monsieur the count has lost. One kiss, Marie!'

"He came close up to me under the hangings, and tried to

press his lips to mine. I snatched up a little dagger with which the countess sometimes cut the leaves of books, and struck at him, and wounded his hand.

"'Keep back from me, serpent!' I said.

His black eyes snapped. He looked as if he would like to twist my neck.

"'Bah! You are not so kind as your mistress,' he laughed. '*She loves me!*'

"'That is a lie, Monsieur Adolphe!' I answered; 'a vile, miserable lie! Do you not know better than to tell it to *me?* She hates, she abhors you!'

"You will see,' he answered, with a wicked shrug; and so passed out into the corridor and vanished.

"After a while I went into the boudoir, and began to search for monsieur's lost stud. It was not there; but carefully concealed behind a picture I found a small vial marked *Laudanum.* Mind, it was an *empty* vial, madame, with the smell and the stain of the deadly drug fresh upon it. Next I opened a closet in the wall behind the satin hangings, and there I saw a decanter of wine and a long-necked Venetian glass, both looking as if they had been placed there for some special purpose. I said to myself, 'Did Adolphe bring these things to the countess's boudoir—an empty vial and a decanter of wine?' I could made nothing of it. Should I go and find the villain, and ask him to explain the matter, or wait till the countess returned from the ball, and show her what I had found? On second thought, I concluded to wait.

"Madame, it was late—almost morning, when she came, wrapped in her opera-cloak, the count supporting her up the stair, for she was a frail little thing, easily fatigued. He led her to a sofa, handed me her cloak, and waved me back when I would have gone to her. I noticed that he was pale, and as nervous as a cat.

"'Go!' he said to me; 'I will attend to your mistress.'

"I went away—what else could I do? On the other side of the door, however, I stopped for a moment and listened, and heard him say:

"'You are pale, dearest—you danced too much, I fear; let me pour you a glass of wine.'

"He moved toward the closet in the wall. Immediately after, the click of glass against glass was distinctly audible. I turned and walked away.

"I flung myself upon my bed in the countess's closet, but not to sleep. I felt that she would ring for me directly—that she could not prepare herself for bed unassisted; but no summons came. In the gray dawn I arose and looked into her chamber. She was not there. I rushed to her boudoir—I flung back the heavy curtain from its threshold. Oh, *mon Dieu!* She lay stretched upon her sofa, in her rich ball-dress, with all her jewels sparkling and shining upon her—madame, behold how I tremble as I tell you this, for the horror of it will never leave me, I think!—one hand holding something to her side, her gold hair flowing over the silken pillow, her eyes closed, her soft flesh already like ice—dead, madame—stone dead!

"The something in her hand was the empty laudanum vial which I had seen behind the picture. I flew to the closet in the wall. The Venetian glass and the decanter were both gone! I ran shrieking to the doors; the count came—so did the other servants, all save one—Adolphe! He had fled the house, leaving behind him a letter for his master, in which he said that, having discovered the countess's unhappy passion for himself, he could not, in honor, abide longer under the count's roof. She had threatened to kill herself if he left her, but all the same he must go. Oh, it was infamous!

"'Monsieur, you cannot believe it!' I said to the count. 'She hated Adolphe, and he has killed her! Who but he put that vial in her dead hand, hoping to screen himself by making others think her a suicide? Where is the wine that he placed in the closet yonder—examine it, monsieur, and you will find that she has been foully dealt with—yes, murdered!'

We two were alone in the countess's chamber when I said this. He seized me fiercely by the throat.

"'Fool!' he hissed, 'dare to accuse my good Adolphe of such a thing—dare to breathe your vile suspicions to any living being, and I will crush you as I would a gnat! Help me to shield that wretched woman's name from disgrace, instead of setting inquiry afoot by such gabbling as this. She died by her own hand, because my valet would not reciprocate her unhappy passion. There has been no wine in the closet—you rave! You never saw this laudanum vial until it was found in her grasp. On your peril, do not repeat those mad lies!'

"The look which he gave me—ah, I cannot describe it! It chilled my blood; it shut my mouth. I was paralyzed with terror of this man. I knew at once that Adolphe was his tool; that together they had killed the countess.

"Well, she was buried in Père Lachaise. The count wept and raved and tore his hair; his extravagant grief was the talk of all Paris. As for me, I fled to my own people at Verrieres, and there I fell ill, and lay for a long time at death's door. After a while I returned to Paris, and again became a lady's maid; and three years ago I entered the service of madame your mother. At Baden-Baden I saw Count Stahl for the first time since the Countess Olga's death. Afterward he came to Lucerne to woo you, the beautiful, rich American. You sailed for New York, and I went with you; and there, oh heaven! there in your father's house, I beheld that miscreant, Adolphe, again!"

Finette had poured out this story in a breathless, excited way, her voice full of long-repressed fear and hate; and the woman to whom the recital was made had listened, motionless and silent as carven stone. Now, however, she gave a sudden start.

"In my father's house, Finette?"

"Yes, madame. He called himself Baron Strozzi. It was he who sought to marry Mademoiselle Beatrix, your cousin. Madame, his name was not Strozzi, but Adolphe Sassard; and he was no baron, but the former valet of monsieur the count. I saw him, but he did not see me."

Ethel flung out her hands.

"Finette, Finette! why did you not tell these things long ago?"

"Who would have believed me, madame? What proof had I to support my statements? I had not the courage to openly brave those two bad men. I was a stranger, and a servant. Your mother would have called me a madwoman, and turned me into the street. The count would have killed me, for aught I know. In my own way I tried to save you, madame, but you would not let me. And now I have told you all this, that you might see your own peril. He tired of the Countess Olga; when her fortune was spent and she became a burden on his hands, he destroyed her. He has tired of you; your fortune is gone—will he not attempt to destroy you? Madame, I entreat you, be on your guard!"

Ethel stared in dumb horror and affright at her waiting-maid.

"Listen, madame! there is an actress at the Variétés Theatre called Mademoiselle Nicole. The count is her devoted admirer. She is very rich, and it is whispered about Paris that she really loves him. If he were free, he would, without doubt, marry her, for the sake of her great wealth. Is it not probable that he may make an effort for freedom, with such a prize before him? To-day, unfortunately, he recognized me here. He will command you to

discharge me at once. He hates me, he fears me; he cannot breathe freely while I am under this roof."

Ethel shuddered, and clutched Finette, as if she already felt the hand of violence.

"I am doomed!" she whispered, with pale lips. "He will kill me—I am sure of it. He will kill me, even as he killed *her!*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

GATHERING PERIL.

FOR twenty-four hours after Finette's disclosures, Ethel remained in her own apartments, shut up with her grief and perplexities. The count did not attempt to approach her. Once or twice he arrested Finette on the landing to make some suave inquiry regarding her mistress, but that was all. His sleepy eyes wore a very unpleasant gleam as they surveyed the brown face of the Frenchwoman, but he made no allusion to their previous interview.

On the morning of the second day Count Otto presented himself at the threshold of his wife's boudoir. Waving Finette haughtily back, as she put herself before him to oppose his entrance, he crossed the velvet carpet, and paused beside the chair in which Ethel sat, all in black from head to foot, one hand supporting her bowed head.

On a table by her side lay a cable dispatch, confirming the terrible tidings of disaster and death which his lips had been first to tell her.

"Ethel, my wife!" said the count.

She arose with a repressed shudder. A day and a night had wrought a startling change in her appearance. She looked wasted and hollow-eyed. A new expression, too, was upon her beautiful face—a mingling of horror, loathing, and fear.

"Ah," said the count, politely, "you are ill, madame. You begin to comprehend the calamity which has befallen us—You see, as I do, that we are ruined."

"Yes," she answered, mechanically.

He caressed his blonde moustache, and glanced at her from the corners of his sleepy eyes.

"Madame, will you allow me to inquire into the present state of your purse?"

"It is empty."

"Pardieu! So also is mine."

"Moreover, count, some thief has stolen my jewels. They were abstracted from my chamber yesterday, while I lay unconscious in the *salon*. I wish to ask what he has done with them?"

He winced in spite of himself.

"Madame, you mistake, the jewels were not stolen, but borrowed to pay some pressing debts that could not be put off. They shall be returned to you at an early date—I swear it, on my honor!"

"Your honor!" echoed Ethel, with slow, cold contempt.

He advanced with a wheedling air, but she waved him imperiously back—she was regal in her grief and despair.

"It was an act of necessity, my dear wife—accept my humble apologies. Ah, I feel that I have been cruel and neglectful to you of late—to you, the fairest woman in the world!—for this, also, you must forgive me. The sight of your distress cuts me to the heart. I come to you in a conciliatory spirit. I wish sincerely to be friends with you. Alas! we must both submit to many sacrifices. Our present expensive establishment can no longer be maintained. But you have heroism—so, I trust, have I. We will seek to sustain each other. Dearest, the first thing I must ask of you, is, to discharge your maid."

For a full moment they looked at each other. Then Ethel answered, coldly:

"Impossible!"

"Madame, as your husband, I command it!"

"I will not part with Finette," replied Ethel.

"What! have you no longer any regard for my wishes or commands? Has it come to this?"

"I will not part with Finette—it is useless to ask me," she answered, with determination.

"Madame, you shall have another attendant in her stead."

"I will have Finette, and none other."

He smothered an oath.

"Very well. You are not yourself, madame. I will not urge the matter now. Did I seem harsh and inconsiderate to you yesterday? Forgive me. Let me kiss your hand."

She recoiled with horror.

"Don't touch me," she cried, wildly. "I cannot bear it."

"Ah!" His heavy face changed. "I see. You have been listening to that woman's lies!"

She answered nothing, but a shudder went over her from head to foot.

"Little fool!" he hissed, under his breath, then turned softly and retreated from the boudoir.

As his footsteps died away, Ethel sank down, where she stood, till her face was hidden in the rich carpet. What was to become of her; and oh, merciful Heaven! what was to become of her proud, luxury-loving mother across the sea—how would *she* bear poverty and dishonor? And poor Bee—without doubt, her fortune, too, was swallowed up in the general ruin; but to Ethel, the fate of these two when compared with her own, seemed as paradise to purgatory.

Oh, to recall the last three years of her life, with all their blunders! How she hated the title that had cost her so much—how she hated the man who had conferred it upon her! The very fact that he wished to part her from Finette proved beyond doubt that the whole dark story which the waiting-woman had told her was true.

The air of the boudoir seemed stifling Ethel. To her distorted fancy the crimson silk hangings on the wall took the hue of blood. The pale face of her predecessor, the fair and unfortunate Olga, seemed to start out from every corner, and look at her with sad, warning eyes.

Whither should she turn for comfort or help? Among all the fair-weather friends that she had made in the gay world of Paris, did she know of one to whom she could now appeal for counsel, protection or assistance? She was a proud woman, and she promptly answered her own question, "Not one!" She stood alone; alone she must face the future, with all its sorrow, poverty, and, maybe, peril.

The day wore on. The afternoon shadows gathered in the little garden. The countess arose, at last, from the floor, where she had lain for hours in a stupor of despair, and touched a silver bell.

Finette appeared, but started back in consternation at sight of her mistress's face.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, "you will go wild if you remain here longer, shut up with your troubles."

"That is quite true," shivered Ethel; "bring my outer garments and a thick vail, Finette—I am going out."

Finette made haste to obey.

"You wish me to attend you, madame?"

"Yes."

Mistress and maid left the house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, and, turning into another street, walked away together.

A long wrap and a thick vail disguised the countess. At this hour she was not likely to be seen or recognized by any fashionable acquaintance. The air was like balm. Happy-faced *bourgeois* passed her upon the pavement. Flowers were blowing, green foliage waving in the declining light. She saw none of these things; her thoughts were far away from this beautiful Paris. In truth, she knew not whither she went, and she cared even less.

Suddenly a carriage, drawn by a pair of blooded horses, turned into the street. It drew nearer; it flashed by the countess and her servant. In it two persons were seated—one, a little brunette beauty, wrapped in a superb Delhi shawl, embroidered with gold; the other, a heavy, blonde man, who was listening to the gay chatter of his companion with a look of sleepy adoration.

"Look, madame!" said Finette; "monsieur the count!"

Ethel stood motionless upon the pavement, and gazed after the carriage till it was lost in the distance.

"And that woman," she gasped—"who is she?"

"Mademoiselle Nicole, of the Variétés. Ah! you are ready to sink, madame. Let us turn in here till you regain your composure."

They had reached the open door of a church. The countess suffered Finette to conduct her up the well-worn steps, under the shadow of a wonderful portico, and into a solemn interior of long, lofty aisles and painted windows, through which the light fell in subdued rainbow gleams.

It was not the hour for service, and the grand, silent place had neither priests, nor lighted tapers, nor smoking incense. A few persons only were to be seen—tourists, studying the architecture and decorations; a grisette, kneeling in a corner and softly sobbing; some old women, busy with their prayers; and even these seemed lost in the vastness and solitude. Ethel, though a follower of another faith, fell upon her knees on the cold stones, and buried her face in her hands. Finette dropped by her side, and told her beads quietly. Along the solemn aisles strangers came and went, but paid no heed to the two women.

Half an hour passed. Ethel's motionless silence began to alarm Finette. She touched her gently.

"Madame, shall we go now? There is a gentleman standing near, watching you—*Anglaise*. He has sharp eyes—I fear that he knows you."

The countess arose, and unconsciously flung back her vail. As she did so, she saw, standing not two yards distant, regarding her with fixed attention, the stalwart figure of Sir Valentine Arbuckle. He advanced quickly to her side.

"Pardon," he began, in a low voice; "may I not be permitted to express my sympathy for you in your great trouble, countess? Do not think me intrusive. By birth, I, too, am an American."

Something in his manly, sincere voice arrested her steps at once. She stood beside him in that great, dim, silent church, her face white with distress, her wild, dark eyes dilated.

He regarded her with looks full of compassion, not unmixed with embarrassment.

"I was deeply shocked to hear of Cullen Sardis's death," said Sir Valentine. "He was no stranger to me—as you, perhaps, know. For years I was a clerk in his Boston banking-house."

"*You!*" she cried, in amazement.

"Yes. As the daughter of the man who was once my employer, it is natural, is it not, that I should feel something more than a common interest in your welfare? It was my intention to call at your home, and offer my sympathy; but I chanced to see you enter this church a half-hour ago, and so determined to address you here."

"You are very kind," said Ethel, mechanically.

Falsehood, in any form, was not easy to Sir Valentine, but he stammered out the following with pretty good grace:

"I—that is—I owe much to your late father. He placed me under many—a—obligations in the old days. For his sake, I beg you will allow me to be of service to you now."

The tears welled slowly up to her eyes.

"You cannot help me."

"Think again," he urged, and the pity deepened in his strong, rugged face. "I am entirely at your disposal. Is there nothing that I can do—no aid that I can offer you in your great trouble? Look upon me as one of your own countrymen, who would be only too happy if you would make use of him."

She shook her head, but gratefully put out one slim, trembling hand.

"I thank you, both for myself and my dead father," she faltered; then motioned to her servant, and moved hurriedly away.

At the church door Finette paused. Sir Valentine was leaning against a pillar, watching with disappointed eyes the retreating figures of mistress and maid.

"Madame, I have dropped my rosary" whispered Finette; and she turned and glided swiftly back to the baronet.

"My lord," she murmured, "do you remain long in Paris?"

"Several weeks," he answered.

"If madame should need you, where could you be found?"

He drew a card from his pocketbook and slipped it into her hand. She nodded, snatched up her rosary, and hurried back to her mistress.

Sir Valentine followed the pair out of the church. As the countess was descending the steps he saw her sway suddenly. He rushed forward, and caught her as she fell, carried her back into the porch, and deposited her upon a stone bench against the wall.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried Finette, in a great fright, "call a carriage, for the love of God! She is very ill!"

The baronet ran into the street, hailed the first vehicle that passed, and placed the countess carefully within it. She said nothing, but Finette, with an eloquent glance, touched his arm gently.

"Monsieur, you promise to befriend her? Oh, *mon Dieu!* she needs friends—she does, indeed!"

"I promise, most faithfully," he replied; and then, with a very grave look on his face, he stood in the church-door and watched the carriage roll away.

Count Stahl did not return to the Avenue de l'Imperatrice that night. The next day when he presented himself at the door of his wife's apartments, Ethel was seriously ill, and declined to see him.

"Madame," said Finette, "surely you have written to your people—your friends at home?"

"No," groaned the countess, "I will not tell them what I endure. They cannot help me, and they have sorrows enough of their own to bear."

By nightfall she was in a high fever. A physician came, left some soothing medicines, and an injunction to keep her perfectly quiet, and went his way again. The count remained invisible, but he sent his *valet* to make some polite inquiries regarding madame's condition.

Finette sat beside her mistress, nurse and sentinel in one. She would not leave her post for a moment.

Another night fell. Darkness gathered in the little garden. Finette lighted a Sèvres lamp, smoothed the satin coverlet, wadded with eider-down, over the countess, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and then retired behind the voluminous curtains of the bed. Scarcely had she done so, when the door opened softly and Count Otto entered.

With a noiseless step he crossed the rich carpet, and pausing beside the unconscious countess, looked down upon her with suspended breath. She lay among her be-laced pillows like some marble image, her dark eyes closed, her drifting bronze hair shining in the light. Certainly her peerless beauty was as perfect now as it had been three years before. Did it soften his heart, or did he see in her only the woman who had disappointed his expectations of a fortune, and who now intervened betwixt him and a marriage with Mademoiselle Nicole? A cruel look came into his heavy face, his sleepy eyes narrowed. She seemed to feel his presence, for she moved uneasily, and thrust out her hands as if to put something unpleasant from her.

He drew back a step and waited. Presently the restless arms sank again upon the lace-covered counterpane. Ethel slept on.

Cautiously the count advanced to a buhl table on which some medicines stood. As he took up the nearest vial, lo! from the shadow of the satin curtains darted a threatening figure, a hand snatched the medicine from his hold. Finette confronted him with wrathful eyes.

"Don't touch it, on your peril, monsieur!"

He gave a great start, and an unwholesome pallor swept his heavy face.

"What are you doing here, woman?" he demanded.

Finette's blood was up. Anger made her bold.

"I am guarding madame. God forbid that she should suffer the fate of your first countess, monsieur!"

The look in his eyes might have made a braver woman tremble. Each spoke in a voice subdued, for the benefit of the sleeper.

"Are you beside yourself, creature?" he hissed. "My first countess died by her own hand!"

Finette put herself adroitly betwixt the count and his sleeping wife.

"Pardon, monsieur, that is a lie! Your valet, Adolphe, who is now across the sea in America, calling himself Baron Strozzi, could tell a different story, if he would. Ah, you must have given him much money to stop that glib tongue of his. Countess Olga did *not* die by her own hand. Do I not remember the night when she returned from the Tuileries ball? Do I not remember the wine in the little closet behind the hangings of her boudoir?"

"What do you know of Adolphe—of Baron Strozzi?" he demanded; "who told you that?"

"Monsieur, I decline to answer."

He transfixed her with his threatening eyes.

"You are mad—you are dreaming! It is not safe to know too much! Whisper these vile insinuations of yours abroad, and I will crush you without mercy! Now leave the chamber; I wish to be alone with madame my wife."

Finette stretched out one hand, like a hovering bird, over the table of medicines, the other clutched the wadded curtains of the bed. She felt a mortal terror of the man, yet all the same she determined to defy him.

"Never, monsieur! You shall not come near her! She is helpless—she cannot defend herself. I will defend her. Ah, heaven! I know your black, cruel heart!"

He looked as if he would strike her dead; but he only repeated his command in a perfectly calm voice, "Leave the chamber at once!"

"I will not—I will not! Or, if I do, it will be to summon help—to make a scene here which you will not like."

He angrily pushed back her hand, took up the vials from the table and examined them critically—even tasted their contents.

Finette watched him with terrible earnestness. He stepped back, at last, with a satisfied air.

"I approve of madame's medicines," he said, carelessly; "but I greatly disapprove of madame's attendant. See! she moves. I fear we are disturbing her. Sooner than do that, I will withdraw. Listen. You are an ill-natured cat, Marie, but I warn you again—do not attempt to unsheath your claws upon *me*."

He retreated, step by step, from the bed—from the brown woman self-stationed beside it, and vanished in the countess's *salon*.

Two or three days passed. The count did not venture again into his wife's apartments. That faithful sentinel, Finette, was left undisturbed at her post. To her great joy, the countess began to mend. On the fourth day she arose from bed, walked into the adjoining *salon*, and read some American letters which had just arrived for her. With wistful, melancholy eyes, she watched the white and purple doves that flitted through the green trees of the little garden.

"Oh, for their wings!" she sighed to herself, "that I might fly away across the sea!"

The glass door opening into the leafy shadows swung back suddenly, and Count Otto entered the *salon*. He was fresh from a late breakfast, and the odor of a perfumed narghillé still clung to the velvet dressing-gown which he wore.

He went up to his wife's sofa, and, with an air of tender courtesy, kissed her listless white hand. Then he cast one glance at Finette, who was arranging roses in a buhl vase near by, and reluctantly that handmaid retreated from the room.

"Madame, I rejoice to find you convalescent," said Count Otto, giving no heed to the terror and aversion in Ethel's pale face, "for I have matters of importance to discuss with you. Our resources are cut off, our creditors are pressing in their demands. The bills for your last ball-dress and your last grand reception are still unpaid. Alas! you will be missed in Parisian society; but we must bow to the inevitable. It is necessary to give up these elegant rooms at once, to satisfy the rapacity of the shopkeepers. Ill tidings fly fast. Everybody knows of our misfortunes, and I am pressed for money upon every side. I find that we shall not be allowed to remain here longer than another night."

She began to tremble, partly with weakness, partly with fright.

"What do you mean? Whither shall we go?" she said, faintly.

"Ah, madame, do not think that I have no thought or care for you. My heart melts at the sight of your beauty, youth and desolation. The Summer is advancing. Paris will soon be a furnace—you would die here. In view of this fact, I have secured a charming chateau at Verrières, within a two hours' drive of Paris; and to-morrow, I trust, you will be strong enough to retire to it, and there remain until this storm of misfortune is past."

"Verrières!" echoed the countess, wildly. "What scheme is this? Why do you take me there? I will not go!"

"Ethel, I entreat you to be calm, to be sensible," said the count, as if coaxing a willful child. "I take you there, because it is the only refuge possible for us in our present embarrassed condition. Pardon, you *must* go. It is a matter of necessity. Be reasonable."

She looked at him, half in appeal, half in despair. His countenance was serene, his manner almost tender. *Was* he the monster which Finette had depicted him to be?

"Our servants—will they go with us?" she demanded.

He smiled sadly, indulgently.

"My poor wife, you are a true child of luxury. You find yourself unable, all at once, to comprehend our present strait. It will be impossible to keep our present retinue of servants at Verrières. Firstly, there is not room in the chateau; secondly, we cannot afford it—we are beggars, madame."

"I cannot go, I will not go without Finette!"

He frowned, then answered, airily:

"Finette—always Finette! Very well, you are ill, and must be humored. She shall go with you. Let us take courage—let us look misfortune bravely in the face, madame. You will find the chateau a delightful place in which to pass your term of mourning. I entreat you, by your marriage vows, madame, to give me your help in our common trouble."

By her marriage vows! Ethel shivered, but spoke not a word.

"You will hold yourself in readiness to leave Paris tomorrow," said the count. "We will remain at Verrières till the Autumn, by which time, I trust, I shall have secured a position at the court of my own country."

Then he carried her cold, reluctant hand again to his lips, turned on his heel, and left her, as if the matter was settled.

The countess rang for Finette, and told her of the intended departure.

"We must go!" she said, in despair; "it is useless to resist."

"Madame, that is plain."

"You will pack my wardrobe, and make ready at once."

"Yes, madame. Ah, what can it mean? Monsieur's valet told me but this morning that Mademoiselle Nicole had sent money to monsieur to relieve his present embarrassments. Verrières! That is where my brother Gustave lives. Well, Heaven alone knows what will happen to us there."

"It does not matter," answered the countess, drearily. "I have lived my life."

On the following day Ethel departed from Paris, with Finette her maid, and Count Otto her husband. She was ill, and out of spirits, and the moment she had passed the *barrière*, she would have given worlds, had they been hers, to return.

The weather was ominous. The murky sky threatened storm, the air was hot and oppressive. Count Otto alone preserved his cheerfulness. He lavished delicate attentions upon his wife, and expressed great solicitude regarding her health and comfort. His mood seemed unaccountable.

By the time they reached Verrières, and the chateau which was their destination, rain began to fall. Ethel peered anxiously from the carriage, and saw a square, stone country house, dilapidated from age, with a large, paved courtyard in front, and a garden overgrown with trees in the rear.

The count lifted his wife in his arms, and carried her across the gloomy portal, across a hall of polished, age-blackened wood, and deposited her upon a faded sofa of a small *salon*, where a wood fire was blazing in a cavernous chimney. Finette followed with her mistress's wraps. Both saw that the place was moldy and mildewed, as if from long disuse. Mirrors in tarnished frames hung on the walls, also a few ancient pictures. Straight, high-backed chairs, covered with dingy damask frayed about the edges, stood against the wainscot. Brass candlesticks ornamented the high mantel; brass andirons supported the log on the hearth.

In spite of the cheerful blaze in the chimney, the effect was gloomy and cold. Ethel felt a great chill creep over her from head to foot.

"Madame, welcome to our hermitage!" said Count Otto, almost gayly. "We have reached it in good time, for the rain is coming down like a second deluge. I regret to see you looking so ill. Your maid should pour you a glass of wine."

Finette flung him a defiant glance, took off her mistress's outer garments, wheeled her sofa to the fire, and found a wine-glass, which, after careful examination, she filled with cordial and held to Ethel's pale lips.

"Take courage, madame," she whispered, softly.

The storm had now broken with great violence. The wind raved through the trees of the courtyard; the rain beat on the narrow, small-paned windows.

Count Otto sent away the carriage which had brought them to Verrières, and an old, deaf man, in blouse and sabots, hobbled out from some unknown quarter of the place, and locked the gate of the courtyard; thus closing, as it seemed to Ethel, who watched him from the old, dark *salon*, all communication betwixt herself and the outer world.

Presently Finette slipped away on a tour of discovery, leaving her disconsolate young mistress staring from the window at Count Otto, who had gone out into the court, in spite of all the storm, to speak with the old man in the blouse. Darting down a stone passage, the waiting-maid came to the *chateau* kitchen, where she found an old woman preparing dinner. She was the only living thing in that quarter of the house. She wore a starched cap, and her face was as withered and dry as a mummy's.

Finette went up to her with a friendly air.

"Do you belong at the *chateau?*" said she.

"*Oui*," answered the ancient creature, shredding some herbs into a copper saucepan.

"Who is that old man in the courtyard—your husband?"

"*Oui.*"

"I see. You two take care of the place?"

"*Oui.*"

Not another syllable could Finette extract from her.

She turned from the kitchen to inspect the bedrooms—dark, paneled apartments, dusty, faded, badly lighted. Unpleasant tomb-like odors pervaded them all. Madame would die of gloom, in this place, before a week was out.

"If the count has made up his mind to destroy his wife this is the very spot in which to do it," thought Finette.

Already the day was waning. Round the stone angles of the *chateau* the storm shrieked like a lost soul. In the *salon* Ethel lay curled up on her sofa, miserable, cold and depressed. Not a vestige of color was left in her face. Against the dull velvet of her sofa she looked like a piece of wax. The dark circles under her lower lids made her lustrous eyes seem larger and deeper than ever. Count Otto, entering from the courtyard, never once glanced at her, but stooped down and nervously poked together the brands on the hearth.

"How still the house is—like a grave!" shivered Ethel. "Are we entirely alone here?"

"No," he answered, carelessly; "an old man and woman are in the servants' quarters—ancient parasites of the house. They will attend to all your wants. In your present state of health, you need quiet. Verrières, believe me, is better for you than Paris."

She was too weary to answer. He drew a high-backed chair to the fire, and began to talk flippantly and incoherently about their future life at Verrières, waiting for no reply from his wife, caring for none, evidently, till the summons came for dinner.

They sat down to the meal, attended by Finette. The countess ate nothing. The count drank a bottle of wine, and listened cheerfully to the rain, which poured in floods against the high windows. Night had now set in, and clusters of wax-lights spread a little brilliancy through the dull, damp room.

The dreary meal went on. Only by a superhuman effort could the exhausted countess keep herself from falling to the floor.

"You are fatigued, madame," said the count, at last; "I advise you to retire to your chamber."

She arose from her tall chair, and, with one white hand clutching its carving for support, she turned to take leave of him.

It was the last time that those two, husband and wife, were ever to look in each other's faces.

"Good-night," she said, listlessly.

"Good-night, madame. May you sleep well."

He watched her go out through the heavy door, into the darkness of the passage beyond, feeling no throb of compassion, no change in his relentless purpose. Her beauty, her helplessness, moved him not a whit.

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF PERFUMES.

The use of perfumes and cosmetics became so general and to such an extent, that in 1770 an act was introduced into the English Parliament as follows: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic-washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool (wool impregnated with carmine, and used to this day as a rouge), iron stays, hoops, high-heeled boots, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall be declared null and void."

Imagine, if possible, what an effect such a law, passed by the Congress of the United States of America, would have upon the "marriage relation" in this most "enlightened age"! Would not most ladies rebel, and declare it "unconstitutional"? We laugh at such "Acts" to-day; yet how much influence, how much legislative power, might be traced to these same arts, devices and toflet-wiles, to-day? Would our Congressmen be willing to "rise up and explain"?

During the time of Queen Elizabeth, in all the houses of great people there was a "still-room"—an apartment where the court ladies were accustomed to amuse themselves in distilling fragrant waters. The ladies took lessons in preparing perfumes and washes, and Shakespeare makes Cleopatra study, though for a dangerous purpose, the properties of plants; and Cymbeline orders the gathering of innocent flowers, to cover as guilty an object.

SAGACITY OF A CANADA SLEDGE-DOG.

The two mail-carriers between Little Current and Sault Sainte Marie broke through the ice when about ten miles east of Spanish River, recently, and men and dogs had a sharp struggle for life. The men, after getting out of the water, directed their attention toward rescuing the dogs, which were fastened by their harness to the tobaggan on which the mail-bags were tied, and which was rapidly drowning them. Their efforts to save either dogs or mail would have been useless, but for the sagacity of one dog, which, appearing to realize the difficulty, instead of wasting strength in trying to get upon the broken ice, seized the thongs by which they were bound to the tobaggan in his teeth, and deliberately gnawed them asunder. Both dogs, thus released, swam toward the men, who helped them out; and, after considerable trouble, they raised the tobaggan and mail. They pushed on to Spanish River, where they spent nearly a whole day in drying the saturated mail-bags.

A TROUBLESOME CONVERSION.

In Algiers, in the reign of Braham ben Mamlouk, in 1819, a Jew became a Mussulman, under the name of Abdallah. Some years after he married an Arab woman, who died without leaving him any children. He afterward married another Mussulman woman, by whom he had a daughter two years old.

Every one thought this man sincerely converted to Islamism, when, a few days after, a rumor was current that he had again returned to the religion of Moses. This news turned out to be true; and the following strange ceremonies took place on his reception:

The rabbis commenced by cutting the nails of his hands and feet as close as possible. Then they had his head shaved, leaving only one lock of hair on each side of the head. He next was made to take a cold bath in a vessel kept in the synagogue; and if he is really converted, he is to proceed there for six months, at least, and take a similar bath at break of day. During this bath some eggs were broken on his head, which was then carefully washed. On leaving the bath a shirt was placed on him, and forty blows of a stick were administered to him on the back. He was then placed in a hole, and every one present threw a small stone at him. This operation being terminated, new clothes were given him, and the old ones were burned. He was, in addition, ordered to fast for a certain length of time. Finally, he was directed to whitewash his shop, and to perfume it, and all the merchandise which it contained, with incense.

HELD AT BAY BY A TIGRESS.

A tigress with young cubs is always very savage, and will sometimes charge anybody approaching her den or other resting-place before her own presence is at all suspected.

Three men in the service of the writer were once obliged to take refuge on a rock only some six or seven feet high, where an angry tigress bayed them, and repeatedly threatened to charge home for at least two hours. One of the men was armed with a sword, and the other two had nothing but sticks in their hands. The tigress crouched at the very foot of the rock, which was small but flat-topped, over and over again.

She there alternately blinked and glared at the unfortunate men, who only succeeded in keeping her off from actually springing on them by dint of vigorous and incessant shouting, and constantly changing front, according as the tigress herself kept moving from one side of the rock to another, and occasionally retiring a few paces, and then stealing forward and crouching again.

The state of their throats, and the terrible husky whisper to which their voices were in the end reduced, may easily be imagined. However, down to their humblest followers, hunters, as a rule, are a merry set, and directly actual danger has passed away the danger is forgotten.

HUNTING OPOSSUMS AND RACCOONS.

I WAS once on a visit to a planter who loved hunting passionately. Nothing was too big for him, nothing too small. On one occasion I happened to speak slightingly of 'possum-hunting.

"Pardon me," said my host; "it is neither the size of the animal nor its value which give me a zest for the sport; it is because very few, perhaps none but myself, have ever taken into their heads to shoot opossums on a dark night, and with a rifle."

"On a dark night and with a rifle?" I said.

"Yes; the darker the better. To-night I will convince you, if you choose."

The night was "as black as a wolf's throat," and I could not help muttering to myself that "I should as soon expect to 'catch a hare with a drum' as to shoot a rifle successfully in such black darkness."

Preceded by a negro with a torch, who piloted us into the depths of the forest, we soon got about a mile away from the house; and then the dogs, for we had two of them, were encouraged to hunt about.

Before many minutes had passed, they gave notice that a 'possum was afoot, and presently they had "treed" it. Of course, seeing was out of the question, and we could only, led by our ears, follow our noses, till we came to the tree, at the foot of which, with their noses high in the air, the dogs were dancing around and "barking up the right tree."

HUNTING OPOSSUMS AND RACCOONS.

The darkness seemed to thicken each moment, and I was fairly puzzled to tell how the game was to be got at. Not so my companion; for, taking his torch, the negro soon collected a huge pile of brush and logs, which he placed at about forty feet from the base of the tree, at whose foot the dogs were so merrily barking, and set it on fire.

As soon as the fire began to sparkle and crackle fiercely, my friend, requesting me to follow, went to the further side of the tree, and seating himself about fifteen yards off the tree, requested me to seat myself just behind him, he having the trunk of the tree upon which was the varmint between himself and the huge brushwood fire.

"Now," said my host, "follow with your eye the trunk of the tree, up one side and down the other, and then look on the branches, and see if you can discover anything that looks like an excrescence upon any of them?"

"Is not that something about three parts up, between the large branch on the right side and the one next it."

"There is something there, but I do not think it large enough for our game," said my companion.

Nevertheless, he raised his rifle, sighted, pulled the trigger, and waited the result. Down came thundering some heavy fragments of a knot. The negro picked them up, and pitched them disdainfully into the fire.

Again my host raised his weapon, and sighting at a large protuberance, pulled the trigger. The shot struck true and fair enough, for another large, knotty piece of wood was again shivered, but no 'possum fell. This time the tree was scanned more closely, and a large bundle discovered, which I had passed my eyes carelessly over as a bunch of Spanish moss, and from its close resemblance to that parasitical plant, my friend, too, had, I believe, been of the same opinion.

This time he either saw some movement or something whispered to him that it was the little beast, for he again put his gun and covered the object. This time the report was followed by a grunt worthy of a pig, and a dull, heavy thud, as a compact body struck the ground. This time it was the 'possum.

The negro threw the opossum across his shoulder, rekindled the torch, which, after lighting the fire he had extinguished, and led the way out of the forest toward home.

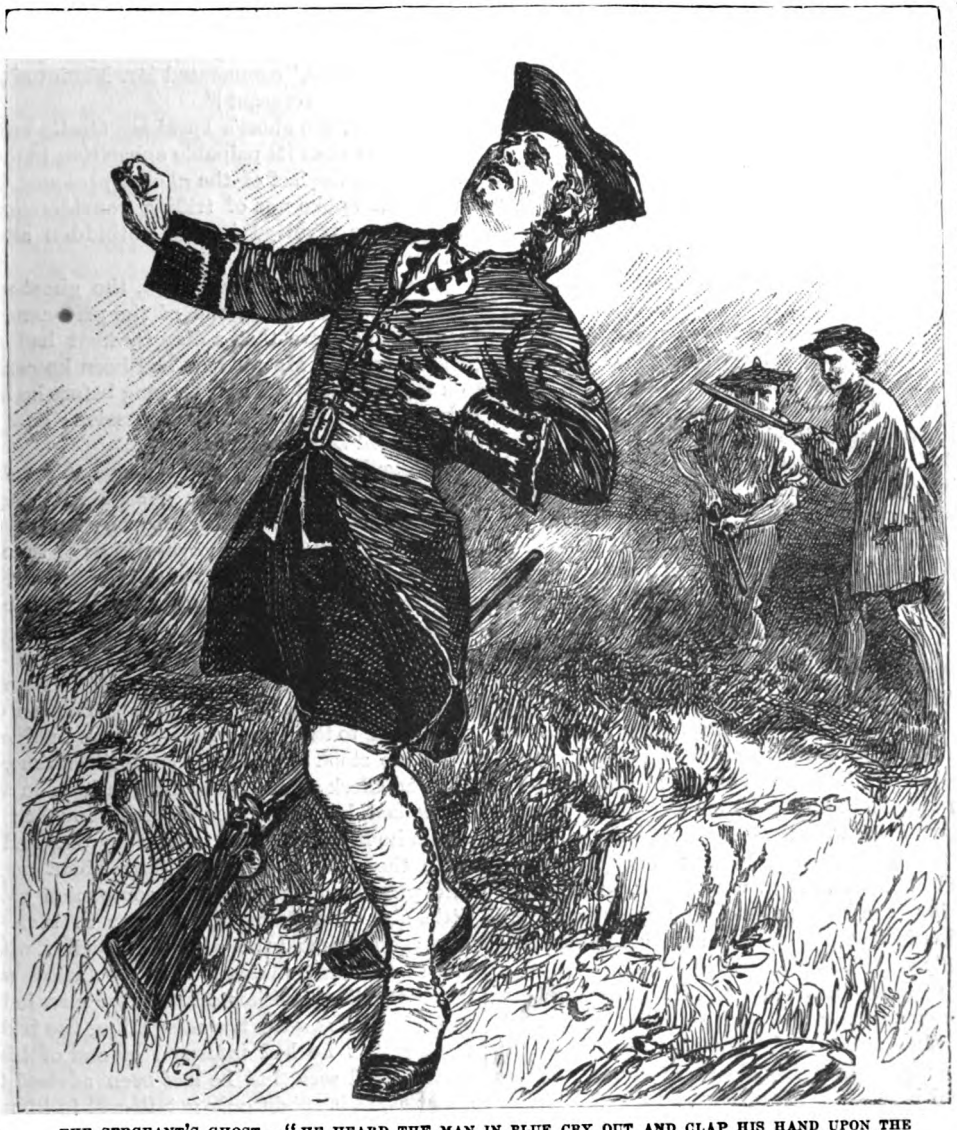
The raccoon is a favorite dish amongst the negroes and a few rough backwoodsmen, though it is not nearly so much esteemed as a fat opossum.

Although on the prowl during the greater part of the night, it may often be seen in the day-time also. I was once "still-hunting," or stalking deer, in the forest on the San-Bernard River, in Texas, when I saw a raccoon upon the ground about forty yards from me. Expecting to get a shot at a deer every minute, I should not have wasted a charge from my rifle upon it; but as soon as it saw me, it came forward, showing its teeth, and bristling up its fur, evidently bent upon giving me a "fight or a foot-race." As soon as I became fully satisfied of its intentions, I shot it.

THE SERGEANT'S GHOST.

THE Scotch rebellion of 1745 was followed by Parliament's passing several stringent measures. Among these was the Disarming Act. All persons resident in the disaffected Highland districts were required to deliver up their arms by a specified date. Any attempt to conceal arms after the passage of the Act was to be punished by a fine of £15, with imprisonment until payment, and failing this within a month, the offender was to be shipped to America as a common soldier; or, if a woman, to be fined in a like amount, and subjected to imprisonment for six months in addition. A second offense of this kind was punishable by transportation for seven years.

Further, the very dress of the Highlanders was proscribed. Any person found wearing what were commonly called "the Highland clothes," that is, the plaid, philabeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of the Highland garb, or assuming a dress composed of tartan or parti-colored cloth, was to be imprisoned for six months for the first offense, and on its repetition transported for seven years.



THE SERGEANT'S GHOST.—"HE HEARD THE MAN IN BLUE CRY OUT AND CLAP HIS HAND UPON THE PLACE STRUCK, AND TURN ABOUT AS IF TO GO AWAY."

These laws were enforced by small detachments of English troops posted about the country, occupying isolated situations, and often separated from each other by wide mountain ranges. Yet by their discipline, and the authority with which they were invested, these little knots of soldiers inspired with awe and effectually controlled large tracts of country inhabited by a hostile but widely scattered population, who were unable to act in concert against their rulers. The service was one of extreme danger.

In the year 1749, one Sergeant Arthur Davies, in the King's service, with four men under his command, was stationed at the fortified barrack of Dubrach, near Braemar, at that time a wild and desolate spot enough. It was only by crossing great ridges of mountain, or by descending the River Dee, along the banks of which there was then no road, that communication could be obtained with the rest of the world.

The nearest military post was Glenshee, miles off across the mountains, to be reached only by a lonely pass. The troops at Dubrach and Glenshee were in the habit of meeting at stated intervals at a spot half-way between the two posts, to compare notes and make arrangements.

Sergeant Davies was a sober, steady, courageous man, better circumstanced than non-commissioned officers usually are, apt to make rather a display of his advantages in that respect. He owned a silver watch and two gold rings. He wore silver buckles in his shoes, a pair of knee-buckles, twenty-four silver buttons upon his coat and waistcoat, and silver lace and a button on his hat. Moreover, he was known to carry about with him a green silk purse, containing fifteen and a half guineas. He made no secret of his wealth. He would produce his purse whenever he had occasion to pay or to receive, and freely show his gold. And sometimes, when playing with children, he would, for their amusement, rattle his purse in their ears, or dangle it before them.

It was known to all the neighborhood that the sergeant was worth money, and carried it about with him. When warned that he was imprudent, stationed, as he was, in a hostile country, thus to invite attack, and, as it were, to set a price upon his own destruction, he answered simply that he always went about armed, and that he feared no man.

On the 28th of September, 1749, the soldiers from Dubrach went to the accustomed trysting-place to meet the troopers posted at Glenshee. They returned without their sergeant. He had quitted them on the road to Glenshee.

They had heard the sound of his gun, and they believed he was pursuing his sport at no great distance from them. Sergeant Davies was never more seen alive by his friends.

His wife at once declared her conviction that he had been murdered. They had lived together on terms of the closest affection. He had never before quitted her for a day. He was under no sort of inducement to desert. For nearly a year no certain information could be elicited in regard to the fate of the missing sergeant.

It was generally understood in the neighborhood, however, that poor Arthur Davies owed his death to foul play, and two men, Duncan Terig, alias Clerk, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, Highlanders, were commonly reputed to be concerned in the murder. They had both become suddenly rich, in comparison with their previous poverty, and a woman whom Clerk had married was known to be in possession of certain rings and other trinkets, which it could scarcely be questioned had once been the property of the late sergeant.

For nearly five years no attempt was made to inflict punishment upon the guilty. On the 3d of June, 1754, however, Clerk and Macdonald were formally tried at Edinburgh for the murder of Arthur Davies in the year 1749. Upon the occasion of the trial, evidence of a very curious kind was forthcoming.

Some time after the sergeant had been missed, one Donald Farquharson was informed by his neighbor, Alexander Macpherson, that he (Macpherson) had been much troubled with an apparition. The ghost of Sergeant Davies had visited him, and insisted upon the burial of his remains. Macpherson had declined to interfere. Thereupon the ghost had bidden him apply to Donald Farquharson, expressing confidence that Farquharson would help to bury his bones. Farquharson ventured to question the truth of his neighbor's story. Macpherson offered to point out the place where the bones were to be found. Farquharson then agreed to go to the place.

He accompanied Macpherson to a deserted peatmoss, about half a mile from the usual path leading from Dubrach to Glenshee. The bones were not lying together, some of the joints of the arms and one of the legs being distant several yards from the main portions of the body. The flesh had for the most part fallen away from the bones and been consumed; the hair had fallen from the skull, the hair being "of the same color with the sergeant's hair—a mouse color," and the head was separated from the body. Several pieces of blue cloth, torn to rags, were found, some under, some by the side of the body; the cloth appearing to the witness to be identical with that of a blue coat which the sergeant generally wore when he went shooting.

Macpherson persisted in his account of his having been visited by a spectre, and entered into curious details. A figure clad in blue appeared before him. He had first thought it to be a brother of Donald Farquharson. It was late at night, and he was in bed. He rose up and followed the vision to the door. "I am Sergeant Davies," said the spectre, and then went on to relate the facts of the murder, and to point out the place where the body would be discovered, requesting the witness to obtain Farquharson's help and to bury the remains.

The witness had asked the names of the murderers. Whereupon the ghost had answered that if the question had not been asked the information would have been afforded, but as witness had asked the question, the ghost said that he either could not or would not answer—witness was not sure which expression had been used.

Further, he deposed that, on a subsequent night, when he had seen the body by himself, but had done nothing toward its interment, the apparition—not in blue this time, but quite naked—again visited him, and repeated the request that the body should be buried. Afterward he had spoken to Farquharson and to some other persons, and the body was duly interred.

He deposed that after both interviews the vision vanished from his sight suddenly, "in the twinkling of an eye"; and that on the second occasion he had again questioned the ghost as to the names of the murderers. The ghost had replied, "Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald"—the prisoners then at the bar—but had refused to answer further interrogations.

Finally the witness was asked by Mr. Macintosh, the counsel for the prisoners, what language the ghost spoke? The witness replied that it was "as good Gaelic as ever he heard in Lochaber."

"Pretty well," commented Mr. Macintosh, "for the ghost of an English sergeant!"

However, the ghost's speaking Gaelic was a less marvelous matter than its palpable apparition in the first instance. Admitting the fact of the ghost's presence, the language in which it spoke was of trifling consideration. The minor marvel was involved in, and outbidden altogether by, the major.

It appeared that Macpherson, the ghost-seer, was in the employment of Clerk, one of the prisoners, and there was reason to believe that a disagreement had arisen between the two men. Macpherson had been known to taunt Clerk on the subject of the murder long before he had been legally charged with it, and angry expressions and recriminations had passed between them.

Altogether, the jury might reasonably enough have rejected the evidence of the ghost-seer. Very distinct evidence, however, was offered by one Angus Cameron, who appeared to have been an eye-witness of the murder. Cameron deposed that, on the 28th of September, 1749, he being on the hill of Galcharn, saw a man in a blue coat with a gun in his hand, with a hat which had a white edging about it—he did not know whether it was silver or not—distant from him, the witness, about a gunshot. He then saw two other men, one of whom was the prisoner, Duncan Clerk, advance up the hill to the point where the man in blue was standing. All three stood together for some little time, when he saw Duncan Clerk strike at the man in blue on the breast with his naked hand only, as witness thought; but upon the stroke he heard the man in blue cry out, and clap his hand upon the place struck, and turn about as if to go away. The prisoner, Clerk, and his companion stood still for a little, and then followed the man in blue. The witness then saw Clerk and the other man, each of whom had a gun, fire at the man in blue. The two shots were fired very nearly together, and immediately the man in blue fell down. Witness then saw the two men rifling the body. He stated further, that he had informed several of his neighbors of what he had seen, but he had been advised to say nothing about it, as it might only get ill-will to himself and bring trouble on the country. Indeed, there seemed to be a general disposition in the district to hush up the matter as much as possible, both from want of sympathy with the poor sergeant, and from a notion that, if much stir was made, harsher measures and a more stringent system of repression would be brought upon the community.

Poor Sergeant Davies was not avenged. The prisoners were acquitted. The Edinburgh jury probably found it impossible to countenance the ghost story, or they declined to abet the animosity which had certainly prompted Macpherson's accusation of Clerk. The evidence against Macdonald was not very clear, but that Clerk was really guilty there can be little question. Cameron's testimony against him was very strong, and little attempt was made to rebut

or falsify it. But Macpherson overreached himself. He had been too ingenious. He had invented the ghost-story for his own protection. With a view to gratifying his resentment against his employer, he had sought to bring Clerk to justice. But in the time and in the troubled district in which he lived, this would have been esteemed a very unneighborly and unclannish action—would have been a deed of exceeding baseness. For what, after all, was the English sergeant to him? Why should Macpherson stir to bring to justice the countryman and neighbor who had merely put to death such a creature as that? He appealed, therefore, to Highland superstition, and told his story of the apparition. A message from the other world, a restless ghost haunting him and demanding certain action at his hands—here was reason enough for his proceeding. Thus, his turning informer would obtain sanction and justification from his fellow-countrymen. His revenge would be gratified, while he should suffer no loss of respect in his own district; it might even be that the fact of his receiving a communication from the grave would invest him with increased consideration in the eyes of his neighbors and friends. But what thus secured him immunity at home, was fatal to the reception of his story when it came to be told from the witness-box in an Edinburgh court of law. His account of the apparition led to the total rejection of his evidence.

THE DORMOUSE.

Among the branch-building mammalia, we are all familiar with the squirrel. English writers are, however, eloquent on their charming pet, the pretty little brown-coated, white-bellied dormouse.

There is no difficulty in preserving the animal in health, and, therefore, it is a favorite among those who like to keep animals and do not like the trouble of looking after them. It is, however, rather an uninteresting animal when kept in a cage, as it sleeps soundly during the greater part of the day, and the sight of a round ball of brown fur is not particularly amusing.

When kept in confinement, it is obliged to make for itself a very inartificial nest, because it is deprived of proper materials and a suitable locality. It does its best with the soft hay and cotton wool which are usually provided for it, but it cannot do much with such materials. But when in a state of liberty, and able to work in its own manner, it is an admirable nest-maker. As it passes the day in sleep, it must needs have some retired domicile in which it can be hidden from the many enemies which might attack a sleeping animal.

One of these nests is depicted in the illustration. It was situated in a hedge, about four feet from the ground, and, as may be seen by reference to the illustration, is placed in the forking of a hazel branch, the smaller twigs of which form a kind of palisade round it. The substances of which it is composed are of two kinds, namely, grass blades and leaves of trees, the former being the chief material. It is exactly six inches in length, by three inches in width, and is constructed in a very ingenious manner, reminding the observer of the pensile nests made by the weaver birds. Two or three kinds of grass are used, the greater part being the well-known sword-grass, whose sharp edges cut the finger of a careless handler. The blades are twisted round the twigs, and through interstices until they form a hollow nest, rather oval in shape. Toward the bottom the finer sorts of grass are used, as well as some stems of delicate climbing weeds, which are no larger than ordinary thread, and which serve to bind the mass together. Interwoven with the grass are several leaves, none of which belong to the branch, and which are, indeed, of two kinds—namely, hazel and maple, and have evidently been picked up from the ditch which bounded the hedge. The probable use is to shield the inmate from the wind, which would penetrate through the interstices of the loosely woven grass blades.

The entrance to the nest is so ingeniously concealed, that to find it is not a very easy matter, even when its precise position is known; and in order to show the manner in which it is constructed, one of the dormice is represented in the act of drawing aside the grass blades that conceal it. The pendent pieces of grass that are being held aside by the little paw are so fixed that when released from pressure they spring back over the aperture, and conceal it in a very effectual manner.

Although the dormouse uses this aërial house as a residence, it does not make use of it as a treasury.

Like many other hibernating animals, it collects a store of Winter food, which generally consists of nuts, grain, and similar substances. These treasures are carefully hidden away in the vicinity of the nest, and in the illustration the animal is shown as eating a nut which it has taken from one of its storehouses beneath the thick branch.

During the Winter the animal does not feed much upon its stores, insomuch as it is buried in the curious state of hibernation during the cold months. At the beginning of Spring, however, the hibernation passes off, and is replaced by ordinary sleep, with intervals of wakefulness.

Now, while the animal hibernates, the tissues of the body undergo scarcely any change, even though no nutriment be taken. But as soon as the creature resumes its ordinary life, waste goes on, and the creature soon feels the pangs of hunger. As the food of the dormouse consists chiefly of seeds and fruits, it could not find enough nourishment to support the body, and would, therefore, perish of hunger but for the stores which instinct had taught it to gather in the preceding Autumn.

In the illustration, the stag-beetle and the golden-crested wren have been introduced, to show the comparative size of the animals. The old dormouse does not fear the beetle, and tranquilly pursues his meal, but the young one is rather discomposed at the intrusion of the big black insect, and meditates a retreat into the nest.

THE TWISTED RING.

Dead—mysteriously murdered in his bed. Those silver locks, dabbled in blood! the awful sight haunted me; more appalling—perhaps because I knew it only from description—than the fearful reality, because the imagination reveled in horrors.

In the still hours of the night, in the tumult of day, came the cry for vengeance; above the roar of battle, on the sultry plains of India, it thrilled through my veins, giving a headlong dash in action that won me the name of the bravest man in the service.

To solve this mystery, which had baffled all research, was to me an expiation, for a sadness amounting to horror hung over the memory of the lost.

We had parted in the bitterest anger. The parent who had been all indulgence, all fond affection to my boyhood and youth, had been roused to vindictive fury by a marriage contracted without his consent; his indomitable pride would listen to no excuse; with curses and maledictions on his part, he had driven me forth from the old manor-house, and we never met again.

In the background of that picture, for ever engraved on my memory, stood my cousin Marian, in her haughty, stately beauty. Her golden hair floated lightly over her

white muslin robe, and her deep-blue eyes blazed with the scornful, withering contempt she was too proud to express.

Well, I knew she never would forgive my slighting her charms, and my father's express commands, to gratify a fancy for a little wayside violet—Alice, the curate's daughter. In the heyday of youthful passion I cared little for the broad possessions my father threatened to settle on her. They were of more value to me now, as the rightful inheritance of my son.

Alice, the fair flower I had gathered to my bosom, had gone to the shadowy land, withered with the sultry heat of her torrid home. I was free at last; on the invalid list, returned for life to England. I could not control the feverish impatience of my soul to be at home. The old manor-house was entailed, and passed with the title to me, and there, where my father had died, I must find the secret of that death.

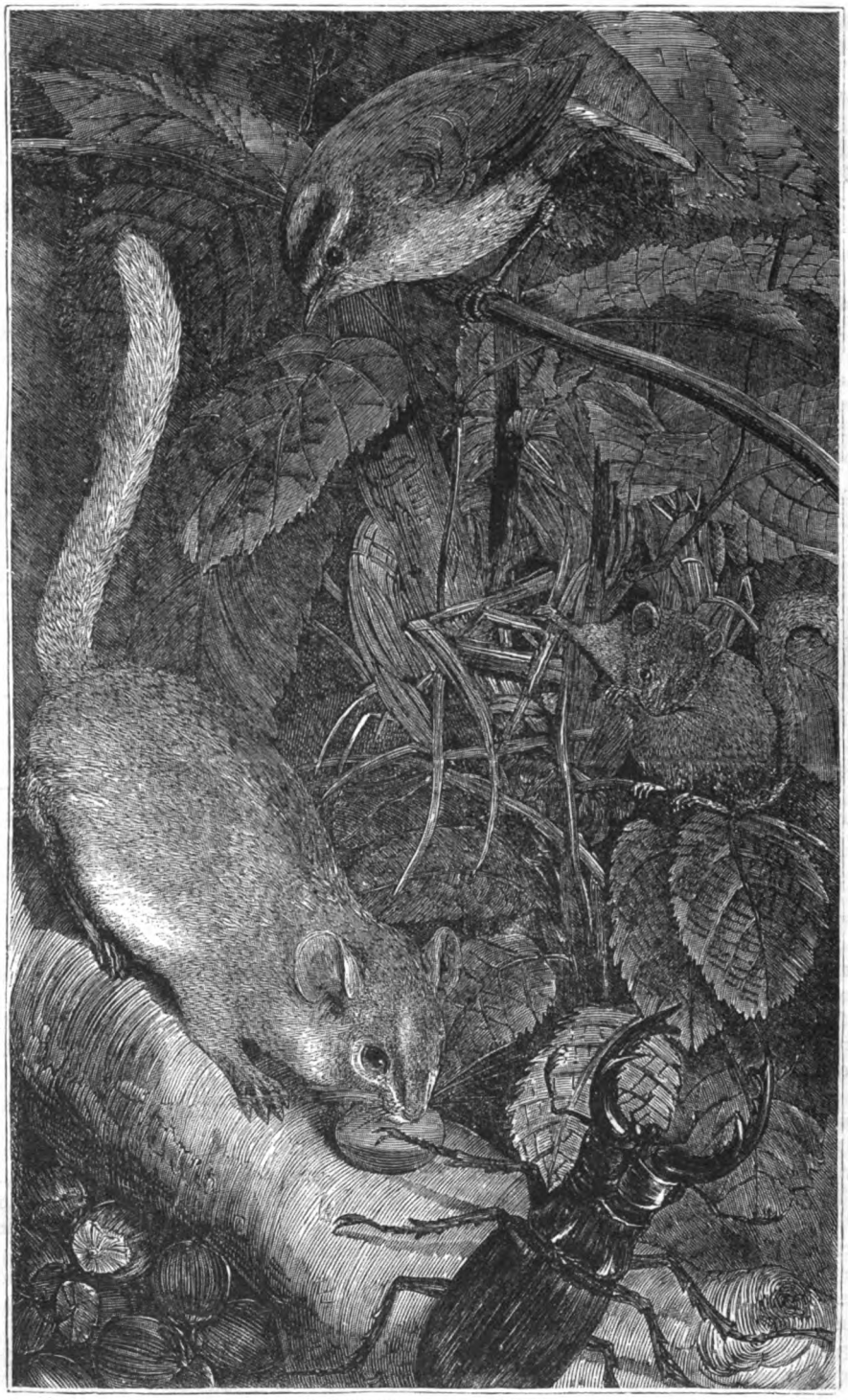
I was content to spend a day in London, but hastened to the North of England. I left the carriage at the entrance to the grounds, and walked up the long avenue, closed to the world since that dark funeral procession. The wind sighed through the old trees, the fallen leaves rustled under my feet, and the massive stone doorway still bore the funereal hatchment. There was no sign of life till I turned into a narrow, winding path leading to the housekeeper's wing, and eagerly anticipated her warm welcome.

I opened her door, and nothing could exceed my disappointment and grief to learn of her death, one month before. I had built such hopes of aid from her sagacity and intelligence, her love and devotion to our family, that I sank down in her old, familiar arm-chair, and buried my face in my hands. I listened almost vacantly to the detail of her illness and death from her daughter's lips. I was looking at the closet where stood the pots of jam, with curious labels, which had fascinated my boyish taste; at the old, dark damask curtains, behind which I had hidden, when near detection purloining sweets, when my attention was roused and arrested by the woman's taking, from an old desk in the corner, an inlaid box, not only locked, but curiously sealed up, and placing it, with a key, in my hands.

"Her mother had mourned greatly not living to see her young master," she said, "and the day before she died had the box tightly sealed up, and intrusted it to her, to give it, with her own hands to her master's son."

A gleam of hope shot through my mind. What could it be? Would light come from her grave to show the way?

A fire was lighted in the old library, and after hastily partaking of some refeshment, I sat down by a shaded lamp to investigate the housekeeper's box. I paused, for the presence of the dead seemed to overshadow the spot. In that room I had parted from my father; I could close my eyes and see him—and Marian's dazzling beauty as she looked upon me. Truly, her pride had been



THE DORMOUSE.—SEE PAGE 211.

well gratified since, as the Countess of A———, the beauty of the London fashionable world, with diamonds a crowned head might envy.

I opened the box; it contained a square, ruled book—a diary kept by the old servant for my pleasure when I should return; a little paper lay beneath it, holding an antique ring of twisted gold, curiously enameled, and fastened by a diamond star. I had purchased it in Venice for my cousin Marian, and when last I saw it, it shone on her fair white hand.

Why was it here? Was there some dark mystery that the old woman dared not investigate?

I opened the book, and the old handwriting, so faded and yellow-affected me strangely.

She began with my banishment, and detailed the sorrow and consternation of the old servants; my father's fitful, moody temper; my cousin Marian's many triumphs as a beauty and a belle; with all the little incidents of the daily life at the old place. It was told so quaintly that tears filled my eyes. It went to the birth of my son. It described the gay and joyous manner of my father when he received my letter; of his summoning in all the servants to drink the health of the young heir; of the paleness of Miss Marian when called upon to rise and join in the toast, and her reluctance to do so.

THE TWISTED RING.—"A DEEP GASP, A GROAN, AND MARIAN FAINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE."

She then narrated all the events of the evening which preceded his death, viz., of the excitement of Sir James when she took his tea to the library; of his telling Miss Marian that he should alter his will the next day; that to Edward's son should pass the estates forfeited by his father, never noticing the cold displeasure of her manner. She described the girl's wonderful beauty as she sat in the gleaming light of the open wood fire, in her ruby satin dress, and the rich falls of lace shading her rounded arms, white and perfect as statuary. She noticed that her hand trembled as she took her tea, and the paleness of her cheek; but seeming to dismiss her as a disagreeable subject, became even garrulous on old master's joy. Underneath was written:

"That night Sir James was murdered!"

Here was a lapse of a week, and then minutely she described the awful scene. From the time that Miss Marian rang the bell and ordered, in her imperious way, the footman to see instantly why his master was not down, and ten minutes past the usual time; of his screams of terror that brought all the house to Sir James's room; of the insensible body, with its ghastly fractured skull, the disordered room, the broken window.

Then the coroner's inquest and verdict; the questions of the detective concerning any money Sir James was known to have; of his taking an old memorandum-book in which were registered notes paid by a farmer the day before, and missing; then his name and address left with her to communicate if necessary. Then she passed to the reading of the will, and the regret of the whole country that young Sir Edward was disinherited; that Ellesmere Priory and Avondale Castle were left to Miss Marian; of her hasty departure for London; the payment of legacies and dismissal of servants; then the closing of the old manor, and an unbroken, monotonous life for months. As I idly turned the pages, I was once more spellbound, for I came to a mysterious dream and its results.

She seemed walking alone through a vast forest; the ground was covered with dead leaves, which rustled be-

neath her feet, while the wind, sighing mournfully, scattered them down over her head. They grew deeper at every step, while the dim twilight seemed to fade away till she could just distinguish a figure ahead of her. Occasionally this figure would stop and beckon to her; then she would lose sight of him altogether behind some huge tree, but all her struggles to overtake him were unavailing. At length they came to an opening, and a bright, luminous light played round the head of her old master, Sir James. He stopped, and said to her:

"Griggs, go home and look in the 'Monk's Closet.'"

The scene vanished and she awoke. Although perfectly aware of this place of concealment, which was constructed ages before, she shrank with an indefinable dread from entering it. The passage-way opened by the foot of Sir James's bed. The day passed, and when night came she was again visited by her old master in a different way. She floated on a smiling Summer sea; one person only in the boat, and his face was turned away. Suddenly the waves rose mountains high, and, with a roaring, hissing sound, the boat was engulfed. As they sank into the abyss, her master turned and said, again:

"Search the 'Monk's Closet.'"

So great was her fright, she could not sleep, and as soon as morning dawned she proceeded with trembling steps to the place.

No one but herself knew of this place of concealment, out of the family, and a winding way led to a distant corridor. With a candle in her hand, she went slowly on and stood in the square, stone room; on the floor lay a hammer, clotted with blood and gray hair; something glittered beside it; she stooped and picked up the *twisted ring!*

What was she to think? She had seen that ring on Miss Marion's hand that night in the library. She dared not trust her bewildered senses to even think, for the honor of the name, but she left it till I should return.

Here followed years of infirmities, of anxieties to see me. She almost struggled with death to live to tell me, face to face.

I gazed with a kind of fascinated horror on the ring. Could that hand, so soft, so beautifully molded, have dealt the murderous blow? Could I even accuse one of my blood of so fearful a crime, and bring such a doom, however well deserved, upon her head?

Could I even consult the detective without committing myself? I tossed on a sea of perplexities, of doubts, of despair.

In this conflict of feeling I passed the most horrible days and nights, till I wrote at last to Brimmer, stating my return to England, and asking did he ever learn more relative to my father's murder.

To my surprise, I received a letter by return mail, asking my presence at once in London, as he had traced one of the stolen notes, and had a clue to the guilty person.

In an hour I was on the road, and the next night in the rooms of the detective, who soon stated his convictions. He had sought for years for these notes; one came into his hands, and it was but child's play to trace it.

A handsome Frenchman had married Honorine, lady's maid to the Countess of A———. Discovering the notes in a secret drawer of a cabinet, she appropriated them, and, in her turn, hid them from her husband, fearing his gambling propensities. He had taken one for his amusements. She had confessed the theft.

"You see, sir," said Brimmer, "things were not all right for a robbery, although they were scattered round. There was gold left, and the window was broken on the *inside*, I could tell with one eye; still, it is not proof of guilt in the Countess of A———, because the old man may have given her the notes; it is only suspicious. Had she reason to wish his death?"

"Reason! ay, indeed, she had reason, when it made her the richest heiress in England," I thought; and, combined with the ring, there was corroboration sufficient to send her to the hangman's hands. In spite of all, so terrible was the fate before her, I hesitated to tell the man. I would wait till to-morrow."

I left Mr. Brimmer with the intention of at once returning to the hotel, but suddenly a feverish anxiety to see Marian seized me. I wanted to look at her, to satisfy myself as to her guilt.

I called a cab and drove to the mansion of the Earl of A———. Every window blazed with light, and the hall was lined with exotics, while orange-trees bordered the marble stairs, and all the appointments of wealth showed preparations for a grand ball. The Countess Marian entertained royalty that night.

My dress was disordered, my face pale and haggard, and the powdered footman regarded me with grave distrust. I gave him no time for reflection, but ordered him peremptorily to announce her ladyship's cousin from India.

In a few minutes her French maid, with a simper, bowed me into the boudoir, and in this temple of luxury I awaited an interview. It was hung with pink silk and paneled with mirrors. The rarest statuary and gems of art met my eye, while the warm breath of flowers from an adjoining conservatory, and the splash of falling waters, lulled my senses into a momentary repose.

I started up spasmodically, and stood as one in a delicious dream, for before me, transcendently beautiful, stood my cousin Marian. Noiseless in her movements, she seemed to float in her white, shimmering robe, studded with diamond stars; every movement gave tinted lights of the rainbow from the diamond necklace on her fair, white neck, the stars in her golden hair, and on her round, white arms.

Every charm of her youth had blossomed, and she seemed something beyond mortal.

I trembled as she touched my hand, and I felt the glitter of her deep-blue eyes, dazzling in light, fixed upon me.

My voice sounded strange and husky as I murmured something in reply to her greeting.

"Marian!" I screamed, as I seized her round, white arm, "did you murder my father?"

Her blue eyes dilated with a kind of paralyzed terror, her lips paled, and she burst into a strange and horrible laugh.

"Have you returned a maniac, Cousin Edward?" said she.

"No, no!—would to God I had, Marian! But your maid, Honorine, has been arrested for passing notes stolen the night my father died. She has confessed she took them from your cabinet."

The countess trembled.

"And if she did?"

I held up the twisted ring before her eyes.

"Where was this found, Marian?" I said.

A deep gasp, a groan, and Marian fainted for the first time in her life.

Unwilling to call the servants, I restored her senses by some pungent essences I found in a bottle near me.

"It is true, Edward," she said, faintly; "I did commit the deed. I hated you—more, because I loved you once. Leave me to-night; to-morrow do what you will."

The roll of carriages announced the arrival of guests, and I left.

As I left that luxurious room, and thought of the change to Newgate, I shuddered. Could she realize the fearful fate before her?

"Forgive me, Edward, before we part," said she, extending an icy hand.

I touched it, and left her standing, like a marble figure, frozen in the midst of beauty and life.

I went to my hotel, and sleep came at last—heavy, deep and prolonged, such as I had not known for months.

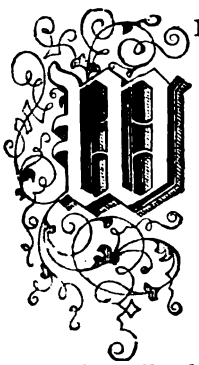
When I awoke, Mr. Brimmer stood by my bedside with a morning paper in his hand. He did not speak, but pointed to a paragraph.

"SINGULAR AND UNACCOUNTABLE SUICIDE.—This morning, at an early hour, the beautiful Countess A——— was discovered dead in her ball-dress in her boudoir."

Her wonderful beauty, her grace, her wealth, were all set forth. Happy in her domestic life, the idol of society, no reason could be found for the mystery, of which I alone held the key. A vial of prussic acid lay by her side.

A bribe to Brimmer secured his silence. The will of the Countess Marian restored my estates, which went to my son unshadowed by the horrors of the past.

THE DEVIL'S CAVE.



WITH our loaded guns on our shoulders, ample game-bags at our sides, and with watchful eyes in our heads, we sauntered along through the tangled roadway, which was gradually leading us from the village into the depths of the forest.

The pretty town of Sandy Hook, with all its bustle, we had just left behind us, and we could yet hear the low murmuring of the old factory, and the occasional puffing of the steam-whistle betokened the neighborhood of civilization when all other sounds and evidences were lost.

It was one of the last days of August, and the sun was doing its best in the blistering business, and we were thinking only of the shady cool beyond, to which we were directing our steps.

Of course, we had started out to *hunt*. "Squirrels and woodcock," so we *said;* but there was, somehow, a sort of understanding between us that we were not to lose our chances for a shot by too careful scrutiny of the game, even if we *did* happen to hit a partridge once in a while.

Of course, the "game laws" were a necessary institution, and all that, but then, you know, a fellow "can't most always sometimes tell." The birds are all the same color when they're in the grass, and when they take wing we can't stop to study ornithology, before taking aim—"of course not." We didn't *say* this, you know, but we both "*thunk*" it.

While we were thus soliloquizing, we both were startled by a sound in our near neighborhood, closely resembling the drumming of a partridge. We cocked our guns simultaneously.

"There's a woodcock around here, somewhere," says I.

"Yes," says Jim; "I distinctly heard him flap his wings."

"I'll bet——"

Whir-r-r-r! Bang, bang!

The bird had risen a little to the left of us, and not being able to carry the heavy weight of shot which had been poured into him, he dropped in a convenient blackberry-bush.

(We won't say what he was, but from this distance I see that he has not a long bill).

"The biggest one I ever see," cries Jimmy, clambering over brambles for his prize, "and his bill has been shot clean off."

We both *smole* a simultaneous smile, and made our first contribution to the game-bag.

We now paused to reload, and while engaged in this occupation, our attention was arrested by a rustling in the shrubbery at our right. Nearer and nearer it approached, and, although we could not see twenty feet on either side of us, we knew that the cause of the commotion was within short gun-range, if we could only draw a bead on him.

"P'r'aps it's a bear," I suggested, in a whisper.

"No! it ain't a bear," returned Jim, in a low, anxious tone; "bears don't go to work that way. One thing is sure; it's either a guyroscutas or a rhinerockaroarass, and we had better each of us give him both barrels as soon as he shows himself. It's our only hope."

Near and nearer came the rustling, until the nearest bushes began to shake from the boisterous approach of the creature. The guns were both brought to the shoulder, and the barrels leveled at the bush.

"Hey, fellers! vot you shutes!" exclaims a voice from the verdure, as Hans Saurkraut tumbles from the still vibrating branches.

"Ach, ach! Mein Gott!" he screams with uplifted hands, as his eyes encounter the weapons leveled at his red Dutch cap. "Vot for you shutes me? Mein Gott!" and he dumps himself behind a rock with the agility of a fiddler-crab.

Once safe, he becomes vociferous. "Py tam! you dakes me for a woodcock, hey? I shoost show you vot kint of shickens zis hairpins vas," and, so saying, he brandishes a huge horse-pistol around the edge of the rock, and lets her fly. It was our turn to do the fiddler-crab business now, and it is most astonishing how circumstances may accelerate one's powers in that direction.

The shot flew around promiscuously, and we both tried to gain sufficient presence of mind to feel of ourselves and pinch ourselves to see if we were dead or alive.

The stillness of death reigned for a few minutes after the Dutch explosion, and when Jim dared to peep from his concealment, it was only to encounter the aim of that same unique weapon, reloaded and ready for another volley, and with a glittering eye and a red cap just showing above it from behind the rock.

"How vos dose tings, eh? How you likes mein shoots, you vellars behind ze shtones? I kif you mein vord, I dot you vas too shippee pirds ven I shoots mit mein pishtol off, dose times."

"Come, let up on us, old man," I ventured; "we were only fooling."

"Voolin! Py tam!" muttered Hans. "Yah; das ish vas I done, too, don't it?"

"Yes," replied Jim. "But yours was a little too much like business."

"Pishness? Yah, wohl, pishness is goot mit mine little pishtols. He shoots goot. He shoots petter ten times as dose tubble-hedded shoulter gunz, mit ter two leetle triggles, by tam!"

"That's so, old man—that's so. But you'll let us up now, won't you?"

"Hah! mebbe dese vellars pehint de shtones don't petter haf loaf round mit shoot kuns no more some dimes—ain't it? How vas dose perhints, vat I shoots mit mine pishtol off. I pet dey vas some scratchun vorse as de sefen times itch, pehint dose shtones."

About this time Jim began to feel a strange tingling sensation in his southeast portion above alluded to, and a further examination proved that he had really received a little

lead into his system. There was no joke—it was a stern reality.

"By the great horn-spoon!" he exclaimed, with a frightened expression, "that blasted Dutchman has shot me!"

"I tells you vat you does, you vellars," cried Hans. "You shust got some gattnips und cook him mit some shtove water, and rub him all over mit your hant."

This was capital advice, but we were neither of us in a particularly good mood to receive it. We had been punished for our foolish audacity, and, not caring for a second volley from the Dutchman, we hoisted one of our handkerchiefs, and cried "truce."

Hans spied the handkerchief, and at first, supposing we were holding it up as a mark for his horse-pistol, was about to fire upon it, when we explained its meaning, and the whole affair was amicably settled.

The sun had grown hotter and hotter, and our lively experience had quickened our circulation to such an extent that we were fairly boiling over with heat. We resolved to go up "under the mountain," beneath the cool cedars, and there regale ourselves.

"Mebbe I go mit you," volunteered Hans, "to show you de vay," and we all three started along in the hot sun.

Every now and then Jim would pause by the wayside, and do a little rubbing on the quarter aforesaid, and Hans would occasionally say something about "gattnips."

He was a good-natured Dutchman, after all. We had neither of us ever seen him before, as we were comparative strangers in these parts.

We joked and laughed, and *scratched* over our novel experience, and before long found ourselves beneath the dark, cool evergreens.

We all sat down on the mossy rocks, and were soon much refreshed by the woodland breezes which swept beneath the trees.

Hans was very talkative, but it wasn't *our* fault that we did not always understand what he was driving at. He would persist in getting his sentences "hind side a-fore," and his verbs were horrible to contemplate. But he was a good fellow after all.

We had been there about half an hour when a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"How vos dose tings?" he asked. "You feels gool already?"

We assured him that we were quite comfortable.

"By te crate shpoons, I vos von hairpin. You gome mit *me, I* gools you off, by tam!"

There was no refusing him, so we followed his footsteps through the woods.

"I bring you mit dose place vere you vreeze alreddy," and on he sped triumphantly through the thickets over rocks and fallen logs, making the woods echo with his broken Dutch abortion of the English language, in which the phrases, "Shtone hole mit te grund," Freezin-place," and "Colt as ische greemes," was of frequent repetition.

He finally came to a halt on the edge of a rock, and, pointing downward, he yelled back to us: "Vot I tells you. Mebby you don't got some valk fur noddings."

Following the direction of his finger, we spied a small cave beneath fallen rocks, with an opening about ten feet across.

"Vot I tells you, hey? You does like ische greemes, hey? Vone nite de odder day I gooms here, und pring dree bushel ische greems mit my pale off."

While he was thus expressing himself, we had approached the entrance of the cave, and in its depths one—although it was in the last of a heated August—could easily perceive the remnant of ice which our Dutch guide had sweetened into "dose "ische greemes." But we can truthfully say that ice cream itself could not have tasted more delicious than those cold fragments which that cave afforded our parched tongues. Thus was I first introduced to the Ice Cave of Sandy Hook, Connecticut.

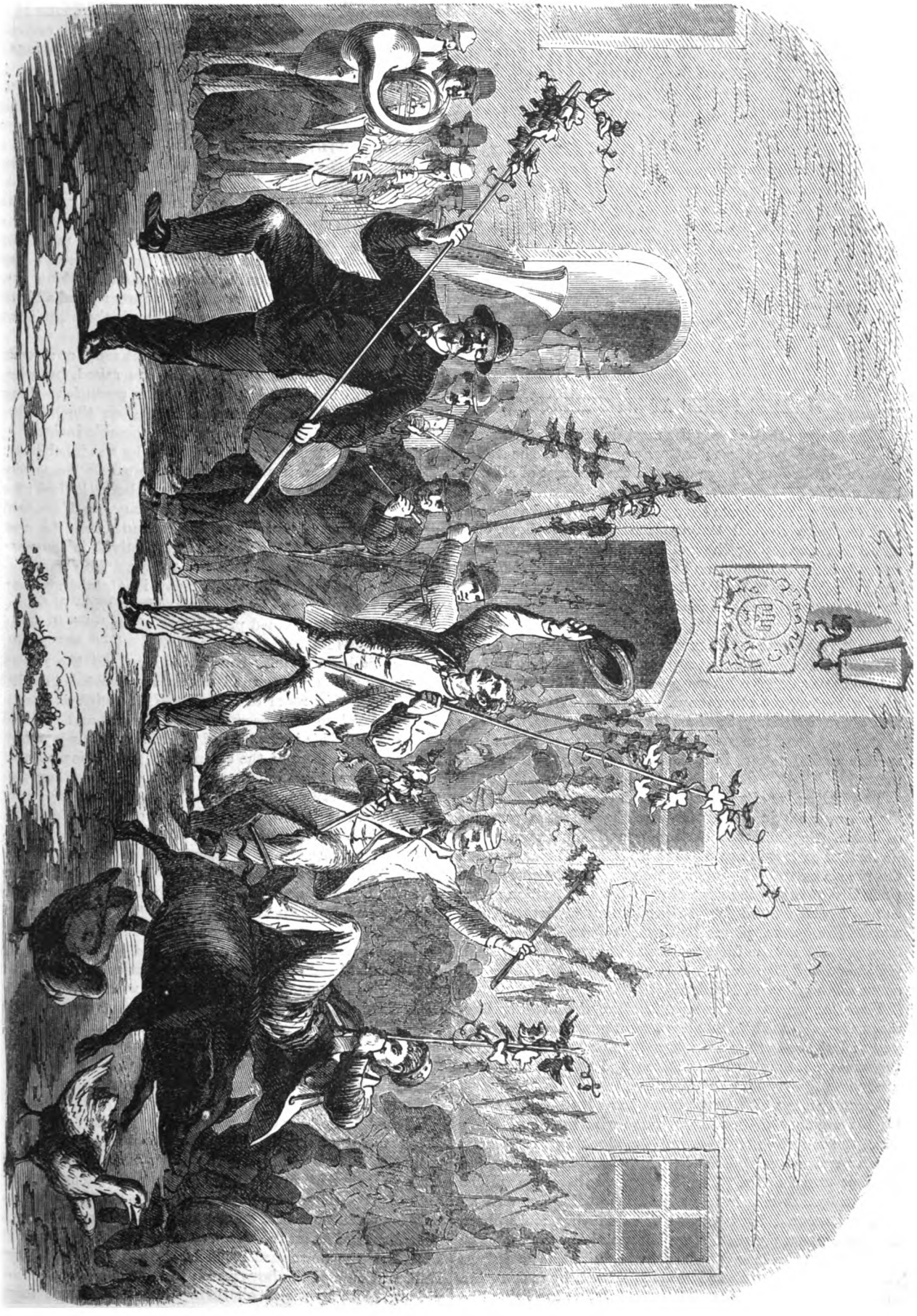
THE DEVIL'S CAVE.

Many were the legends which our companion narrated to us in relation to this cave—legends in which his satanic majesty, "Ter Duyvil" took a leading part.

The cave was known in the neighborhood as the "*Devil's* Hole under the Mountain," and from its name one would never imagine to find such a nice, cool spot. The cave itself was not very spacious, being merely a large, irregular fissure between rocks which had fallen one upon another in some convulsion of nature.

But it is a natural curiosity on account of the deposit of ice which is always to be found in its depths.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in the neighborhood,



A VINTAGE FROLIC AT WITZUNHAUSEN.—SEE PAGE 218.

and, after killing one or two "woodcock," we then finally departed.

"Mebbe some more dose days you shutes mit me, hey?" remarked Hans, as he shook hands with us. "Gattnips, mine frient, gattnips!" and his Dutchship vanished in the brushwood.

Jim and I wended our way homeward. I suppose it was awfully mean of me, but I couldn't help laughing once in a while at Jim's strange antics, and I willingly forgave his bursts of anger at the mention of "gattnips."

We met on the following day; Jim was feeling better.

"How many, Jim?" I anxiously inquired.

"Enough for a load," said he, and the subject was dropped out of respect to his feelings.

We have many times visited the Ice Cave since this eventful occasion, and always find it cool and delightful. It is a great resort for picnic parties, and, even in the hottest Summer day one may always enjoy a drink of ice-water from "Under the Mountain."

A VINTAGE FROLIC AT WITZENHAUSEN.

We all agree that wine is the most delightful and merry-making of all beverages; and why should not the festivities and frolics on vintage days be the merriest of all celebrations?

Evidently the ancients thought so, for their bacchantes and mænades roamed through mounts and valleys, cliffs and dales, worshiping the god Bacchus for days and weeks in continual enthusiasm and with the noisiest demonstrations; and down to the latest times of the Roman Empire, bacchic festivals were the most extravagant and licentious of all.

We have become much more prosaic and commonplace nowadays, for, even in wine-producing countries, vintage celebrations are not a bit more joyful than the feasts given after gathering the other crops. But still there are localities where Bacchus yet swings his enthusiastic sceptre after vintage days; and one of them, where his worship is held in due consideration, is Witzenhausen, in Northern Germany.

The diminutive city of this name is situated on the river Werra, near its junction with the Weser, in the province of Hesse. Together with Grüneberg and Naumburg, which lie further east, it is one of the northernmost places where the vine is cultivated—places which have in themselves the prejudice of producing sour wines. Yet the location seems to be especially fitted for the production of fruit. Cherries, apples, pears, plums and grapes from Witzenhausen formerly did not go further than to the markets of Cassel, Göttingen and Hanover; but now they are shipped by rail as far as Bremen and Hamburg.

The wine grown on this spot is often ridiculed by Germans, on account of its rather pungent qualities in common years; but good crops are not a bit worse to drink than the wines produced on the Rhine and in Southern Germany.

The sour crops of Witzenhausen have been divided into three imaginary classes by wags, to wit: the three-men's wine, the school-class wine, and the stocking wine—terms which require a good deal of explanation to be understood in their true import. The first-named beverage will be taken in by a man only when his upper and lower extremities are secured by two men from moving, and when a third one pours the stuff down his protesting throat. The school-class wine is said to be a first-rate means to induce children not to miss their lessons at school, by making it a penalty that they must swallow some of this medicine-like beverage. But it would appear that the stocking wine is the most energetic of all three; for if you pour some of it into a ragged, worn-out stocking or sock, it will contract even the widest apertures to an invisible extent, making all darning superfluous.

This is the way the mischievous treat the subject of Witzenhausen wine; but in the year when the vintage frolic represented in our illustration took place, the beaming rays of a propitious sun had improved its quality to such a degree that it could have been pretty well sold under the designation of the best Rhenish vineyards.

The men forming the procession just issuing from the City Hall are so enthusiastic that they scarcely perceive what kind of brutes and birds mingle in their ranks, and the members upset by the untoward intervention of hogs evidently take it to be rather a joke than anything else. So Bacchus and the Thyrsus reign supreme, and all business and family cares are forgotten through the magnificent crop of the current year.

The vineyards of Witzenhauzen are not small or separate patches on which a few grapes only are raised, but wine-growing has been carried on there for centuries. Long lines or tracts of vineyards are visible on the hillsides, affording to the inhabitants a very comfortable income.

Two festivals are annually celebrated by the inhabitants: the harvest frolic, in which almost the whole community participates, after all grain crops have been housed; the vintage frolic, almost as old as the city, and arranged every year by a committee of the Casino Club, the most influential society of the place. This festival is the more popular of the two, and lasts three days. Its commencement is fixed on the second Friday in October. Many strangers are attracted by its displays from wide distances, and the numerous landed proprietors of the vicinity never fail to witness its droll performances.

On each day a popular concert is played on the market square, and the evenings and nights are devoted to balls, held in the main room of the City Hall, which is beautifully adorned for the occasion with wreaths and garlands of the vine. This is the part of the frolic most enjoyed by the female members of the community; but it is plain that gentlemen must, on such occasions, have something particular to themselves, and this must be something noisy. To satisfy their desires, a procession is organized for them, to take place on the second day.

For this procession the members are prepared by an improvised, very substantial breakfast, which lasts from three to four hours, and is famous for its musical, theatrical, mimical and buffoonical intermezzi. The trombone, the bugle, the oboe, and many other instruments, fling their notes, not always perfectly harmonious, against the walls of the ancient building, the City Hall; sometimes even the organ-grinder's enchanting machinery whispers its melodies. Every participant who is capable of amusing the crowd by some mimical, musical, and, of course, funny, production, contributes his share to the general merry-making; and the *ensemble* of these performances might, by some lookers-on who are in their sober senses, be called a fool's revelry.

When the repast is over, and the participants have imbibed enough of the precious liquid to become furiously enthusiastic, those who are still able to walk on their legs form in order of procession. They reproduce Grecian antiquity by arming themselves with the thyrsus—that is, with long sticks adorned on one extremity with vine-leaves. They form in line on the street, as soon as they can succeed in finding the downward steps of the venerable old City Hall, and onward the boys march to the summit of Johannisberg, close by; and on their triumphant march they

wave and swing enthusiastically, as true followers of the world-conquering vine-prince Bacchus, their thyrsus-sceptres.

To put a sedative on too gushing enthusiasm, the men, on their arrival on the top of the hill, are served with a cup of strong coffee; and this beneficial draught has caused the procession to be called the annual "coffee-march."

In former years, when ladies did not yet waste so much time in ball preparations, but contented themselves with arranging their hair in five minutes, and putting on a white dress in less than no time, they took part in the procession themselves, and we have a right to suppose that it was then much more orderly than it is at the present time. Now they watch the procession from their homes, and peep at the noisy participants only from behind the window-curtains, and restrict themselves to making malicious remarks on the individuals of the "coffee procession" while dressing for the ball in the evening.

When the bacchic furore has settled down into quiet, and the thyrsi are thrown away, they will associate with them for the hop, tease them for their licentious conduct during the solemn day, or seize the propitious occasion to entangle them in their love-nets.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.

By David Ker, Author of "On the Road to Khiva."

PART I.

THE "EARTHLY PARADISE."

"Look thou now round on Samarcand—
Is she not Queen of Earth?"

So wrote Edgar Poe, in one of his finest lyrics; and, in truth, though the great city is shorn of its ancient splendor, though its 200,000 inhabitants have dwindled to 30,000, though the once-famous Observatory of Timour has utterly disappeared, though the nation which Timour trampled under foot lords it over his capital, and possesses his very tomb, the "Earthly Paradise" still merits the beautiful name affectionately bestowed upon it by the greatest of Persian poets. The first view of Samarcand as one comes over the brow of Tchepan-Ata in the brightness of the early morning is a sight to be remembered, even by those who have seen Kiev, or Constantinople, or Rio de Janeiro. Far and wide along the valley below cluster countless gardens in all the beauty of their Summer bloom, through which tiny streams run dancing and sparkling to meet the windings of the river. To the south, the great yellow cliffs of the Shekhri-Sebzian mountains stand up against the deep blue sky, glowing like a wall of brass in the dazzling light. In the centre of the glorious picture lies the great white city itself, with its endless labyrinth of winding streets and flat-roofed houses, girdled by a massive wall, and sentineled by the huge gray battlements of the citadel. High above all rise the vast, many-colored towers of the three great mosques, and the mighty mass of Timour's Summer palace—all which, steeped in the cloudless splendor of an Asiatic sunrise, burst upon the eye in one blaze of glory.

But, like all Eastern cities, the ancient Tartar capital is only beautiful at a distance. A close inspection reveals uneven streets ankle-deep in dust, narrow, filthy lanes, festering heaps of offal and garbage of every kind, with mangy dogs sniffing hungrily around them; deformed beggars, hideous with sores and vermin, holding out fingerless hands, with a whining petition for alms, and mud-hovels just big enough to contain one room, dark and noisome as a pigsty, crowded with unwashed occupants of both sexes, and containing, for all furniture, a copper stewpan and a roll of dirty carpet.

Indeed, a very curious book might be written upon "Central-Asian Dwellings"; for, in a climate where the popular definition of a house appears to be "a possible shelter in case of rain," the abodes of the native residents are often very primitive indeed. On the Syr-Daria*, I have seen men living actually *underground*, communicating with the surface by a sloping passage, through which they and their horses popped up unexpectedly every now and then, like rabbits leaping from their holes. Toward the Sea of Aral, I have more than once seen a Kirghiz herdsman content himself with the shelter of a few sticks propped against the trunk of a tree; while even the Russian soldiers think themselves well housed in little beehives of reeds and lath, with windows of gauze instead of glass, half a dozen of which I have seen put up in one afternoon.†

To attempt here any description of the Shir-Dar and Ooloog-Begi Mosques, or the Shah-Zinde Palace—still fresh and beautiful as when the conqueror of Asia reared them five hundred years ago‡—would be compressing into a few words the magnificence for which I have elsewhere found five chapters all too little. Nor must I dwell upon the famous "marble reading-desk" in front of the third mosque, which once supported the monster Koran that Timour's favorite sultana used to read from her curtained window 150 feet away, and between the supports of which the pious Mohammedans still crawl on their hands and knees, in the full belief that they are thereby cured of whatever ailments may afflict them.

But the Great Bazar must not be suffered to pass unnoticed. Imagine an endless network of wide avenues roofed in with reed-matting (through which steals a rich Summer gloom of shaded sunlight) flanked on either side by tiny booths, in which sit cross-legged figures, suggestive of a pantomime or masquerade, some silent and motionless, others shrieking and gesticulating like French hotel-touters. Here you see a native cook drawing from his tiny oven a batch of "pilmeni"—little dumplings of chopped meat and onions, eaten off the point of a sharp stick! There, a baker is rolling out cakes, or rather *sheets* of bread (for they are fully as wide as a small table-cloth), which, with the addition of fruit, form the diet of three-fourths of the native population. A native lady comes gliding past, looking, in her yellow vail and long blue robe, very much like a copy of the Edinburgh Review; and she is instantly succeeded by a brawny water-carrier, bending under the weight of his swollen "skin," which looks unpleasantly like a drowned dog. Then a fierce yell is heard, and a wild-looking dervish, bare-armed and bare-limbed, darts by, shouting and waving his hands like a madman.

And as you advance, some new and startling type of Eastern race meets you at every turn. The lumpish Sart, the bun-faced Tartar, the tall, stately Bokhariote; the squat, gnome-like Bashkir, shaggy and untamable as the four-footed ancestor assigned him by tradition; the grave, high-cheeked Persian; the keen-eyed, aquiline Jew, in his broad girdle and black, funnel-shaped cap; the portly silk-merchant from Meshid, in the same garb wherewith Haroun Al-Raschid disguised himself a thousand years ago, when out for a midnight "lark" about the streets of Bagdad; the

* This name of "Clean River" must be ironical, for even the Nile itself is not more hopelessly dirty.

† There are 7,000 soldiers quartered in Samarcand (or, rather, just outside of it), under General Abramoff, a fine old veteran, who entertained me most hospitably during my stay.

‡ In the end of the fourteenth century.

lean, puckered visage of the Kashgarin, with its huge, bat-like ears projecting from under the little saucer-shaped cap; the gypsy-like Dhouwana, with his huge hat slouched over his broad, flat face, and the ample "gourd," in which he hoards whatever food he can beg, borrow, or steal, hanging at his side; and, conspicuous above all, the white robe and fierce black eyes of the warrior-Afghan, flaunting in all his barbaric bravery.

There can be no doubt that, with her natural advantages of position, Samarcand is destined to regain much of her former importance, when once the internal communications of Central Asia shall be more fully developed; but as yet, travel is in its infancy in these primitive regions, and the camel is still as emphatically "the ship of the desert" as he was in the days of Job. At the signal-word "*Tchok!*" from his driver, he couches to receive on his hump the square wooden yoke which forms the substratum of the huge bales of merchandise that are to follow; and then he and his companions, fastened nose to tail, like beads on a string, stride away across the desert, doing a daily average of 30 versts (20 miles), with a load varying from 500 to 600 pounds. The chief caravan routes are from Bokhara southwest across the Oxus to Merv and Herat, and southeast to Balkh; from Khiva across the Kizil-Koum (red sand*) desert to Fort No. 1, on the Syr-Daria; from Bokhara to Samarcand and Khodjent or Tashkent; from Khiva to

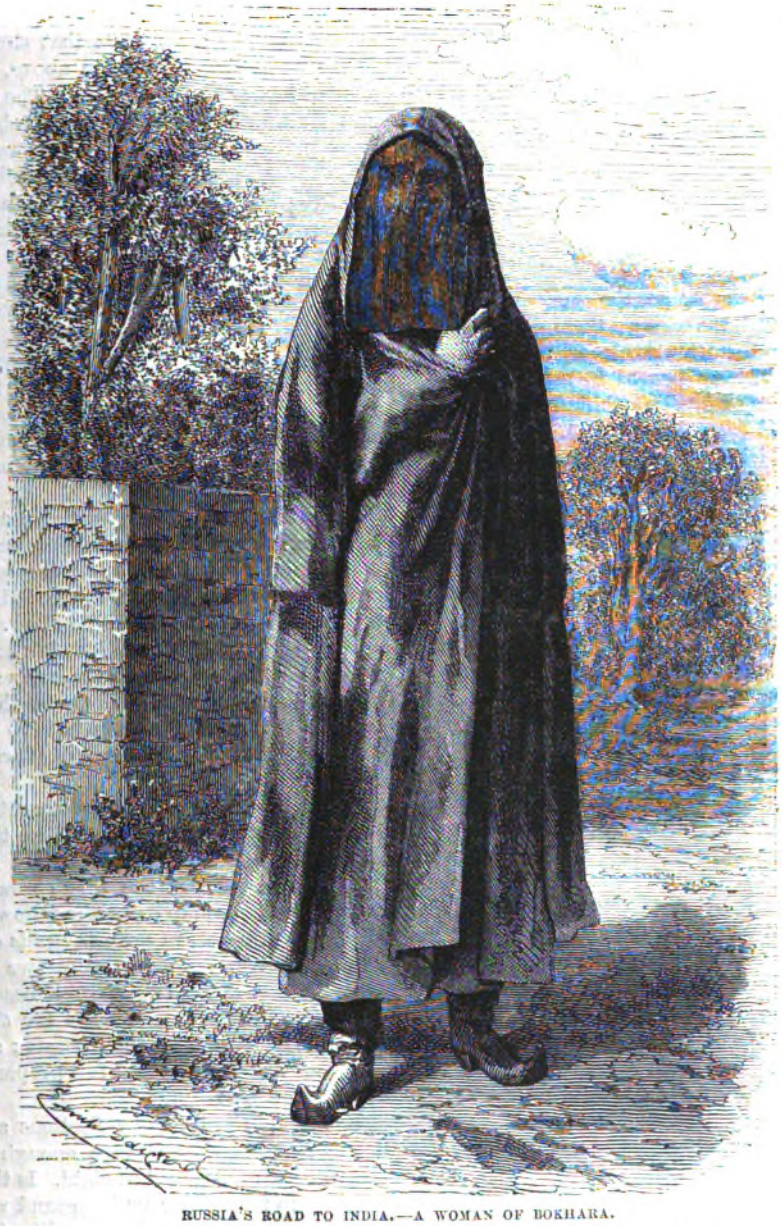
RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—INTERIOR OF A TURKOMAN TENT.

* Why these names were given, is very hard to guess. The Kara-Koum (black sand), Kizil (red), and Ak-Koum (white), are all of one color, and that color a pale yellow!

Bokhara; and from Khokand over the mountains to Kashgar and Yarkand.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the sudden appearance of one of these great processions in the heart of the lonely waste—the huge, gaunt forms of the camels, often magnified by a mirage into monsters more terrific than those of Dante, strung out in endless file athwart the hot, brassy yellow of the desert; the dark faces and bright-hued robes of the men; the flat, unending sands below, and the wearisome glare above, all melting at length into the quivering haze of intense heat that hovers on the horizon.

Having exhausted the city — if that wonderful panorama ever *can* be exhausted — the next thing is to ascend the Tchepan-Ata ridge, the Montmartre of this Asiatic Paris, which stands up like a wall along the north side of the Samarcand Valley, about eight miles from the town itself. For the first quarter of an hour or so, the way lies through a network of gardens, shut in by high, blank walls of dried mud, between which there is barely room for the deep, sandy fosse, overflowed at every turn by an intrusive stream, which is here dignified into a "road"; while just at the narrowest part of the path I invariably find my way blocked by a heavy-laden camel —by no means an agreeable neighbor to those who object to a bite worse than that of a bulldog. The camel's patience is as apocryphal as the lion's magnanimity or the swan's death-song; and in the whole menagerie of creation there is no more obstinate, capricious and brutally ferocious creature than this "patient friend of man."



RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—A WOMAN OF BOKHARA.

Little by little the gardens melt away, and the ground becomes ridgy and broken. It is a sight to see how the last houses of the city surge up and down, now overhead, now underfoot, each peering out of its little bouquet of foliage, like a Russian in a fur coat; and high over all, running up hill and down dale, like the Great Wall of China in miniature, rises the vast, gray, crumbling rampart of the city, which might have given General Kaufmann more trouble than it did in 1868, had there been a few brave men behind it, instead of thirty thousand cowards, whose whole strategy lay in running out at one gate as the Russians ran in at another. But the old saying, that cowardice and cruelty go hand-in-hand, has been amply verified by the history of Bokhara, and never more markedly than in the final campaign which put a period to her independent existence. On this head, the testimony of Kornil Suvoroff, a Cossack prisoner who served for years in the Bokhariote army, and from whose graphic description I learned more of Khokand and Bokhara than I could have gathered from twenty books, is conclusive as to the fighting power of his adopted comrades:

"The infantry numbered 2,500 men, chiefly Russian and Persian prisoners, with a few Uzbegs. Their uniform was a red jacket and white trousers, with a high, black sheepskin cap, and each man was armed with a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sabre. They were drilled and disciplined after the English fashion, under the direction of Abdul Samut Khan,* who had been for a time with the English army in India, before he joined the Amir; their pay being three roubles ($2.25) a month. Besides these, there were other soldiers, levied from among the Sarts (lower-class Bokhariotes); but they showed little bravery, and often ran away at the first shot. The cavalry formed the bulk of the army, and there were as many as 13,000 of them quartered in the city of Bokhara alone. These were armed with sabre, lance and rifle; and their pay, in time of war, was two or three Bokhariote *tillahs* (from six to eight dollars) a month, with a remount when necessary. In time of peace they received no pay, but lived at home like the rest.

* An infamous Persian renegade, who became Prime Minister of Bokhara, and took a leading part in the murder of the two English officers, Conolly and Stoddart. He was ultimately put to death himself in the same barbarous way.

As for the artillery, of which Abdul Samut took special re, there were about eighty pieces, which had been cast in the country, besides those taken from the Khokandese. There were a few mortars among them, but the most part were twelve-pound guns; and of these, more than fifty were kept in and around the Amir's palace itself. Here, too, was preserved the sacred standard of Bokhara, which was only brought out when the King went to war in person—a large flag of crimson silk, with a silver ball on the top, having a black cow's tail attached to it. The lesser standdard was smaller and narrower—more like what we call a pennon. The artillerymen received the same pay as the foot, and wore much the same uniform, except that their jackets were black instead of red.

"In my time there was a foundry at Karshi,* and a powder-mill as well, under the charge of a Sikh deserter called Nassir Khan. The Amir seemed to think a great deal of his guns, but in reality they were very badly served; and if the ball went anywhere *near* the mark, it was counted a good shot.

"In addition to all these, there was another cavalry corps, armed with great heavy pieces called *djezanlis*, which were carried either in carts or on the backs of camels. When they were to be fired, the men set them down, and lay down full length behind them, and so let fly; but although they made noise enough, they seemed to me to be of very little use, except that they sometimes killed the men who fired them."

By this time I am fairly clear of the city, and the real work begins in earnest. Up and down—up and down—now breasting a steep ridge which piles itself up overhead like a wall, now sliding down a slippery incline with the gravel flying about my ears like hail, now shut into a deep, narrow gorge, cleft by some torrent which the merciless heat of Summer has drunk up long ago.

Warm work I have of it, scaling walls, leaping ditches, scrambling up steep banks, tearing through thickets—for this is a regular "cross-country" march, which, in most parts of Central Asia, is infinitely preferable to keeping the road.

To the road, however, I come at length, and, striking along it, cross, one by one, the ridges that rise like stairs—one beyond the other, culminating, at last, in the great bluff of Tchepan-Ata, from the crown of which the ground falls steeply away down to the great waste of bare gravel through which runs what is left of the Zer-Affshan. Going up-stairs under a vertical sun is always rather violent exercise, as those who have scaled the Great Pyramid will readily admit; but when the stairs are several hundred feet in height, and extended over a space of seven or eight miles, the task becomes athletic enough to satisfy any amateur.

On the brow of a projecting bluff, a little more than half way to the final point, I turn for one more look at the beautiful valley which lies outspread below me like a map. Glancing over it, I almost imagine myself once more on the summit of Mount Salahiyeh, looking down upon Damascus. The same wide sea of dark, glossy vegetation, through which the white houses surge up every here and there like wreaths of spray; the same tiny river sparkling through its embowering leaves; the same great central mass of towers, and domes, and high walls, and narrow, dusty streets, and flat-roofed mud-houses; the same huge bastions of bare, gray rock standing up along the horizon, sharp and clear in the blistering sunshine as if scarcely a mile away; the same rich, voluptuous Summer sky.

But already the strange contrast characteristic of Central Asia, where one stride carries you from riotous luxuriance to utter barrenness, begins to make itself apparent. Wherever water runs, wood grows; but, one inch beyond the reach of the life-giving stream, the desert claims its own again.

Below, the vast masses of foliage extend, tree-top beyond tree-top, as far as the eye can reach; above are slopes of crumbling sand, and bare sheets of gravel, and parched ridges of dry, white clay, gaping thirstily through countless cracks toward the bright, scorching, merciless sky.

And the steps by which this ruin has been wrought are manifest enough. When the old Tartar conquerors, with that wasteful destructiveness which stamped them, one and all, swept away the forests that sheltered the soil, and let in the unsparing heat from above, they bequeathed a legacy of misery to future ages. The exposed rivers shrank and dwindled beneath the scorching glare—the earth grew parched and moistureless—water-courses had to be cut, exhausting yet more the fast-failing rivers—and so the two evils went on, augmenting each other, till now, within easy reach of the "Earthly Paradise," reigns a desolation like that of Sinai itself.

From the point where I stand, I can see, as it were, the history of Central Asia in miniature. Through a cleft in the hills, appears a vast, lifeless, gravelly waste, amid which one shining streak still lingers to mark the channel through which once rushed, in all its fullness of life, the "gold-giving" Zer-Affshan. And as with this region, so with all the rest; not the grand and poetic loneliness of virgin solitudes, but the grim and murderous desolation of extinguished life.

What Turkistan once was, the stately ruins, and mighty burial-mounds, and far-extending canal-beds, which startle one in the loneliest depths of the great desert, sufficiently declare; what she now is, the ghostliest wilderness imaged by Gustave Doré would fail to show.

Hence it comes that all Russia's eastern conquests, from first to last, have followed the course of three or four great rivers—the Syr-Daria, the Oxus, the Zer-Affshan, the Ili and its six tributaries—which have given to the northeast corner of Turkistan its name of "Semiretchirsk," or Seven Rivers.

Water, regarded as a minor essential in the cool, breezy lands of the temperate zone, is here the one great condition of human as well as vegetable life; and the knowledge of this fact has shaped the whole strategy of the invaders. "When we wanted to catch the fellows," said a veteran Russian general to me, in describing his campaigns against the Turkoman tribes of the south, "we never wasted time in hunting for them, but simply beset the water-courses, knowing that they must make for *them* sooner or later, to get grass and water for their beasts; and then, with all the advantages of position and full preparation, we were certain to have the best of it."

But at this point my reflections are broken by human voices and laughter, strange enough to hear on this bare hillside, with not a soul in sight. Is this a batch of gnomes coming up from their underground workshop for a breath of fresh air? Something very like it, certainly; for as I crown a high bank, and dip down into the little gully beyond, I come suddenly upon a gang of native workmen, engaged in road-making.

This is no uncommon sight in these parts, for the Bokhariote, obtuse as he is on most points, has a pretty keen eye to his own interests, and is ready enough to pocket the roubles of the "Ooross" (Russian), whenever he gets a chance of doing so.

The "road," so far as it has yet gone, is broad and level enough, for the Russian conquerors have learned that pick-axe and shovel are surer weapons than breech-loader and

* The "Neksheb" of Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

mitrailleuse; but the work does not seem to be progressing very rapidly. And this is the less surprising, since the meagre frames and sausage-like arms of the workmen differ as widely from the mighty brawn and bone of the Western "navvy," as these brittle wooden spades, and picks scantily tipped with iron, differ from the trenchant tools of civilization.

But, though anything but satisfactory from a utilitarian point of view, the group has nevertheless an undeniable picturesqueness of its own. Nude to the waist under the blistering glare, with the cordage of sinews standing out over their gaunt frames, whose dull, leathery brown is well set off by their white or yellow trousers and huge, many-colored turbans, they are irresistibly suggestive of half-plucked parrots; and the shrill, screaming laugh which issues from every mouth, just as I come up, completes the resemblance. A little, shriveled fellow, with a face of monkey-like drollery, has just flung at one of his mates some piquant morsel of Bokharian "chaff," and the "cheers and laughter" are universal.

Evidently the yoke of foreign conquest does not press very heavily on *them;* but, indeed, a mere change of masters can matter little to men who have been slaves from their birth, and they doubtless find themselves better off under the protection of the "infidel" flag than when constantly liable to be trampled down by Khivan horsemen, or speared by Turkoman robbers, or destroyed in hundreds by the labor of dragging their Amir's cannon, under a July sun, through the drifting sands of the desert.

In such a country, and among such a people, one catches a glimpse, amid the busy world of modern history, of a world that existed before history began. In these remote solitudes, the "unchangeable East" has held its own, and the ordinary life of to-day is a living realization of the oldest books of the Bible. The Tartar chief still sits in his tent-door, offering milk and wheaten cakes to the passing guest, just as Abraham did four thousand years ago. The men with whom I crossed the Syr-Daria traveled in the same fashion and with the same kind of merchandise as those who carried Joseph down into Egypt. In every town one may see, under the deep archway, whose cool shadow contrasts so delightfully with the blinding glare outside, "the elders sitting in the gate," to speak with those who have business with them. Around the village well, women gather to draw water with the same appliances, and in almost the same costume, which Eliezer of Damascus saw beside the well where he met Rebekah. The Kirghiz herdsman, in his coarse mantle of camel's hair, kindling a fire at nightfall to scare the beasts of prey, is the living likeness of those who followed Isaac to Gerar. In the streets of Khiva and Bokhara, every native grandee goes attended by "men to run before him" and clear his way, as Absalom did in Jerusalem; while Esau himself might hail as a brother the gaunt, fierce-eyed Turkoman who comes rushing across the desert, lance in hand, with his "company" of armed riders at his back, hunting and robbing by turns.

By this time the valley lies far below me, and the fresh breeze that sweeps over the uplands forms a delicious contrast to the hot, dreamy, lifeless heaviness below. But the silence and loneliness around me are now so intense that the very tune which I valiantly essay to whistle, in defiance of the steep ascent, sounds as strange and incongruous as a shout uttered in the crypt of a cathedral.

I might well imagine myself in the heart of a desert, rather than within sight of one of the great cities of Asia; and the few living things which present themselves are all under the same spell. Here, coiled up in the shade of a clump of bushes, lies a bearded fruit-seller, fast asleep, with his head propped against a basket of those magnificent grapes, which, sold here for half a cent per pound, might command any price in either London or New York. The bare-limbed donkey-driver who is plodding along behind his laden beast—just as Ali Baba may have plodded behind his, in the days when his discovery of the primitive savings-bank founded by the Forty Thieves had not yet made him a millionaire—drags one foot after the other, like a machine. The strapping Turkoman matron who comes sauntering round the curve of the road just as I reach it, leading a little bronze statuette by the hand, and carrying her baby slung at her back like a satchel, seems almost too much "used up" to beg—a very rare thing with an Asiatic. The grazing camels on the higher slopes, startled by my approach, slouch lazily off a yard or two, and then begin feeding again; while a solitary vulture, far up in the clear, bright sky, hangs poised on his wide wings, as if unable to make up his mind even to the exertion of looking out for a dinner.

The sun is now, as I once heard an English tourist phrase it, "more hotterer than ever"; and, seasoned as I am, I find the little round tower that crowns the last hilltop beginning to seem a very long way off. But, foot by foot, I struggle up to it at last. With its low, massive wall, and dark, narrow, tunnel-like entrance, it looks unpleasantly like a tomb; while, to complete the resemblance, there sit crouching in its very mouth two goblin creatures, whose skeleton forms, long, white robes and blinking eyes, might well represent the newly-risen dead.

However, having recovered from their first amazement at the unaccountable lunacy which impels men to walk up steep places in the heat of noon, when they might just as well sit still, the two troglodytes receive me civilly enough, and answer my request for water by promptly producing an earthen bowl of very doubtful cleanliness, nearly half full. For one moment a haunting recollection of the countless deaths from *rishte* (thread-worm) caused every year by the Bokharian water, makes me pause; but an eight-mile tramp, with the thermometer anywhere you like above 120, makes one callous to these little scruples, and the vessel is soon drained dry.

And now, having taken breath a little, I begin to look about me; for this is a place rich in historical memories. Downward from the spot on which I stand, one fine Summer morning in June, 1868, the last army of Bokhara melted in one great whirl of ruin, and the sceptre of Timour passed from the hands of the Amir to those of a Russian Governor-General. As I look down upon the famous battle-field, the whole scene lives before me again. Far and wide along the hillside, rises an endless perspective of gay robes, and dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons; while below them, on the farther bank of the chafing river, clusters the little band of the white-frocked Russians, awaiting the signal of assault. And now there steps out in front of their line the tall figure of a veteran Colonel, and his voice rises clear through the grim silence, in words that have taken their place in history:

"Lads, our father, the General, has ordered us to storm those heights, *and therefore it must be possible.* Forward!"

Then comes the plunge into the water—the blast of fire and cannon-smoke from the hill above, lashing the water into foam with its pelting shot—the struggle with the furious current, and the glitter of the bayonets through the smoke as they near the opposite shore. Death seems imminent for the little handful of heroes, thus hurled against ten times their number—when, see! a sudden tremor shakes the countless host of the enemy, and the faint-hearted many turn and flee before the daring few. There they go, the surging thousands, dimly seen through clouds of smoke and

dust, in the hot, stifling reek of the gunpowder—a nightmare of hurrying faces, some livid with fear, some black with rage, some haggard with hunger and fatigue; weapons flung wildly away, garments torn and bloody, men reeling and falling on every side, cries of despair from a thousand tongues, drowned by the deep hoarse "hurrah" of the charging Russians, whose bayonets come glittering over the brow of the hill like the spray of a breaking wave.

Strange enough do such memories appear amid the dreamy stillness of this sunny hillside, where the butterflies hover rejoicingly on the warm, fragrant air, and the sheep feed peacefully on the smooth green turf that hides the bones of a thousand men. But, in the eyes of its Russian masters, at least, even this quiet spot is still overhung with a shadow of war—not the fierce, short fever of the conflict already past, but the mightier presence of the conflict yet to come. Southward from where I stand, barely four hundred and sixty miles away, English sentries are looking down from the ramparts of Peshawur upon the long black tunnel of the Khyber Pass—Russia's gateway to India. Across the "neutral ground" of Afghanistan, the two great conquerors look sternly into one another's eyes, each waiting, in a sullen suspense which is neither peace nor war, to see what the other will do.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—DHOUWANI.

This question of a possible Russian advance upon India has been much discussed of late years, and hundreds of critics have spent much time and labor in proving that they know nothing about it—the fact being, that what are generally regarded as the greatest obstacles to the attempt exist only in the imagination of untraveled writers, while the real hindrances are those of which the European public has never heard. The self-appointed authorities on this subject are never weary of celebrating "the double barrier opposed by Nature and by Man." Now, granting that Russia really intends mischief in the direction of Cabul and the Indian frontier, her objective point will of course be Herat, and her only possible route thither will lie either southward from Samarcand, down the Valley of the Moorgh-Ab, or eastward from the southeast corner of the Caspian Sea, up the Attreck to Koochan and Meshid. In the former case, the only real difficulty is the belt of desert lying between the Oxus and Merv. That desert once passed, the fifteen "marches" from Merv to Herat lie through an easy and well-watered country, abounding in forage, and everywhere practicable for artillery. As for the Attreck route, it is not too much to say that a regular force could march, without a check, from one end of it to the other.

So much for the "barrier opposed by nature." That opposed by "man" (if the brute-like cutthroats of the Oxus may be so styled) is equally imaginary. It is not generally known that large bodies of Turkomans, and not a few Afghans likewise, have been serving under the Russian flag for years past, and that many of them are still doing so. The "10,000 Turkomans" holding Koochan, in whom so much reliance appears to be placed by many who ought to know better, simply represent so many thousand roubles' worth of transferable stock. Much has been said about "the hardy Turkoman's hereditary enmity to Russia"; but personal experience has taught me that the hardy Turkoman is just as fond of a bribe as his neighbors, and that his political creed is that of Rolf the Northman:

"A sea-king's gods are those that give the most."

The fact is, that men of Western blood can but imperfectly appreciate the immense effect produced by the belief which Russian emissaries are fostering in every part of Central Asia, that, whereas English rule implies compulsory civilization, the fundamental maxim of Russia's dealings with the Eastern races is simply: "As you were." The Asiatic, however lax in morals or in politics, has an

intense attachment to his own dress, language, and customs; and those who leave him the undisturbed enjoyment of these, while providing him with food and employment, may always count upon his allegiance.

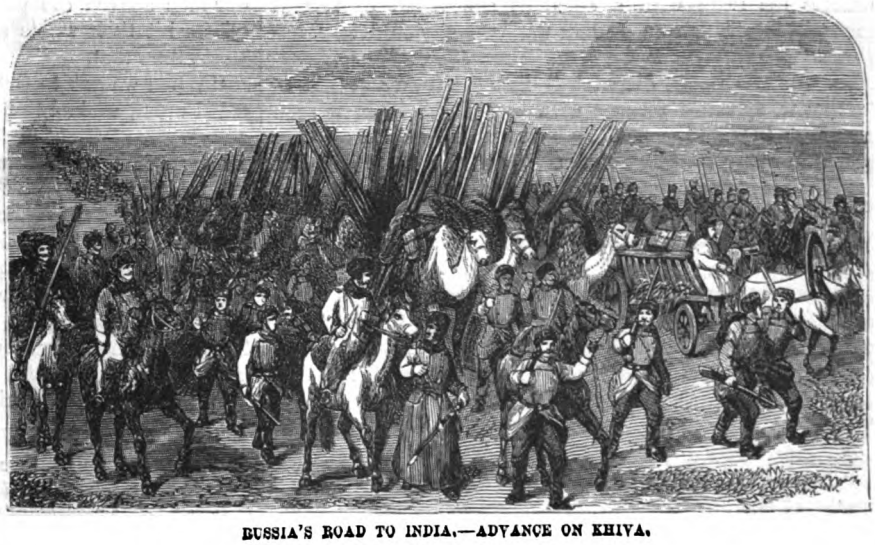
It is also well to recollect, that among men of restless habits, unattached to any form of government, there is a boundless field for Russia's favorite manœuvre of welding the conquered into a weapon for the conqueror. In every age, aggressive warfare in a semi-barbarous region has employed this method with success. It was with the aid of the Latin and Hernican cavalry that Rome destroyed the Samnite and the Gaul. It was from the ranks of his Christian captives that the Sultan Bajazet formed the terrible brigade which taught Europe to shudder at the name of the Janizaries. The subjugated mountaineers of Tlascala were the lever wherewith Cortez overthrew the throne of Montezuma; and the best soldiers of British India are the descendants of those who fought against Lord Clive and Sir Eyre Coote. Russia has inherited the fatal science of her predecessors, and "the slayers of all men are being slain with their own swords." In the present state of Eastern politics, the words spoken to me by Count Berg some years ago, on his return from Bokhara, have an ominous significance: "Should the native princes ever make common cause against us, we should just give each of them a few thousand roubles and a few hundred Cossacks, and then set them quarreling; they would fight till they bled each other to death, and in four or five years we could march from Samarcand to Herat without burning a cartridge." This Machiavellian policy is fully exemplified in the destructive wars that weakened Khokand and Bokhara before the Russian conquest, the rebellion of Mohammed Isa Khan in 1871, the repeated attempts of Shere Ali's sons to wrest the Afghan crown from their father,

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—AN ATTACK ON THE TURKOMANS.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—TURKOMAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

and other instances too numerous to quote. But despite all this, any military critic of the smallest capacity may safely say of this scheme, as Marlborough said of one equally plausible: "There is just one objection to it, and that is, that it's impossible." The total number of Russian troops in Central Asia, is 22,478, of all arms, a large proportion of whom are on the sick list; and even this insignificant force draws the bulk of its supplies from the mother country, at an expense which may be estimated from the fact that the transport of every "quarter" of flour sent from Orenburg to the Syr-Daria costs 15 roubles, or nearly $12! Again, while the Anglo-Indian railway system has advanced to the very mouth of the Khyber Pass, Russian Turkestan has neither railway nor road,* the much-vaunted "post-road" from Orenburg to Tashkent being merely a wagon-track over the clay, frequently marked with mounds of earth lest it should disappear altogether! Any military man may judge for himself how many hundred thousand soldiers would be required to storm such defenses as the Bolor-Dagh and the Hindoo-Koosh, when garrisoned by the men who destroyed a British army 16,000 strong in 1841. In a word, to regard Russia's Asiatic progress as a menace to India, is like falling foul of a man for sweeping the snow from one's door, on the ground that he did so to clear the way for a future burglary.

* The nearest railway to Samarcand is the Samara-Orenburg line, 1,300 miles off!



RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—ADVANCE ON KHIVA.

PART II.

IN THE TRACK OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

It was a fine Autumn morning when I left Samarcand for Khodjent, by way of the border fortress of Djizak. It is needless to describe the first day's journey, with its stereotyped accompaniments of heat, dust, thirst, weariness, and cramped limbs—diversified every now and then by the breaking of a shaft, the coming-off of a wheel, or the falling down of a horse. Nor have I space to enter into the picturesque details of the scenery—the successive terraces of the Tchepan ridge, the pebbly channel of the Zer-Affshan below it, the wide belt of flat, swampy rice-fields, and matted thickets beyond, and the endless succession of low, stony ridges that close in Bokhara to the north. Suffice it to say, that just as night begins to fall, the black mouth of the famous "Gate of Tamerlane"—one of the finest passes in Central Asia—yawns before me, between its vast ramparts of black, broken rock, through which the setting sun pours a flood of golden glory, converting it into the veritable semblance of "a temple not made with hands," in which Milton himself might have worshiped without fear and without reproach.

And behind it, looking shadowy and spectral under the fast-falling darkness of night, lie the massive gray walls and narrow, rubbish-blocked streets of Djizak, which, taken by General Romanovski in October, 1866, shortly after the decisive overthrow of the Bokhariotes at Irdjar, still remains as thoroughly Asiatic (*i. e.*, as picturesque, dirty, and useless), as ever.

At the time of my visit (September, 1873), the highway intended to connect Djizak with Khodjent had only progressed as far as Oura-Toubeh, about one-fourth of the entire distance; and the only way of crossing the intervening steppes was by hiring an *arba* (native cart), a sort of huge wheeled tray covered with a tilt, which, though certainly one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in the world, seems made for Turkistan as the mule is for the Andes, or the camel for the desert. Its immense breadth of beam, and gigantic wheels, upwards of seven feet in diameter, make its upsetting all but impossible—no mean advantage in this region of holes, declivities, and torrents; while the way in which it scrambles, almost without a halt, through oceans of thick black mud, or masses of gravel and broken stones, is simply astounding.

The driver usually mounts the wheeler (pressing his feet against the shaft to keep the horse from rearing), and stimulates his team with a constant succession of fearful howls, beside which an Indian war-whoop would be "nowhere."

My Tartar servant, dispatched into the town in quest of a wagoner, speedily returns with a figure, which, if seen anywhere in London or New York, would attract a larger crowd than any traveling circus. Nearly six feet high, but gaunt and wiry as a greyhound—limbs bare to the knee, on which the toughened sinews stand out like cords beneath the brown, leathery skin—a tattered blue robe, half skirt and half blouse, dirty and greasy as a doormat—a huge sheepskin beehive on his head, from beneath which peers wolfishly a long, narrow, swarthy face, with the straight, coarse black hair, and deep-set, cunning, rat-like eyes, which one sees likewise on the opposite side of the globe, among the marauding Indians of the South American Pampas.

This scarecrow is one of the famous Turkomans of Central Asia—that strange race which is to the East what the Apache of the Mexican border is to the West; preserving, in an age of railways and telegraphs, the living impress of what the world was in the days of Timour or of Genghiz Khan.

After some bargaining, with which the Asiatic can as little dispense as his Russian conqueror, the hobgoblin agrees to carry me and my belongings across the steppes to Oura-Toubeh, in two days, for eight roubles (six dollars); and accordingly, the first thing next morning, just as we are rising from our shawls on the stone floor of the post-house,* the huge framework (whose monstrous wheels give it the look of a velocipede run mad) comes creaking and groaning up to the door, and, hastily stowing our biscuit-chests, hatchets, ropes, and havresacks, we "tumble in," and are off.

The first day's journey is all level steppe, covered for the most part with short grass, but displaying wide patches of bare, sun-cracked clay every here and there. Far to the right, the distant mountains rise against the hot, cloudless blue in one great wave of purple shadow; but around *us* there is neither shadow nor shelter—all is one scorching, blinding glare, as if the very sky itself were on fire.

Though they go only at a foot-pace, our horses are sorely spent before the day is half over; and only twice in the whole of that parching, weary, and seemingly endless journey, do we come upon a little hole in the ground—invisible at a few yards' distance—out of which one may scoop a cupful of brown, turbid water, almost too foul to swallow. Lonely as I have found the Kara-Koum (Black Sand) Desert, and the "Hungry Steppe," this is a drearier region than all; and the only sign of life in it from first to last is a distant string of *arbas*, "carrying tobacco," as my Tartar henchman tells me, "to the Fair of Djizak."

Amid such surroundings I begin to realize the terrible march of Shahrookh Khan and his Bokhariotes in 1861, dragging their thirty heavy guns over this burning plain in the full glare of Summer; or the yet more fearful sufferings of the Russian column sent against Khiva in 1873 from Fort Tchikishliar on the Caspian. Of all the five detachments, it alone failed to reach its goal; but it failed only when success was absolutely impossible, as the details given me by my friend, Lieutenant Alexey Milutine, the son of the Minister of War, on our meeting at Fort No. 1, after the fall of Khiva, sufficiently show:

"We didn't mind the Turkomans so much," said he, "though they hung on our track night and day, and attacked us whenever they got the chance; but what really finished us was the heat and the want of water. The last three days before we turned back, it seemed as if sky and earth and everything were all red-hot together. Some of our men sucked the perspiration from their sleeves, while others bit their wrists and licked the blood, or did even worse than that.

"When we got to Orta-Kuyu, where the retreat was decided upon, we had lost nearly all our horses, and only 800 camels were left out of 4,000; and, with all this, we weren't much more than half way! As for me, I got to feel at last as if my life wasn't worth the bother of defending it, and that when the Turkomans came again, I'd sooner just lie still and let them kill me. What *I* can't make out is, how on earth any of us got off."

At length, late in the evening, we struggle into a little mud village bearing the euphonious name of Djam, which forms the "half-way house" to Oura-Toubeh. My driver unceremoniously enters the first courtyard that comes to hand, and unhitches his much-enduring team, while the

* In this post-house (bare of all other civilized appliances) I actually found a tolerably well-preserved copy of Ivan Tourgenieff's shorter tales—a significant proof of the universal popularity which the Russian Thackeray has so well earned.

Tartar, Mourad, and I fall to with a will to our supper of watermelon and *sookhari*—Russian camp-biscuits—which, purchased three months ago on the banks of the Ural, appear still as fresh as ever, after a journey of 1,000 miles through the hottest desert in the world.

As the meal ends, my attention is drawn to a knot of men gathered at the gate of the courtyard, who are listening absorbedly to the discourse of some one in their midst. At first I take them for native politicians discussing the advance of Russia, or enjoying one of those interminable legends which are still as popular as in the days of Haroun Al-Raschid. But, on approaching, I find, to my unbounded amazement, that the oracle of the party, a Tartar from the Russian settlements, is giving a genuinely Asiatic version of Mr. Stanley's finding of Dr. Livingstone, the fame of which is just then beginning to penetrate the wilds of the Far East:

"You must know, brothers, that among the Ingleez-Adam (English people) of the West, there was a great Hakim (physician) named Dr. Davidovitch Livenshtonn. Like all the Frank physicians, he was a famous Koldoon (sorcerer) as well; and one day he took the form of a lion, and went roaming away far to the south, beyond thrice nine lands" (the Russian phrase for extreme distance), "into deserts where no man unhelped by Shaitaun (Satan) could live. And there he fought with another lion and killed him, but got his own arm broken in the struggle; and thus it was that he gained the name of 'Baber-ez-Zeman' (the Lion of the Season.*) But at last the black enchanters of the wilderness, whose magic was stronger than his, took him captive, and carried him away to their city; for who can avoid his destiny? So then Victoria Ivânovna, the Empress of England, sent forth a mighty army to rescue him; and at the head of this army was a great Serteeb (leader) named Count Stenli, or Stanli. Now, this Stenli carried an enchanted flag (I've seen a picture of it in a Russian book, all covered with stripes, like the door-posts of our post-houses), and when he waved it in the air, the power of his magic struck all the black men motionless, as if they were benumbed by frost; and so the wizard-doctor was rescued."

Our night's rest, snatched at an angle of 45°, amid axhelves, watermelons and the corners of boxes, is not particularly refreshing; but the splendor of the sunrise over the eastern mountains, and the glorious freshness of the early morning, make the mere sense of *living* an enjoyment for the time being, and we start again cheerily enough.

But our respite is a short one. The second day is hotter, if possible, than the first one; while the unending level of the steppe now changes to a "rolling prairie," the ups and downs of which develop the wagon's hereditary love of jolting to an extent that threatens an actual break-down—without which, indeed, no journey in these parts would be thought complete, as our supply of ropes, staves and hatchets sufficiently shows.

The constant bumping makes my still unhealed wounds smart to an intolerable degree, and even my patient Tartar looks as if he were thinking, for once, that the Prophet might as well have assigned him a somewhat different destiny. The poor fellow's misgivings are soon justified; for, just about noon, he suddenly lurches heavily forward upon his face, with the blood oozing copiously from his nose and mouth, and through the very pores of his skin. This effusion, in all probability, saves his life, for my Arabian experiences during the Yemen insurrection have already familiarized me with the merciless power of an Asiatic sunstroke. The Turkoman and I at once go to work upon him with vigorous native remedies, and he is soon able to sit up and speak; though a considerable time elapses before he is quite himself again.

So we struggle onward, through blinding dust and parching heat; the shadowy mountain-wall on the right still haunting us as persistently as ever, though, instead of running parallel with our track, it is now plainly converging upon it. The character of the mountains themselves is likewise beginning to change in proportion to our advance, the whole outline being higher and bolder, and one or two of the more distant summits covered with perpetual snow—the outer buttresses of the mighty Tien-Shan (Celestial Mountains), which wall-in from the world of life and progress that Dead Sea of humanity that calls itself the Chinese Empire.

At last, about three in the afternoon, we come in sight of our long wished-for haven, Oura-Toubeh. This place, though its position as a frontier fortress has given it some local renown, is nothing more than a straggling village of dried clay, commanded by a fort perched on a high, conical rock in the centre. Those who have seen Edinburgh Castle, or the Acropolis of Athens, can form a pretty good idea of its general appearance, though I must own that the comparison which suggested itself to *me* (possibly in consequence of my being very thirsty), was that of a Russian tea-urn, with a number of cups and saucers round it!

During the invasion of Khokand in 1861, by the present Amir, this fortress was the scene of a memorable instance of Asiatic cowardice. The garrison was strong enough to hold its own, with the aid of its commanding position, against a far superior force; and as the situation of the fort perfectly secured it from the play of such artillery as the Bokhariotes possessed, and to attempt an escalade would have been sheer folly, there seemed to be no way of reducing it save by famine. The Amir, however, knowing the men with whom he had to deal, opened the proceedings with a deafening salvo of cannon; whereupon the heroes in the fort instantly surrendered, and were repaid as they deserved, by being all butchered on the spot. In fact, the whole affair was an exact reproduction of the capture of Khokand (the metropolis of the Khanate of that name) by the Amir's father, which Kornil Suvoroff, the prisoner already quoted, described, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words: "The last time we marched against Khokand, the Amir lay only three days before the town, and fired just one salvo of artillery, when the Khokandese all ran away, and we took possession of the place without any trouble at all. But, although they gave up so easily, they got off none the better on that account, for the Amir ordered up all the prisoners that we had taken, and had their throats cut on the spot; for seeing people murdered always put him in a good humor, and he liked to enjoy himself a bit, after the fight was over. There were seven Englishmen* in the town, who had helped to mount the guns, but what became of *them* I don't know. After it was all over, some of the Bokhariotes, wandering about in search of plunder, heard a man shouting lustily from the bottom of a dry well; and when they pulled him up, he turned out to be one of their own soldiers, who had been so frightened at the noise of the cannon that he jumped down there to hide himself."

Indeed, in studying the details of the suicidal wars which paved the way for Russia's final triumph, one scarcely knows which to wonder at most, the abject cowardice, or the hideous cruelty, of both sides in turn. Even the stout-hearted Cossacks of Abrâmoff and Kolpakovski talk under their breath of the ghastly objects, eyeless, noseless,

* In the course of my Eastern travels, I have met with far more curious adaptations of European phraseology than this.

* Probably Sepoy deserters from the British army in India, like Nassir Khan and others.

handless, which they found groping their way about the streets of the captured towns, indicated in a fearful whisper by the native inhabitants as "part of the Amir's tribute"—a tribute of human eyes and limbs, cut from the living body!

Those who have witnessed such scenes as M. Vambéry saw in Khiva—a number of aged men laid flat on the ground, while the executioner deliberately scooped out their eyes, wiping his bloody knife upon each victim's hoary beard, as the hellish work went on—will scarcely repine at "Russia's usurpation," with the still fresh remembrance before them of *what* the state of things was which that usurpation overthrew.

The fact that such a ruler as Nasr' Ullah Khan* could reign over Bokhara for thirty-five years, and die a natural death at the last, paints the character of the nation which he misgoverned, more vividly than pages of description. But, like other great historical criminals, he left the penalty of his crimes to be paid by his successor; and the weak, though amiable, Muzaffar-ed-Deen ascended his father's throne only to see the blood-cemented fabric shattered at one blow by the advancing might of Russia.

And now my friend, the Turkoman, having finished his work and taken his money, begins to brighten up, and to wax communicative for the first time.

"Look, Sirhenk" (colonel)—a title due chiefly to my Tartar's fertile imagination—"look! Do you see that clump of bushes far out on the plain? Well, it was from there that I started to ride the race that won me my first wife!"

"Ah! you mean the game of 'Kok-Buri'?"† (green wolf.)

"Just so, Bashi (master). You know how it's done, I fancy. The girl takes the carcass of a lamb or kid, well greased all over, and rides off with it; and then the young men gallop after, and try to snatch it from her; and whoever can do it, wins her—as *I* did!"

"And she made you a good wife, I hope?"

"Your words are but wind, master; she's the very one I want to get rid of now, but I can't!"

"Why not? You have only to say, 'Thou art divorced'" (the formula among the Arabs), "and away she goes."

"True, oh my father; but then I should have to restore her dowry; and I can't do that, because I've spent it all!"

"That is awkward, certainly," remark I, stifling a laugh; "but never mind, brother; the first time you meet a traveler with a heavy 'belt,' you can put all straight again."

The savage gives an appreciative grin, which makes the gold pieces in my own belt, completely hidden as it is, shake sympathetically; but the next moment his face clouds over once more.

"Ah, colonel! you don't know how hard it is upon a poor fellow like me to have more than two or three wives at once! When I married my second, my old rogue of a father-in-law (may dogs defile his grave!) assembled all his friends and kinsfolk, and gave them a feast of pilaff (rice and chopped mutton) that might have served Rustam* himself; and then, by Allah and the Prophet! he left *me* to pay for it all, and I had to do it, too!" And, overwhelmed by this crushing recollection, the Oriental Brigham Young stalks moodily away.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—POLITICIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

From Oura-Toubeh to Khodjent, our work is easy

* The portrait of this monster, which is still in my possession, does full justice to his atrocious character.

† The meaning and derivation of this name are (as Lord Dundreary would say) "one of those things which no fellow can find out."

* The Eastern Hercules, as famous for his appetite as for his strength and prowess.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—THE BRIDAL RACE.

enough; for we are now once more on the line of the Government post houses, and at this time of year there are fewer travelers than in the busy days of Summer, when one frequently has to sit expectant in one of those little dog-kennels for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch, before horses can be had.

The panorama, too, of the hills which now run parallel with the road on either side (leaving space between them, however, for a wide belt of fertile country, with many a splendid cornfield), is a very agreeable change from the gray, unending level of the lifeless steppe. But as night comes on, the difference of temperature on this high table-land, swept by bleak winds from the eternal snows of the Tien-Shan, makes the almost forgotten thought of fires and wrappers recur vividly to our mind; when lo! as we surmount a steep, hog-backed ridge, a broad glare of light breaks athwart our path, and we find ourselves close to what looks like a dozen brick-kilns in full operation. But a second glance shows them to be merely Turkoman tents, open at the top to let out the smoke—dwellings which, uncouth as they may appear, are no despicable shelter on a stormy night, with the little fire of charcoal or "camel-chips" glowing brightly in the centre, the daughter preparing supper, the son thrumming on his *balaleika* (banjo), the mother nursing her baby, and the father laying aside his weapons, and filling his long pipe preparatory to a spell

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—NIGHT CAMP OF RUSSIAN TROOPS.

of that utter inaction which is the Oriental's greatest enjoyment.*

As we rattle by, several dark figures issue from the nearest tent, and gaze curiously after us. We have just time to shout a lusty "Amaun!" (peace), hoarsely answered by a dozen voices, and then we plunge at full speed down the farther slope, and the whole encampment vanishes like a dream.

As we approach the city, our progress is sensibly retarded by the deep, powdery sand (for the environs of Khodjent, despite their wonderful vegetation, are almost as dusty as those of Cairo), and not till near midnight do we at length jolt through a vast, shadowy gateway, under the splendor of the glorious moonlight—and enter the ancient city at last.

From this spot, twenty-two centuries ago, Alexander of Macedon, turning on his heel after a victorious march of 5,000 miles, looked longingly at the blue mountains beyond which lay the land that he was never to enter. Here stood the most remote of the countless "Alexandrias," with which that memorable campaign dotted the boundless emptiness of the Turkoman steppes—where now a few fragments of defaced metal, wrangled over by conflicting antiquaries, are the sole memorials of its existence.

It is a striking proof of the power of oral tradition, that, even in these savage solitudes, the great conqueror's exploits are still as fresh as ever. At Fort No. 1. on the Syr-Daria (my place of imprisonment by the Cossacks in 1873) I heard a Russian liquor-seller, as unfamiliar with history as an utter ignorance of reading and writing could make him, talk as glibly of "Alexander Makedonski" as if he had been a special correspondent with the Macedonian army—while every Tartar or Persian whom I met had half a dozen legends of "Secunder Rumi" at his finger-ends.

For several miles above and below Khodjent the river-banks are high and rocky, with a thick fringe of jungle, in which the tiger still finds a home. So far as mere beauty goes, this charming little town (justly likened by Persian poets to a child cradled in roses) is certainly one of the gems of Central Asia, overlooking from its amphitheatre of green hills the swift, dark stream of the Syr-Daria, with the glittering towers of seven mosques, rising against the blue, sunny sky over the many-colored brightness of its thousand gardens. But its beauty is literally all it has. Placed on one of the largest of the Eastern rivers, at the intersection of the four great caravan-routes to Khokand, Balkh, Tashkent, and Samarcand, it possesses, nevertheless, no trade worth mention.

Efforts are now being made, however, to develop the traffic. A plank bridge (the only one on the whole river) was in process of construction at the time of my visit, and the oft-mooted question of steam-navigation between Khodjent and Tchinaz (the river port of Tashkent) is now being revived. Several silk factories, too, have been established by Russian colonists, though the difficulty of obtaining skilled labor has made them unprofitable as yet.

But the former importance of Khodjent was of a military rather than a commercial nature, as the western gateway of the Khanate of Khokand, and a strong outwork of the metropolis itself, which lies barely seventy miles to the east of it. Hence, in every advance of the Bokhariotes upon their neighbor's capital, we find the fall of the latter heralded by that of Khodjent; for, despite the strength and importance of the position, its defense was utterly contemptible. Ivan Martchenkoff, a soldier of the 3d Siberian Cossacks, who served in the Amir's Guard during one of these expeditions, thus describes it:

"When we neared the gates (a tough job we had of it, dragging our guns through that deep sand) the Khokandese came rushing out upon us without order or discipline, just like a mob. So then our Chief of Artillery, Muhammad Hassan Beg, fired one salvo among them, and forthwith they all turned tail and fled back into the town, we following hard upon their heels—and so the place was taken. We found plenty of guns there (among them one made of bands of silver and iron, turnabout) and the walls were stronger and higher than at Tashkent, so that they might have defended it well enough if they liked; but they weren't the men for that."

On the following morning I started for Tashkent; but the wonderful scenery of the journey, and the strange adventures which diversified it, are too long a story to be told here.

* In the earlier part of the Khiva Expedition, the Russians used similar tents, planted close together, and protected by mounds of snow.

THE SECRET OF THE BEECH WOOD.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
Pinks are pretty, and so are you."

SO sang old Susan, the nurse, again and again, until her little nursling, when asked her name, would always answer "Pinks," and so, in time, came to be called Spink by every one who knew her.

When the old nurse decided that Spink had grown too old and too heavy to ride to Banbury Cross, or "To market, to market, to buy a penny bun," or even to "Trot, trot to Boston, trot, trot to Lynn; trot, trot to Salem, and trot home again," the little girl was obliged to find the use of her own feet, and very soon made them carry her faster and farther than Susan either liked, or liked to follow.

"Naughty little Spink!" she would sometimes exclaim, when she had brought the child home, and sat, panting, down to rest; "naughty Spink! Some time you will wander off and get lost, as poor little Tritty-trot did, and never come back any more."

"Who was Tritty-trot? and where did he get lost? and how did you know about him?" Spink would ask, her great brown eyes wide open, but Susan only shook her head, or at most answered:

"Don't go into the Beech Wood by yourself, that is all, Spink."

So, of all places under the sun, the Beech Wood was the spot Spink most desired to visit, and every day she ran a little further along the road leading toward it than she had ever ventured before, until, at length, one bright Summer morning, when Susan was very busy in the kitchen, little Spink tied her hat tightly beneath her chin, filled her pocket with ginger-snaps from the dining-room cupboard, and calling Gyp, her little dog, to follow, set out toward the Beech Wood, determined to see it at least once, if she never went again.

The day was bright and clear, the sunbeams came dancing through the tree-tops, Gyp sprang and ran and barked in his most joyous tones, the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, the flowers nodded good-morning, and shook out

clouds of perfume from their softly tinted dresses, and the little brook chattered among his grasses and his pebbles as he hastened from the hillside toward the whispering shadow of the Beech Wood.

"You are going there too, are you, Mr. Brook?" laughed Spink, as she ran along beside the brook and watched her shadow upon the sparkling water. "Then we will go together. Come, let us try a race."

"Try a race, try a race!" bubbled the brook, almost in words; and Spink laughed again as she danced and jumped along beside the swift-running water, until, reaching the borders of the forest, the two passed the boundary together, and hastened on toward its deep and dark recesses.

Almost a mile from the edge of the Beech wood was a great mountain, green about its lower slopes, but, above, rugged and barren, with great masses of gray rocks piled one upon another; high, inaccessible crags and deep ravines—so deep that sunlight scarcely ever reached their depths.

No one had ever tried to climb to the top of this mountain, and few people found it pleasant to visit it at all, because everything about it was so cheerless and dismal.

But close to the foot of the mountain was a lovely little lake, very deep, very blue, and very clear, and beyond this lake ran the high-road to the city, many a mile away. This road was not much traveled, but still it was the only highway in that part of the country, so that whoever traveled at all, was obliged to pass over it, and within sight of Echo Mountain.

And whenever any stranger came within sight of this mountain, and asked its name, and why it was so called, the driver or guide would stop his horses, and say:

"It's called Echo Mountain, because of the echo, sir. Hark!"

And then the guide would halloo or whistle, or sing, or shout out some words such as, "Halloo! What's there? Who are you? Good-by."

And back from the barren and mysterious mountain-side would come an answering shout in the strange, melancholy voice of the echo. And then the traveler would pass on, and soon forget mountain and lake and echo and all.

Spink had never heard of the echo, and although she knew that the road to the great city lay through the Beech Wood, she did not think about it now, but ran merrily along beside her playmate, the brook, until it suddenly dashed over a steep, rocky bank, and was lost among the crowding shrubs and flowers below.

"Why, brook!" cried Spink, standing close to the edge, and peeping down. "Why did you run away from me like that? Come back; I want you—I want you, I say!"

But before she had finished speaking, a voice from somewhere beyond the trees called out in turn:

"I want you—I want you, I say!"

"What! Who is that? Who called me?" cried Spink, in astonishment, and the distant voice replied:

"Who called me?"

"Why, I called; I'm Spink!" shouted the little girl.

"I'm Spink!" returned the voice.

"You're Spink! No, you're not; it is I that am Spink!"

"It is I that am Spink!" retorted the voice; and Spink stood quite still, and thought about it.

"I wonder if I have got lost because I didn't mind Susan?" said she, softly, to herself; and if some other little girl is Spink now, and I am not Spink any more? And if that little girl is Spink, how will she get to Susan? And I wonder if she looks like me? And oh, I wonder who I am now? Perhaps she can tell me. Say, who am I now?"

"Who am I now?" ?" replied the voice.

"Why, I thought you were Spink!"

"I thought you were Spink!"

"Oh, dear me, what a provoking thing you are! First I said I was Spink, and you said you were Spink, and then I said you were—no, you said, I was. Oh, dear, what is it? Who is Spink?"

"Who is Spink?"

And just then a bob-o'-link overhead struck up a blithe strain, beginning:

"Spink, spank, spink!
Oh, what do you think?
What d'ye think?
Wha' y' think?
Lot o' trouble, lot o' trouble, lot o' trouble, tr-r-r-ouble, 'ouble, ouble!
Spink, spank, spink!"

And so on, over and over again. Spink listened very patiently to the bob-o'-link, but, after all, she could not quite make out what he intended to say, and so she made no reply, and presently he flew away.

Then Spink began to run in the direction whence those strange replies had sounded, hoping that she might come upon that other Spink, that happy little girl who was to be herself in future, and see what she looked like before she had time to run away and hide. But, although she hurried very much, and did not mind falling down a good many times, or scratching herself among the briers, and bruising herself upon the stones and roots, she could not find any little girl or hear any voice, although she stopped and called several times.

At last the great black mountain rose close before her, for Spink had gone off the road that led to the other side of the lake, and was now far from any path, and close to the back of the mountain, where few people ever went.

Suddenly she stopped short, and put one finger to her lips with a droll and pleased little smile.

"Oh, I know!" cried she; "it was Tritty-trot who was plaguing me. Susan said he got lost here in the Beech Wood. Of course it was Tritty-trot!"

"Of course it was Tritty-trot," replied the voice; and when Spink laughed aloud in her delight, the voice laughed back just as gleefully.

"Well now, you see, I'm going to find you, Tritty-trot!" cried she. "You shan't hide away any longer, for I am going to look you up directly, and then we'll have such a frolic!"

"We'll have such a frolic!" echoed Tritty-trot, if it was really he; and then Spink began to run again as fast as she could get over the rough, hilly ground, every few moments stopping to call out:

"Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot, where are you?" And Tritty-trot would mockingly answer: "Where are you?" until Spink began to get a little cross and a little tired, and to find the path harder, and the briers and stones and roots more troublesome; until at last, catching her foot in the loop of a blackberry-vine, she tripped, fell forward, and broke through a fringe of bushes, hiding the edge of a steep bank, and rolled down it, over and over and over again, until she lost her breath, and her senses, and everything, except just the feeling of falling; and pretty soon she lost even this, and knew nothing at all, until some one said, close in her ear:

"Well, are you Spink, or am I?"

Spink opened her great, brown eyes, and looked about her, then rubbed them, and looked again; she found herself lying in a deep valley, or, rather, a deep crevice among the rocks, at the entrance of a cavern. Around her were several children of different ages, and one of them, a boy two or three years older than herself, held her head upon

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO INDIA.—BARBAROUS PUNISHMENT IN KHIVA.

his arm, and looked down at her very kindly. It was him who had asked the question; and Spink, after looking about her for a few moments, suddenly looked at him, and answered it:

"I am Spink, and you are Tritty-trot."

"So I am; but how did you know it?"

"I don't know—how did you know it?"

"I—knew—it," replied Tritty-trot, trying to make out how he knew it, but not able to do so.

"Was it you who called to me while I was in the wood?" asked Spink, presently.

"Yes," replied Tritty-trot, laughing. "But I had no idea of seeing you here."

"No, you could not tell that I should roll down the hill; but why did you not come to me in the wood?"

"Oh, I couldn't. I never go anywhere," said Tritty-trot, solemnly shaking his head. "Echoes can't go wandering about."

"Are you an Echo?" asked Spink, opening her eyes again.

"Yes, we are all Echoes, and we ought to be echoing. The other fellows will be awfully cross at having all the work to do. Come, are you well enough to climb a little?"

And Tritty-trot, helping Spink to her feet, took her tenderly by the hand, and led her into the cavern behind them.

THE SECRET OF THE BEECH WOOD.—"AROUND HER WERE SEVERAL CHILDREN OF DIFFERENT AGES, AND ONE OF THEM, A BOY TWO OR THREE YEARS OLDER THAN HERSELF, HELD HER HEAD UPON HIS ARM AND LOOKED DOWN AT HER KINDLY."

The other children ran before, or came behind, and Spink presently found herself climbing a sort of staircase inside the mountain, and then passing through long passages, all as dark as the darkest night, until, at length, a strange medley of sounds burst upon her ear, and she stopped short, clinging to Tritty-trot in dismay, while she whispered:

"Oh, Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot, what's that?"

"It's only the Echoes at work. Don't be scared, little Spink," said Tritty-trot, putting his arm about her. "You will be a little Echo yourself soon, and then you will know all about it. I guess you will be a bird Echo."

"And answer the bob-o'-link when he says, 'Spink, spank, spink?'" asked Spink, laughing, but still a little frightened.

"Yes, perhaps—see, this is the Echo-chamber," said Tritty-trot; and still keeping his arm about the little girl, he led her into a very large chamber, or, rather, cave, in the side of the mountain, for the front of it was all open, and very curiously shaped—so curiously that Spink could not but study it continually; until, at last, she discovered that the whole cave was in the shape of a human ear, and that the passage through which they had entered it led away back into the mountain, as the passage in the back of the ear leads to the brain, and conveys to it every sound that enters the ear.

Just as Spink made this discovery, she noticed something else which added to the resemblance, and, at the same time explained the deafening noise that was filling the whole place.

At the outside of the cave or ear were stationed, upon various points of rock and in secure nooks, a dozen or so of children like those who had come to pick her up as she rolled down the cliff, and these children were constantly shouting something, Spink could not make out what; but whatever it was, another dozen or more children at the back of the cave caught it up, and shouted it in turn into the mouth of the winding passage, down which it rolled in great waves of sound until it was entirely lost in the distance.

"Dear, dear me, Tritty-trot, what a noise they *do* make, and what is it all about?" said Spink, half crying, as she clung to the arm of her little friend.

"Why, they are Echoes, and I'm an Echo, and you're an Echo, or will be soon," said Tritty-trot, laughing; and then, seeing that Spink did not laugh, he gravely added: "This is what it means, Spink; in the very heart of this mountain lives our Queen, shut up there for ever by a wicked fairy whom she had offended. Now the Queen was very fond of hearing the news, and when she found herself condemned to live here, her greatest sorrow was that she never could know what was going on in the world of men——"

"Why doesn't she play when she is in this world, and then she wouldn't mind losing the world outside?" suggested Spink.

Tritty-trot shook his head.

"I don't know; but at any rate, she don't; and so when the wicked fairy, whose name was Malingaria, wouldn't let her out, a good fairy, who was fond of the Queen, came to her rescue, and, although she is not strong enough to undo Malingaria's spells and set her free, she has made this

winding passage from the Queen's chamber to the outside of the mountain, and given her this troop of Echoes, whose duty it is to catch every sound of the world beyond that comes within their reach, and repeat it to their brothers at the entrance of the passage, who repeat it again to others part of the way down, and so on until it reaches the Queen's chamber, where her secretary writes it down. I was on duty when you first came within hearing, and when you thought I was answering you I was only calling out what you said, for the next Echo to repeat down the passage. Then, as you got nearer, and, at last, tumbled down the ravine, I wanted to see you, so I called one of the others to take my place, and ran down through the tunnel to help you and bring you up here."

"Is that the way you and all the rest of the children got here?" asked Spink.

"We did not all tumble down the ravine," replied Tritty-trot, smiling. "But we are all lost children. The good fairy, whose name is Melucinthe, first cousin to the celebrated Melusine, keeps watch, and when she sees a litle boy or girl astray, she takes the shape of a bird or an animal, or sometimes only a voice, and leads them here."

"She was a bob-o'link when she brought me here!" eagerly exclaimed Spink.

"Yes, I dare say," replied Tritty-trot, absently. "Well, now, if you like, you may come and see the Queen, and then the superintendent will set you to work."

"To work at what? I am not so very fond of working," said Spink, disconsolately.

"Why, to work at echoing, of course. Didn't I just tell you that you were to be an Echo all the rest of your life? It isn't such hard work; plenty of people are never anything but Echoes, though they don't know it. So you had better be resigned."

And Tritty-trot held out his hand, and Spink put hers into it, and the two children went down the dark passage, turning off before they reached the tunnel leading down to the ravine, and keeping straight on toward the heart of the mountain.

Every little while they passed a station, where two or three Echoes stood waiting to catch the reports that came mumbling and tumbling down the rocky passage, gaining force as they went, until sometimes it was pretty hard to make out just what they were when they started; but the Echoes caught at them, and if they did not catch them whole, they put in a little to make it up, and sent it along; so that by the time it reached the Queen, the mewing of a cat sometimes became the scream of a panther, and the whistle of a blackbird changed to the hiss of a monstrous serpent; but, at any rate, there was something sent along, and the Queen got all the most important news from the outer world.

At last, after walking a long way in the dark, Spink perceived a bright light in the distance, which, as they approached it, changed and flashed in a very remarkable manner.

"What makes the light flare so, Tritty-trot?" asked she.

"I suppose the Queen is looking at her jewels," was the reply.

"Why should that make it flare?"

"You will see in a minute; here we are."

And Tritty-trot, stopping at the door of the Queen's chamber, pointed into it without further words.

Spink stared in astonishment; in the centre of the chamber, which was as large as a church, sat a lovely woman upon a throne of solid gold; before her, beside her and behind her, stood a number of monstrous mirrors set in swinging frames, with small golden chains attached to the top and bottom of each mirror; these chains passed down to the floor of the cave, and were there held by numbers of tiny elves and gnomes, who, by pulling upon them, moved the mirrors backward or forward, so that they should reflect the walls of the chamber in every possible direction.

Now, these walls were peculiar, being set as full as they could possibly hold of all sorts of jewels: diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, amethyst, topaz, beryl; in short, every brilliant and flashing jewel that ever was heard of, and a good many that never have been heard of upon the face of the earth.

These jewels had, by the patient labor of the gnomes, been cut and polished to the greatest possible brilliancy, and as these great mirrors slowly swung backward and forward, they were reflected from their faces in one great blaze and glow of light, made up of every color and every shade of color under the sun; all uniting in a splendor not to be imagined or described.

Leaning back in her golden armchair, the Queen watched these reflections with half-closed eyes—for, indeed, no eyes could have borne to look fully at them—smiling with pleasure, and sometimes varying the amusement by burying her hands in a heap of similar jewels upon her lap, which she turned over and over, sometimes throwing a handful high into the air, whence they fell in a glittering shower; sometimes playfully pelting the gnomes, who ran with droll little cries to hide in the numerous corners and crannies about the base of the walls, leaping to all sorts of strange places beyond.

Close by the door of the chamber sat twenty elves, each with a slate upon his lap, diligently writing down the news of the great world, as the Echoes sent it thundering down the passage; and each elf, as his slate became full, read its contents aloud, then wiped them off and began again; so that at least five or six were always reading at once, and their voices, mingling with those of the Echoes, made such a noise and such confusion, that Spink wondered and wondered again how the Queen could possibly make anything out of it.

But she seemed to do so, for every few moments she would pause in her play, and, after listening for a moment, catch at two or three scraps of news all jumbled together, and laugh, or wonder, or look frightened, as the case might be.

Sometimes she repeated some of the news to the elves who stood close behind the throne to wait upon the Queen, and, although she always got it wrong, and altogether different from what it was when the first Echoes set it going, both she and the elves were very much entertained and interested, and never suspected what nonsense they were telling.

All at once the Queen caught sight of Spink and Tritty-trot, and, throwing a handful of rubies and diamonds at them, cried out:

"Echoes! what are you doing there? Come in and tell me the news."

"Your majesty," replied Tritty-trot, boldly advancing toward the throne, "this is a new Echo, just come in by way of the ravine. Her name is Spink, and——"

"Yes, Scanmag is just reading about her—listen!" exclaimed the Queen, holding up her finger; and the two children, giving all their attention to one of the elves who was reading off his slate, caught now and then a scrap of the conversation they had held while Spink was wandering in the wood; but so mixed up was it with the songs of birds, the chattering of squirrels, a peal of thunder, the babbling of a brook, and the barking of a dog, that Spink whispered to Tritty-trot:

"Isn't it funny how the Echoes can make all that big

queer story out of such a very little? and though it is all true, it's so twisted about that it don't seem a bit like true, and the Queen will think it was I that said 'Lots o' trouble, lots o' trouble, tr-r-r-r-ouble, 'ouble, 'ouble, 'ouble,' and you that said, 'Yap, yap, yap, ow-w-w!'—and I suppose that was Gyp, wasn't it?"

"I don't know—the Queen is speaking to you."

"What, ma'am?" asked Spink, turning to the Queen, who was asking, angrily:

"Why did you tell me I was a fool?"

"I—I didn't, ma'am," stammered Spink.

"Didn't I just hear that you called out, 'I'm Spink, spank, spink, o-w-w-w, yap yap, you're a fool, rattle, rattle, rattle——"

"That was a man in a wagon on the road across the lake, your majesty," interrupted Tritty-trot; but the Queen was busy listening to the report of another elf, and only smiled at him in a superior way, as if she knew a great deal, and he only a very little, and it was not worth while talking. At last she turned again to Spink.

"You said it was a great deal of trouble to gee-up, Bright, and I'll see to you, you scamp. What did you see when you saw to him, and who was he, at any rate?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I believe I'll go home now, ma'am, if you'll be so kind as to excuse me. Susan will be waiting, and I guess my tea is ready."

"Just listen to that, will you? There's a drove of lions chasing the humming-bird, and the woods have blown down and filled up the lake, so that all the wild geese won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear. Now, did ever you hear anything like that, Omi?"

"Never in my life, your majesty, replied Omi, holding up both her hands; but Spink was determined to be heard.

"Please, ma'am, may I go home now?" screamed she, close in the Queen's ear.

"Mercy on me, child!" exclaimed her majesty, "how you deafen me! Didn't you know that I am very delicate? Yes, you may go, if you can, and here are some pretty things for you."

So saying, the Queen tossed a handful of jewels into the open neck of Spink's frock, and another into her face, making her jump and scream as they hit and cut her in a dozen places at once.

The Queen laughed, and so did all the elves and gnomes; but Spink, both angry and frightened, twitched her hand away from Tritty-trot, and ran as hard as she could out of the royal chamber, and down the long passage, where the Echoes caught up the sound of her footsteps, and mingled them with all the other sounds they were repeating.

"Spink, Spink, wait for me!" cried Tritty-trot, running after her; but Spink only ran the faster, crying:

"I'm going home! I'm going home! Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot!" and the Echoes repeated with all their might:

"Spink, Spink, wait for me! I'm going home, I'm going home! Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot!"

At the point where the tunnel turned off from the main passage Spink waited a moment, but Tritty-trot was not in sight; and such a river of sounds, all strange and some of them terrible, came rolling and thundering down the passage from the Echoes, that she was frightened, and darted down the tunnel, calling out:

"Follow me, Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot!" and the Echoes, catching up the words, mixed them up with the words of "Captain Jinks," which a boy upon the other side of the lake was just then singing.

But Spink, waiting for nothing now, rushed along the tunnel, and, in her terror and her haste, never knew that she had reached the top of the long, winding flight of steps, until she fell, heels-over-head, down them, bumping and thumping as she went, until she lost her senses, and could not even scream or cry.

The next thing that Spink knew was the feeling of something moist and warm upon her face, and the sound in her ears of "Yap, yap, yap!"

She opened her eyes, and found a pair of great brown eyes within an inch of her own, while Gyp's little red tongue was lapping her face, except when he left off for a moment to cry, "Yap, yap, yap!"

"Oh, you darling, darling child!" exclaimed Susan's voice, at the other side; and turning her eyes, discovered that she was lying upon a sort of bed or litter, carried by two men; while Susan walked beside it, with tears running down her honest face. Spink reflected for a while, and then said:

"Susan, I've seen Tritty-trot!"

"Oh, the dear little creature! She's out of her head, and as crazy as a coot!" sobbed Susan; and Spink looked at her a good while more before she asked:

"What's a coot, Susan; and where did you get me?"

"We found you down at the foot of a great high cliff, and perhaps we should never have found you at all, but the little dog was standing and barking over you, just as if he meant to call for help. Oh, Spink, didn't I tell you not to go into the Beech Wood? And to think of your getting as far as Echo Mountain all by yourself!"

"Echo Mountain—because all the little Echoes live there," said Spink, dreamily. "And Tritty-trot!"

"Don't child—don't talk that way!" pleaded Susan, crying harder than ever. "What do you know about Tritty-trot? Poor little fellow! he was lost in this very wood before ever you were born; and I suppose he fell into the lake."

"Oh, no, he didn't, Susan!" replied Spink, eagerly. "He's an Echo now, and I've been to see him. He said his name was Tritty-trot."

"Oh, don't, dear—don't, don't! Or, at any rate, don't say anything before your father about it."

"Why not, Susan?"

"Because Tritty-trot was your little brother, and your father loved him dearly."

"My little brother!" repeated Spink; and then she lay very still, with her hand under her cheek, and the little dog curled up close to her side, with his great brown eyes fixed upon hers, until Spink's eyes closed very slowly and gently, and she was fast asleep. But even in her sleep she murmured:

"Little brother, Tritty-trot, Tritty-trot!"

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

It was two weeks before Christmas, and the big farm-house on the San Joaquin, usually so quiet, was all astir with hurry and excitement.

Mr. and Mrs. Fernley were going to make their annual visit to San Francisco—Mr. Fernley said to see about the grain, Mrs. Fernley said to buy their Winter clothing; but all the children knew that the big box which papa and mamma always brought back with them was invariably filled full with Christmas presents.

When Almira was the only child, she was always taken to the city with them; and even after Johnnie and Kitty came, they could not be left behind; but now there were six of them, and Mrs. Fernley could not think of taking any but the baby with her. She had tried hard to get a woman to come and take care of them, but all the servants about there were Chinamen, and no one of those would she trust.

"I'd a deal rather leave my little Mira to take care of the rest," she said; "she is such a little woman in her ways, and knows how to do for them as well, almost, as I do."

Almira was only twelve, but she had not been the eldest for nothing, and she was much more careful and thoughtful than most children at that age. She was tall and strong, with round, rosy cheeks and sparkling black eyes.

Mrs. Fernley did a great deal of cooking before she went, and arranged everything the very best that she could, so that Almira would have no trouble.

But when the morning came on which she was to set out for the city, her mother's heart began to fail, and she kissed her womanly little daughter a hundred times, promising her many pretty things for her faithfulness.

"Be a little mother to them all, pet," she said. "Remember mother trusts you. Be careful of the lights and fires, and don't let Josie stray out into the wet."

Almira promised everything, and felt no fear as to her ability to manage at least as well as her mother; especially as all the children—even troublesome little Tommy, aged six—had promised to mind everything she said.

It was Monday morning when they started, and they promised to be back on Friday night at the latest.

"I'll be sure to have a nice fire burning, and some good supper," said Almira, laughing, "and I guess you'll be glad to get back, 'specially if it rains. Good-by."

"Good-by! good-by!" shouted the children, and, amid a perfect chorus of "Good-byes," the stage drove off. The first day everything went as well as possible. The children were good and happy, and the little mother got their dinner and supper, and put them to bed as cozily as their own mother could have done.

On Tuesday morning they woke up to find the rain pouring down as if it never meant to cease.

"Oh, dear!" said Almira, "I thought it rained enough last week. Well, it's no good getting up early; mamma said we needn't, and, besides, it's awful cold."

HAPPY YOUTH.—WATCHING THE LARK.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.—"THE BOAT WAS PULLED SLOWLY AWAY WITH ITS PRECIOUS FREIGHT. 'GOOD-BY, DEARS,' SAID POOR LITTLE MIRA, LEANING OVER THE RAILING."—SEE PAGE 235.

When they did get up, it was very late; and as they sat down to their breakfast in the big, dim kitchen, they could not help feeling that home was not home unless mother was there.

Johnnie put on his father's big rubber coat, and went out and fed the poultry and the good old horse and cow.

"Jingoes!" he exclaimed, as he came in, dripping and shivering. 'Don't I wish father would hurry home, though!"

Almira did not feel very industrious that morning, but she remembered her mother's parting charge, and so washed up the dishes, dressed little Josie, tidied up the kitchen, accommodated a difference between Kitty and Tommy, and another between Johnnie and Tommy, and did her best to make things pleasant.

They popped corn all the forenoon, and made molasses candy all the afternoon, and retired to bed very early, at the suggestion of the little mother, who felt decidedly tired.

Almira woke up many times in the night, but always heard the rain, pouring, pouring down on to the stout old roof; and she cuddled up closer to Josie, and felt glad to think that the old roof *was* so stout and good, and wondered if any poor creatures were out in the rain, and felt sorry for them in her tender little heart.

On Wednesday there was no change, nor on Thursday; day and night the dreary, weary rain poured down.

"This is the last night," thought the little mother, as she went to bed. She had never known before how earnestly she *could* long for the sight of her dear mother's and father's faces.

"This is the last night, Josie," she whispered, as she kissed the soft cheek of her baby sister, sleeping soundly on the pillow.

"Hush!" she called out to Johnnie and Tommy, who were having another difference in the next room. "Don't, boys; this is the last night. To-morrow they will be home."

"Ain't I glad, though!" said Kitty, sleepily.

"Ain't *I*!" said Almira, with a deep sigh.

She began to realize that being "mother" was too heavy a load for her little shoulders.

"Dear, dear!" she thought, as she listened to the rain; "I should think the very sky must be emptied by this time. It can't rain for ever, that's one comfort."

And, still listening to the familiar sound, she crept into bed; her last thought being: "This is the last night."

Meanwhile, in another farmhouse, three or four miles away, no one closed an eye in sleep that stormy night; for the river was rising, and the father and mother, who had been through one flood already, knew what a devouring monster of death and destruction the broad, placid San Joaquin could be.

By-and-by they saw a strange, shining *something* in the garden, which they had never seen there before; and the father and mother looked in each other's faces, and steeled their strong hearts to be brave.

Closer and closer it crept, up to the doorstep, under the door, and over the floors of the lower story.

One of the little children looked down the stairs, and cried:

"Oh, mamma! the chairs are all floating round the room, down-stairs!"

And another little child said:

"What is the matter, mamma? Why don't we go to bed?"

"Hush, dear, hush!" said the white-faced mother, holding the little questioner closer to her heart.

"Is the river in the house?" said the child. "Will we all be drowned in the house, mamma?"

"No, no! not unless God wills it so," said she, shuddering as she spoke—perhaps at the strange noises down-stairs, as the water crept in everywhere, and set everything to floating.

By-and-by the father held his lantern over the stair, and shrank back, amazed and frightened. Then he and the mother began to pile tables and heavy pieces of furniture by the windows; and, he taking one child and she the other, they climbed on them, and looked out on the desolate waste of water which was spread before them.

It had stopped raining—that was the only comfort. The room was full of water now; and from the top of the table where they sat, one little child dabbled its hand in it, and asked, again:

"Is the river in the house, mamma? Will we all be drowned?"

Then, after a long time—a fearfully long time it seemed to them, for the water was nearly up to the window-sills—they saw lights, and heard shouting in the distance; and, after a while, a boat came up, and they were saved.

The boat took them to a farmhouse four miles further away from the devouring river, and situated on higher land. In it they found many men, women and children, their neighbors, who had been saved by the same brave men and stout boat which had saved them.

Down-stairs, in the "best room"—they did not let the little children look in—there were two, a woman and a little child, whom they could not save. They had found them floating in their own garden, stiff and cold.

"Where are you going now?" asked the wife of one of the men who had charge of the boat.

"Down by Brown's, and over by Fernley's," answered the man, buttoning his great-coat around him. "We would have gone to Fernley's afore, but we thought that all the folks had gone to the city; but now Leslie tells me that they only took the youngest child with them. I'm most afraid we're too late."

There were four of the Browns, watching, shivering and waiting for succor; but when they were told that the Fernley children had not been brough off yet, Mr. Brown offered to stay and take his chances of being saved on the next trip.

"If Mary and the children only get to a safe place," he said, "I can stand it a while longer."

Then, just as the first gray dawn began to appear in the east, they started for the Fernleys'.

"I'm afraid you're too late," said Mrs. Brown, clasping her little boy's hand closer in her own; "they're shocking near the river, and then how do children know what to do? It was tempting Providence, I can't but think, for Mrs. Fernley to go off that way and leave them little things. Like as not we'll find them dead in their beds."

"Well, well, we'll see," said the man, rowing steadily. "Fernley's oldest girl's got a heap of sense."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown; "but Almira is only twelve. How can a child of twelve know what to do?"

"I wish we had gone there first," said he. "We would, if we'd only known the children was there."

Then nothing more was said, but the boat went swiftly and steadily on across the muddy water.

When Almira first fell asleep that night, with her arms around warm little Josie, she had slept very soundly; but after an hour or two she awoke, and, somehow, she could not go to sleep again. She thought of and worried about a hundred things which she would not have thought of in the daytime. Perhaps the hotel had taken fire, and mamma and papa and Willie were all burned. Or, the train would meet with some accident, and they would all be killed. Then she fancied that she heard a strange noise below, and thought that perhaps some robber had broken in; or, perhaps, the fire was not out in the kitchen stove, as she had thought, and the big kitchen might be on fire.

This idea took such possession of her mind that she got up at last, and, slipping on her shoes, went down-stairs to see if all was safe.

"I must," she thought to herself, "for mamma trusted everything to me."

She had gone not more than half-way down-stairs, when "splash!" went her foot in the water. She went down another step, and another, but the water was up to her knees; and, with a heart oppressed with a weight she had never known before, she went slowly back up-stairs.

Before waking the rest, the little woman stopped to think what the danger was, and what she could do. Johnnie was ten, but Almira knew by instinct that it was for her to plan and manage, and save them if it was possible.

She knew what the danger was. Two or three times in the last few days a dim fear had crept through her mind, "What if the river should rise?"

She had heard her mother tell of a flood, too, many years before, when she was a toddling child, and Kitty was a baby; and she was sure, if they could get into a safe place, that somebody would come, sooner or later, to their relief.

She wrung her little hands. Where would the safe place be?

"Perhaps," she thought, "the water will never get up-stairs."

But she remembered that in the flood that she had heard her mother tell of, the water *had* gone up-stairs, and they had been obliged to climb to the roof of the house.

"But we can never do that," she thought, "unless papa was at home to help us up."

Then she went in and woke up Johnnie and Tommy, bidding them dress themselves as quickly as they could.

"What for?" said Tommy, sleepily, "It's dark yet."

"The house is all full of water," said poor Almira, with a sob that she couldn't choke down, "and we've got to get up somewhere until somebody comes to help us."

Tommy began to cry.

"I want mamma," he said.

But Johnnie was more manly.

"Where will we go, Mira?" he said. "You wake up Kitty, and dress Josie, and I'll dress Tommy. Hush, Tommy! crying won't do no good. We've got to help ourselves, I tell you!"

By the time they all had their clothes on, the ever-encroaching water had reached the top of the stair, and was dabbling about in the entry-way.

"I know where we can go," said Almira, as the five children stood together, looking into each other's white faces; "we can climb on to the balcony."

The balcony was a very little one, built over the hall window, and had never been considered by Mr. and Mrs. Fernley as either useful or ornamental; though it proved to be of more use than all their possessions on that terrible night.

They wrapped blankets around the youngest two, and, with infinite pains and difficulty, reached their frail refuge.

They clung to each other for warmth and courage, and from each childish heart there went up to God such prayers as rarely pass unheard or ungranted.

Great, black things, such as logs and sheds, came bumping up in the darkness, filling them with terror lest the rotten supports of the balcony should give way and drop them in the seething water below.

At last dawn appeared; they felt that they were safer already. And then the boat came, and they were saved.

Little Kitty was helped in first, then Josie, then Tommy.

"Come, Mira," said Johnnie; but the little mother held back.

"I'd rather go last," she said.

The man helped Johnnie in, and then looked anxiously around.

"We've got an awful load already," he said. "Somebody will have to wait till the next trip. Madame," he added, to Mrs. Brown, "don't you think the children ought to be saved first?"

But Mrs. Brown said "No," and began to cry, and said that if anybody was to be left behind, to leave the biggest Fernley boy; and Johnnie commenced to get out again, when Almira begged him to stay, saying.

"I'll stay; I'd just as lief as not. I ain't a bit afraid. If Mrs. Brown and Kitty will only keep Josie warm, I'd just as lief wait as not."

Johnnie wanted to stay with her, but Almira begged him not to.

"Mother gave me the charge of you *all*," she said, "and you promised to mind me, Johnnie. I ain't a bit afraid—and you'll hurry back, mister, won't you?"

"That I will, my little lass," said the man; "and I'll see that every one knows how brave you are, too."

Mrs. Brown hid her face, and perhaps wished in her selfish heart that she *could* be brave, but she could not. So the boat was pulled slowly away with its precious freight.

"Good-by, dears," said poor little Mira, leaning over the railing.

"Good-by, good-by!" came faintly from the cold and frightened children.

They had plenty of wraps in the boat, so they had left her a blanket; and Johnnie, standing up, had helped to wrap it close about her. As he did so, he noticed how pale her cheeks were, that he had always seen so rosy, and how dull and heavy were her bright, sparkling eyes.

How long the faithful "little mother" shivered and watched and waited, they never knew. It was long past noon before the boat could get back, and then the balcony was gone—had been torn away, perhaps, by some of the many heavy things floating in the water.

They rowed around and around, until they found her; and then they had to put her in the "best room," with the poor, cold woman and her little child.

The little woman had remembered to the last that "mother trusted her," and had kept her faithful promise "even unto death."

GIGANTIC FUNGUS ON PITCH PINE JOISTS.—A huge fungus was found growing parasitically upon the pitch-pine joists of the Bank of England, in Threadneedle Street. The entire growth was so large that, when packed in a box for transit, it was as much as two strong men could carry. The largest piece was no less than 6 feet 3 inches in circumference, 7 inches thick, and weighed 32 pounds, growing upon a piece of joist weighing 6½ pounds. The fungus turned out to be *Polyporus annosus*, Fr., a plant peculiar to the coniferæ, and perhaps not uncommon in similar situations beneath floors, etc. The mycelium had completely destroyed the wood of the pitch-pine joists, and in the decayed parts was found an abundant crop of young cockroaches, spiders and mites.

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

LITTLE sister, thou art pale!
  Ah! I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,
  And my thoughts grow calm again.
  Lean down closer—closer still!
  I have words thine ear to fill,
  And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the Spring,
  Thee and Robert—through the trees—
When we all went gathering
  Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
  Do not start so! think instead
  How the sunshine overhead
  Seem'd to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
  Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away
  At the sight of the gray sky;
  And the silence, as it stood
  In the glory's golden flood,
  Audibly did bud, and bud.

Through the winding hedgerows green,
  How we wander'd, I and you,
With the bowery tops shut in,
  And the gates that show'd the view!
  How we talk'd there! thrushes soft
  Sang our praises out, or oft
  Bleatings took them, from the croft;

Till the pleasure grown too strong
  Left me muter evermore,
And, the winding road being long,
  I walk'd out of sight, before;
  And so, wrapt in musings fond,
  Issued (past the wayside pond)
  On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
  Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
  Did not promise any pain;
  And I bless'd you full and free,
  With a smile stoop'd tenderly
  O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word,
  As the speakers drew more near
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
  What you wish'd me not to hear.
  Do not weep so, do not shake;
  Oh, I heard thee, Bertha, make
  Good, true answers for my sake.

Yes, and *he* too! let him stand
  In thy thoughts untouch'd by blame.
Could he help it if my hand
  He had claim'd with hasty claim?
  That was wrong, perhaps—but then
  Such things be—and will again;
  Women cannot judge for men.

THE days of sumptuary laws have evidently not passed in the Old World. The Town Council of Leipsic has just enacted as follows: "1st. All persons wearing a draggling or ground-sweeping article are forbidden the use of the *trottoirs*, promenades and footpaths within the precincts of the town, under a penalty of from five to fifty marks. 2nd. The police are to bring all offenders to the police-station, and their names will be published in the Leipsic papers."

BERTHA IN THE LANE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 239.

HISTORY OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE TELEGRAPH.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The first fact of electro-magnetism was discovered by Hans Christian Oersted, of Copenhagen, in the Winter of 1819-20. His observation was as follows: If a wire be placed close above or below and parallel to a magnetic needle, and a galvanic current be passed through the wire, the needle will tend to place itself at right angles to it. To the ordinary mind there was very little in this experiment to merit so much fame; and yet, without it no form of the electro-magnetic telegraph were possible; no dynamo-electric machine could be thought of; the electric light would have been vailed in darkness, and the telephone could not have spoken.

It is upon such trifling discoveries as this that the grand edifice of science is founded, and the structure raised which carries civilization forward toward its highest culmination. The truth is, life is made up of trifles, as society is composed of individuals. The sum of many small things makes up a magnificent whole. The added links of apparently unimportant discoveries constitute a chain of inseverable strength.

Ours is an age of small things, and it is also one of progress; because the wise are less confounded by the foolish things of the world than they were in times gone by. If we pick up the lost threads in the web of discovery, the warp will be firmly set. The giant, St. Christopher, stopped at the crossing to carry travelers over the raging torrent; he waited long for the mighty leader whom he could serve, but at last his master came in the form of a little child.

It is a great mistake to suppose that discoveries spring armed and equipped from the brain of one individual. Such a thing is unknown. All important discoveries are built up of isolated facts, as a house is built of bricks; and he who contributes a single block to the edifice can claim a share in the glory of the finished structure.

Oersted had from the first believed in the identity of electricity and magnetism, and, as early as 1812, in his lectures, had dwelt upon the probability that some day this identity would be proved; little thinking that to himself would be due the immortal discovery. During the Winter of 1819-20, Oersted delivered his usual course of lectures on physics, at the University of Copenhagen. While engaged in showing to his pupils the powerful heat which was produced when the connecting wires of a galvanic battery were brought together, he noticed that a magnetic needle which happened to be on the table began to oscillate violently, and to be sensitive to the current passing through the wires. This phenomenon filled him with astonishment, and was immediately made the subject of an exhaustive study, resulting in the discovery and foundation of the great science of electro-magnetism.

DISCOVERY OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM BY OERSTED IN 1820.

Oersted made known his discovery in the month of July, 1820, in a pamphlet of four pages, written in Latin, and entitled: "Experimenta circum effectum conflictus Electrici in Arcum Magneticum" (Experiments on the action of the Electric Current on the Magnetic Needle). This was soon translated into all of the European languages, and attracted great attention. On Monday, September 11, 1820, De la Rive, who had arrived from Geneva, repeated the experiment before the Academy of Sciences, in Paris; and on the following Monday, Ampère announced a second experiment, which supplemented Oersted's and completed the discovery of electro-magnetism.

Hans Christian Oersted was born on the Danish island of Langeland, on the 14th of August, 1777, where his father was an apothecary. He was so fortunate at the university as to obtain a prize which enabled him to travel for five years, for the purpose of study at foreign schools; and on his return he was made professor of physics at the University of Copenhagen. In 1822 he undertook an extensive tour, visiting Berlin, Munich, Paris, London and Edinburgh, in all of which cities he was received with the most enthusiastic ovations. His discovery, which had disclosed the intimate relations existing between electricity and magnetism, and had opened up to these sciences a vast field of research, had made him a celebrated man; and all the

learned societies, government authorities and private citizens vied with each other in showing him every possible honor and attention. He was the recipient of numerous decorations, and became a member of every learned society of Europe.

Oersted's communications to science were numerous and important; but the great fact of electro-magnetism so far outweighed all others in importance that they are little known to the world at large. His writings are characterized by a philosophical tendency, and are expressed in a poetical and popular style, making them as well known in Denmark as the productions of Liebig have been in Germany or those of Faraday in England.

Oersted died on the 9th of March, 1851, at the age of seventy-four years, having lived to see the important results of his discovery in the completion of the magnetic telegraph. In 1877, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, there were grand ceremonies in Copenhagen, on the occasion of the unvailing of a statue erected to perpetuate his memory. He left behind the example of a beautiful life, and a rich store of discoveries with which to bless his native land.

Although Oersted was the Columbus who discovered a new continent, the French claim for Ampère that he was the Pizarro to explore and conquer it. The trifling experiment of Oersted, by which he caused a magnetic needle to be deflected, was, to use another comparison, the Columbus's egg—very easy to do, when you are told how.

For a long time the simplicity of the discovery detracted from its importance; but presently, men of science and amateurs all over the world took up the subject, and out of this universal emulation have grown some of the most brilliant discoveries of our age.

Ampère founded the science of dynamical electricity by studying the action of currents on magnets, and of currents on themselves. He was the lawgiver in this branch of physics. In order to study the action of the galvanic battery on the magnetic needle without being disturbed by the magnetism of the earth, Ampère invented the astatic needle. This consists essentially of two needles fastened together, one above the other, but with their poles in opposite directions. Such a system is suspended by a fibre of raw silk, and is a most sensitive test for feeble magnetic currents. This apparatus enabled Ampère to prove the mutual action of two currents on each other—a phenomenon which he had anticipated *a priori*, and which he exhibited to the French Academy on the 18th of September, just a week after the announcement of Oersted's discovery. "I do not know," said Arago, "whether the domain of science can afford so beautiful a discovery conceived, made and completed with so great celerity."

Ampère found that two parallel wires, through which galvanic currents are passing in the same direction, attract each other; but if the currents pass in opposite directions, they repel each other. On this fact he founded his ingenious theory of magnetism and electro-magnetism, from which he deduced many interesting results, which were afterward verified by experiment. He also proposed to the Academy a plan for the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of intelligence to a distance. This consisted in deflecting a number of needles at the place of receiving intelligence, by galvanic currents transmitted through long wires. The project was, however, never reduced to practice.

On the 25th of September, 1820, less than a week after the first communication of Ampère, and not a fortnight from the time Oersted's discovery was made known in France, Arago announced another great fact, namely, the temporary magnetization of soft iron by the electric current. This discovery had its origin in the original experiment of Oersted. Arago had witnessed the repetition of Oersted's experiments by De la Rive in Geneva, Switzerland. In verifying them himself, he noticed that the wire of the battery became charged with iron filings, as if it were a magnet, but that bits of copper or tin were not attracted. The current imparted to the soft iron the magnetic property, and this virtue disappeared the moment the current was interrupted. By employing a bar of steel, Arago was able to magnetize it permanently by the electric current.

This grand discovery was announced to the Bureau of Longitudes on the 20th of September, and to the Academy of Sciences on the 25th of September, 1820. Ampère immediately suggested the employment of a helix of wire, in the centre of which could be placed the bar of steel to be magnetized. It is claimed for Sir Humphrey Davy that he made the same discovery simultaneously with Arago, and without any knowledge of what the latter had done.

In November, 1825, Mr. Sturgeon, of England, bent a piece of iron wire into the form of a horseshoe, and put loosely around it a coil of copper wire, with wide intervals between the turns or spires, to prevent them touching each other; and through this coil he transmitted a current of galvanism. The iron, under the influence of this current, became magnetic; and thus was produced an electro-magnet.

In 1828, Professor Joseph Henry, after repeating the experiments of Oersted, Ampère and others, commenced the investigation of the laws of the development of magnetism in soft iron by means of the electrical current. He carried the lifting powers of the electro-magnet to their greatest perfection. One of these magnets, now in the cabinet at Princeton, was made to sustain three thousand six hundred pounds, with a battery occupying about a cubic foot of space. Professor Henry also observed that no perceptible diminution of the lifting power took place when the current was transmitted through an intervening wire, between the battery and the magnet, of upward of a thousand feet. This was the first discovery of the fact that a galvanic current of sufficient force to produce mechanical effects could be transmitted through wires to a great distance. It was one of the most important observations made in the whole line of research, inasmuch as it showed that an electric telegraph was practicable.

Professor Henry says of these researches: "At the conclusion of this series of experiments, there were two applications of the electro-magnet in my mind; one, the production of a machine to be moved by electro-magnetism, and the other the transmission of, or calling into action, power at a distance. The first idea was carried into execution in the machine described in *Silliman's Journal* in 1831, and for the second I arranged around one of the upper rooms in the Albany Academy a wire of more than a mile in length, through which I was enabled to make signals by sounding a bell."

This was in 1832. The mechanical arrangement for effecting the object, was simply a steel bar, permanently magnetized, of about ten inches in length, supported on a pivot and placed with its north end between the two arms of a horseshoe magnet. When the latter was excited by the current, the end of the bar thus placed was attracted by one arm of the horseshoe and repelled by the other, and was thus caused to move in a horizontal plane, and its further extremity to strike a bell suitably adjusted.

Previous to Professor Henry's investigations, the means of developing magnetism in soft iron were imperfectly understood, and the electro-magnet which then existed was inapplicable to the transmission of power to a distance. He

was the first to prove by actual experiment that, in order to develop magnetic power at a distance, a galvanic battery of intensity must be employed to project the current through the long conductor, and that a magnet surrounded by many turns of one long wire must be used to receive the current. He was the first actually to magnetize a piece of iron at a distance, and to call attention to the fact of the applicability of his experiments to the telegraph. He was also the first to actually sound a bell at a distance by means of the electro-magnet, and the principles he developed were applied by Dr. Gale to render Morse's machine effective at a distance; and they were also applied to the various machines invented by Gauss, Weber, Steinkeil and Wheatstone.

The galvanometer now employed for transmitting messages by the Atlantic cable, is about as close an imitation of the apparatus devised by Henry for ringing a bell in the Albany Academy in 1832, as the different circumstances of the cases require.

The electro-magnet now used for the telegraph all over the world is the one invented and described by Henry in 1831. The magnet is the power behind the throne; it drives the electric clock and the magneto-electric machine; it frightens away burglars, gives the alarm of fire, warns of danger, explodes the mine, transmits signals, sends messages by the needle, makes permanent record by the telegraph, and speaks to us through the telephone.

The philosopher who discovered the scientific principles upon which the electro-magnet is founded, and who invented the form of apparatus best adapted to demonstrate these principles, must be regarded as having made the chief contribution to the magnetic telegraph. This philosopher is Joseph Henry, and to him is accorded the homage of the whole scientific world for his magnificent discovery.

Mr. F. O. J. Smith, who was one of Morse's earliest and strongest aids in the introduction of the telegraph, and who was very familiar with its original history, referring to a proposal to erect a monument at Washington to symbolize the history of the electro-magnetic telegraph, made use of the following strong language: "I feel constrained to say, if the Monumental Society resolves to erect at the national capital of the United States a memorial monument to symbolize in statuary of colossal proportions the history of the electro-magnetic telegraph before that history has been authentically written, it is my conviction that the statue most worthy to stand upon the summit of such monument would be that of the man of true science, who explored the laws of nature ahead of all other men, and was the first to wrest electro-magnetism from nature's embrace and make it a missionary to the cause of human progress; and that man is Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Morse and his early coadjutors would more appropriately occupy, in relief, the sides of the pedestal; symbolizing by their established merits and co-operative works the grandeur of the researches and discoveries of their leader and chief, who was the first to announce and demonstrate, by actual mechanical agencies, the practicability of an electro-magnetic telegraph through great distances.

"Dr. Barlow reached, in 1825, the same mechanical point that Professor Morse reached in 1837, and failed of success for the want of Professor Henry's discovery—for then it had not been made known. Barlow and Morse used the Moll magnet and the quantity battery, and both failed. Neither knew how to propel the galvanic current to a distance, and hence both failed to construct a practical electro-magnetic telegraph that could be worked at a distance greater than from fifteen to forty feet."

It was not until the principles discovered by Joseph Henry were made known that success attended the efforts of Morse and Wheatstone to perfect the telegraph.

In November, 1831, Michael Faraday read before the Royal Society an account of his discovery of the induction of currents, showing that the passage of a galvanic current in one wire induced a momentary current in a contiguous wire, and that the movement of the wire transmitting a current to and from another wire also developed elementary currents in the latter. In the same paper he also announced the interesting discovery of the development of electricity by magnetism; the electric currents being produced by the development of electro-magnetism and its cessation, and also by the motion of a steel magnet to and from its keeper—the latter being surrounded by a coil of wire connected with a remote galvanometer. This species of electricity he termed magneto-electric induction. It was only necessary to revolve a magnet before soft iron to keep up a constant stream of electricity.

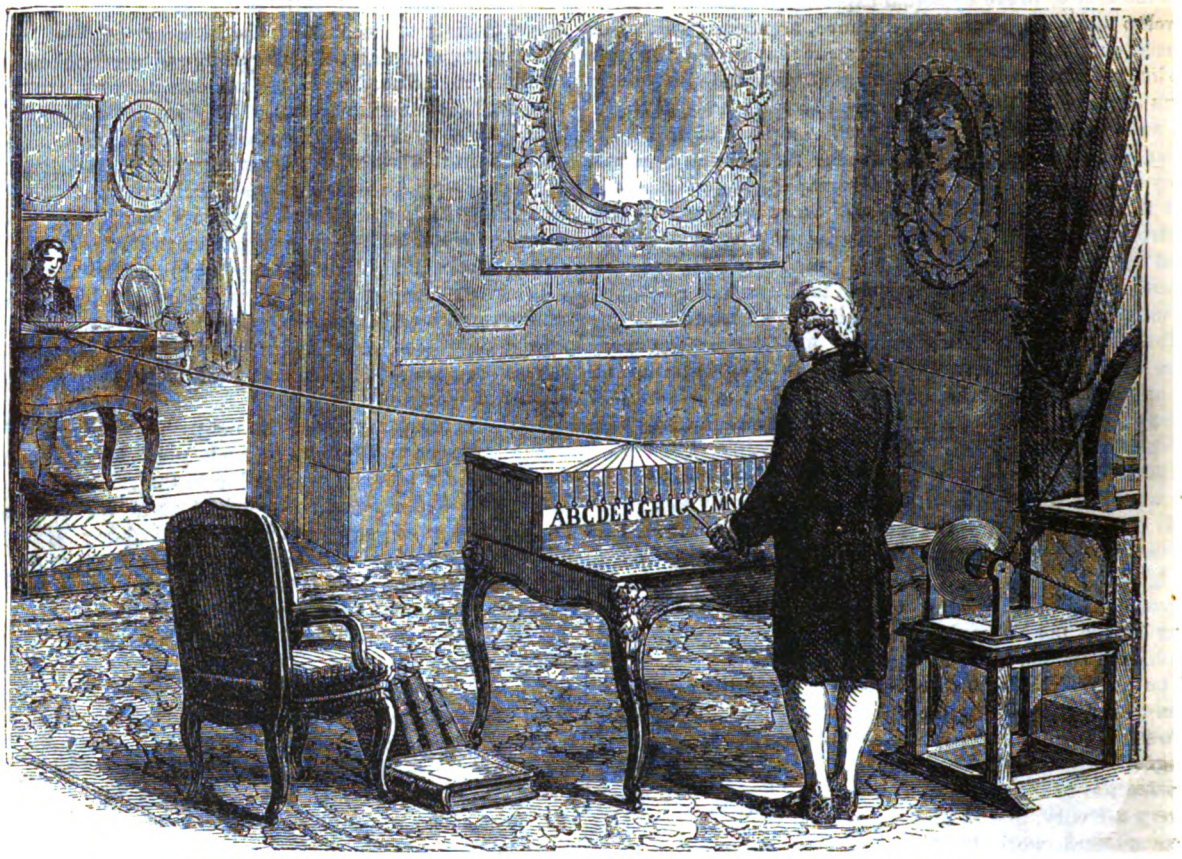
This was the principle of the magneto-electric machines, which have been brought to such perfection in modern times, and are of such great value in the electric light and in electro-metallurgy, and may finally, also, give us dynamo-electric motors of great power and practical economy. The discovery of the law of induction, by Faraday, is, therefore, justly regarded as having been one of the most brilliant and important of the whole series.

The first magneto-electric machine was manufactured by Pixii, in Paris, in 1832. It consisted of two columns of wood, supporting an electro-magnet shaped like a horse-shoe, and surrounded by a wire covered with silk wound in a helix. Below was a powerful natural magnet, which could be revolved rapidly, and thus induce the currents of electricity. To prevent the two currents from destroying each other, an apparatus called a commutator, or pole-changer, was introduced, by means of which two currents of electricity produced by the action of the revolving magnet were made, as it were, to flow each in its own channel; and thus the stream could be augmented in the same manner as a current from a galvanic battery.

Since this pioneer machine of Pixii was made, many others have been invented, to some of which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter. In the latter part of June, 1832, Professor Henry commenced experiments on magneto-electric induction, and was very successful in the production of sparks. A few years later Professor Charles G. Page, of Salem, Mass., began investigations into the science of induction, and to him the world is indebted for several important discoveries and inventions, for which he has never received half the credit he deserved. In 1837, Dr. Page noticed the production of a musical sound from a magnet, between the poles of which a flat spiral was placed. The sound was heard whenever contact was made or broken between the coil and the battery. Two notes were distinguished—one the proper musical tone of the magnet, and the other an octave higher. It was after studying this phenomenon that Professor Bell arrived at the invention of the telephone.

The conversion of dynamic into static electricity was partially accomplished by Masson, in 1842; still better by Ruhmkorff, in 1851; and quite perfectly by Ritchie, of Boston, in 1857. The induction coil by which this is accomplished is universally known as the Ruhmkorff coil, but its practical value appears to be due to the improvements made in it by Page and Ritchie. It was founded upon the researches and discoveries of Faraday, Henry, De la Rive, Fizeau, and others.

In July, 1859, Professor McCulloch, of Columbia College, New York, exhibited in Paris one of Ritchie's coils, giving sparks of seven inches. Ruhmkorff dissected this for the purpose of examining its construction, and immediately copied the method of winding invented by Ritchie,



THE FIRST ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INVENTED IN 1774, BY LESAGE, AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

and thus perfected his instrument. In 1864 Ruhmkorff received a prize of 50,000 francs for having made the most important discovery in the applications of electricity since 1852.

The career of this man was a most interesting one. Born of poor parents in Hanover, Germany, he emigrated to Paris at the age of eighteen, and obtained employment as servant and porter in the laboratory of Professor Chevalier. Here his ingenuity in mounting apparatus soon attracted the notice of his employer, who suggested to him the propriety of setting up for himself as a manufacturer of philosophical instruments. Aided by this patron, he soon became known as an ingenious mechanic, and his modest shop was for years the headquarters of the most celebrated physicists of Europe. He died near the close of the year 1877, far advanced in years and full of honors.

It has not been possible in this short sketch to mention the names and deeds of all the philosophers who have contributed to the discovery and progress of electro-magnetism; but the most important facts have been recorded, and

CHRISTIAN OERSTED.

GEORGE LOUIS LESAGE.

FRANCIS ARAGO.

A. M. AMPÈRE.

honor has been ascribed where it appeared to be due. The following list of the men who have rendered service to the progress of the science of electricity contains some of the omitted names, and will serve to impress the order of discovery upon the memory. Their vast work has all been accomplished since the year 1820:

1. Oersted discovered electro-magnetism. 2. Ampère found the action of currents upon currents, and established the theory of electro-dynamics. 3. Arago discovered the magnetizing influence of currents passing over iron or steel wires. 4. Seebeck discovered thermo-electric currents. 5. Faraday discovered currents by induction. 6. Pelitier demonstrated the strange fact that currents produce a considerable diminution of temperature. 7. Ohm established the immortal law of the intensity of currents. 8. Pixii constructed the first magneto-electric machine. 9. Wheatstone measured the velocity of electricity and operated the first electro-magnetic telegraph. 10. Henry made the first powerful electro-magnet. 11. Morse and Steinheil improved the electro-magnetic telegraph. 12. Neef proved that heat is developed at the positive and light at the negative pole of the battery. 13. Masson discovered the phenomena of secondary currents produced by the interruption of the principal ones. 14. Page invented the first electro-static coil. 15. Jacobi invented electro-metallurgy. 16. Daniell made the first battery of constant power. 17. Plucker proved that magnetic attraction and repulsion is in relation with the axes of crystals. 18. Santi-Linari obtained the first spark by means of the magnetic induction from the earth. 19. Gauss constructed the magneto-meter and established the theory of terrestrial magnetism. 20. Nobili invented the thermo-electric galvanoscope. 21. Brett was the first to establish the submarine telegraph. 22. Davy was the first who saw that wire through which a current passes attracts iron filings. 23. Berzelius was the founder of electro-chemistry. 24. Becquerel reproduced crystals by electric currents. 25. Armstrong invented the hydro-electric machine. 26. Matteucci and Du Bois Raymond analyzed the electric action created by the contraction of muscles. 27. Helmholtz measured the speed of animal electric currents. 28. Faucault and Staite each invented separately the regulator of the electric light. 29. Grove invented the celebrated battery that bears his name. 30. Boucalari first observed the magnetism of flame.

THE VOLTAIC ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH OF JEAN ALEXANDRE, 1802.

I am aware that the above list is far from complete, and that many important inventors are conspicuous by their

absence; but as some of these will be mentioned in considering the practical bearings of the subject, less injustice will be done them.

MODERN APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM—THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

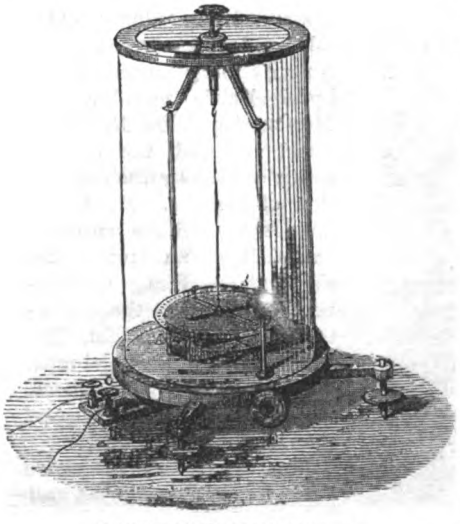
Having traced the history of electricity through all its stages from the time of Thales, 600 years B.C., down to the present time, the agreeable task now remains of giving a description of some of the practical applications which have been made in that branch of science known as electro-magnetism.

First and foremost is the electro-magnetic telegraph. The story of the telegraph has been related so many times that it is more or less familiar to everybody; but notwithstanding this familiarity, the subject never grows wearisome, and the mystery of its operation will always secure for it an attentive hearing.

When, in the year 1746, it became known that electricity could be conducted by wires over considerable distances, it began to be regarded as a possible means of communicating intelligence from one place to another. Musschenbroek had constructed the Leyden jar, and Lemonnier had seen the current transmitted over two miles of space in an inappreciable time. The idea of a telegraph seemed to be natural, under such circumstances. The earliest suggestion of this kind seems to have been contained in an anonymous letter signed C. M., which appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, February 1st, 1753, and which Sir David Brewster attributes to Charles Marshal, of Renfrew.

In this remarkable letter the writer refers to the fact that the electric force can be propagated through a wire from one place to another without being sensibly weakened by the distance. He, therefore proposed to employ insulated wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, and placed in parallel lines an inch apart. A frictional electrical machine was to be placed at right angles to the ends of the wires, and each terminal wire was to have enough electricity to return to its proper position after having been attracted out of place by the battery. By observing the letter opposite the pith-pall sensitized by the electricity, and writing it down, a person at a distance would be able to read any message transmitted to him, and, by a preconcerted signal, could send a reply.

Minute details were given, which we now recognize as perfectly practicable, but no attention was paid to the communication, and the experiment was never tried in Scotland, and the honor of having first devised and executed a plan for telegraphing, by means of statical electricity, must be ascribed to George Louis Lesage, professor of mathematics at Geneva, Switzerland, who, in 1774, constructed an apparatus precisely on the plan proposed by Charles Marshall, which proved as successful as any contrivance could be expected to be which employed frictional electricity as its moving force.



SCHWEIGGER'S GALVANOMETER.

A similar apparatus was made in Paris, in 1787, by Lomond, mentioned by Arthur Young in an account of his travels on the Continent.

In Germany, Reiser proposed, in 1794, to illuminate the letters of the alphabet by electric sparks discharged from the ends of as many wires as there are letters of the alphabet. This was, in reality, Franklin's idea, and had been proposed by him for telegraphic purposes many years before it was revived by Reiser.

From this time forward many ingenious attempts were made to employ frictional electricity for telegraphic purposes, most of which it is unnecessary to notice in detail, as they were attended with only partial success.

In 1794, an aerial telegraph, without the intervention of electricity, was invented in France by Claude Chappé, which soon came into use in nearly every civilized country, and, strangely enough, stood in the way of the introduction of much more efficient and practical inventions. It consisted of an upright post, supporting a horizontal bar, which, turning upon a pivot, could be placed at various inclinations. This had two smaller arms pivoted to its extremities, and capable of being turned at various angles with them. By independent movements of the parts, the apparatus was susceptible of 98 distinct positions, and of exhibiting the same number of different signals, which could be made to represent either letters, numbers, words or sentences. As the signal-towers had to be built four or five miles apart, the expense of a long line was something prodigious, amounting, in Russia for example, where there were 220 stations between Warsaw and St. Petersburg, to many millions of dollars. On this account government officials were very unwilling to listen to any new propositions, as subsequent history shows.

In 1816, Francis Ronalds constructed a telegraph, making use of frictional electricity and a single wire, and exhibited signals by the divergence of pith-balls combined with dials revolving synchronously. He fully perceived the value of his idea, and strove to bring it before the British Government, but received an answer which can never be too often cited as an illustration of official red tape: "Telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and no other than the one now in use will be adopted."

Nothing daunted by this apathy, Mr. Ronalds matured his invention, and in 1823 published a "Description of an Electric Telegraph, and of some other Electrical Apparatus." Mr. Ronalds was too far ahead of his time, and too purely a man of science to secure a hearing for his discovery in those early days, and it was left to others to mature his idea and to establish the system which his prophetic eye had foreseen would one day transform the world.

It was not till 1837, fourteen years after Mr. Ronalds's pamphlet, that Messrs. Cooke & Wheatstone took out their first patent. Thanks to Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with genius, Mr. Ronalds's merits have received recognition, and the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him after he had reached an advanced age.

In 1828, Harrison Gray Dyer, of New York, invented a telegraph, the principle of which consisted in sending discharges of frictional electricity through a wire, which should be recorded by being caused to pass through a sheet of moistened litmus paper moving at a uniform rate. The relative distance apart of the discharges was to indicate the letters of the alphabet. There is evidence that this invention was experimentally tried on Long Island the same year in which it was invented, but little is definitely known respecting the results.

All of the attempts undertaken previous to the commencement of this century to apply statical or frictional electricity to the purposes of a telegraph, were almost necessarily unsuccessful. This kind of electricity is difficult to manage, owing to its tendency to escape on all possible occasions.

The discovery of Voltaic electricity and the invention of the pile in 1800, utterly changed the condition of things. The pile furnished a constant source of electricity without tension—that is to say, without the tendency to abandon its direct line of conductor, and there was here a prospect of being able to force the fluid over an indefinite space without danger of serious loss during the transit.

The invention of the pile gave a new impulse to the researches concerning the electric telegraph; and numerous contrivances were proposed, some of which were by no means without value. In the year 1859, M. Gerspach published in the *Annales Télégraphiques* an account of some curious documents discovered by him in the archives of the French Government; from which it appears that, as early as 1802, one Jean Alexandre, a gold plater of Poitiers, France, applied the principle of the Voltaic pile to the invention of an electric telegraph.

M. Gerspach gives the correspondence between Alexandre and the then Minister of Public Instruction—who was none other than the celebrated chemist Chaptal—from which we learn that the experience of Ronalds in England had been anticipated by a good many years in France by Alexandre. Jean Alexandre wrote to Chaptal a full account of his invention and desired permission to exhibit it to Napoleon, provided his expenses to Paris could be paid by the Government. Chaptal flatly declined to have anything to do with it, intimating that the whole thing was utopian, and, at any rate, expressing himself satisfied with the aerial telegraph of Chappe, which had been adopted by the Government at great expense

The celebrated astronomer, Delambre, was subsequently appointed to examine the new invention; but as he was not permitted to see the interior, he could give no description of it.

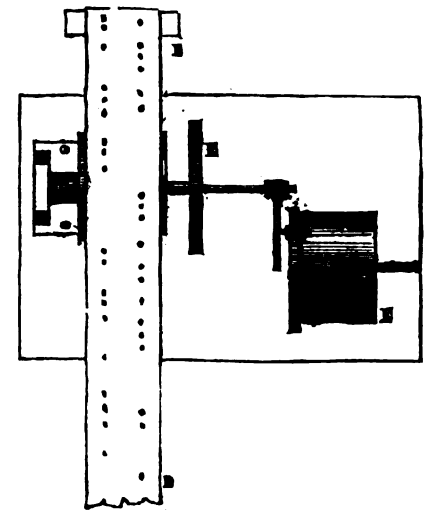
The inventor absolutely declined to divulge the secret to any one but Napoleon, and as he was never admitted to an interview with the First Consul, many desirable details are wanting. All that could be seen was a box surmounted by a dial, containing around the circumference of a disc the letters of the alphabet and the numerals. There were two of these boxes connected by wires, and they were seen in operation many times by the municipal authorities of Bordeaux, Vienne, and other cities.

Alexandre survived until 1832, and his widow died in 1853 in extreme poverty.

The description given by Delambre; the detailed explanations of the Prefect of Vienne; the wire, like a bell rope, flexible and susceptible of being moved in all directions; the two needles and similar dials placed at two stations; the expressions, electric or magnetic fluid, employed, —all apply to the dial telegraph in use at the present day, and indicate that Jean Alexandre was the first—that is, in 1802—to apply the Voltaic battery to the electric telegraph. There will always, however, be a suspicion thrown on his claim in consequence of his neglect to disclose the secret.

In the year 1811 we find the first truly scientific application of the Voltaic pile to the telegraph. The difficulty had been to obtain a current sufficiently powerful to perform mechanical work at a distant point. Henry's magnet and Daniell's and Grove's batteries were unknown.

Among the phenomena to which the Voltaic pile gave birth, the decomposition of water was one that attracted the most notice. The electric telegraph invented by Soemmering in 1811 was founded on the electrolysis of water by the pile. His apparatus, remarkable for the time, was disposed as follows: At one of the stations was mounted a Voltaic pile, which constituted the source of electricity. This pile served to form thirty-five Voltaic circuits, each one composed of a double wire to go and return. These wires were separately insulated by a silk envelope, and the bundle was further protected by resin. At the distant station the thirty-five circuits terminated, each in a small vessel filled with slightly acidulated water. These different vessels were destined to represent the twenty-five letters of the alphabet and the ten numerals. When, at the station where the pile was situated, a current of electricity was made to pass through one of the circuits, water would be instantly decomposed in the corresponding vase, and thus the letter or numeral could be indicated.



STEINHEIL'S MAGNETO-ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, JULY, 1837.

Soemmering's project was cumbersome, and presented many practical difficulties; but it showed he understood and fully appreciated the advantages to be derived from the electric telegraph. He remarked in his "Mémoire" that the new means of communication would work at night, just as well as in the day time, and that storms would not interfere with it. He added that it possessed great advantages over the aerial telegraph of Chappe, because the signals could be made with great rapidity, and no secret could be betrayed; "it did not require the construction of a special edifice, but could be introduced into any convenient locality," and, finally, it rendered superfluous the complicated and secret code required by the aerial telegraph.

Soemmering having observed that a distance of two thousand feet made no appreciable difference in the transmission of the current, assumed that the action of his telegraph could be extended to any distance without the necessity of establishing intermediate stations.

Some portions of Soemmering's original apparatus were exhibited at Vienna in 1873, where it justly commanded great attention. It was ingenious but could scarcely have been generally adopted.

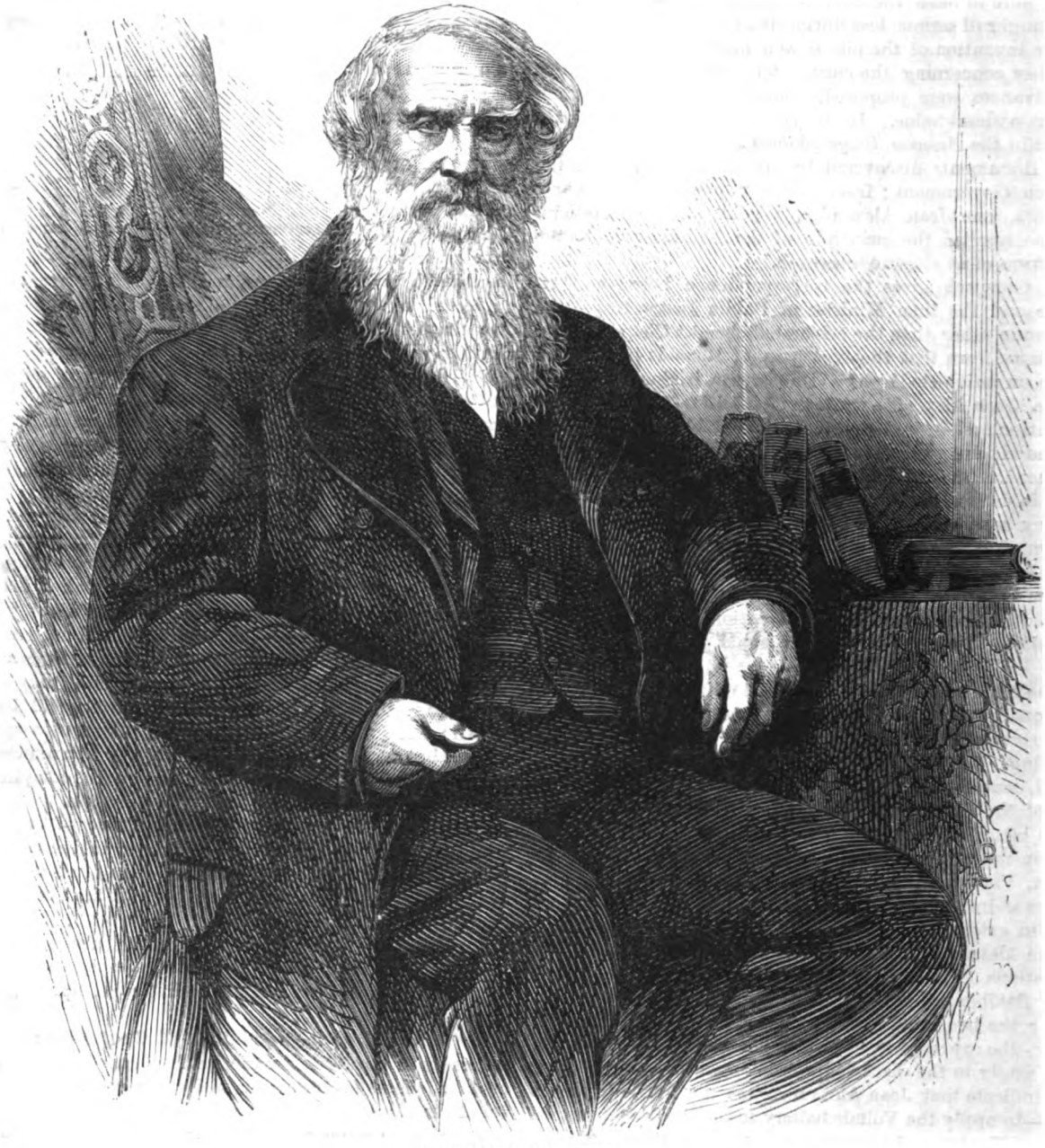
To satisfy all of the conditions of the problem, it was necessary to substitute for the feeble chemical action a mechanical effect of a certain intensity. A considerable interval of time had to pass before science was able to furnish the means to satisfy this condition. The great step needed was the discovery of electro-magnetism in 1820 by Hans Christian Oersted.

On the 2d of October, 1820, immediately after Oersted's discovery had been made known in Paris, Ampère proposed the following plan for applying it to a system of telegraphy. As many magnetic needles were to be taken as there are letters of the alphabet, each having its conducting wire connected with the battery, and it would only be necessary to join the wires at one end to observe the oscillation at the other.

Unfortunately, Voltaic currents produce too feeble mechanical effects on ordinary magnetic needles to enable us to establish communication in this way. Some means of increasing the intensity of the phenomena was necessary, and this was obtained by Schweigger in the galvanometer invented by him. He found that if the conjunctive wire is bent into a rectangle, so as to carry the current many times around the needle, the effect of the same force on the needle is multiplied in proportion to the number of convolutions. Thus Schweigger contrived his multiplier, or galvanometer, composed of a flat spool of fine, insulated copper wire, within which the needle was suspended. By this means a very feeble current became quite sensible. For ordinary purposes, a few turns, or, it may be, 300 or 400 convolutions, suffice; but for particular purposes, and when the current is very feeble, many thousand feet of very fine wire are used.

Nobili modified this apparatus by using double astatic needles. The multiplier or galvanometer of Schweigger was soon employed in the construction of a telegraph.

Baron Schilling, a distinguished amateur of science in St. Petersburg, in 1833 constructed a telegraph having five vertical needles, and in 1835 he exhibited his invention, simplified to a single needle, at Bonn. This was shown by Moncke at Heidelberg, in 1836, to W. Fothergill Cooke, who immediately set to work to devise and construct a telegraph for practical use, consisting of a pair of three-needle instruments, with keys and reciprocal system. He also invented the electro-mechanical alarm, and the detector for discovering the position of faults in the lines. He associated himself with Wheatstone and took out a patent with him the same year.



PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE.

At Goettingen, in 1833, Gauss & Weber put up a telegraph on the plan of Baron Schilling, connecting the Astronomical Observatory and the Physical Cabinet, a distance of about a mile. The wires were stretched across the city over the

roofs of the houses, and the experiment proved perfectly successful. These wires were struck by lightning, and a piece of the melted copper burned a hole through the umbrella of a lady who happened to be passing. They were never replaced, as the Common Council of the city would not grant permission; and in 1852 I saw the ends of the wires hanging from the Observatory, and heard from Professor Weber, who is still living (April, 1878), a full account of his interesting experiments. I was also well acquainted with the lady whose umbrella, or, rather, parasol, was pierced by the molten copper, she being the wife of one of the professors. I mention it, as the circumstance seemed to fix the date of the rupture of the wires, about which there was subsequently considerable inquiry.

In 1837, Ritchie & Alexander, of Edinburgh, also constructed a needle telegraph, using thirty wires, and as many needles.

Wheatstone's telegraph, invented in 1837, was composed of five magnetic needles, mounted behind a dial in the manner of galvanometers. One of his machines was in operation between Paddington and Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles. The system was absolutely useless for longer distances than 100 miles.

Simultaneously with Wheatstone, Steinheil, the celebrated instrument-maker of Munich, made an apparatus which was perfectly successful. It was completed in July, 1837, and must be pronounced to have been the first electric telegraph put into actual use, if we adopt the distinction between a semaphore and a telegraph proposed by Professor Morse. The semaphore shows a signal which has to be observed, the telegraph records its own signal. Steinheil's was the first self-recording instrument, using Voltaic electricity, which was ever put into practice.

Professor Morse made a model of his instrument as early as 1835, but it was not until nearly ten years later that it was actually applied.

The Steinheil apparatus made its record with ink. It was by no means so simple and efficient as the Morse apparatus, and was entirely displaced by the latter. But what attaches an imperishable fame to Steinheil was the discovery made by him in 1838 that the earth could be used as the return circuit, and that two wires were not necessary. This was a capital discovery in telegraphy, and greatly reduced the expense of constructing the lines; and, by great good fortune, it was discovered before any lines of much length had been constructed.

We come now to the most important period in the history of the magnetic telegraph, the time when the subject accidentally became known to Professor S. F. B. Morse, and was pushed by him to a triumphant conclusion.

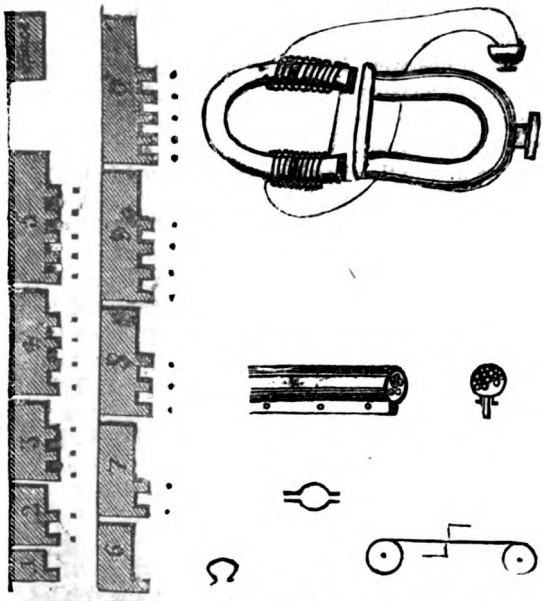
It is a remarkable circumstance that the Morse telegraph and the Grove battery should have been invented by men whose professional pursuits were in no way connected with physics—the one being an artist and the other a lawyer.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

The packet ship *Sully*, Captain Pell commanding, sailed from Havre on the 1st of October, 1832, bound for New York. Among the cabin passengers were the Hon. William C. Rives, of Virginia, returning with his family from Paris, where he had been as Minister of the United States; Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, and Mr. S. F. B. Morse, of New York, and a number of others. Dr. Jackson, who had been pursuing his studies in Paris, had brought with him some of the apparatus necessary for repeating the experiments with the electro-magnet which Ampère and Arago had performed, and which had excited the wonder of the scientific world.

The subject was an unfailing source of interest to the passengers, and no one listened with greater attention than Mr. Morse. Artist as he was, he was nevertheless interested in science, having graduated at Yale College, where he had attended the lectures of Professor Silliman; and having inherited an inclination for scientific pursuits from his father, who was an author of repute on the subject of geography. Hence the eagerness with which he listened to Dr. Jackson's narrative, and examined the wonderful magnet.

Dr. Jackson described the wire in the imperfect magnet then known, and was asked if the velocity of electricity was



ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM MORSE'S NOTE-BOOK, 1832.

in any way retarded by the length of the wire. He replied that it was not, and referred to the experiments of Franklin across the Schuylkill, and of Watson across the Thames in 1747, with frictional electricity; and of Ermann with Voltaic electricity, made in 1803, which proved that the passage of the current was practically instantaneous over any length of wire.

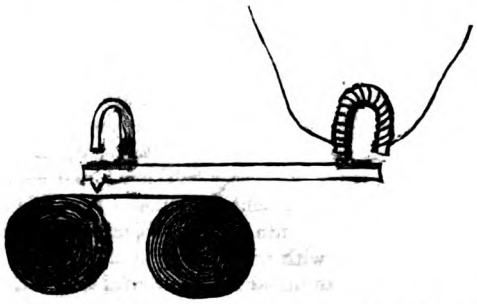
"If that is so," said Mr. Morse, "I see no reason why intelligence cannot be transmitted by electricity."

It was thus that the idea was implanted in his mind, and from that moment the subject occupied his thoughts, and he began to exercise his ingenuity in devising the requisite apparatus.

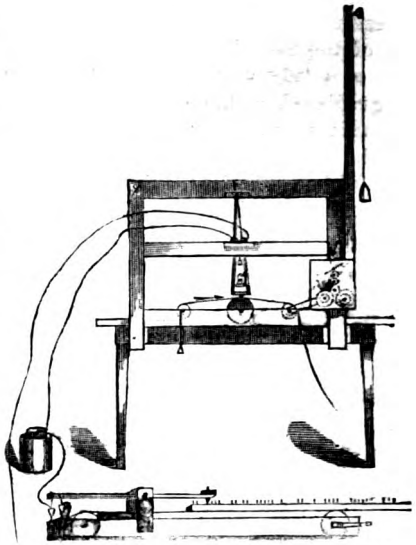
Voyages were long in those days, and he had nothing to do but meditate and contrive. Before the *Sully* dropped her anchor in New York Harbor, he had invented and put upon paper, in drawings and explanatory words, the chief features of the apparatus which was destined to be employed in nearly all of the telegraph lines in the world.

The system of dots and marks, the narrow ribbon of paper upon a revolving black, and a mode of burying the wires in the earth, of inclosing them in tubes—all were thought of and recorded on board of the packet ship. Professor Morse was in the habit of saying that the invention, so far as the theory and the essential devices were concerned, except alone the idea of suspending the wires upon posts, was completed on board the vessel.

A few days after landing, the plan of suspending the wires was thought of, though he preferred the original conception of the buried tubes. "An artist arriving at home," says Mr. James Parton, "after a three years' residence in foreign countries, is not apt to be furnished with a great abundance of cash capital, nor is he usually able to spend much time in unproductive industry. Three years passed before Mr. Morse had set up his rude efforts of half a mile of wire and a wooden clock adapted to the purpose by his own hands, and sent a message from one end of his wire to the other—legible at least by himself."



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH, MADE BY MORSE, OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—TAKEN FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK, 1832.



MORSE'S FIRST EXPERIMENTAL INSTRUMENT.

He used to exhibit his apparatus now and then to his friends, and he spent all the time he could spare from his profession in perfecting it.

For some time it was placed in a large room of the New York University, where, in the fall of 1837, large numbers of persons witnessed its operation. Having no other resources, Mr. Morse went to Washington in 1838, arrayed his apparatus there, exhibited its performance to as many members as he could induce to attend, and petitioned Congress for a grant of public money, with which to make an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, a distance of forty miles. A committee reported upon it favorably, but nothing further was done during the first session.

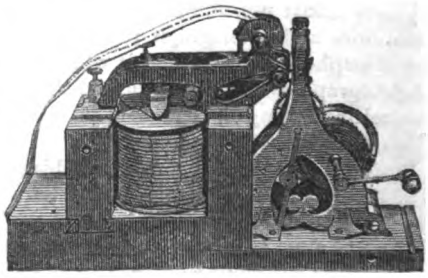
An interval of four years occurred before the attention of Congress could be again roused to consider the subject. Senator Benton, in his "Abridged Debates," gives an account of the reception the Bill met with at the hands of some of the members. As the narrative is short, we may be excused for introducing it here:

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
"*Feb.* 21*st*, 1843.

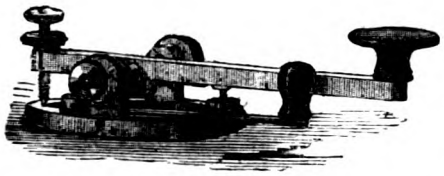
"ELECTRO AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"ON motion of Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, the Committee took up the Bill to authorize a series of experiments to be made in order to test the merits of Morse's Electro Magnetic Telegraph. The bill appropriates $30,000 to be expended under the direction of the Postmaster-General.

"Mr. Cave Johnson wished to have a word to say upon this Bill. As the present Congress had done much to



FIRST INSTRUMENT FOR PUBLIC USE.



TRANSMITTING-KEY.

encourage science, he did not wish to see the science of mesmerism neglected or overlooked. He, therefore, proposed that one-half the appropriation be given to Mr. Fisk (a gentleman at that time lecturing in Washington on Mesmerism), to enable him to carry on experiments as well as Professor Morse.

"Mr. Houston thought that Millerism should also be included in the benefits of the appropriation.

"Mr. Stanly said he should have no objection to the appropriation for mesmeric experiments, provided the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Johnson) were the subject.

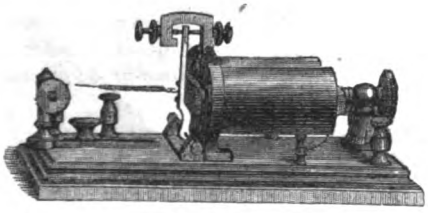
"Mr. Cave Johnson said he should have no objections, provided the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Stanly) were the operator.

"Several gentlemen called for the reading of the amendment, and it was read by the clerk as follows:

"Provided that one-half of the said sum shall be appropriated for trying mesmeric experiments, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury."

"Mr. Mason, of Ohio, rose to a question of order. He maintained that the amendment was not *bona fide*, and that such amendments were calculated to injure the character of the House. He appealed to the Chair to rule the amendment out of order.

"The Chairman said it was not for him to judge of the motives of members in offering amendments, and he could not, therefore, undertake to pronounce the amendment not *bona fide*. Objections might be raised to it on the ground that it was not sufficiently analogous in character to the Bill under consideration; but, in the opinion of the Chair, it would require a scientific analysis to determine how far the magnetism of mesmerism was analogous to that employed in telegraphy. He, therefore, ruled the amendment in order. On taking the vote, the amendment was rejected—yeas 22, nays not counted. The Bill was then laid aside to be reported."



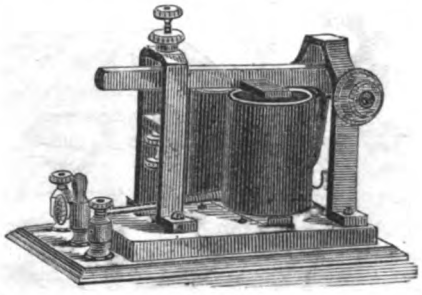
THE RELAY.

Other motions disparaging to the invention were made, such as propositions to appropriate part of the sum to construct a telegraph to the moon. The majority of Congress did not concur in this attempt to defeat the measure by ridicule, and the Bill was passed by the close vote of 89 to 83. A change of three votes would have consigned the invention to oblivion.

The passage of the Bill through the House was mainly due to the efforts of Hon. J. P. Kennedy, of Maryland; C. G. Ferris, of New York; Colonel Aycrig, of New Jersey, and Mr. Mason, of Ohio. On the 3d of March, 1843, the last day of the session, it would have been forgotten, if it had not been for the watchfulness of a young lady who attended the all-night meeting of the Senate, and by her personal influence induced some of the Senators to call it up and have it passed. Professor Morse had gone home exhausted, and fully convinced that the measure would fail. He was aroused at four o'clock in the morning by the young lady, to be informed that the Bill had passed just before the adjournment.

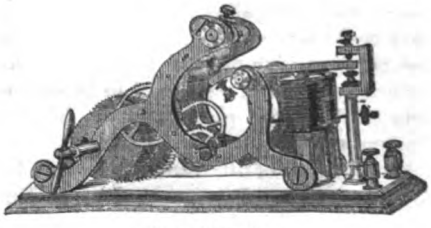
But his troubles were far from being over. Clinging still to his original notion of inclosing the wires in buried tubes, he wasted nearly a whole year and spent $23,000 of his appropriation in discovering that the plan would not work. He resorted at length to the system of wires suspended on poles; and on the first of May, 1844, the first message, between Washington and Baltimore, was transmitted. The immortal words were: "What hath God wrought!" The first intelligence over the wires was the information of the nomination of James K. Polk for the Presidency by the Baltimore Convention.

Professor Morse, in his speech on the occasion of the unvailing of the statue erected to his memory in Central Park, June 13th, 1871, gave great credit to the following persons as having rendered important services in bringing the telegraph to a successful completion. It is proper that their names should not be forgotten: Alfred Vail, of Morristown, with his father and brother; Professor Gale, his esteemed colleague at the University; the Hon. F. O. J. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives; Ferris, Kennedy, Winthrop, Aycrig, McClay and Wood, also of the House; Ezra Cornell and Amos Kendall; and Professor Morse referred to all the illustrious men whom I have also mentioned as having discovered the scientific principles upon which the telegraph is founded. Few, if any, of these great benefactors ever profited by their discoveries. Like the late Professor Agassiz, none of them had time to make money



THE SOUNDER.

Professor Morse is popularly regarded as the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, while others ascribe this honor to Professor Henry, and give to Professor Morse the secondary credit of having introduced another man's invention. To test the logic of this reasoning, we will suppose that Professor Henry, after the manner of a business man, had taken out patents for the following inventions and discoveries made by him: For the electro-magnet universally used in telegraphing; for the application of the intensity current in combination with his magnet; for a practicable electro-magnetic telegraph instrument using his magnet and intensity-battery; and for a signaling bar in combination with his magnet. It is evident that no telegraph would work if it were to be deprived of all the above features, and therefore men of science are unanimous in pronouncing Henry to have been the first inventor of the telegraph, while they accord great credit to Professor Morse as having been the introducer of Henry's inventions, and as having himself devised a signaling [illegible]



THE REGISTER.

and clock-work exceedingly ingenious, and superior to all others for the purpose to which it was applied.

The fact had been discovered by Henry and others that water would turn wheels and drive mills if diverted into proper channels. The problem was to invent a water-wheel. Morse made a wheel that went better than Steinheil's and of course drove the former out of the market. Clumsy old buckets cannot compete with the finished turbines of modern times. A claim was set up for Morse that nobody else should be rewarded for inventing a better wheel, and for a time some of the courts sustained this great monopoly.

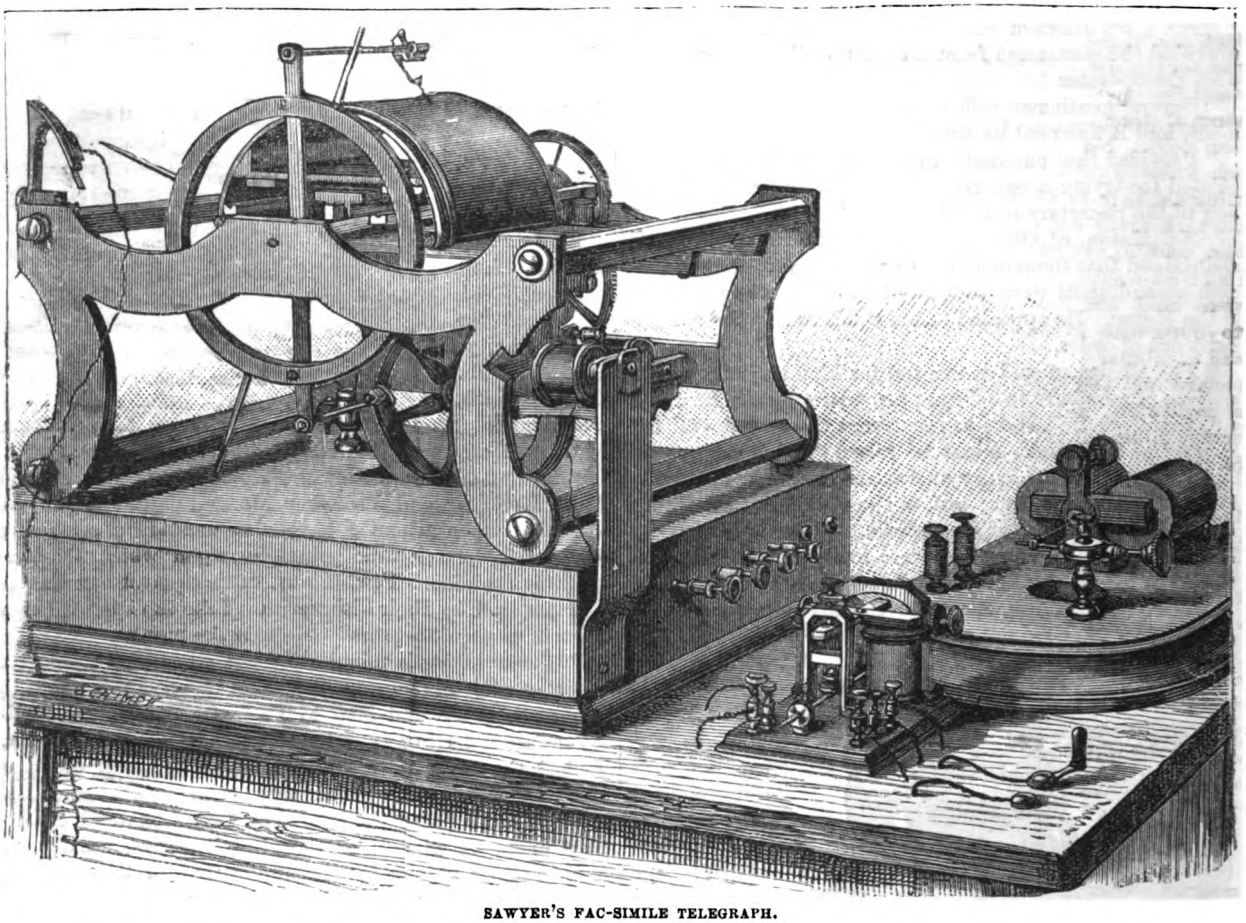
The original patent specification disclaimed the exclusive use of galvanic currents for telegraphic purposes generally, but claimed an exclusive property in all mechanism for imprinting signals or producing sounds; which, in fact, covered the whole ground, and was more than could be legally patented. Such a patent would have included the telephone, and thus retarded the introduction of that valuable instrument.

It is proper to state that Professor Morse was early surrounded by speculators, who would have patented the sunbeams and compelled everybody to burn lard-oil provided they could make money. He himself was not of that sort, but he was a high-minded man of benevolent instincts and refined nature, and ought not to be held responsible for the acts of designing persons whom his brilliant discoveries drew around him.

The history of the Morse telegraph has long been very familiar to me. I was a student in Union College when Morse was petitioning Congress for a subsidy to enable him to construct a line between Baltimore and Washington; our professor of physics, the estimable John Foster, explained to us the principles upon which the telegraph was expected to work, and there happened to be another professor at the college, J. Louis Tellkampf, who had been a student at Göttingen, and had witnessed the celebrated experiments of Gauss & Weber, who told us how the German invention was made.

The subject possessed great interest for me, and, equipped with the information derived from the above source, I employed my Summer vacation in constructing a model founded upon the description of the one Professor Morse had exhibited in New York in 1837, but which I had never seen.

In that early day it was not easy to procure a battery—no porous cell and no copper cup were to be had in any of the inland cities where I tried to procure them, and I was compelled to have the parts of the battery made at a country tinshop, and for the porous cell I used a cup made of sole leather. I made a magnet according to Henry's pattern, and thus fitted up a working model which served to illustrate the whole subject.



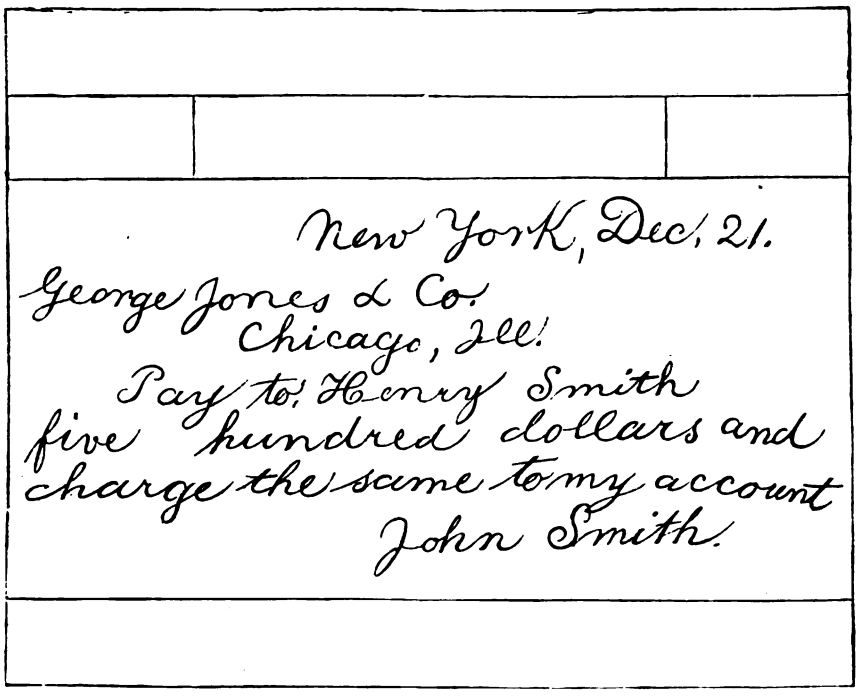
SAWYER'S FAC-SIMILE TELEGRAPH.

I delivered a lecture on the magnetic telegraph to a club of a dozen boys in a room in Ovid Academy, and illustrated it by my apparatus. This was before Congress had made the appropriation or a line was in operation in this country. There was no originality and no particular merit in what I did, and the circumstance has never been mentioned in print before; but if I had happened to show unusual ingenuity in the invention of my apparatus, some one might have put forward for me the preposterous claim that I was one of the inventors of the telegraph.

It is always easy to do a thing when we are told how; but

to originate an invention is quite another story.

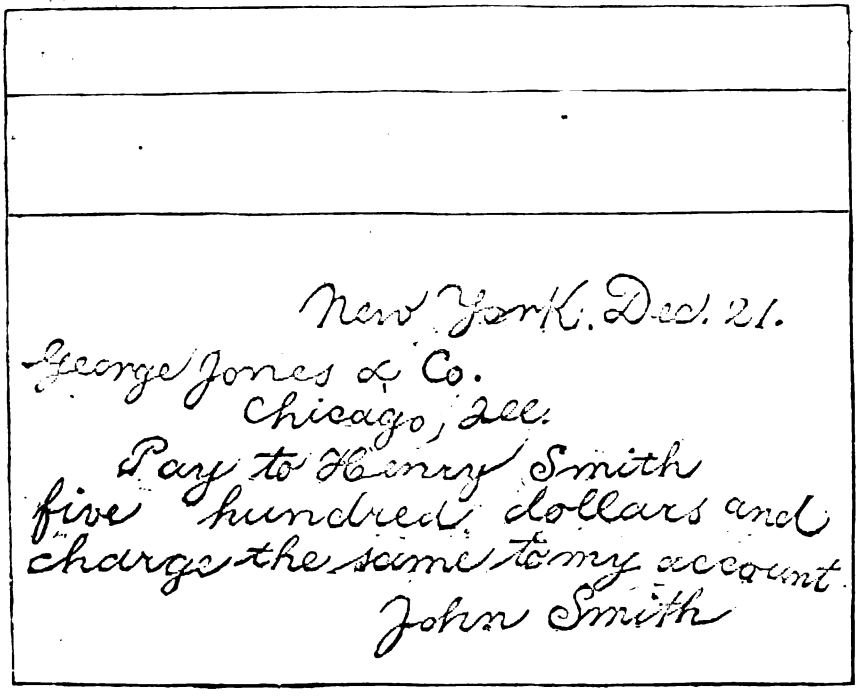
Soon after my youthful lecture, Morse obtained his grant, and the line was completed, as we have learned, in 1844, between Baltimore and Washington. The success of the scheme now became evident, and there was soon a demand for operators at prominent points. No one knew anything about the novel invention, and heavy inducements were held out to young men to come forward and learn the new language and vocabulary. All but two of the boys who heard my lecture and saw my model, at once took to telegraphy as a profession, and one, in particular, has constructed as many miles of telegraph as any person in the United States.



TELEGRAM AS SENT.

The lecture in Ovid Academy was, to the whole group of boys, what Dr. Jackson's narrative had been to Morse on the packet-ship *Sully;* it planted the germ of the idea which became the ruling passion and governor of their lives. I was subsequently a student in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, and often heard him relate the circumstance of his explaining to Morse the discoveries of Oersted, Ampère and Arago during their voyage from Havre to New York.

The original magnet which Dr. Jackson exhibited to Morse and the other passengers, was destroyed by fire in the laboratory in Boston a few years later; but Morse made a sketch of it in his notebook, and it proved to be as great an obstacle to him as a similar Moll magnet had been to Barlow, until he was relieved from his embarrassment by Henry, whose magnet was the only one that could be used over great distances.



TELEGRAM AS RECEIVED.

Simultaneously with the idea of a telegraph, arose the difficulty of providing a method of writing or printing at a distance. In solving this problem, Professor Morse was eminently successful. In considering the mechanical means at command for producing at a distance any permanent mark, it was perceived that by means of the electro-magnet the motion of a lever, up and down, could be easily and surely commanded; and if a pencil at one extremity of it were made to strike upon a piece of paper, a dot would be made whenever the magnet was charged and quickly discharged. This action, however, without a further device, would be unavailing to produce variety, since the lever motion is limited to the simple movement of up and down. Hence the idea of moving the paper at a regular rate beneath the pencil. Thus a dot could be made on the moving ribbon of paper, which, passing onward, the paper was ready to receive (after an interval more or less extended) another dot or series of dots. Thus the ability to produce dots in groups, at pleasure, was demonstrated, and, consequently, groups of dots, expressive of the various numerals, were devised.

In pursuing the experiments with the numerals whose elements were a simple dot and space, Professor Morse perceived that by means of the moving paper, not merely a

dot could be produced at pleasure, but if the magnet was kept charged while the paper was in movement, the pencil produced a line long in proportion to the time in which the magnet was charged.

This fact introduced a third element for combination, to produce variety in the groups, indicating letters as well as numerals, to wit: the line or dash, so that dots, spaces, and lines, in any variety of combination, were at command for forming a code of signs.

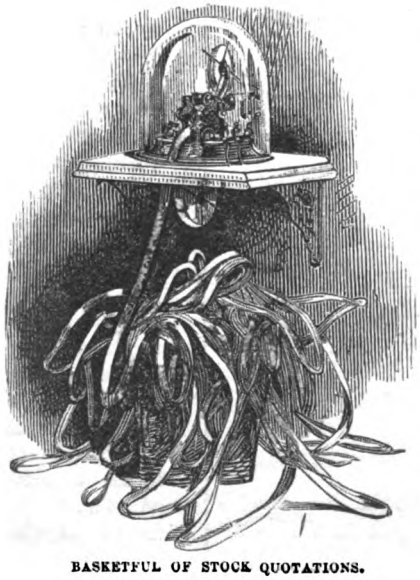
In this manner originated what is now universally recognized as the Morse code. The code, as originally constructed, has undergone very few modifications, and must for ever stand as a monument to the great genius of Professor Morse. Many thousand persons have learned to use it, and it has stood the test of practice in preference to all others. The Morse instrument has been extensively adopted throughout the civilized world, and there must be more than 20,000 instruments in use at the present time.

Professor Morse, in his "Report on the Paris Exhibition of 1867," lays claim to the following inventions and discoveries as having been made by him. Now that the long and bitter controversy as to the credit which is really due to Professor Morse for his various inventions and improvements, has almost died away with the expiration of his patents and the consolidation of rival telegraphic interests, it may be proper to give a list of the inventions and discoveries which he claimed as his own during his lifetime. These were

1. The recording telegraph, operated either electro-magnetically or electro-chemically.
2. The telegraphic relay circuit, or the opening and closing of a secondary circuit by means of a primary circuit.
3. The dot and line alphabet.
4. The use of sounds as a medium of receiving telegraphic communications.
5. The system of automatic transmission by the use of metallic type, or of the embossed paper strip from the register, as a means of opening and closing the circuit
6. The use of a printing wheel and ink as a mode of recording, generally known as the "ink writer."

Many will dispute the sweeping claim, but I have thought proper to give it as a part of the history of the subject.

The growth of the telegraph since the completion of the first line in 1844, has been very great. There are now in operation more than 1,000,000 miles of wire, and 60,000 miles of submarine cable, controlled by 40,000 stations.



BASKETFUL OF STOCK QUOTATIONS.

In the year 1876, there was expended for telegrams in all the countries of Europe $15,400,000—at an average of 32 cents per message. In this expenditure, Great Britain led the list with nearly 43 per cent. of the whole; France came next with about 22 per cent.; Germany, 18 per cent.; no other country exceeded 4 per cent.

The length of wires in Great Britain very slightly exceeds that of Germany, and is nearly a fourth more than France; in this particular Switzerland takes the lead of the smaller European States.

The extent of the business in the United States can be inferred from the report of William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company for the year 1876. The gross receipts for the year, from all sources, were $10,034,983; the gross expenses, $6,635,473; and the net earnings, $3,399,509. There were in operation 73,532 miles of line, 183,832 miles of wire, and 7,072 offices. There were in use on the lines of the Company at the close of the fiscal year, 8,437 sets of instruments for reading by sound, 18 printing instruments, 1,729 recording instruments, 11,186 relay magnets, 11,365 transmitting keys, 253 repeaters, 4,328 switch-boards, 4,113 cast-offs, 3,201 lightning arresters, and 93,819 cells of battery.

The number of messages transmitted during the year was 18,729,567, being an increase of 1,575,857 over the previous year. This includes press reports sent, reduced to messages, on the basis of 30 words to each message.

The average tolls collected upon each message in the year 1875 was 54 cents, the average cost of transmission 35 cents, and the average profit per message 19 cents; while for the year 1876, the average toll was 50.9 cents, average cost 38.5 cents, and average profit 17.4 cents. The capital stock of the company is $41,073,410, of which the company owns and has in the treasury $7,272,235. The bonded debt of the company is $6,332,119.

From these statistics it will be seen that the growth of the telegraph, since its first inception, has been as great as the application of steam, and that, like steam, it is also destined to still further conquests.

Time has produced great changes in the speed with which the various machines are operated. No special effort was made to transmit the last annual message of the President from Washington, but the work was very rapidly accomplished. On the Western Union lines it was sent on ten wires, 11,369 words being transmitted; the time being 42½ minutes. The copy was delivered in good shape, properly capitalized and punctuated. On the Atlantic and Pacific Company's lines, 7,269 words were transmitted. Two Morse wires were used, on which about half the total was transmitted; the other half being perforated and transmitted automatically upon a third wire, which was also used for signaling and for general business. Copies were dropped at Baltimore and Philadelphia. The time occupied was one hour and thirty-five minutes, and the copy was delivered in good shape, and satisfactorily, to the press.

Another illustration of the rapidity of telegraphic communication comes to us from Europe. At twenty-five minutes past eleven at night, a summary of the English Budget was forwarded to Bombay from London by the British Indian Submarine Telegraph Company. The dispatch thus transmitted appeared in the Bombay papers published the next morning.

At the office of the Indo-European Telegraph Company experiments took place in the presence of several members of the Indian Council, which gave some interesting results. Communications were sent to Teheran, in Persia, a distance of 3,700 miles, and answers were received in thirty seconds. The time in Teheran was 3.27 P.M. and in London 11.59 A.M. At 11.45 P.M., a message was forwarded from London to Calcutta. This reached its destination in twenty-eight minutes, the time in Calcutta being seven minutes

past seven in the evening. The service of the Indo-European Telegraph Company is in connection with the cables of the Government of India through the Persian Gulf.

Such examples as these could be abundantly multiplied, and we can never become so familiar with them as to cease to wonder at such magnificent results of science. The rapid progress of the telegraph during the last twenty-five years has changed the whole social and commercial system of the world. Its advantages and capabilities were so evident that immediately upon its introduction and the demonstration of its true character, the most active efforts were made to secure them for every community which desired to keep pace with the advances of modern times.

The Morse or signal system seemed, for a time, to be the perfection of human achievement; but since then, House, Bain, Hughes, and others, have astonished the world by wonderful improvements, and Edison has more than quadrupled the effective force of the wires.

Between a large frictional electrical machine and thirty-five frogs' legs to serve as galvanometers, and the modern galvanic battery and House printing machine, there is an immense distance; but the first suggested the last, and we need not be ungrateful for the humble beginning.

I have in this article confined myself to a history of electro-magnetism, to the discovery of induction, and to the progress of telegraphy, from the semaphore to the telegraph of Morse. There are numerous other pieces of apparatus, which it may be permitted to me to describe in a future article, such as the printing, automatic and facsimile machines. Further applications of electro-magnetism to medicine, the electric light, magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines, and the telephone, must also be deferred to a future occasion.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE LUMINOSITY OF BENZOLE.—Benzole has been used for a considerable time to add to the power of illuminating gas, an apparatus called a carburetter having been invented for the purpose. The gas is made to pass through the benzole, and during its passage it takes up some of the vapor of that liquid and subsequently burns with a greatly enriched flame. E. Frankland has been trying some experiments on this subject. He passed hydrogen, carbonic oxide and marsh gas through benzole kept at a constant temperature, and burnt the gases in a fish-tail burner. The following results were obtained: One pound avoirdupois of benzole gives, when burnt with hydrogen, the light yielded by 5 79-100 pounds of spermaceti; with carbonic oxide, 6 1-10 pounds of spermaceti; with marsh gas, 7 7 pounds of spermaceti. Thus it appears that the luminosity of hydrogen, carbonic oxide and marsh gas are greatly enhanced by the presence of benzole vapor. For private use, the benzolizer or carburetter should be kept in a cold place, to prevent subsequent condensation and stoppage of the tubes.

A TRIPLE-WICK LAMP.—Mr. W. C. Hughes, of London, England, has invented a triple-wick lamp, which he calls the "Triplexicon." It is intended for use with the magic lantern. The wicks of the new lamp have a burning edge of six inches in length, arranged in such a manner as to combine intensity, quality and quantity. The centre wick is straight; the other two are slightly curved, so as to embrace the centre one between them. A glass case of sugar-loaf proportions surrounds the flame, this being retained in position by a cone of metal having two large apertures in the sides, opposite to each other, one of which allows the light to pass backward, where it is received by a reflector, and the other to be projected forward to the condenser, which is four inches in diameter. To the top of this cone is attached the metal chimney. It is constructed to burn paraffine oil, and there is such a perfect system of ventilation as to prevent the reservoir from becoming heated.

DESTRUCTION OF LEATHER BY ILLUMINATING GAS.—Some old account-books, heavily bound in leather, which had been left uncovered on the upper shelf of a counting-room in Liverpool for twenty years, were recently taken down to be dusted, when it was found that the leather backs and all the exposed portions had become disintegrated and brittle. Fragments of the leather were examined by a chemist, and found to contain as high as 5½ per cent. of sulphuric acid, also one half per cent. of ammonia; both of which were supposed to have been derived from the illuminating gas burned in the place. Similar results have been observed in public libraries where gas was used. Although the amount of sulphur in gas is very small, it will in time yield enough sulphuric acid to do considerable damage.

ACTION OF CARBONIC ACID WATER ON ROCKS.—Nearly all rocks and minerals are decomposed by water containing carbonic acid. When they contain lime, potash, soda, iron, manganese, nickel and cobalt, these constituents are converted into carbonates. When silicates containing alkalies are acted on, small quantities of silicic acid are dissolved. Feldspar turns red in the first stage of decomposition, with the formation of kaolin in the second. Increase of pressure promotes the action of carbonic acid more than length of time. Even the phosphates are acted upon by carbonic acid water. These facts are made use of by geologists to enable them to account for great deposits of limestone and dolomite.

FROZEN AIR.—M. Cailletet inclosed in a strong glass tube, dry air, free from carbonic acid; he cooled with protoxide of nitrogen the upper part of the tube only. When the pressure was 200 atmospheres, streams of liquid air were seen flowing down the lower parts. When they met the mercury they seemed to turn back. At 310 atmospheres, the mercury being in contact with the cooled part of the tube, was frozen, and on quickly removing the refrigerating apparatus, it was seen to be covered with what was, probably, *frozen air*.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

TIME-SERVERS.—Watches.

LEADING ARTICLES.—First fiddles.

BABES IN THE WOOD.—Dutch dolls.

MEN THAT COMMAND ATTENTION.—Drill-sergeants.

MANY tailors profess to be respectable, and yet they are all cutting tradesmen.

WHAT the mouth of the druggist's young man said to his pestle and mortar: "I can, and yet I cannot, dispense with your services."

"I RODE in the carriage with the widower," said the cook on her return from the obsequies of a friend; and then added, "He said the funeral would have been nothing without me!"

"MOLLY, what's that strange noise at the front gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young, cats didn't wear chimney-pot hats and smoke cigars." "Things are changed, sir."

A VISITOR who wanted his boots blacked said to his host on retiring, "I'll put my boots outside the door of my room;" to which the host naively replied, "All right, nobody'll touch 'em."

LORD NELSON'S brother once wound up a sermon on the whole duty of man thus: "If men would only think before they do, then I think they would not do many things that they do do."

WHO is that gentleman walking with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they sauntered along the Fifth Avenue. "Oh," replied the other, "that is a *spark* which she has *struck*."

"THE wicked stand in slippery places," but for a perfect picture of reckless insecurity, you want to look at a frightened woman trying to stand on a camp-stool to keep out of the way of a mouse.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist can say rude things. Some one said to him last week, "You want a new hat." "Yes, that's quite true," he replied; "but why say it? I never told you you wanted a new head!"

A RECENT traveler stopped at an inn in France. The host had two sorts of wine, which he called "first table" and "common table." "I tried them both," says our traveler, "and found them lamen-table."

A WOMAN may change her mind. A lady in Cleveland obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, and now petitions to have the divorce declared void, for the reason that she was mistaken.

A MISS JOY was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"; when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I should not like to be a Joy for ever."

RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE.—Some one having urged Tasso to avenge himself upon a man who had done him many injuries, he said, "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honor; but only his ill-will toward me."

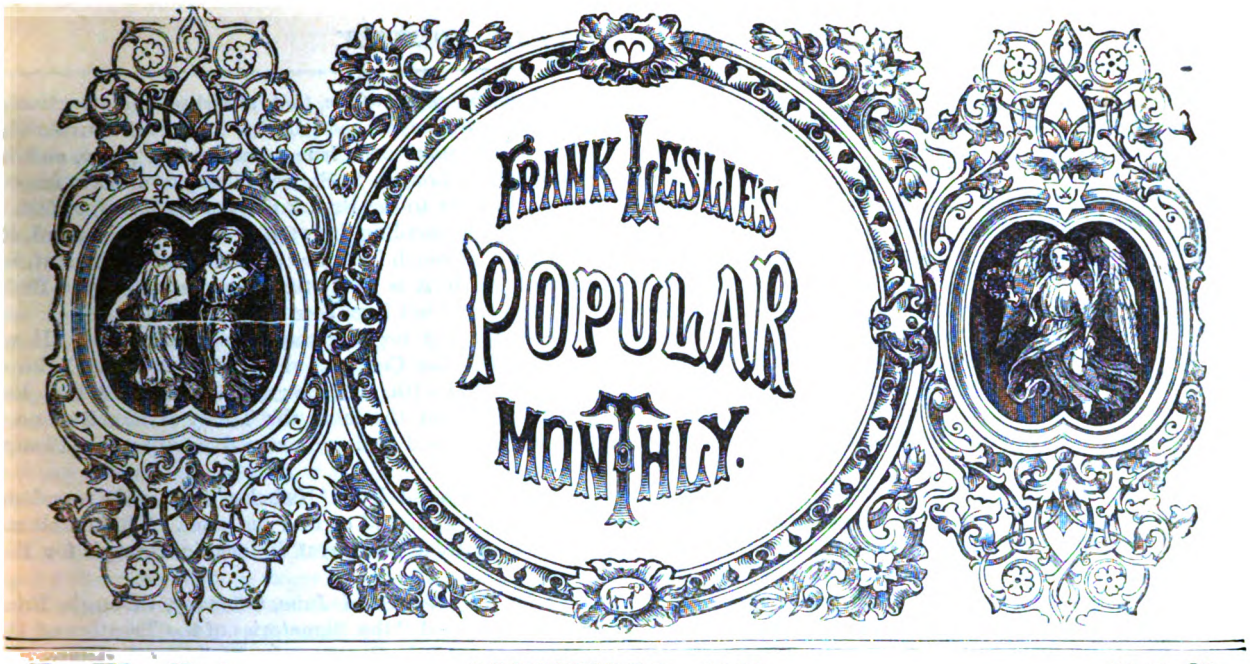
MATED AND REMATED.

A TEAR stood in her eye of blue,
She said, "Oh, what would Edwin do
Were Angelina fated
To quit this happy world and die?"
His quivering lips made quick reply,
"I'll get you, love, *cremated*."

On rosy lips a pout was seen,
"What will *you* do *yourself*, I mean?"
Bright eyes his answer waited.
When from his heart resistless came
This answer, 'twas almost the same,
"I'll get myself *remated*!"

BEDTIME.

SEE PAGE 270.



VOL. VI.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1878. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.—VISIT OF PRINCE BISMARCK TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT THE KAISERHOF HOTEL.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

By W. S. Chase.

At the close of the recent Russo-Turkish war, the Russians hastened prematurely, as it now appears, to seal their victory with the Treaty of San Stefano. The signing of that treaty was announced to the Czar by the Grand Duke Nicholas in the following telegram: "I have the honor of congratulating your Majesty on the conclusion of peace. God has granted us the happiness of concluding the holy work begun by your Majesty, and on the anniversary of the liberation of the Russian serfs Your Majesty has accomplished the liberation of the Slavonic Christians from the Mussulman yoke."

According to the stipulations of this treaty, Bulgaria, including part of Roumelia, with two seaports on the Ægean, was to be declared wholly independent. Russia was to receive from Turkey an indemnity of sixty million dollars, besides Kars, Bayazid, Ardahan, Batoum and Erzeroum, with the adjoining territory. The accompanying map shows the territorial readjustment of the Turkish Provinces according to the Treaty of San Stefano, together with the modifications subsequently effected by the Treaty of Berlin. A glance at this map will suffice to justify a phrase of the time, that Russia had taken the oyster and handed back to Turkey the shell after it had been broken in four.

But even the Treaty of San Stefano fell far short of what public opinion in Russia, stimulated by traditional ambition of the Imperial family, and by the aspirations of the modern Pan-Slavist party, desired and expected. The Russian people, without distinction of class or party, had looked for nothing less than the complete expulsion of the Turkish power from Europe, the dismantling of all the forts on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with Constantinople a free city controlled by an European international commission. Such was the solution of the Eastern Question which they anticipated as the reward of their hardships and sacrifices during the war.

On the other hand, the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano were much too favorable to Russia to be viewed without jealousy and protest by other European Powers. There was a general outburst of indignation and alarm. The British Government, particularly, deemed it of vital importance to its empire to do all that could be done to prevent, or at least to diminish, the possible consequences of so signal and startling a triumph of Russian arms and diplomacy.

The idea of a fresh Conference of the European Powers on the Eastern Question was suggested by Count Andrassy on the 5th of February, 1878; first Vienna, and then Baden-Baden, being named as the places where it should be held. After passing out of the public mind in the excitement over the Russo-Turkish peace negotiations, the proposition was revived by Count Andrassy in the form of a Congress to be held at Berlin. England assented, provided it were understood in the first place that all the questions dealt with in the "booted and spurred" Treaty of San Stefano should be considered as open to discussion; and, in the second place, that no alteration in the condition of things as established by the Treaty before the recent war should be acknowledged as valid till it had received the assent of all the Powers. Russia, on March 8th, refused to submit anything to discussion save those portions of the Treaty which affected "European" interests. The deadlock thus defined was shaken by the retirement of Lord Derby. Russia finally gave way before the circular of Lord Salisbury. Then were renewed those difficult and delicate negotiations that absorbed the attention of Europe for the next three months. Count Schouvaloff became conspicuous as a true messenger of peace, and his journey from London to St. Petersburg resulted in important concessions to the British Government, and, in fact, in a secret understanding between Russia and England, the disclosure of which has since caused great excitement, but without which it is likely that the meeting of the Berlin Congress could not have been brought about.

At length, the negotiations proved successful. It was decided that the Congress should assemble at Berlin on Thursday, the 11th of June; and furthermore, that Russia would lay on the table the Treaty of San Stefano, to be freely discussed and pronounced upon by the Plenipotentiaries.

Thus the Grand Duke Nicholas was tacitly repudiated and Lord Beaconsfield carried his point. This result may justly be regarded as a great diplomatic triumph for England.

On Monday, the 1st of June, Germany, through Prince Bismarck, invited "the Signatories of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 to meet in Congress in Berlin, and discuss there the stipulations of the preliminary Treaty of San Stefano." The invitations were accepted by the six other signatories of Paris—namely, Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and Russia.

The representatives of the several Powers at the Berlin Congress were as follows:

Germany.—Prince Otto von Bismarck, Chancellor; Prince Clovis von Hohenlohe Schillingfürst, Ambassador to France.

England.—Lord Beaconsfield, Premier; the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Lord Odo W. L. Russell, Ambassador to Germany.

France.—M. William Henry Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Charles Raymond de la Croix de Chevrières, Marquis de Saint-Vallier, Ambassador to Germany.

Russia.—Prince Alexander Michaelovitch Gortschakoff, Chancellor; Prince P. d'Oubril, Ambassador to Germany; Count Schouvaloff, Ambassador to England, and for many years Chief of the Imperial Secret Police.

Austria.—Count Andrassy de Czik Szent Kiraly, Chancellor, and Minister of Foreign Affairs; General von Heymerle.

Italy.—Count Corti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and formerly Minister to Turkey; Count E. de Launay, Minister to Germany.

Turkey.—Caratheodori Effendi, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Mehemet Ali Pasha, Sedoullah Bey.

Greece also claimed representation in the person of M. Delyanni, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Sir Peter Brailas Armeni. The minor States—Roumania, represented by M. Jean Bratiano, the Premier; and Servia, by M. Ristic—also put in similar claims.

Count Herbert von Bismarck, the Chancellor's son, and Herr Rudowitz, were appointed to register the protocols of the various Powers; and Count Lepelletier de Mouy, one of the Secretaries of the French Legation at Berlin, to supervise the preparation of the text to be submitted to the Congress, and of its protocols and acts.

Lord Beaconsfield was accompanied by his faithful and indefatigable private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry; and Lord Salisbury by his son, Viscount Cranbourne, and by General Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, K. C. B., who was understood to have been designated as Commander of the English Army in the East in case of war. Prince Gortschakoff had among his suite Baron Jomini and Baron Fredericks.

The Congress of Berlin thus "contained the flower of modern diplomacy," as was remarked at its opening by a

clever writer, to whom we are partly indebted for spirited sketches of several of its members. Portraits of Prince Bismarck, who presided over it, of Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Gortschakoff, M. Waddington, Count Andrassy, Lord Salisbury, Count Schouvaloff, Count Corti, Count de Saint-Vallier, and Mehemet Ali, illustrate the present article.

The Congress counted among its members the mighty recluse of Varzin, Bismarck "the Mad," with his great bald head, surmounted by the three hairs familiar to all students of the *Kladderadatsch*, author of the German Empire, and keeper of the peace of Europe; in whose past are the con quest of the Duchies, the "blow at the heart" delivered at Sadowa, the mystifications of the secret treaties about Luxemburg and Belgium, Sedan, the Conferences of Versailles, the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine and the column of Canossa.

His colleague was Prince Hohenlohe, immortalized years ago by the insouciant photograph, in which he sat, swinging his legs over a balustrade, and smoking a cigar, while Wagner made Bavaria a dreamland; but recognized since his residence in Paris as the least ostentatious and most successful of negotiators.

England sent the "inscrutable Oriental," who has restored her, precisely two centuries after the assembling of the first Congress which marked her intervention in the affairs of the continent, to such a position in the councils of Europe as she held under his great predecessors, Pitt and Palmerston; and for whom the meeting of the Berlin Congress superbly crowned the marvelous career which he began forty years ago in the spirit of "Vivian Grey," as a young literary dandy, as full of affectation as of genius. He was accompanied by Lord Salisbury, the keen and bitter and brilliant politician and publicist, whom two suddenly removed lives lifted to the second rank in the peerage, and whose masterly and successful dispatch to Prince Gortschakoff has made Englishmen forget his blunders on the Bosphorus; and by Lord Odo Russell, who is the most suave and the cleverest of British diplomats.

France, the eldest daughter of the Church, sent M. Waddington, a Protestant, who, like M. Guizot, another Protestant, by a strange chance directed her foreign affairs at the moment the election of a Pope was in question, and who is of English descent and has an American wife; and M. de Saint-Vallier, the first ambassador of the French Republic who, on handing his credentials to an European sovereign, had the courage to speak of himself directly and manfully as the agent of a republic.

Russia sent her great chancellor, Gortschakoff, eighty years of age, who, half a century ago, took part in the Congresses of Laybach and Verona; who waited patiently for fifteen years to secure the revision of the obnoxious Treaty of Paris; and who has sought to restore, by tact and skill, a victory earned by the courage of Russian soldiers and imperiled by the arrogance of Russian grand dukes. With him went Count Schouvaloff, the Czar's trusted friend and late Minister of Police, whose mission to St. Petersburg let instructive daylight in upon the Cabinet of his august master as to the real feelings and the tremendous forces of England.

Austria was represented by Count Andrassy, the dashing, diamond-wearing, csardas-dancing junior partner of the Three Chancellors, who has bent himself so assiduously to recover by consolidation and conciliation at home all that his dual country lost by war and intrigue abroad in 1859 and 1856; and by General von Hymerle, who had won the heart of Hungary by making himself the prophet of a coming internecine war between Austria and Russia.

Italy sent Count Corti, who was her delegate to the Alabama Conference at Geneva, and who succeeded at Constantinople in securing for Italy a real influence in the settlement of the Eastern question; and Count Launay, the Italian minister at Berlin.

Turkey brought up the rear with a Greek Christian, Caratheodori Effendi, as one of her delegates; a Prussian, Mehemet Ali, as a second, and the Turkish ambassador at Berlin, Sadoullah Bey, as the third.

M. Waddington, the French Plenipotentiary, was the first member of the Congress who arrived in Berlin. He was followed by Lord Beaconsfield, on Tuesday, June 11th, and later on the same day came Prince Hohenlohe; and Lord Salisbury, Count Schouvaloff, Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrassy, and Count Corti arrived on Wednesday, June 12th. The two principal Turkish Plenipotentiaries came tardily on Friday, June 14th, having been delayed by a storm on the Black Sea.

The first sitting of the Berlin Congress was held on Thursday, June 13th, 1878, in the Radziwill Palace. This building stands in the Wilhelmstrasse. It was erected by a great Polish nobleman, and it has recently been refitted as the official residence of Prince Bismarck. A grand staircase leads to a vestibule, from which an ante-room for the use of the secretaries of the Congress leads to the stately circular room, tastefully decorated, colored, carpeted, and furnished, in which the Congress assembled.

In the centre of this room was placed the great horseshoe table, at which the plenipotentiaries were seated. From the saloon opened two conference rooms, where the members could retire for private consultation. On the other side, a buffet was arranged for refreshments, and this gave upon the garden and the colonnade in the rear of the house.

One of our cuts shows the exterior of the Radziwill Palace. Another, a group in the anteroom—the three principal figures being Beaconsfield, Gortschakoff, and Mehemet Ali. Others show the lunch-room, or buffet; Prince Gortschakoff being carried to the conference hall; the royal castle where the State banquets were given to the plenipotentiaries; keeping the road open for the guests, and the interior of the hall of Congress.

At the top of the horseshoe table in that spacious hall, sat the President, Prince Bismarck, with Prince Hohenlohe Schillingfust, Herr von Bulow, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the secretary, Herr von Rudowitz, facing him. It was at first suggested that the Prince should be flanked by his colleagues, but he declined, saying, "I do not think that I shall disagree with them, but I may not always be of the same opinion with Andrassy or Waddington."

Accordingly, the minor German members were shifted to the other side of the table. On Prince Bismarck's right sat the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin, and Privy Councillor Baron Heymerle. Next to Austria sat Great Britain, with Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador at Berlin; and then came Russia, with Prince Gortschakoff, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire; Count Schouvaloff, the Ambassador to Great Britain; and Baron d'Oubril, the Russian Ambassador to Berlin.

On Prince Bismarck's left, sat the two French Plenipotentiaries, M. Waddington, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Count de Saint-Vallier, French Ambassador at Berlin. Next came Italy, with Corti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count Launay, the Italian Ambassador at Berlin. Finally, came Turkey, with her three plenipotentiaries, Alexander Caratheodori Pasha, Sadoullah Bey, the

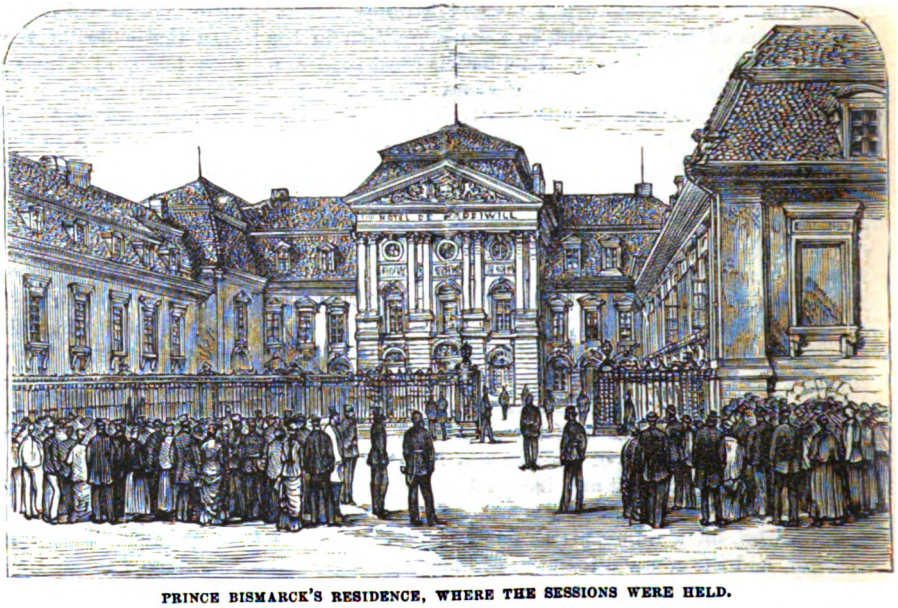
PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF BEING CARRIED TO THE CONFERENCE HALL.

Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, and Mehemet Ali Pasha, the last-named as Military Plenipotentiary.

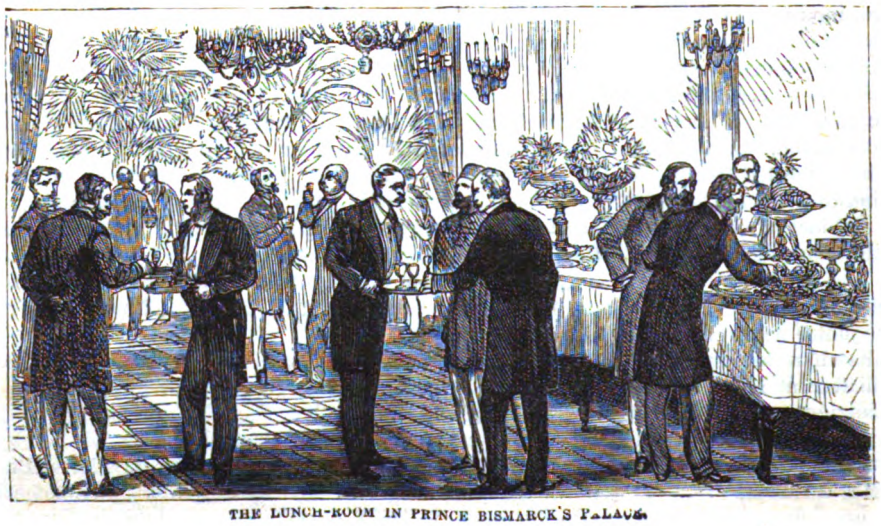
On the occasion represented in our illustration—the first formal sitting—the plenipotentiaries were in diplomatic costumes, except Prince Bismarck, who had grown a beard, and who retained his military uniform. At the final sitting, on July 13th, they were likewise in gala attire; but at the ordinary sittings, black coats were considered sufficient "full dress."

The Nestor of the Berlin diplomatists was Prince Gortschakoff. Next to him, in age, came Lord Beaconsfield, wearing lightly his seventy-three years. Lady Beaconsfield, by-the-by, was eighty-three years old when she died in 1872. Prince Bismarck is only sixty-four, M. Waddington is fifty-eight, and Count Andrassy is comparatively a youth, being but fifty-five.

Each plenipotentiary was accompanied by a staff of secretaries and specialists well versed in geography and ethnology, so that all required information as to the countries under discussion could be obtained at a moment's notice. Moreover, the work of the Congress was facilitated greatly by having it cut and dried, as it were, at the informal consultations held on the off days, and in private conferences of individual plenipotentiaries and of the groups into which they quickly crystallized. Thus no time was lost or wasted in the actual debates on the alternate days on which the regular sittings took place. The right of presiding, which was given to Prince Bismarck, was in accordance with the most recent usage, that devolves such duty on a member of the Cabinet of the State where the deliberations take place, but it conferred no other privilege than that of directing the debate. A committee composed of the plenipotentiaries of the second class, and presided over by Prince Hohenlohe, began a series of preliminary deliberations on the 29th of June, thus still further hastening the subsequent proceedings of the Congress.



PRINCE BISMARCK'S RESIDENCE, WHERE THE SESSIONS WERE HELD.



THE LUNCH-ROOM IN PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.

The plenipotentiaries, upon arriving in Berlin, exchanged visits of ceremony among themselves, and were received with semi-royal honors by the Crown Prince, on Wednesday, June 12th. At their first regular meeting, on Thursday, June 13th, they were simply occupied with pure formalities. On the evening of the 13th, a State banquet was given to them at the Royal Castle. On the 16th, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury and their attachés dined with the Crown Prince in the New Palace at Potsdam. On the 17th, Prince Bismarck gave a State dinner to the plenipotentiaries at the Radziwill Palace. Throughout the month, dining was the order of each day at the Berlin Congress, as dancing was that of each night at the Vienna Congress, and a grand Court dinner at Whitehall Palace, on July 13th, concluded both the labors and the festivities of the European peace-makers of 1878.

At this dinner Prince Gortschakoff and Lord Beaconsfield were the only absentees—the former as a confirmed invalid, and the latter as suffering from a slight indisposition, which also had kept him away from two of the later meetings of the Congress. It may as well be noted in this connection that whatever surprising or amusing revelations future memoirs may make of what went on behind the scenes during the Congress, the only gossip which the newspapers, with all the curiosity and diligence of their Berlin correspondents, could gather, was confined to three little stories, more or less apocryphal. The first of these was the Englishman's tale of the Crown Princess and her bouquet with the eight strawberry leaves, hinting at her royal mother's mind to make Disraeli a duke in return for his kindness in making her an empress. The second was a Belgian's tale of the delightful episode of Bismarck's huge dog Reichsund, which flew at Prince Gortschakoff and tried to eat him up. And the third was the tale of the two cherry-stones which Prince Bismarck swallowed at the banquet on the opening day of the Congress. The Prince, it seems, is inordinately fond of cherries; and the Marquis of Salisbury, who is also fond of them, foreseeing that not many would be left for his share, gloomily remarked that he had known people to die of swallowing cherry-stones. Prince Bismarck immediately offered him some cherries, saying that for his part, he never swallowed a cherry-stone.

"You may think so, Prince," retorted the Marquis, "but I can assure you that you have already swallowed two to-day."

A heated discussion ensued, but finally the acute Lord Beaconsfield pacified the disputants, and saved the peace of Europe by the astute expedient of counting the pits of the cherries on the Prince's plate, and the stems thereof. There were forty-nine stems, and only forty-seven stones; hence it was proved beyond doubt that Prince Bismarck had swallowed the two pits, as had been alleged by Lord Salisbury. The Prince frankly acknowledged this fact, and complimented the Earl of Beaconsfield on his ingenuity. The war-cloud that had threatened Europe passed away.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, K. G., PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

But weightier questions really engrossed the plenipotentiaries at Berlin. They had scant time for gossip, even over walnuts and wine. Never was there a more business-like Congress. They did not fairly settle down to work until Monday, June 16th; but thenceforward they worked hard and expeditiously. What was said of the Vienna Congress—"It danced, but did not move"—must be reversed for the Berlin Congress. If it did not dance, it moved in a way to astonish all Europe. It stopped but little more for speeches than for gossip. Almost the only exceptions to this rule were two or three memorable speeches by Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Gortschakoff. The speech of Lord Beaconsfield at the opening of the Congress was impressive, but it failed to convince his audience "fit though few," that his views of the presence of foreign troops were altogether justifiable; on the contrary, the Russian view that only this prevented a revolution in Constantinople. But subsequently the victory of Lord Beaconsfield over his most determined opponents in the Congress was as directly due to his statesmanlike eloquence as to the intervention of Prince Bismarck or the telegraphic instructions which the Czar dispatched from St. Petersburg to Berlin.

Perhaps the most effective utterance of Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress was his emphatic declaration

as to the Bulgarian question: "I did not come here to yield."

Nothing could have been more impressive than what was supposed to be a farewell speech by Prince Gortschakoff, at the sitting of Wednesday, June 26th. The venerable statesman had then to be carried to the council-room. He spoke with effort, in a trembling voice, but with a resolute tone. He said that the remarks he was about to make were prompted by a love of truth and of his country. His colleagues had granted concessions in the name of Russia far surpassing what he had thoughts of making. He was far too well aware of the feelings which actuated his colleagues to raise objections to the concessions which they deemed it their duty to make. He merely wished to say that Russia made those sacrifices from a desire for peace, and that she had no narrow or selfish aim. The profound sensation caused by this high-toned and patriotic speech was deepened by Lord Beaconsfield's immediate expression of admiration for Prince Gortschakoff's sentiments, and his acknowledgment, in the name of the Congress, that a desire for peace animated Russia.

The speech of Prince Bismarck at the close of the Congress, and the congratulatory speech of the Crown-Prince at the final banquet given to the members of the Congress, were both models of their kind.

The vail of secrecy which was thrown over the proceedings of the Congress at first was gradually lifted as it became more and more certain that it would reach a conclusion favorable to the peace of Europe. It is possible that the dreaded apparition of the red spectre of communistic socialism evoked by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff by Vera Sassulitch, and the twice attempted assassination of the Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, may have so affected both Russia and Germany, and, indeed, all Europe, as to make alike the people and their rulers the more willing and even more the eager to accept peace as the result of the Berlin Congress. The financial condition of Russia and Germany doubtless had its weight in determining a peaceful end to its deliberations.

The excitement occasioned by the disclosure of a secret understanding between Russia and England was but temporary. And it was so with the greater excitement occasioned by Lord Beaconsfield's stroke of genius, as a diplomatist and as a statesman, in summoning enough Sepoys from India to hint to surprised and bewildered Europe what an inexhaustible recruiting field for the British army England possesses in her Indian Empire; and also what incalculable advantages she may expect from the acquisition of the Island of Cyprus.

The Anglo-Turkish Treaty, on which the acquisition of Cyprus was based, had, at least technically and directly, nothing to do with the questions under consideration at the Congress. But when the news of it overshadowed all other news, it was impossible for the members of the Congress to really ignore it and its probable future consequences, although they were debarred from discussing it. In fact, the tacit but virtual acquiescence in it by the Berlin Congress confers upon it an interest and an importance scarcely less than the interest and importance belonging to the Berlin Treaty itself,

The Eastern Question, indeed, assumed at once a new phase, when the fruit of Beaconsfield's bold, original, startling and far-reaching policy was plucked. No other statesman could see and appreciate the remote possibilities of this event better than Prince Gortschakoff; and it is said that he heartily shook hands over the Cyprus affair with Lord Beaconsfield. It doubtless helped to hasten the close of the Berlin Congress.

At length, on the 11th of July, the reading of the text of the Berlin Treaty was begun. Fifty articles of it were immediately agreed to. Preparations were made for engrossing on vellum copies of the Treaty in old black-letter style, each to be separately sealed and signed, and sent to the various Powers represented at the Congress. The Treaty was sealed and signed, and the Berlin Congress came to an end on Saturday, July 13th, 1878.

The published abstract of the Treaty of Peace concluded by the Berlin Congress is imperfect in several important particulars. Nevertheless, it suffices to give a general notion of the shape which the results of the Russo-Turkish War have thus far taken.

The first twelve articles of the Treaty relate to Bulgaria, which is constituted an autonomic tributary principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, with a Christian government, and a national militia. The next nine articles relate to the new province called Eastern Roumelia, south of the Balkans, which is placed under the direct military and political authority of the Sultan, but with an Austrian governor, and in the conditions of autonomous administration. Thus the map which General Ignatieff outlined at San Stefano has been very materially changed. His Bulgaria has been divided, but really in the interests of Russia, who will gain more than she will lose by the division.

Moreover, Bosnia and Herzegovina have been virtually yielded to Austria. The independence of Montenegro, Servia and Roumania has been recognized. It is largely due to the cool-headed and impartial action of M. Waddington, the French Plenipotentiary, and his colleague, the Count de Saint-Vallier, who were intrusted with the drawing up of the compromise respecting the military occupation of the Balkans, that the proposal was accepted; while the Congress also accepted their motion that the inhabitants of both Roumelia and Bulgaria shall enjoy the most complete civil and religious liberty, without distinction of race or creed, and that religion and race shall be no obstacle to the exercise of civil, administrative and political functions. It is a striking illustration of the fact that the very parties most deeply concerned, and in future to be most richly blessed by reforms thrust upon them before they are capable of properly appreciating them, but not a moment before they sorely, if unwittingly, need them, to find in Roumania the action of the Congress in restoring to Russia the strip of Bessarabia lost by her, through the Crimean war, denounced by the government organ as "the greatest iniquity of the nineteenth century," and the persistence of the Congress in enfranchising the Jews as being insult added to injury.

The fact is, that the action of the Berlin Congress in favor of religious liberty, alike among Jews and Gentiles, is more important and honorable than can well be conceived at present. Time will hereafter record its yet unseen consequences. The Dobrudscha has been annexed by the Treaty to Roumania, and the frontiers of Montenegro and Servia have been readjusted.

The Danube is to be free for all nations in time of peace. Nothing is said in the abstract of the treaty about the Dardanelles and Armenia, but whatever concerns them and the Black Sea seems to be left in *statu quo*. The rights of France in Palestine are recognized.

On several points there has been a balancing of opposite interests. Thus, Turkey has recovered Dulcigno, only to lose Antivari, and has given up Sofia in order to retain the Macedonian seaboard. Against the preservation of Erzeroum she must set down the loss of Batoum and Kars, and the cession of Ketour; and against the nominal sovereignty of Albania, the temporary, and, probably, the permanent surrender, as mentioned above, of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Finally, by the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which, if not

formally discussed at the Congress, was, perhaps, less of a surprise to its members than to the outside world, and was certainly not altogether out of their minds in deciding upon and signing their own great Treaty, Turkey, in saving Northern Roumelia, has lost Cyprus.

What, then, has Russia gained by the war that cost her so much blood and treasure? Much more, after all the bluster about Beaconsfield having outwitted Gortschakoff, than might be supposed. Russia has achieved the first step toward the partitioning of Turkey. She has won guarantees for her own national preponderating influence in Northern Turkey. And her grand, ostensible object in declaring and making war upon Turkey has been accomplished—the liberation of the bulk of the Christian population throughout European Turkey from Turkish tyranny and oppression. She is one hundred and fifty years nearer Constantinople and the Mediterranean than before, and she has made her power felt in Europe in a way that has enhanced her prestige and compelled the respect of her bitterest foes.

England has disappointed the hopes of the Greeks, who had relied upon her implied promises to secure the enlargement of their territory, and she has simply joined the other European Powers in requesting the Porte to come to an understanding with Greece for the rectification of the frontiers of the latter country.

But, by acquiring Cyprus, and securing the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, Lord Beaconsfield has succeeded in strengthening the mysterious policy which he began with the memorable pageant at Delhi, when the Queen of England was proclaimed Empress of India. On his return from the Continent he was honored with a semi-royal welcome, on account of his bloodless victories. He has been applauded in the House of Lords for his masterly exposition of the Berlin Treaty, a single sentence of which strikes the keynote of his far-seeing Eastern policy: "There is room in Asia for both England and Russia!" It is seen and gratefully acknowledged that he has prepared the way for England to become more conspicuously than ever an Asiatic Power. By securing Cyprus, he has given England another strong foothold in the Mediterranean, and a sure protection for her interests in Egypt and the Suez Canal.

The Garter has been conferred upon Lord Beaconsfield by his Sovereign, as a token of his admission to "that narrow circle of knighthood in which are included nearly all the chief rulers of the earth, the members of the royal family of England, and twenty-five of the nobles of Great Britain—none below an earl in rank." The Garter has also been conferred upon his colleague, Lord Salisbury.

What is more essential than any marks of personal distinction, Lord Beaconsfield has indirectly driven in an opening wedge for the influence of European civilization at the East. In fine, the most dazzling dreams of his youth have been surpassed by what he has achieved at the Berlin Congress.

The following is the text of the Berlin Treaty, carefully translated from the French original published in London, July 15th:

THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

PREAMBLE. His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany; His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the President of the French Republic; Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India; His Majesty, the King of Italy; His Majesty, the Emperor of All the Russias; His Majesty, the Sultan of the Ottomans, desiring to settle, with a view to European order, and conformably to the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris of March 30th, 18 6, the questions raised in the East by the events of late years and by the war which has resulted in the Treaty of San Stefano, have been unanimously of opinion that the assembling of a Congress would be the best means of facilitating a mutual understanding. To this end they named the plenipotentiaries, whose names are given below, and who, after having exchanged their powers, which were found in good and due form, have stipulated and agreed to the following articles:

ARTICLE 1. Bulgaria is constituted an autonomous and tributary principality, under the suzerainty of His Majesty the Sultan. It shall have a Christian governor and a national militia.

ART. 2. The Bulgarian Principality shall be limited to the south by the chain of the Balkans. (The rest of this article is wanting.)

ART. 3. The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers. No member of any of the reigning dynasties of the great European Powers shall be elected Prince of Bulgaria. In the event of the princely dignity becoming vacant, the election of the new prince shall be made under the same conditions and in the same form.

ART. 4. An assembly of the notables of Bulgaria, convoked at Tirnova, shall prepare before the election of the Prince the organic law of the Principality. In the localities where, besides Bulgarians, the population includes Turks, Roumanians, Greeks and others, account shall be taken of the rights and interests of these classes of the population in whatever relates to the elections and the elaboration of the organic law.

ART. 5. The following arrangements shall form the basis of the public law of Bulgaria: Distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity in what concerns the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, functions or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Liberty of openly professing every creed shall be assured to all those under the jurisdiction of the Principality as well as to strangers, and no trammels will be imposed on the hierarchical organization of the different religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ART. 6. The provisional organization of Bulgaria shall be directed till the completion of the organic law, by an Imperial Russian Commissioner. An Imperial Turkish Commissioner, as well as Consuls delegated *ad hoc* by the signatory Powers of the present treaty, shall be appointed to assist him, in order to control the action of this provisional administration. In the event of difference among the consuls appointed the majority shall decide, and in the event of difference between that majority and the Imperial Russian Commissioner or the Imperial Turkish Commissioner, the representatives of the signatory Powers at Constantinople assembled in conference shall decide.

ART. 7. The provisional government cannot be prolonged for more than nine months from the date of signature of the present treaty. When the organic law has been fully settled, the election of the Prince of Bulgaria will immediately follow. As soon as the prince is installed, the new organization will be put in force, and the Principality will enter into full possession of its autonomy.

ART. 8. The treaties of commerce and navigation, as well as all the conventions and agreements concluded between foreign powers and the Porte, and which are now in force, are maintained in the Principality of Bulgaria, and no change can be made in them with any of the Powers until she has given her consent thereto. No transit duty shall be levied in Bulgaria on merchandise passing through the Principality. The subjects and traders of all the Powers shall there be placed upon a footing of perfect equality. The immunities and privileges of foreign subjects, with the rights of jurisdiction and of consular protection, which have been established by the capitulations and by custom, will remain in full force as far as not modified by consent of the parties interested.

ART. 9. The amount of the annual tribute to be paid by the Principality of Bulgaria to the Suzerain Court, by deposit in a bank which the Sublime Porte will subsequently name, shall be settled by arrangement between the signatory Powers of the present treaty at the end of the first year's working of the new organization. This tribute will be based upon the average revenue from the territory of the Principality. Bulgaria will have to bear a part of the public debt of the Empire. When the Powers have determined the amount of tribute, they will take into consideration what part of this debt shall fall upon the Principality upon the basis of an equitable portion.

ART. 10 Bulgaria is substituted for the Imperial Ottoman Government in its duties and obligations toward the Rustchuk-Varna Railway Company from the day of signature of the present treaty. The arrangement of the former accounts is left to an agreement between the Sublime Porte, the Government of the Principality and the railway company. The Principality of Bulgaria is in the same way substituted as party to the engagements which the Sublime Porte has contracted with Austria-Hungary as well as with the company for the working of the railways of Turkey in Europe with respect to the completion, union and working of the lines

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K. G., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

GENERAL MEHEMET ALI PASHA, MILITARY PLENIPOTENTIARY OF TURKEY.

placed upon her territory. The necessary conventions for the arrangement of these questions will be concluded between Austria-Hungary, the Porte, Servia, and the Principality of Bulgaria immediately upon the conclusion of peace.

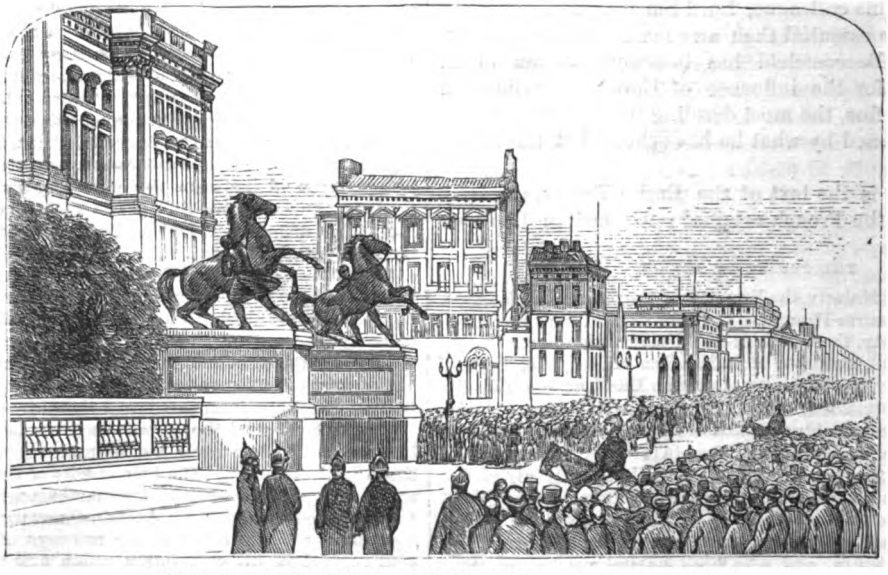
ART. 11. The Ottoman army shall no longer remain in Bulgaria, All the former fortresses will be destroyed at the expense of the Principality within the space of one year, or sooner if it can be done. The local authorities shall take immediate steps for their destruction, and shall not erect new ones. The Sublime Porte will have the right to dispose, as it thinks fit, of the material of war and other objects belonging to the Ottoman Government which may have remained in the fortresses on the Danube already evacuated under the armistice of January 31st, as well as those which shall be found in the strongholds of Shumla and Varna.

ART. 12. Mussulman proprietors, or others who may fix their domicile without the Principality, may retain their lands in it by leasing them or allowing them to be administered by third parties. A Turko-Bulgarian Commission will be appointed to regulate, within two years, all matters relative to the manner of transfer, working and use, on account of the Sublime Porte, of the State properties and the religious foundations (*Vakouf*), and the questions concerning private individuals who may be interested therein. The natural subjects of the Principality who are traveling or living in other parts of the Ottoman Empire shall be under the authority and laws of the Turks.

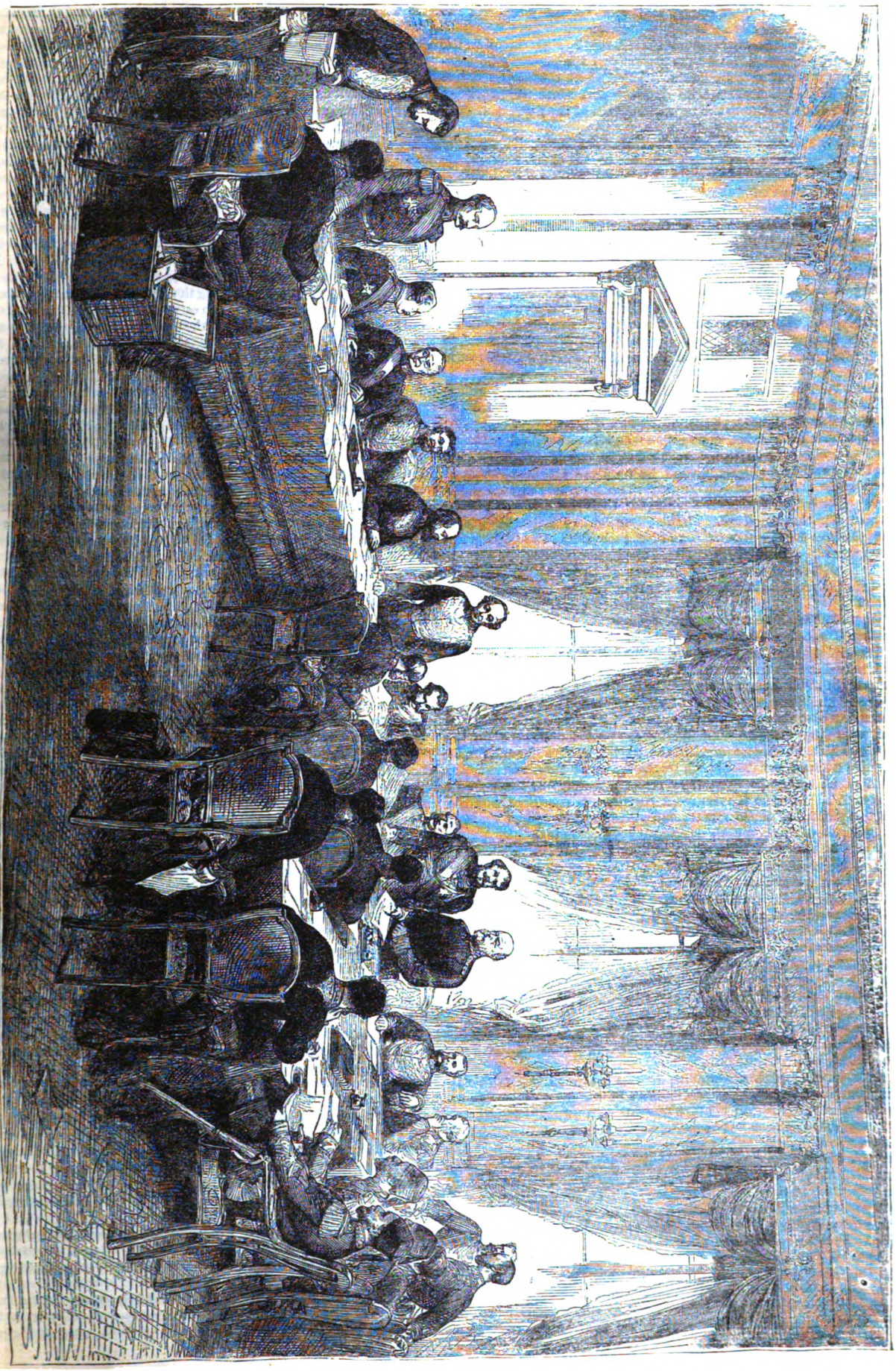
ART. 13. There is formed to the south of the Balkans a province which will take the name of Eastern Roumelia, and which shall remain under the direct military and political authority of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, subject to certain conditions of administrative autonomy. It shall have a Christian Governor-General.

ART. 14. The limits of Eastern Roumelia shall be— (The rest of this article is wanting.)

ART. 15. His Majesty, the Sultan, shall have the right to provide for the defense of the inland and maritime frontiers of the province by raising fortifications on these frontiers, and by keeping troops there. Internal order shall be maintained in Eastern Roumelia by a native gendarmerie, assisted by a local militia. In the composition of these two corps, whose officers shall be named by the Sultan, account will be taken, according to locality, of the religion of the inhabitants. His Majesty the Sultan engages not to employ irregular troops, such as bashi-bazouks and Circassians, in the frontier garrisons. The



KEEPING THE ROAD OPEN FOR THE GUESTS TO THE BANQUET, BERLIN.



A SESSION OF THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES COMPOSING THE BERLIN CONFERENCE, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF PRINCE BISMARCK, IN THE RADZIWILL PALACE, BERLIN.

regular troops appointed for this service shall not in any case be quartered upon the inhabitants, and when passing through the province, they shall not make any sojourn in it.

ART 16. The Governor-general shall have the right to call in the aid of Turkish troops should the security of the province be menaced from without or from within. In that event the Sublime Porte shall be bound to intimate its decision and state the justifying necessities of the case to the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople.

ART 17. The Governor-general of Eastern Roumelia shall be appointed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers, for a term of five years.

ART. 18. Immediately after the signature of the present treaty, a European commission shall be formed for the purpose of settling with the Ottoman Porte the organization of Eastern Roumelia. This commission shall have to determine within the space of three months the powers and functions of the Governor, and also the judicial, financial and administrative requirements of the Province, taking as a starting point the different laws of the vilayets and the proposals made at the eighth meeting of the Conference of Constantinople. The whole of the arrangements agreed upon for Eastern Roumelia shall form the subject of an imperial firman, to be promulgated by the Sublime Porte and communicated to the Powers.

ART. 19. The European Commission shall be charged, together with the Sublime Porte, with the administration of the finances of the Province till the completion of the new organization.

ART. 20. The treaties, conventions and international arrangements, of whatever nature, concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and other Powers, shall be applicable to Eastern Roumelia as to all the Ottoman Empire. The immunities and privileges accorded to foreigners, whatever their condition, shall be respected in that Province. The Sublime Porte engages to enforce respect there for the general laws of the empire as to religious liberty granted to all creeds.

ART. 21. The rights and obligations of the Sublime Porte, as regards railways in Eastern Roumelia, shall be integrally maintained.

ART. 22. The Russian army of occupation in Bulgaria and in Eastern Roumelia shall be composed of six divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, and shall not exceed 50,000 men. It shall be maintained at the expense of the occupied country. The troops will retain their communications with Russia, not only through Roumania, under arrangements to be concluded between the two States, but also through the ports of the Black Sea, Varna and Burgas, where they may maintain, during the period of occupation, the depots which are necessary. The duration of the occupation of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria by the Imperial Russian troops is fixed at nine months from the date of signature of the present treaty. The Russian Government engages to carry out within a further period of three months the passage of its troops through Roumania and the complete evacuation of that Principality.

ART. 23. The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary. The Government of Austria-Hungary, not desiring to charge itself with the administration of the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, which extends between Servia and Montenegro in a southeasterly direction to beyond Mitrovitza, the Turkish administration shall continue in force in that district. At the same time, in order to insure maintenance of the new political condition, as well as freedom and security of communication, Austria-Hungary reserves to itself the right to establish garrisons and maintain military and commercial routes over the whole extent of that part of the ancient vilayet of Bosnia.

ART 24. The independence of Montenegro is recognized by the Sublime Porte, and by all the high contracting parties who had not yet admitted it.

ART. 25. The high contracting parties agree to the following conditions: In Montenegro, distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity as far as concerns the enjoyment of civil and postal rights, admission to public employment, offices or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every creed shall be assured to all the natural subjects of Montenegro, as well as to strangers, and no trammels shall be imposed on the hierarchical organizations of the different religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ART. 26. The new frontiers of Montenegro are fixed as follows: The line leaving Linobedo to the north of Klobuk, on the Trebisnica, descends toward Carevo, which remains to the Province of Herzogovina; then ascends the course of this stream to a point situate one kilometre distance below the confluence of the latter with the Pelica, thence going straight to the heights bordering the Trebisnica; after that it strikes away toward Pilatova, leaving this village to Montenegro; then it continues by the high ground toward the north, keeping as near as possible at a distance of six kilometres from the road connecting Bilek, Korito and Gatchko, as far as the hill situate between the Somina Planina and Mount Curilo, from where it strikes to the east by way of Vratkovitch, leaving this village to Herzegovina, until it reaches Mount Orline. Leaving again this point, the frontier, leaving Ravno to Montenegro, advances straight by the north northeast, crossing the top of the Lebernsnik and the Nolujak; then descending by the shortest line to the Piva, which it crosses, and reascends the Tara, passing between Cerkovce and Medine. From this point it proceeds up and along the Tara to Rojkovac, whence it follows the crest of the lesser chain until it comes to Siskojezero, and leaving this place it follows the old frontier as far as the village of Sekulare, whence the new border line strikes for the crest of the Mokra Planina, the village of Mokra remaining to Montenegro. Then, reaching point 2,166 on the Austrian staff map, it proceeds along the principal mountain chain and the watershed of the Lim on the one side, and the Drin and Cicona on the other. Then it follows the existing boundary-line between the territory of the Kuedrekalovici on the one hand, and Kueka Krajna on the other, until it reaches the plain of Podgoritza, whence it strikes for Plavnica, leaving to Albania the Klomenti, Grudi and Ilot tribes. Then the new frontier crosses the lake near the islet of Gorica Topal, leaving which it follows the line of watershed between Megured and Kalimed, leaving Merkovich to Montenegro, and rejoining the Adriatic at Krue. In the northwest the boundary will be formed by a line passing from the shore, between the villages of Susana and Zuoci, ending at the extreme southeast point of the existing Montenegrin frontier on the Vrsuta Kanina.

ART. 27. Antivari and its seaboard are annexed to Montenegro under the following conditions: The districts situated to the south of this territory, according to the delimitation above laid down, as far as the Boyana, Dulcigno included, shall be restored to Turkey. The Commune of Spilza, as far as the northern boundary indicated in the detailed description of the frontier, shall be incorporated with Dalmatia. Montenegro will have free and entire liberty of navigation on the Boyana. No fortifications shall be constructed on the course of this river with the exception of such as are necessary for the local defense of Scutari, and these shall not extend beyond a distance of six kilometres from the town. Montenegro shall have no flag or ship of war. The port of Antivari and all the Montenegrin waters shall be closed to the war-ships of all nations. The fortifications situated between the lake and the seashore on Montenegrin territory shall be razed, and no fresh ones can be erected within this zone. Maritime and sanitary police functions, both at Antivari and along the Montenegrin coast, shall be exercised by Austria-Hungary by means of coastguard lighters. Montenegro shall adopt the Maritime Code of Rules in force in Dalmatia. On her part, again, Austria-Hungary engages to extend her consular protection to the merchant flag of Montenegro. It is left to Montenegro to come to an understanding with Austria-Hungary on the right to construct and maintain a road and railway across the new Montenegrin territory. Entire liberty of communication will be assured on the public ways.

ART. 28. Mussulmans or others possessing property in the territory annexed to Montenegro, and who would rather take up their residence beyond the Principality, may retain their lands, either by letting them or allowing them to be managed by third parties. No one shall be bereft of his landed property except for the public interest, on good and legal cause shown, and after previous indemnification. A Turko-Montenegrin Commission shall be appointed to regulate, within three years, all matters connected with the mode of transfer, management, or use on account of the Sublime Porte, of State property, religious foundations (*Vakouf*), as well as all questions relative to the interests of private persons thereby affected. The Principality of Montenegro shall come to a direct understanding with the Ottoman Porte as to the institution of Montenegrin agents at Constantinople and certain other places of the Turkish Empire, where their presence shall be deemed necessary. Montenegrins traveling or dwelling in the Ottoman Empire shall be subject to Turkish authority and rule, in conformity with the general principles of international law and established usage affecting the Montenegrins.

ART. 29. The Montenegrin troops, within a period of twenty days, or earlier if possible, from the date of signature of the present instrument, will have to evacuate the territory now held by them beyond the new limits of the Principality.

ART. 30. Montenegro will have to bear her share of the Turkish public debt proportionate to the new territory accorded to her by the Treaty of Peace, and the representatives of the Powers at

Constantinople will determine the amount thereof, in concert with the Sublime Porte, on an equitable basis.

ART. 31. The high contracting parties recognize the independence of the Principality of Servia, attaching to it the conditions set forth in the following article.

ART. 32. In Servia, distinction of religious belief and confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity in what concerns the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every creed shall be assured to all the natural subjects of Servia, as well as to strangers, and no trammels shall be imposed on the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ART. 33. The new frontiers of Servia are fixed as follows: [The rest of this article is wanting.]

ART. 34. Till the conclusion of the new arrangements nothing shall be changed in Servia in the present state of the commercial relations of the Principality with foreign countries. No transit duty shall be levied on merchandise passing through Servia. The immunities and privileges of foreign subjects, and also the laws as to consular jurisdiction and protection, as at present existing, shall remain in full force till modified by common agreement between the Principality and the Powers interested.

ART. 35. The Principality of Servia is constituted as a party to the engagements which the Sublime Porte has contracted, both with Austria-Hungary and with the railway companies of European Turkey, as regards the completion, connection and working of the railways to be constructed on the territory newly acquired by the Principality. The conventions necessary for a settlement of these questions shall be concluded immediately after signature of the present treaty between Austria-Hungary, the Porte, Servia, and, within the limits of its competence, the Principality of Bulgaria.

ART. 36. Those Mussulmans who possess property in the territories annexed to Servia, and who may wish to fix their residence outside the Principality, shall be at liberty to retain their immovable property by leasing it or intrusting it to the administration of third parties. A Turko-Servian Commission shall be charged with the duty of settling, within the space of three years, all matters relative to the mode of transfer, management or use on account of the Sublime Porte of State property and religious foundations (*Vakouf*), as well as all questions relative to the interests of private persons thereby affected.

ART. 37. Till the conclusion of a treaty between Turkey and Servia, Servian subjects traveling or residing in the Turkish Empire shall be treated in accordance with the general principles of international law.

ART. 38. The Servian troops shall be allowed fifteen days from the signature of the present treaty to evacuate the territory not comprised in the new limits of the Principality.

ART. 39. The tribute of Servia shall be capitalized, and the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople shall fix the rate of this capitalization by agreement with the Sublime Porte. Servia shall pay a part of the Ottoman public debt proportionate to the new territories given her by the present treaty, the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople determining, in concert with the Sublime Porte, the exact amount of the sum on an equitable basis.

ART. 40. The high contracting parties recognize the independence of Roumania, attaching thereto the conditions set forth in the two following articles:

ART. 41. In Roumania, distinction of religious belief and confession shall not serve as a reason for the unfitness or exclusion of any one from the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices and honors, or from the exercise of the various professions and industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every form of worship shall be assured to all the natural subjects of the Roumanian State, as well as to strangers, and no impediment shall be thrown in the way either of the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or of their relations to their spiritual chiefs. The subjects of all nationalities, merchants or others, shall be treated in Roumania, without distinction of creed, upon a footing of perfect equality.

ART 42. The Principality of Roumania gives back to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia that portion of the territory of Bessarabia detached from Russia by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, bounded on the west by the Thalweg of the Pruth, and on the south by the Thalweg of the Kilia branch and the Stary Stamboul outlet.

ART. 43. The islands forming the Delta of the Danube, as well as the Island of Serpents, the Sandjak of Tuitcha, comprising the districts (*cazas*) of Kilia, Sulina, Mahmoudie, Isaktcha, Tuitcha, Matchin, Babadagh, Hirsova, Kustendie, Meojmie, are united with Roumania. The Principality receives in addition the territory situated to the south of the Dobrudja, as far as a line starting from a point to the east of Silistria and joining the Black Sea to the south of Mangaria. The line of frontier will be arranged on the spot by the European Commission instituted for the delimitation of Bulgaria.

ART. 44. The question of the division of the waters and fisheries shall be submitted to the arbitration of the European Commission of the Danube.

ART. 45. No transit duty shall be levied in Roumania on goods passing through the Principality.

ART. 46. Conventions may be made by Roumania for the regulation of the privileges and powers of consuls in matters of protection in the Principality. Acquired rights, however, shall remain in force so far as not modified by common agreement between the Principality and the parties interested.

ART. 47. Until the conclusion of a treaty regulating the privileges and powers of consuls, as between Turkey and Roumania, Roumanian subjects traveling or residing in the Ottoman Empire, and Ottoman subjects traveling or residing in Roumania, shall enjoy the rights guaranteed the subjects of other European Powers.

ART. 48. The tribute of the Principality of Roumania shall be capitalized, and the rate of this capitalization shall be fixed by the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople by arrangement with the Sublime Porte.

ART. 49. In all that relates to the carrying out of public works and matters of a like nature, Roumania will take upon her the rights and obligations of the Sublime Porte with regard to all the ceded territory.

ART. 50. In order to extend the guarantees insuring liberty of navigation on the Danube, which is recognized to be of European interest, the high contracting parties decide that all the fortresses and fortifications existing on the course of the river from the Iron Gates to its mouth shall be razed, and no others constructed. No ship-of-war shall be permitted to navigate the Danube below the Iron Gates, except light vessels in the service of the river police and of the custom-house officers. The guardships of the Powers, however, at the mouths of the Danube, shall be permitted to ascend the river as far as Galatz.

ART. 51. The European Commission of the Danube, at the table of which Roumania shall be represented, is maintained in its functions, and will exercise them henceforth as far as Galatz in complete independence of territorial authority. All treaties, agreements, deeds and decisions relative to its rights, privileges, prerogatives and obligations are confirmed.

ART. 52 One year before the expiration of the term assigned for the duration of the European Commission, the Powers shall come to some agreement on the prolongation of its authority, or as to modifications they may deem necessary to be introduced.

ART. 53. The rules of navigation, of river police and of supervision between the Iron Gates and Galatz shall be framed by the European Commission, assisted by delegates from the riparian States, and brought into harmony with those which have been or may be decreed for the course of the river below Galatz.

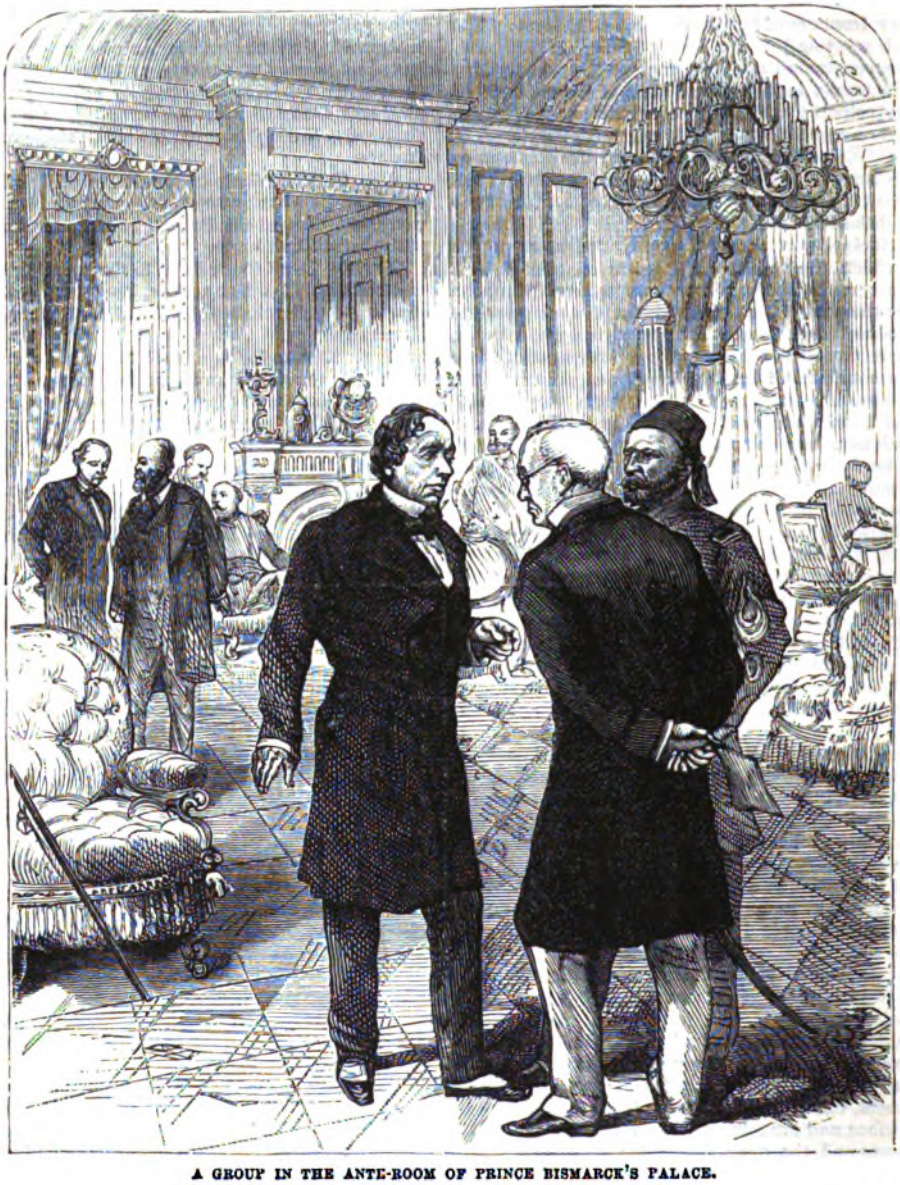
ART. 54. The execution of the works for the removal of the obstacles caused by the Iron Gates and the cataracts to navigation is intrusted to Austria-Hungary. The riparian States on this part of the river shall afford every facility necessary in the interest of these operations. The directions contained in Article 6 of the treaty of London of the 13th of March, 1871, relating to the right to collect a temporary tax to cover the expenses of these works, are maintained in favor of Austria-Hungary.

ART. 55. The Sublime Porte engages to scrupulously apply in the Island of Crete the organic law of 1868, with such modifications as shall be judged equitable. Analogous laws adapted to local requirements shall be similarly introduced into other parts of Turkey in Europe, for which special provision has not been made by the present treaty. The Sublime Porte shall appoint special commissions, in which the native element shall be largely represented, to elaborate the details of these new laws for each province. The proposed laws resulting from their labors shall be submitted to the examination of the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the acts destined to put the laws in force, will take the sense of the European Commission appointed for Eastern Roumelia

ART. 56. In case the agreement relative to a rectification of frontier provided by protocol 13, between the Sublime Porte and the Kingdom of Greece, should not be realized, the Powers declare themselves ready to offer their good services to the two Powers, Ottoman and Greek.

ART. 57. The Sublime Porte having expressed its willingness to

maintain the principle of religious liberty and to give it the widest sphere, the contracting parties take cognizance of this spontaneous declaration. In every part of the Ottoman Empire difference of religion shall not be held as a reason of exclusion or unfitness in anything that relates to the use of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices and honors, and the exercise of all professions and industries, whatever the locality may be. All shall be admitted, without distinction of creed, to give evidence before the tribunals. The exercise and open profession of all religions shall be entirely free, and no impediment shall be offered either to the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs; ecclesiastics, pilgrims and monks of all nationalities traveling in European and Asiatic Turkey shall enjoy the same rights, advantages and privileges. The right of official protection is accorded to the diplomatic and consular agents of the Powers in Turkey, both with regard to the persons above mentioned, with their religious and charitable establishments, and to others in the holy places and elsewhere. The rights conceded to France are expressly reserved, it being well understood that the *status quo* with respect to the holy places shall not be seriously affected in any way. The monks of Mount Athos, whatever their nationality, shall be maintained in possession of their possessions and previous advantages, and shall enjoy without exception full equality of rights and prerogatives.

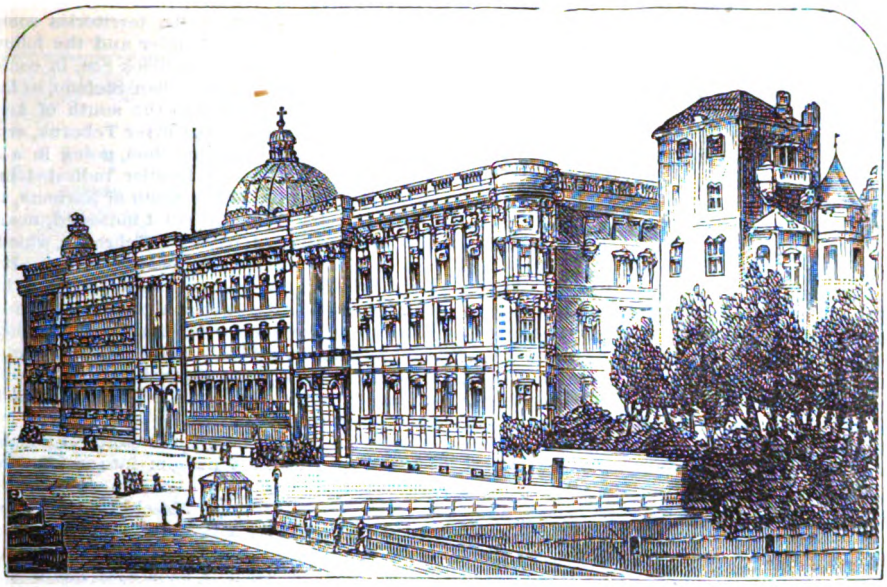


A GROUP IN THE ANTE-ROOM OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.

The following additional articles to the Treaty of Berlin, completing that important document, were made public in London on July 17th:

ARTICLE 2. The Principality of Bulgaria will include the following territories: The frontier follows on the northern right bank of the Danube from the ancient frontier of Servia up to a point to be determined by an European Commission to the east of Silistria, and from thence runs to the Black Sea to the south of Mangalia, which is included in Roumanian territory. The Black Sea forms the eastern boundary of Bulgaria. On the south the frontier follows upward from its mouth the waterway of the brook near which are situated the villages of Hodzakioj, Solam-Kioj, Alvadsik, Kulibe, Sudzuluk, crosses obliquely the valley of the Deli-Kamcik, passes south of Belibe and Kemhalik, and north of Hadzimahale, after having passed the Celi-Kamcik at two and a half kilometres above Cengel, reaches a crest at a point situated between Tekenlik and Aidos-Bredza, and follows it by Karnabad Balkan, Prisevica Balkan, Kazan Balkan, to the north of Kotel as far as Demir Kapu. It proceeds by the principal chain of the Great Balkan, the whole extent of which it follows up to the summit of Korica. There it leaves the crest of the Balkan, descends southward between the villages of Pirsop and Duzanci, left the one to Bulgaria and the other to Eastern Roumelia, as far as the brook of Tuzen Dere, follows that stream to its junction with the Tobolnica, then the latter river until it meets the Smovskio Dere, near the village of Petricevo, leaving to Eastern Roumelia a zone of two kilometres above that meeting; ascends between the brooks of Smovskio Dere and the Kamonica, following the line of the water-shed, so as to turn at the southwest, at the level of Voinjak, and reach directly the point 875 of the Austrian Staff map. The frontier line cuts in a straight line the upper basin of the brook of Ichtiman Dere, passes between Bogdina and Karaula, rejoins the line of the water-shed separating the basins of the Isher and the Marica, between Camurli and Hadzilar, follows that line by the summits of Veilna Mogila, the "col" 581 Zmailica Vrh, Sumnatica, and joins the administrative boundary of the Sandjak of Sofia between Sivri Tas and Cadir Tepe. From Cadir Tepe, the frontier going to southeast follows the water-shed between the basins of Mesta Karasu on the one side, and the Struma Kaarsu on the other, runs along the crests of the mountains of Rhodope, called Demir Kapu, Iskoftepe, Kadimesar Balkan, and Aiji Gedük up to Kapetnik Balkan, and thus joins the ancient administrative frontier of the Sandjak of Sofia. From Kapetnik Balkan the frontier is indicated by the water-shed between the valleys of the Rilska reka and of the Bistrica reka, and follows the *contrefort* called Vodenica Planina so as to descend into the valley of the Struma at the junction of this river with the Rilska reka, leaving the village of Barakli to Turkey. It ascends then south of the village of Jelesnica, and reaches by the shortest line the chain of Golema Planina at the summit of Gitka, and joins there the ancient administrative frontier of the Sandjak of Sofia, leaving, however, to Turkey, the whole of the basin of the Suka reka. From Mount Gitka, the western frontier goes toward Mount Crni Vrh by the mountains of Karvena Juvuka,

following the ancient administrative limit of the Sandjak of Sofia in the upper part of the basins of Egrisu and of the Lepnica, mounts with it the crests of Babina Polana, and arrives at Mount Crni Vrh. From Mount Crni Vrh the frontier follows the watershed between the Struma and the Morava by the summits of the Streser, Vilogolo and Mesid Planina, rejoins by the Gacina, Crna Trava, Darkovska and Dranica Plan; then the Descahi Kladanec, the watershed of the High Sukowa and of the Morava, goes directly on the Stol and descends from it so as to cut the road from Sofia to Pirot 1,000 metres northwest of the village of Segusa. It ascends in a straight line the Vidlic Planina and thence Mount Radocina in the chain of the Kodza Balkan; leaving to Servia the village of Doikinci and to Bulgaria that of Senakos. From the summit of Mount Radocina the frontier follows toward the west the crest of the Balkans by Ciprovec Balkan and Stara Planina up to the ancient eastern frontier of the Principality of Servia, near to the Kula Smiljova Cuka, and thence that ancient frontier as far as the Danube, which it joins at Rakovitza. This delineation shall be fixed on the spot by the European Commission, on which the signatory Powers will be represented. It is understood—1. That this Commission will take into consideration the necessity for His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of being able to defend the Balkan frontiers of Eastern Roumelia. 2. That no fortifications can be erected within a zone of ten kilometres round Samakow.



THE ROYAL CASTLE AT BERLIN, WHERE THE BANQUET TO THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES WAS GIVEN.

ART. 14. Eastern Roumelia is bounded on the north and northwest by Bulgaria, and comprises the territories included by the following line: Starting from the Black Sea the frontier line follows from its mouth the thalweg of the stream, near which are situated the villages of Hodzakioj, Selam Kioj, Alvadsik, Kulibe, Sudzuluk, crosses obliquely the valley of Deli Kamcik, passes to the south of Bulibe and Kemhalik, and to the north of Hadzimahale, after having crossed the Deli Kamcik at a distance of two and a half kilometres above Cengei, reaches the crest of the mountains at a point between Tekenlik and Aidos-Bredza, and follows it by the Karnabad Balkan, Prievica Balkan, Kazan Balkan, to the north of Kotel up to Demir Kapu. The frontier passes by the principal chain of the Great Balkans, which it follows throughout its whole length to the summit of Kosica. At this point the western frontier of Roumelia leaves the crest of the Balkans, descends southward toward the villages of Pirtop and Duzanci—of which the one belongs to Bulgaria and the other to Eastern Roumelia—to the stream of Tuzin Dere; follows this watercourse till it falls into the Topolnica; then this river to its confluence with the Smovskio Dere, near

COMTE DE ST. VALLIER, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF RUSSIA AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF RUSSIA.

the village of Petricevo, leaving to Eastern Roumelia a zone of two kilometres in extent above the point of confluence; ascends between the streams of the Smovskio Dere and the Kamenica, following the watershed, turns to the southwest at the hill of Voinjak and runs straight to the point 875 of the Austrian staff chart. The frontier line cuts straight across the upper basin of the stream of the Ichtiman Dere, passes between Bogdina and Karula till it regains the line of the watershed separating the basins of the Isker and the Marica, between Camura and Hadzilar; follows this line by the heights of Volina Mogila, the hill 531, Zmailica Vrh, Sumnatica, and regains the administrative limit of Sofia between Sivri Tas and Cadir Tepe. The frontier of Roumelia leaves that of Bulgaria at Mount Cadir Tepe, following the line of the watershed between the basins of the Marica and its affluents on one side and of the Mesta Karasu and of its affluents on the other, and takes the direction southeast and south along the crest of the Despoto Dagh Mountains toward Mount Kruschowa (whence starts the frontier line of the Treaty of San Stefano). From Mount Kruschowa the frontier is the same as the line agreed to by the Treaty of San Stefano—that is to say, the chain of the Black Balkans (Kara Balkan), the mountains Kulaghy-Dagh, Eschek Tschepellu, Karakolas and Ischiklar, from whence it descends due southeast till it regains the River Arda, and follows the watercourse (thalweg) of this river up to a point close to a village of Adacali, which remains to Turkey. From this point the frontier line ascends the crest of the Bestepe-Dagh, which it follows; then descends and crosses the Maritza at a point situated five kilometres above the bridge of Mustala Pacha; thence it tends off to the north by the line of the watershed between Demirhanli Dere and the small affluents of the Maritza to Küdeler Bair, whence it runs east to Sakar Bair. From this point it crosses the valley of the Tundza in the direction of Büjük Derbend, which is left to the north, as also is Soudzak. From Büjük Derbend it regains the line of the watershed between the affluents of the Tundza on the north and those of the Maritza on the south, up to the height of Kaibilar, which is included in Eastern Roumelia, and passes to the south of V. Almali between the basin of the Maritza to the south and the different streams which flow straight into the Black Sea, between the villages of Belevrin and Alatil; it follows to the north of Karanlik, the crests of Vosna and Zubak, the line which separates the waters of the Buka and those of the Karagac-Su, and regains the Black Sea between those two rivers.

ART. 33. Servia receives the territories included in the subjoined delimitation: The new frontier follows the existing line along the thalweg of the Drina from its confluence with the Save upward, leaving Mali Zwornik and Saknar to the Principality, and continues along the ancient limits of Servia as far as Kopaonik, leaving it at the summit of Kanilug. From that point it follows at first the western boundary of the Sandjak to Nisch, by the counterfort to the south of Kopaonik, by the crests of the Marica and Mrdar Planina, which form the watershed between the basins of the Ibar and Sitnica on one side, and that of the Toplica on the other; leaving Prepolac to Turkey. It then turns to the south by the watershed between the Brvenica and the Medvedja, leaving the whole of the basin of the Medveja to Servia; follows the crests of the Goljak Planina (which forms the watershed between the Kriva-Rjeka on one side, and the Poljanica, Veternica and Morava on the other), as far as the summit of Poljanica. It then follows the counterfort of the Karpina Planina as far as the confluence of the Koinska and the Morava, crosses this river and ascends by the watershed between the Koinska brook and the stream which falls into the Morava, near Neradovce, to gain the Sveti Ilija Planina, above Trgoviste. From thence it follows the crest of the Sveti Ilija as far as Mount Kljuc, and passing by the points marked 1516 and 1547 on the map, and by the Babina Gora, it reaches Mount Crni Vrh. Setting out from Mount Crni Vrh, the new line of delimitation coincides with that of Bulgaria—*i. e.*, the line of frontier follows the watershed between the Struma and Morava by the summits of Strser, Vilogolo and Mesid Planina, passes Gacina, Crna Trova, Darkosvka and Drainica Planina, and then the Descani Kladanec, along the watershed between the Upper Sukewa and the Morava, leads straight to the Stol, and descends from thence to intersect the road from Sofia to Pirot at a point 1,000 metres to the northwest of the village of Segusa. It then ascends in a straight line on to the Vidlic Planina, and from thence to Mount Radocina on the chain of the Kouza Balkan, leaving the village of Dolkinci to Servia, and that of Senakos to Bulgaria. From the Summit of Mount Radocina the frontier leads along the crest of the Balkans to the northwest by Ciprovec Balkan and Stara Planina to the ancient eastern frontier of the Principality of Servia, near to the Kula of Smiljova Cuka, and from thence follows that ancient frontier to the Danube, which it reaches at Rakowitza.

ART. 58. The Sublime Porte cedes to the Russian Empire in Asia the territories of Ardanan, Kars and Batoum, together with the latter port, as well as all the territories comprised between the ancient Russo-Turkish frontier and the following line: The new frontier commencing on the Black Sea, in conformity with the line determined by the Treaty of San Stefano, as far as a point to the northwest of Khorda and to the south of Artwin, continues in a straight line as far as the River Tchoruk, crosses this river and passes to the east of Aschmichen, going in a straight line to the south to join the Russian frontier indicated in the Treaty of San Stefano, at a point to the south of Nariman, leaving the town of Olti to Russia. From the point indicated, near Nariman, the frontier turns to the east, passes by Tebronek, which remains to Russia, and continues as far as the Pennek Tschai. It follows the river as far as Bardouz, then turns toward the south, leaving Bardouz and Jonikioy to Russia. From a point to the west of the village of Karaougan, the frontier is directed on Medjingert, continues in a straight line toward the summit of the mountain Kassadagh, and follows the line of the watershed between the affluents of the Araxes on the north, and those of the Mourad Su on the south, as far as the ancient frontier of Russia.

ART. 59. His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, declares that it is his intention to erect Batoum into a free port, essentially commercial.

ART. 60. The valley of Alaschkerd and the town of Bayazid, ceded to Russia by Article 19 of the Treaty of San Stefano, are restored to Turkey. The Sublime Porte cedes to Persia the town and territory of Khotour, such as it has been determined by the mixed Anglo-Russian Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of Turkey and of Persia.

ART. 61. The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out, without further delay, the amelioration and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application.

ART. 62 The Sublime Porte having expressed the wish to maintain the principle of religious liberty and give it the widest scope, the contracting parties take note of this spontaneous declaration. In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall difference of religion be alleged against an individual as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to the public service, functions and honors, or the exercise of the different professions and industries. All persons shall be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals. Liberty and the outward exercise of all forms of worship are assured to all, and no hindrance shall be offered, either to the hierarchical organization of the various communions or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs. Ecclesiastics, pilgrims and monks of all nationalities traveling in Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia shall enjoy the same rights, advantages and privileges. The right of official protection by the diplomatic and consular agents of the Powers in Turkey is recognized, both as regards the above-mentioned persons, and the religious, charitable and other establishments in the holy places and elsewhere. The rights possessed by France are expressly reserved, and it is well understood that no alteration shall be made in the *status quo* in the holy places. The monks of Mount Athos, of whatever country they may be natives, shall be maintained in their former possessions and advantages, and shall enjoy, without any exception, complete equality of rights and prerogatives.

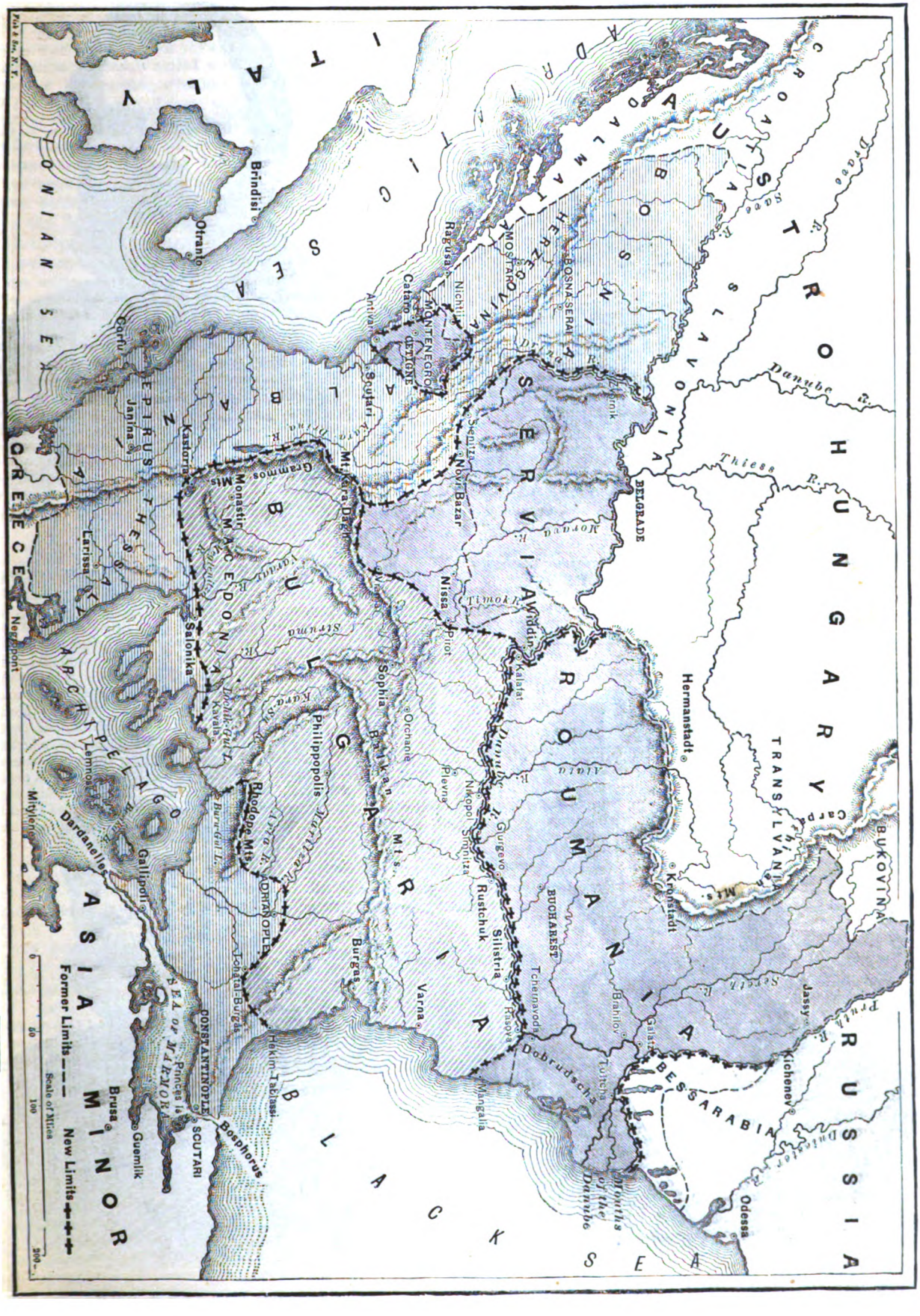
ART. 63. The Treaty of Paris of March 30, 1856, as well as the Treaty of London of March 13, 1871, are maintained in all such of their provisions as are not abrogated or modified by the preceding stipulations.

ART. 64. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Berlin within three weeks, or earlier if possible. In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed it and affixed to it the seal of their arms.

Done at Berlin, the 13th day of the month of July, 1878.

BEACONSFIELD,	SAINT-VALLIER,
SALISBURY,	H. DESPREZ,
ODO RUSSELL,	L. CORTI,
VON BISMARCK	LAUNAY,
BULOW,	GORTCHAKOW,
HOHENLOHE,	SCHOUVALOFF,
ANDRASSY,	P. D'OUBRIL,
KAROLYI,	AL. CARATHEODORI,
HAYMERLE,	MEHEMET ALI,
WADDINGTON,	SADOULLAH.

For description of Colored Plate see page 371.



MAP SHOWING THE TERRITORIAL READJUSTMENT OF THE TURKISH PROVINCES, PROPOSED BY THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO, SINCE MODIFIED BY THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

GENERAL COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF RUSSIA.

M. WADDINGTON, FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE.

COUNT ANDRASSY, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

PRINCE BISMARCK, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY, FIRST GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.

THROUGH THE UNTRODDEN WOODS OF PARAGUAY

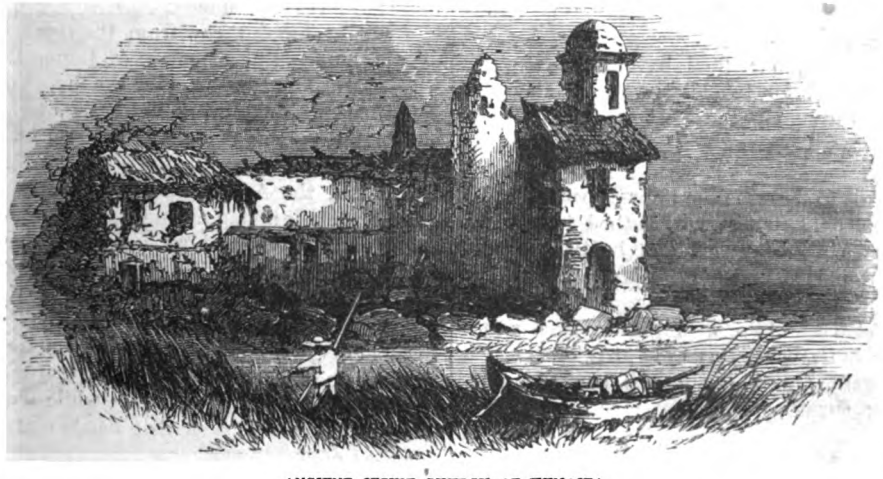
AFTER the monotony and enforced restrictions of a long ocean voyage, the first sight of land is hailed with a sense of approaching freedom; and if the conditions of climate and scenery be favorable, this feeling is intensified, and, by contrast, gratefully appreciated. Such, at least, were our sensations when we found ourselves before Buenos Ayres, the evening sky bathed in a luminous glow, churches and towers standing clearly out against the sunset, and countless sailing-boats passing continually to and fro in front of us. We had little time, however, to enjoy the scene, since our destination lay further up the river, and *The Republic*, a genuine American river-boat, was just steaming up in order to take us and our baggage on board. A little bustle occurred; as gangways were manned for the transfer, a good deal of hand-shaking and leave-taking was only natural between acquaintances of the voyage; but soon, amid waving handkerchiefs and echoing cheers, we turned our prow up the river and speedily left far behind the good ship which had carried us thus far. The shadows deepened, so that we could scarcely discern the verdant beauty of the evergreen islands through which we were steered—the river Plate, with its shallow water and numerous sandbanks, only admitting the passage of boats of light draught—the lamps of the town faded in the distance, and the glorious Southern moon rose, silvering the ripples ahead, and giving a metallic sheen to the long lines of foam left by the paddles. "Water, water everywhere," with but a faint gray line on one side to mark the shore of the Argentine Republic. The balmy stillness is only stirred by the throb of engines and paddles; or, in a more spasmodic and less pleasant way, by the vicious slaps the passengers administer to themselves in the futile endeavor to exterminate the industrious musquitoes, which, as a matter of course, escape and sound their pæan of triumph and derision. Soon the welcome tintinnabulation of the bell summons us to supper, after which cigars and pipes in full blast give the ubiquitous insects no further chance.

A PARAGUAYAN BOY KILLING A BIRD WITH THE BOLA.

Next day we arrive at Rosario, another town of the Argentine Confederation, from which the train starts for Cordova, the seat of learning of the Republic, with colleges and churches erected and managed by the Jesuits, evidences of whose enterprise and perseverance are nowhere more remarkable than in South America. From Cordova the steam-cars proceed up to the most northern state, Tucuman; in the mountains of which are situated the silver mines, yielding the ore that forms the coinage both of Bolivia and also of the republic itself. In Cordova market-place, one can see the metal lying in heaps after it has been melted in the primitive fashion there employed, each lump looking as though it had been cast in a pudding-dish. This is

DOCTOR FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

LOPEZ, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.



ANCIENT JESUIT CHURCH AT HUMAITA.

the chief resort and emporium of the miners, and after a sufficient quantity of silver has been collected, it is forwarded by rail to Rosario, and thence shipped to Buenos Ayres.

Passing this town, we continue our journey at no very rapid rate indeed, up the river Parana, and shortly reach Corrientes, so called from the various river-currents and tributaries which commingle there. The quaint, yellow houses scattered around glow in the warm sunlight like burnished gold, and are reflected in the deep-blue water of the placid current.

In an open space, luxuriant with grass and wild herbs, and set apart as the market-place, we find women of every hue, from dark brown to clear white—Brazilians, Argentines and Paraguayans—who sit on the ground and offer their wares, which chiefly consist of fruit.

On the opposite side of the Paraguay river, which just here is exceedingly narrow, lies the southern extremity of that small and almost unknown republic bearing the same name; but after passing out of the Parana through this neck, which scarcely allows a vessel to get through, the stream widens out into quite a respectable river. At Corrientes, Brazil, Paraguay and the Argentine Republic join territory, and more than once the unfortunate town has been the scene of terrible struggles between these three powers, each of which has sought possession of it. Now, I believe, it is regarded as a sort of neutral no-man's-land.

The visitor will not be struck by the aspect of Paraguay from this point, where the land lies low and abounds in that scrub-growth suggestive of swamp and malarial exhalations. As we glide along the shore, slimy alligators roll lazily into the water from the sunny sands, and flocks of gayly plumaged birds rise into the air, many of them being pink flamingoes. Here and there the banks form prominent abutments, crowned with the nodding plumes of palms, and then decline again into undulating reaches of waving grass, backed by dense, tangled woods, while in front the river winds its serpentine way along strips of bright sand. We pass numerous rivers which variously intersect the country, the mouths of some seeming to be only narrow creeks, those of others, vast inland lakes. The entrance to the Tebiquari, for example, is of this latter kind; numberless small islands precluding a passage to any but the smallest boat, and the overhanging branches, as one proceeds, having to be cut away before even that can make headway.

On the coignes of vantage along the shores of the Paraguay river, there are a number of small towns: Cerito, consisting of a few houses interspersed among palm and orange trees; Villa Pilar, which exports cedar-wood fuel and oranges; and Oliva, with its historical guardhouse, famous in the time of Lopez the Dictator.

Shortly before reaching our final haven, the steamer stuck on a sandbank, and for two days we went shooting in the woods; but ultimately the boat was freed, and, resuming our voyage, we arrived safely at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay.

It would be difficult to describe the impression that this city made upon me, as I first saw it, bathed in opulent sunlight. Its houses are of varied and brilliant colors, there is a beautiful palace, and a cathedral with a lofty dome, covered with dazzling tiles. The quays are thronged with pretty girls, clad in white, with parti-colored scarfs twisted round their lithe bodies, as only girls of Spanish race can arrange them. On either side the banks are covered with flowering shrubs, the blossoms of which scent the air; a band of music is playing the national hymn, to which various couples trip it in the dance; the background is formed by dense purple foliage, above which tower the nodding plumes of stately palms. Such is an inadequate idea of the picture.

Having landed, we discover, on closer inspection, that the jocund dancers are dressed only in light calico robes—loose, low-necked, and ornamented with beautiful spider-work lace. Young and old of both sexes smoke cigars; some carry flowers behind their ears, others cigars; and almost all are laden with oranges, grapes, pomegranates, and other fruits—names unknown.

After purchasing for a *real* (a silver coin equivalent to about ten cents) as much fruit as we can stow away in our pockets, we turn toward a shop, called a *fonda*, to procure refreshments of a liquid nature. At first we were not at all enamored of the native beverage, *cana*, a green-colored distillation made from the sugar-cane, but afterward we became quite used to it. However, we found *vino puro*, a very fair claret, for a tumbler-full of which we paid about ten cents. This shop, in common with most of the dwellings, which are only one story high, had the roof projected over the sidewalk, and supported on wooden pillars fancifully carved, and underneath it we lounged in the Paraguayan fashion, with chairs tilted back against the wall of the building, and feet dangling in the air.

As we ate our fruit many of the pretty women joined us, seeming only too delighted to wait on us—some handing us fruit and wine, while others, with deft fingers, tore tobacco leaves in half, removed the fibrous stalk, and rolled in a twinkling excellent cigars, which, having lighted and tried by a whiff or two, they presented to us. One cannot get such cigars elsewhere for love or money, made as they are out of the young and tender tobacco-leaves, and rolled by pretty hands before one's very eyes.

The reader must not imagine that we are silent all this time. A lively conversation is carried on in Spanish, interspersed with phrases from *guarani*, the Indian dialect; but seeing that none of us understand the *patois*, we invariably interrupt our fair friends when they use an Indian word, and request an explanation, which seems to cause them no little amusement.

Soon the mosquitoes compel us to evacuate, and we start on a tour of inspection round the town, a number of our attendants volunteering to act as guides. In our walk we encounter troops of pretty, barefooted girls, tripping along in single file with water-jars on their heads, who delight us no less by their laughter and singing, than by their graceful, undulating carriage, and rounded forms, the lovely outlines of which are enhanced rather than concealed by their light drapery. Their large, pendent ear-rings and gold-bead necklets, gleam in the evening sunlight, and altogether they form such a picture as the veriest Sybarite might desire to have reproduced.

About a stone's throw from the river, in an open space, stands the magnificent palace of Lopez the Dictator, which was designed and built under the direction of a master mason, his subordinate workmen being mere boys. Beautiful and picturesque as it looks in the sunset glow, it yet bears cruel traces of the disastrous "Seven Years' War" with Brazil and the Argentines. One tower is utterly gone, a large breach is apparent in one of the walls, the roof is a thing of the past, and we find the ground-floor now utilised as the quarters of a battalion of Brazilian soldiers. Some one of us suggests the fine effect that a fire would produce, and in a trice, the natives, with the aid of the soldiers, carry the idea into execution. Lit up by the ruddy flames, the noble pillars and exquisite tracery of the walls stand out in strong relief; while around us the laughing girls dance and clap their hands with all the innocent abandon of childhood.

They laugh at everything. One of our number, in coming

out, tripped over the pavement, which, where it exists, is more uneven, if such could be, than that of New York, and measured his length on the dusty ground. His downfall was greeted with uproarious mirth, no one seeming to imagine that he could be hurt.

The railway-station is also a fine building, which has never been finished; the naked iron girders of the roof making a trellis-work against the clear sky, which the evening shadows are now deepening to an indigo blue. Here are carriages in the last stages of decrepitude, without cushions on the seats, or glass in the shaky sashes, which for years have not been renewed and scarcely repaired. The station consists of two long, covered sheds, with a partition between, and its frontage, facing the plaza where the market is held, is devoted to the purposes of a restaurant, billiard-room and ballroom, over which are rooms for the officials.

Seating ourselves at one of the tables here, we soon have a substantial dinner before us—First, vegetable soup with boiled beef, mandioca—a white root like a carrot in shape, and not unlike the potato in flavor—sweet potatoes, beans, and peanuts; then came ribs of beef grilled over a wood fire, sardines, cream cheese, corn-cakes, *chipa*—a bread made from mandioca flour and cheese; excellent when hot, but tough as leather when cold—and another kind of bread composed of flour and aniseed; then followed dessert—poundcake, oranges, limes, figs, peaches, grapes, melons, pomegranates, cactus-fruit, and a legion of others. Nuts and raisins are also imported here by foreigners, who barter luxuries for tobacco and *yerba*, or native tea.

We have no difficulty in securing sleeping places, for invitations are tendered us in scores, and presently we find ourselves, with glowing cigars, reclining in cool, white hammocks, which are wide enough to admit of our lying across them, and in which we peacefully pass the night.

In the early morning we start out to view the market, then at its busiest, before the risen sun renders the heat unbearable. We stroll through the wide *plaza*, treading on the sensitive plant, which trails luxuriantly all around, and thread our way amid heaps of tropical fruit and vegetables, and other merchandise. The women, in their scanty white costumes, tend their stalls; some shading their sugar-cakes and cream-cheese (eaten together by the natives) with awnings of calico supported on bamboos, others calling out their wares—bread, candles, rice, live chickens, sugar-canes, *yerba*, uncobbed corn, raw-hide bags full of maize, and other edibles and articles too numerous to mention. All Asuncion is out marketing, and the scenei s novel and animated. Slaves follow their mistresses, who are nothing loath to flirt with "the strangers," and buyers and sellers laugh and wrangle over their bargaining.

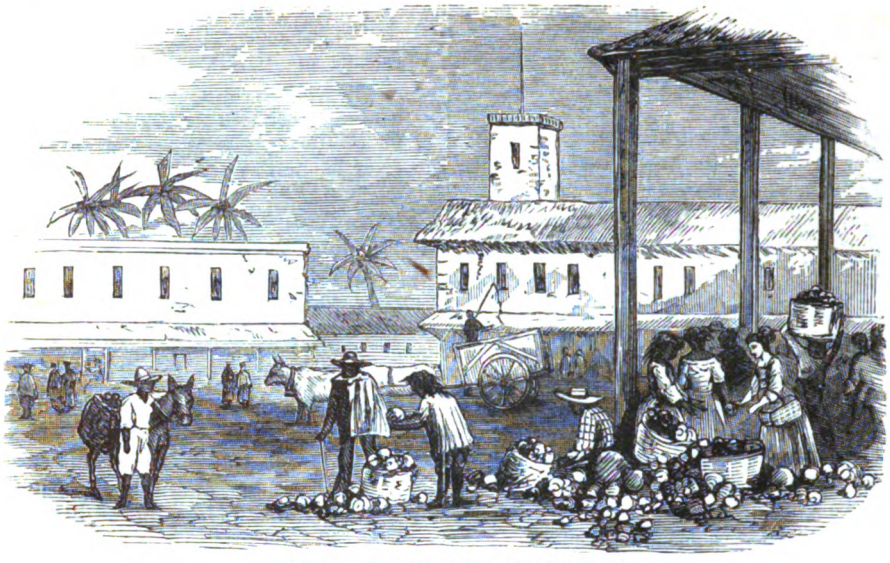
We are presently accosted by a bevy of girls escorted by two gentlemen, one of whom we discover to be Colonel Thompson, renowned as leader of the Paraguayan forces in the war, and the other Mr. Horrocks, the director of the tramway leading from the market to the landing-place where we had disembarked. Our conversation turning naturally on Lopez and his doings, we learn from the former gentleman how the Dictator had ruined the country; not merely depleting its treasury, but imprisoning and murdering such of the adult males as did not die of starvation or in battle, and compelling mere boys to carry arms.

As we walk along, we also get a running description of the most notable points and incidents in connection with the war—of Camparti, where the encounter between ironclads took place; of Paso Laguno (the Pass of the Lakes); of the fighting in and around the church at Palmes, which the Paraguayans held till the roof and portions of the walls caved in on them—its wooden cross now marking the spot where the last survivors perished; of Angostura, where the last boat was captured by the Brazilians; of Tagi, a fort higher up, which held out till starvation effected what the allied forces failed to accomplish; and lastly, of Humaita, where the final scene of the tragedy was enacted, Lopez being killed in the river as he was striving to escape on horseback.

The simplicity of the Paraguayans is thoroughly and astonishingly exemplified by their conduct during this struggle. They suffered themselves to be led by the nose by a diabolical monster, who was merely seeking his own selfish ends. This last-named town now boasts only one or two houses in good condition, the rest being ruins. The round tower, part of the church, and the earthworks, still remain to bear witness to the severe bombardment they sustained; while on the opposite side of the river lies Gran Chaco, where the Brazilian forces encamped, keeping strict watch on their prey, and, from beneath the lofty palms, dealing out destruction and death from their belching cannon.

As Colonel Thompson was concluding his interesting relation a *Tormento* (rainy tornado) coming suddenly up, forced us to seek shelter in the barracks which occupy one side of the *plaza*. The sky is overcast by heavy clouds, which are, however, brilliantly blue; violent gusts of wind whirl the sand high in air, lightning flashes, thunder peals, and the rain descends in torrents. A foaming stream hurries down the streets, carrying all before it, and dashes in cascades over the buttresses built here and there so as to prevent the sand from being entirely washed away. The women leave their wares to take care of themselves, the shops facing two sides of the open square are thronged with people, as are the long esplanade under the pillars of the railway station, and the barracks where we have taken refuge. The fruit-sellers make themselves quite at home with the soldiers, the regulations not prohibiting feminine ministrations. Indeed, the women (who do most of the work in Paraguay) help in the barracks, and, when regiments are on the march, carry the provisions on their heads. The storm ceases as unexpectedly as it began, and in half an hour the street is comparatively dry; deep channels and gullies, however, having been left by the impetuous torrent. A portion of the car-track has been washed away, and Mr. Horrocks is called to superintend repairs, our party following to inspect the operations. Cross-girders of wood are simply laid on the sand, to which the iron rails are bolted; some Americans from the arsenal are told off, and shovel sand into the various holes, so that in a very brief time the damage is fully repaired.

From this point we start down the car-track to the covered market, where the meat, freshly killed every day in Trinidad, and transported thence by rail, is cut up and sold. Standing around, outside, are women offering for sale sacks of charcoal, which is made by burners in the woods, and sent down the river by boats. This fact enabled us to account for the fires which we had often noticed at night, as we ascended. Further on is the Custom House, another small roofed market, and the wooden tramway station; facing us is the river, on the sandy bank of which the large iron framework and steam-boilers of a ship are falling and rusting to decay; and to the left are the stone quay and depot where bales and baggage are piled in heaps. Jumping over pools and skillfully avoiding breaking our necks over stones, we wade through a swamp to the marine arsenal, a red brick building, roofed only by girders, within the walls of which rank grasses, flowering shrubs and water-melons grow in profusion. Circular saws, pulleys, engines corn-mills, steam and hydraulic pumps, huge bars of steel, and all sorts



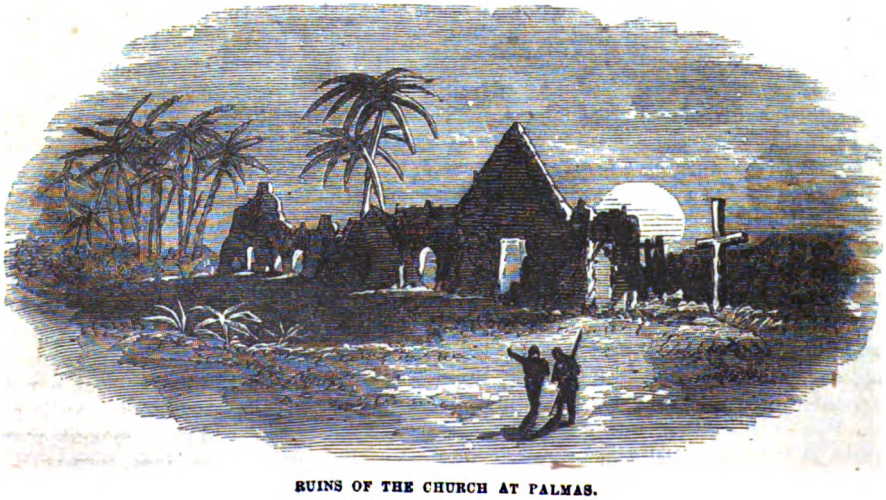
PARAGUAY.—MARKET-PLACE AT CORRIENTES

of fine machinery, lying just as they were unshipped years ago, compose a strange and significant *mélange*. Taking the cars which run along the upper street, instead of returning by the lower and parallel one which borders the water, we cross from the railway station to the other arsenal, where the American workmen are employed by the Government in mending disabled engines with portions of old ones no longer fit for use, or melting metal in a small blast furnace.

It is but a step from this workshop to the old cathedral, which stands on an eminence overlooking the river. In front of this venerable and noble structure is an open space, with an obelisk in the centre; and on one side, with its back to the water, is the Government House, a substantial two-story building, erected on strong arches. Facing the cathedral are the marine, fiscal and war offices of the Government, and on the opposite side of the street, forming one side of a square, stands the former residence of the notorious Madame Lynch—a handsome, frescoed mansion. Hard by, a magnificent shell, consisting merely of walls and stuccoed pillars, intended to be a theatre, rises into the air; and near it the new cathedral, yet unfinished, its lofty dome still girdled by rotten scaffolding. Along the two main streets, and on the cross-streets intersecting them, we find ruins of fine dwellings; and by the side of these once noble residences, small shanties have been erected, where the aforetime wealthy residents now abide in poverty.

A quarter of an hour's walk from any part of the town obliterates all traces of civilization, and we find ourselves in a wild, wooded country. Saucy jays scream at us from the bushes for invading their domain; green parrots sedately pick the pips out of the luscious fruit; flocks of black parrots chatter in the scrub; and at intervals a toucan crosses our path, his great beak, which gleams in the sun, looking as though he had impaled a melon and were flying off with it. Frogs abound in myriads, and keep up a continuous concert. Some emit sounds resembling the hammering on elfin anvils, others seem to mimic the hoot of an owl, others squeak, and above all the hoarse basso of the bullfrog asserts itself. We gather the beautiful and varied flowers that bloom in prodigal profusion around us, to the apparent amazement of our guide—a native youth of tender years. He shows us his method of catching birds by means of an arrangement consisting of four leaden balls tied to the end of cords, the other extremities of which are fastened together. Holding this by one ball, he

MOUTH OF THE TEBIQUARI.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT PALMAS.

swings it round his head, and, flinging it at his game, entangles it in the meshes, and so catches it. Our efforts to use this novel lasso result in lamentable failure, as we do not get within a dozen feet of the object aimed at.

CHACO OPPOSITE HUMAITA.

At various stages of our ramble we come upon little mounds of stones surmounted by crosses and embowered in trees, large shells surrounding their bases and garlands of flowers crowning them. One has a lighted candle in front of it, and on inquiry we learn, what we had already divined, that these simple structures are graves.

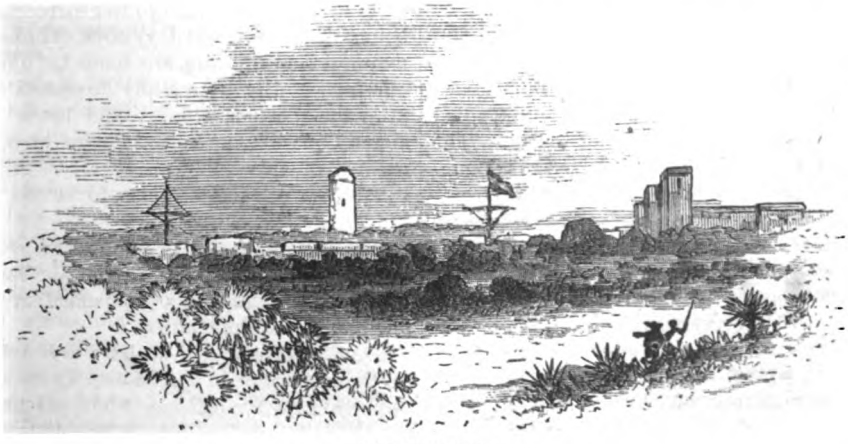
A PARAGUAY GIRL BRINGING HOME ORANGES.

In this region, where nature is so bountiful of her largess, the wants of the inhabitants are few and easily gratified. All the tillage that the productive ground requires is the removal of the weeds with a hoe, after which the various roots are planted, and at once commence growing. So fecund is the soil, that if the tall grass be burnt down, a week will see it as green and luxuriant as ever.

The roadways through these almost illimitable forests are merely indicated by two narrow wheel-tracks, made by the bullock-wagons, which carry goods in all directions to the scattered houses and *ventas* (stores) of the inhabitants, and return to Asuncion with tobacco and *yerba* (wild tea). The projecting boughs are shoved aside or bent down by the wagons, and spring back with somewhat dangerous elasticity. If one deviate from those tracks, he is very liable to lose his way, as we discover when, after passing a night among the Pampas grass, we find in the morning that we are within a few yards of the road. After this, when we desired to make excursions after game, we always employed as guide a native who was familiar with the surrounding country.

A PARAGUAY GIRL KILLING A SNAKE.

After some days spent in exploring the circumjacent forests, we take the train from Asuncion to Trinidad, where is situated the favorite villa of Lopez and Madame Lynch; a beautiful place, now falling to decay, surrounded by charming gardens, whose roses, oleanders and stephanotis scent the air. Scattered around are shanties where the poorer inhabitants dwell. The children show us how they procure water by digging holes in the loose and partially sandy soil, from which the water which springs out is ladled out into jars by means of dried gourds. Round the edge of these primitive wells a peculiar kind of water-lily



VIEW OF HUMAITA.

grows, which is supposed to keep the water free from impurities.

The chief feature of Trinidad is the *corral*, or abattoir, where the butchering is done. The victim is lassoed, fastened to a post, and then stabbed to the heart with a long, cross-handled knife resembling a two-edged sword. As a matter of course, the animal drops dead immediately, and after the blood has escaped it, it is skinned, cut up and sent to Asuncion by night train. The skins are stretched a few inches above the ground by means of wooden pegs, and left to dry. Some are cut round and round into long, spiral strips, two or three of which, when twisted together and denuded of hair, form a lasso. Over and around the corral hover the carrion crows which devour the offal, and are, in fact, the scavengers of the country.

Having remained one day here, we start by train for Paraquari, a town at the terminus of the line, about forty leagues distant. There are numerous stations along the route, many of them perfectly isolated, with not another dwelling to be seen for miles. Nevertheless, on the platforms we find numbers of girls, some fruit-sellers, others having little deer, hares and young tiger-cats, the latter of which are very pretty, with their gray stripes and blue eyes; but we had rather be excused from rearing such treacherous pets. These girls crowd into the carriages, by courtesy so-called, for they are no better than trucks. Luggage, pigs, fowl, fruit, vegetables, tobacco—all accompany their various owners, who do not believe in letting their chattels out of sight, and the engrossing occupation of the traveler is to keep the sparks and pieces of burning charcoal, which are blown in showers from the engine, from setting fire to his effects. Wood fuel is stacked up at various points along the line, and all hands help to load up. If water runs out, a stoppage is, of course, inevitable, and a detachment takes the raw-hide buckets and sets out to look for an adjacent pool from which to replenish the boiler.

Frequent delays of this sort permit night to overtake us, so we ensconce ourselves in the only covered carriage there is, and watch the brilliant showers of sparks which pass like fiery comets on either side. Native candles are produced looking like elongated cones with broad bases and twisted wicks. They are placed in corners on the floor, so as to avoid the numerous currents of air which traverse our rickety shelter, and we squat around, eat oranges, smoke cigars, which the sweet damsels roll for us in the manner formerly described, and with laughter and conversation pass the time as gayly as we can.

Every now and then the candles are extinguished, and have to be relit, or a scream announces that a stray spark has burnt through the light robe of some fair native, and touched her dainty skin; which necessitates a vigorous shaking and disarrangement of the victim's garments.

Early in the morning we arrive at our destination, and ascend the hill leading to the town. The church, which is in an open space on one side of the square, is illuminated at all prominent points by cups made of orange peel, filled with palm oil in which are floating wicks of cotton. The other three sides of the square are occupied by the customary one-story houses, with esplanades and pillars in front. Next the church is the former college of the Jesuit fathers, now occupied by soldiers—the men of this republic being all in the army, and continuously occupied, either in encouraging or quelling rebellions. The work, as a matter of course, devolves upon the "weaker sex."

At one side, forming a sort of wing in the open ground on the brow of the hill, a row of buildings juts out. These belong to the daughter of Lopez, and here she dwells. We call, are introduced to her, and join in the dance which is going on in her dwelling. She is popular among the inhabitants for her amiability no less than her loveliness—which is quite remarkable, even amid her beautiful and finely-formed countrywomen; and she is extraordinarily accomplished and well-read, considering the out-of-the-way place where she resides.

The day had been extremely hot, and a storm, which had been gradually gathering, now bursts upon us. Peal after peal of thunder resounds, and lightning shoots through the sky. Around the flag-staff in the centre of the plaza a circle of light, like a brilliant aureola, plays for an instant, then, with a thunder crash, the pole, with its beautiful decorations of fresh flowers, falls amid the palms, which now appear brown and shriveled in the intermittent, lurid glare. The rain penetrates the roof of our quarters, and we have a lively time moving our beds—hides stretched on planks—from place to place, so as to avoid the deluge. At length we fall asleep, the terrific heat admitting of no covering, only to be awakened, however, by feeling and hearing something scurrying about, around and over us.

Lighting a candle, we discover the intruders to be swarms of rats, who seem not in the least afraid of us. Stopping up all the holes by which they have obtained entrance, with the exception of one, we bide our time in darkness. Presently we are convinced that a large host is entrapped, so, closing up the remaining hole, we commence the *battue*. The rats climb up door-posts and windows, scattering in all directions as we assail them with sticks, and loud is the laughter and shouting with which we carry on the massacre.

Suddenly the door opens with a swing, and there, to our astonishment and horror, stand about twenty women, who have come to see what is the matter, and who hail us with shouts of laughter as we stand abashed in unadorned beauty. We quickly roll ourselves in our blankets, point to the dead rats in explanation of the commotion, and light our cigars, so as to appear unconcerned. After enduring their merriment and chaff for some time, we again fall asleep, and, in the morning find that our nocturnal visitors have gnawed almost every vestige of tallow from our candles.

After a simple breakfast of Indian corn, cooked in milk, we inspect the wagon which we have hired to carry our baggage into the interior. The axle, made from the trunk of the wild orange-tree, is lashed to the body with strips of hide, the same material being used to fasten the horns of the oxen to the yoke; the sides are composed of pampas grass, and the top of hides. While our belongings are being packed in this vehicle, we set out to make the ascent of the mountain opposite the railway station. The path is crowded with natives, dressed in their best garb, and plentifully decked with native lace and ornaments, who are making their annual pilgrimage to the shrine near the summit, this being the *fiesta* (feast day) of St. Thomas, after whom both mountain and shrine are named. The people make their offerings at the beautifully decorated altar, while we admire the glorious scenery and listen to apocryphal tales about Lopez having buried his treasures in some of the deep fissures of this bold promontory. Although many have sought, no one has yet been fortunate enough to find, the hidden wealth.

We descend the hill again, take a *siesta* during the hot, midday hours, and then, as the air begins to grow cooler, mount our mules, and accompanied by our wagon, start on our trip across the country.

From this time forth we have to rough it, and sleep either on the ground or in the wagon. Frequent lagoons afford us opportunities for bathing, which we usually embrace about the time the sun is setting in purple mists. The wife of our wagoner, who accompanies us, is a smart and deft little

woman, and cooks for us with wonderful success. Dried meat with corn and mandioca boiled together, forms our staple dish; then we have cakes made of farina and water, and baked on the fire in a flat earthen pan, which look like thin, underdone pancakes; and, finally, we top off with oranges and *caña*—the native rum—necessary as a specific against the *chu-chu*; a form of fever-and ague, which is the bane of the country.

Chains or ranges of hills vary the landscape, intersecting each other and dividing the *paysage* into tracts of various extent; and the streams and rain which descend from these convert the plains in Winter into vast swamps, covered with rank growths of grass and herbage, and bordered by impenetrable forests, where all sorts of game and wild animals abound; the rattlesnake, the leopard, and puma, or South American lion, being the most dangerous. The principal highlands are the Cordilleras, where *yerba*, the main product of Paraguay, grows best.

We catch up with a train of wagons carrying stores into the interior, and join company with them for a time. At midday, when the sun is at its hottest, we always halt, turn the cattle loose, and enjoy a rest under the grateful shade of the fragrant orange trees; and at night, after we have selected our camping-ground and satisfied the cravings of appetite, out come the guitars; and we wile away a few hours singing and dancing in the silvery moonlight. The individuals accompanying this train of wagons, are, for the most part, women; and, indeed, the fair sex predominates everywhere in Paraguay, some of the farm-houses we pass having no male inhabitant whatever. This is accounted for by the decimation which the war brought about. Sometimes we camp in the open air, sometimes lodge at a way-side house; at one time we fall in with wagons going our way, at another with trains returning with loads of tobacco and tea; so that, occasionally, our camp includes as many as fifty souls.

The diversified nature of the country affords us varied sensations, and entails numerous vicissitudes. We ascend hills through dense woods, and anon make our way down channels furrowed by the surcharged streams. On one occasion our wagon sticks up to the axle in a mud-hole, and has to be dug out; on another, the oxen run us against a tree-stump just as we are close to a steep declivity, and over the wagon goes into a pool of water; all the baggage and provisions having to be diligently fished for. The only place utterly destitute of any redeeming trait, and wholly unproductive of fun, is the lagoon of Ibiqui. All day we tramp through water, not a single oasis, even, affording us space whereon to enjoy our midday repose. Finally we are forced to fasten our mules to the wagon and get inside ourselves, where, seated on boxes of candles and other goods, we listen to the splash of the water and the harsh "scrooping" of the wheels, which can be heard for miles in the clear air.

Our next stopping-place is Ibitimi, a small town, where we take part in various festivities and solemnities. The proprietor of a new *fonda* (store) is celebrating his opening by a dance, and firing off pistols in the air; while a host of small boys let off crackers—a necessary element on all gala-days.

The communion of the dying, which we witnessed during our sojourn here, is an impressive ceremony. The priest sets out for the house where his services are desired, dressed in a rich cope of white and gold, and carrying in his hand the Host, which is reverently vailed under a covering of lace-work. Over it a woman, richly dressed in trinkets and lace, holds a blue silk umbrella; another bears in front the silver crucifix. Two boys swing smoking censers, one rings a bell, and others surround the priest, carrying lighted candles. If the day be wet, children attend the procession and lay down boards over the muddy places.

Every dwelling boasts a special shrine, which, on the day of its patron saint, is decked with gold-tinsel and lace, and carried to the church to be blessed. It is then borne around, friends and neighbors swelling the procession, till it finally arrives at home again, where, after prayers and congratulations, the evening is spent in feasting, and wound up with the inevitable dance. Although *caña* is largely imbibed on these festive occasions, it is worthy of remark that inebriation is almost entirely unknown.

A short distance from Ibitimi is the ford of the river Tibiquari, which, although of considerable width, is only knee-deep; and not far off, on the face of a hill, stands the small town of Itape. It has a wooden watch-tower, a church, and an open square flanked on every side by houses.

From Itape the road runs to Villa Rica, about five leagues away. It is one of the most beautiful inland towns of Paraguay, set upon the summit of a verdant, sloping hill at the foot of the Cordilleras, and forms the centre of the territory and the *yerba* district. The white houses, built, as usual, in squares, stand out against the background of lofty mountains, which are enveloped in blue mists; and the scene enchants us, as we first catch sight of it from the brow of the adjacent hill, over which the narrow road, which is bordered by overhanging trees, leads. The town is diffusely built, and occupies a considerable area. The traffic does not seem to be great, as most of the streets which cross the main thoroughfare at right angles are overgrown with short grass, while fine palms and orange trees luxuriate on every hand. There is a very fine old gateway here, leading to a graveyard—which, however, the natives do not use, preferring to bury their dead—

"Deep in some lone wood's half-luminous density."

We visit the *maté* district (*maté* being the other name for *yerba*), and see the herb picked by the women and brought home on their heads. Then it is dried, packed tightly in large bags made of hide, which are sewed up with thongs, and resemble such pincushions as Gulliver might have seen used at Brobdingnag.

The natives here have a curious way of manufacturing pots and pans. The clay is kneaded like dough, then worked into long, tenacious strips, which are wound round and round into the required shape, the successive coils overlapping each other, and set to dry in the sun. After this, with the bean of a certain indigenous creeper and water, they polish the outside, and, piling a number of utensils together, cover them with cedar wood, which is set fire to, so as to bake and glaze the primitive crockery. It is a porous ware of a reddish color, with black spots, and makes capital water-coolers. The older women and children carry on this manufacture, many of them going from house to house as their services are in demand. We furthermore discover a factory here where cigars are made by women, the small ones rolled from the young tobacco-leaves being the sweetest and choicest. The men make the boxes from cedar-wood felled in the adjacent forests, and cut into thin slabs by a circular saw worked by mules. These cigars are nearly all exported to Asuncion, where they are used. The children readily accompany us to the best orange-trees, and climbing up, shake down showers of golden fruit, with which they fill baskets made of pampas grass, to be carried home on their heads.

The little, isolated country houses which we find are surrounded by patches of maize, mandioca, sugar-cane, tobacco, etc., and are very simply constructed. Upright poles driven into the ground, and united by means of

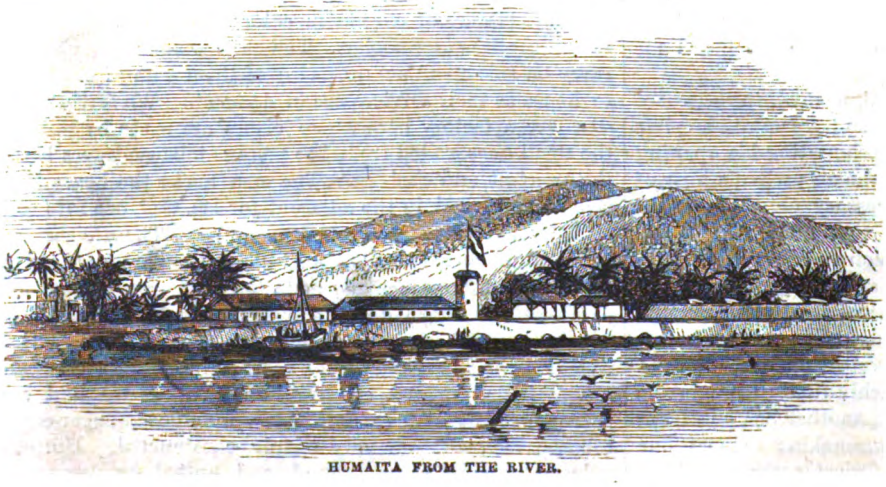
PARAGUAY.— CERITO.

cross-sticks tied with the twisted bark of a tree called *waska* form the framework; the cross-trees of the roof are supported on straight palm-trunks, wooden pegs securing them; the walls are plastered with mud and kalsomined white, and the roof is thatched with *capi*—a long grass, having a stem like wheat. The doors are composed of pampas-grass mats, and the windows are simply holes, with one or two perpendicular wooden bars. In the towns, the best houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and possess wooden doors and shutters.

In roaming through the woods it is necessary to cut one's way amid the network of creepers and undergrowth, by means of long knives with broad ends, which are also serviceable for killing the snakes which abound. Gray and green lizards, varying in size from two feet to six inches, cross our path, as do armadillos—the shell-clad ant-eaters—both of which we find very succulent eating. Fat prairie-chickens, brown-plumaged plovers, cranes and snipe haunt the lagoons in coveys, and the river-banks furnish wild duck, teal and gay kingfishers in flocks. Parrots may not sound inviting as game to the uninitiated, but we find them capital when made into stews, with chopped onions and suet or flour dumplings. The boys catch numbers of them every night with their *bolas* (before described) when they flock into the orange groves to feed at dawn and sundown. The rivers yield the *pishcon*—a species of golden carp, sometimes weighing forty pounds, which can easily be caught with hook and line, and a sort of catfish, without scales, which has long feelers or bristles on the head, and a venomous spike on the back, and is rather hard to kill, as it frequents the muddy depths.

The insect creation would delight an entomologist. Beetles of all hues, gold and green, ruby and blue, bronze and yellow; and large butterflies of all shades, the loveliest being a bright, metallic blue, boom and flutter in the sunlight; while countless varieties of creeping things, including that rather vicious individual, the scorpion, to whom we give a wide berth or a *coup-de-grace*, beset us on every side. We collect the nucleus of quite a respectable museum in the shape of these insects, the skins of birds and snakes, and other curious articles; but on our return to Asuncion we find that a swarm of ants have located themselves among our treasures, and left not a single one worth carrying further. We make many futile endeavors to bag leopards and pumas, but, although we track them, we cannot

CURUPAITI.



HUMAITA FROM THE RIVER.

PARAGUAYAN WOMEN GOING FOR WATER.

get near enough to fire, the impenetrable brushwood barring our progress, and the absence of trained dogs telling against us; so we are reluctantly forced to leave them intact in their forest fastnesses.

The writer, in one of these hunting expeditions, climbed up a tree to get a bird which had been shot and entangled in the branches, but an untrustworthy bough gave way, and he found himself comfortably landed in a prickly cactus, the spines of which enter his body at all points. Amid groans and execrations both loud and deep he is extricated, and has the spines removed by the amused natives.

On another occasion he and his companions got into a veritable hornet's nest, were forced to take refuge in precipitate flight, and had the venom sucked from their faces and hands by their obliging attendants. The worst torments, however, are small insects, invisible to the naked eye, that get into the feet, raising lumps that swell in a single day to the size of a white currant, and causing lameness and excessive suffering. Before retiring, one is forced to inspect his extremities, remove these pests with a needle, and put cigar ashes—a sure specific—on the wound. The *bicho coloro*, another small insect, gets under the skin, and can only be killed by the application—external, I regret to say—of *caña;* while the large ants, whose dwelling-places—mounds raised often as high as six feet—afforded us points of observation when the grass was very tall, sting most viciously.

At night it is necessary to do one's smoking in the moonlight, as the myriads of insects which collect round the light not merely extinguish it, but "scoot" around in all directions, over cards, into coffee, and even into one's very mouth. All night long a continuous hum is kept up, and the trees and shrubs around our quarters sparkle and glow with innumerable fireflies. In the early morning we see guinea-pigs disporting themselves around, a gray fox peering furtively from behind a clump of shrubs, or small lizards basking on stones in the rising sun. Over beds of red, purple and white verbenas, exquisite little humming-birds flit, like varying and animated prisms; and from every bush and brake some novel bird or object calls our renewed attention.

We start on our return journey to Asuncion by another track leading across country. There are no towns to attract us to their walls; the grandeur and loneliness of the primeval forest is undisturbed and unbroken, save by an occasional dwelling, whose inhabitants subsist entirely on the produce of their tillage and the wild fruits around.

Some of the fowls which we have purchased on our route make their escape, and we set fire to the dry grass in order to raise them, so that we may shoot them. The result is that for two days and nights the flame runs along and blazes all around, varying with the shifting currents of air. The natives often do this themselves, in order to allow the cattle to enjoy the young shoots which immediately spring up; and the clearing thus temporarily effected renders it more easy, after a midday or other halt, to catch the oxen which have been turned loose, and which, when more than one party is in camp, may be conveniently exchanged for worse animals by those who are not too scrupulous in distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*. Oxen, however, are plentiful, and if one won't work, or becomes useless, his owner simply kills him, cuts him up, and, hanging the strips of meat to the wagon, converts him into *carne seco* (dried beef).

As our journey back lasted more than six weeks, and we had to cross some sterile regions, we found this meat very serviceable; being at one time reduced for some days to meat-cakes, oranges, and *caña*. Meal we find at every farmhouse. It is made of Indian corn, dried and pounded with iron-wood pestles in wooden mortars formed from the stumps of trees hollowed out. The same process converts mandioca into flour, the root being first boiled and passed through a fine sieve made of cane. Some of this mandioca flour is bleached in the sun and used as starch.

On arriving at Asuncion we are greeted by the friends we made on our first arrival, and find that, in our absence, a soap factory has been erected. The manufacturers use a lye made from charcoal and bullock's fat, so that the soap is crude, soft, and dark brown in color.

We make a round of visits, drink numerous healths and good wishes in *maté* and *caña*, for both of which beverages we have acquired a considerable liking, and bid farewell to our good friends, the Paraguayans, who load us with gifts, fruit, and tobacco. As the flat-bottomed steamer carries us away from the simple-hearted people, and the charming scenes among which we have spent such a pleasant time, we feel a little sad, for the sunlight and beauty of the country had entered our souls, and we had experienced a sort of Arcadian enjoyment—evanescent, unfortunately, among a race who are happy in spite of poverty. In years to come, Paraguay may regain some of its ancient prestige for wealth, of which the war deprived it; though this may not add to the content or peace of its inhabitants.

Our memories are, however, pleasant, and a little chain of gold links, forming a ring when on the finger, but becoming a perfect puzzle when taken off, reminds us occasionally of the days spent in Paraguay's untrodden woods.

PROUD MRS. BRANDLETH.

By the Author of "The Dingy House at Kensington," "The Bridge Between," Etc., Etc.

Chapter I.

SHE was a proud old woman. Many West Indians are endowed with more pride than is good for them, and she was an instance. Perhaps it was the blacks, or the climate, or living on an island where there was no aristocracy save that which was constituted by money. She was very rich, there was no doubt of that; and she had a very lovely daughter, there was also no doubt of that—a fair-haired girl, with large, dreamy eyes, and a fair skin, and lips that suggested a pout, yet broke into the most enchanting of smiles now and then—not very often, either; perhaps because the girl's life had been lonely, as an only child's often is, and perhaps because she was half afraid of her mother.

Her happiest days had been her school-days; she had been sent to England for her education, and when she returned to the narrow circle, and the stiff, uncompromising mother, who, since her husband's death, had managed the estate herself, and was absorbed in the produce of sugar and the politics of Government House, Alice felt lonely and weary enough.

Yet Mrs. Brandleth was very proud of her beautiful daughter, and waited serenely, convinced that the day would come when a wandering duke, or perhaps a stray prince sent over to improve his knowledge of the tropics, would fall in love with her, and insist upon laying his name, rank and fortune at her feet.

Having this conviction strong upon her, it *was* provoking

when, one fine day, Alice informed her, tremblingly enough, that she had engaged herself to Hugh Trevor, a young surgeon who was vainly trying to get a practice in the island—for the population was more inclined to trust its broken bones and epidemics into the hands of the older practitioners.

"If you dare to think of such a thing," she exclaimed, "I'll leave every penny away from you, and, what is more, I will let you starve rather than give you a shilling!" After which comfortable assurance, having no money and no prospects, the pair prudently got married on the sly, and trusted to "luck."

Luck betrayed the trust and never came near them, or only luck of the worst description did; so they realized all they had, and, after one unavailing appeal to Mrs. Brandleth, determined to leave the West Indies and seek for better fortune in England.

"I should so like to see my old friends again; yes, do let us go, Hugh, dear; besides, we can make a better fight with poverty there than here," Alice said, thinking wistfully of her school-days, and a little bitterly of the manner in which her tropical acquaintance had cut her since her marriage. So, with two hundred pounds in the world, they set out for England.

"It is no use trying in London," Hugh said; "we should only be lost in the crowd, and allowed to starve quietly. We'll go to some small seaside place, or country village, and set up, and hope for the best. Unless there is some one there before us, patients must come in time"—a reasonable supposition when one considers that, in the long run, disease and death are never inconstant long together anywhere.

"Let us go by the sea, then," pleaded Alice; so they went to Drayton-on-Sea, a small seaside place where fisher-folk abounded, and where there were hills around, with here and there houses scattered about, all inhabited by the probable patients of Hugh Trevor's future.

There was no surgeon at Drayton-on-Sea before Hugh Trevor went there; but a railway came soon after they settled there, and very soon after that a surgeon—an older man, with long experience—came and practiced, more for love than fees, for he was well off, and so the bright future the Trevors were seeking was still far away.

"Oh, Hugh, what shall we do?" poor Alice said, looking up with troubled eyes at her husband. Their second child was just born, and their last bank note just changed.

"Never mind, darling," he said, bravely, "better days will come yet."

"Shall I write to mamma?" she asked.

"No," he said; but she did, only to have her letter remain unanswered.

Chapter II.

The first and the most vivid memory of anything that little Frank Trevor ever had was the fishing-village of Drayton-on-Sea; of the grand hills guarding it, and the great gray sea bounding it. It always seemed to him as if there were two other worlds beside the one in which he lived, for every day—nay, two or three times a day—did not the train pass by Drayton-on-Sea, coming from some unknown land behind, and rush by to some unknown land beyond? He watched it come and go with a wondering, thoughtful face many a time, and speculated on all the strange things the whizzing engine had seen; but he was quite content when it had gone.

Then there was the sea. He and his little sister spent half their time down on the sandy beach, watching that great world of waves, with nothing beyond save the sky which lovingly touched it in the dim distance, and the white sails of the passing ships. Every morning, for many and many a long day, his mother came down to the beach with him and little May, and sat watching the tide coming in or going out.

"Mother," he often asked, "where is father?" But she always gave the same answer:

"He is on the sea, my child, attending to all the people that may be ill on a large ship in which he is, and he tries to make them well."

"And what are you saying to the sea, mother?" he asked one day.

She turned and answered him as if he had been a man rather than a child:

"I do not quite know, my darling. I am sending a prayer out with the tide, I think, to your father, to come back again. I always fancy that some of those great waves may travel far away till they touch his ship, and when the tide comes back that perhaps they will bring me an answer or some whispered message from him."

And so the months went by, and then suddenly some terrible news came, that made his mother wring her hands and rock to and fro in an agony of sorrow.

"Don't cry, mother," he said, climbing into her lap. "Come down to the shore and watch for father."

But she only sobbed the more, and cried:

"Oh, my child! my poor child! we shall never watch for him more. He is drowned, and gone for ever!"

"Did you see him?" he asked, childishly; "were you on the shore?"

"No, darling, he was far away—much further than we can see—and he was wrecked and is drowned, and lying in the great sea for ever," she wept.

Then he knew that there was a great sea-world beyond his sight, and that somewhere in it his father was lying dead; and so the child's face grew grave, and his eyes always seemed to be looking much further away than even the great hills themselves could see.

The fisher-folk, and the people scattered in the houses on the hills around, were very good to Alice in her sorrow, but they could not provide for her and her children; and when a letter came from her mother, kind enough now, begging her to come back to the West Indian island, they tried to persuade her to go. But she refused; she could not accept what had been denied to her husband, and, though money was inclosed, it was long before she could bring herself to spend a shilling of it. She preferred even the charity of the fisher-folk. So letter after letter came; but at last there was one she could not resist.

"Remember it is your own mother you are steeling your heart against," Mrs. Brandleth wrote, "and I feel for your sorrow as if it were my own, for your father died before you can even remember. I am getting old to travel alone, but I must go to you if you will not come to me."

Then she broke up the little home—the home in which, in spite of poverty, she had been very happy in days gone by, and in which her children had been born—and went to her mother. But she could not stay there; and so, after a few years, Mrs. Brandleth put the sugar plantations under the care of an agent, and once more Alice Trevor came to England, to live in a small country town.

Chapter III.

Ten years from the time when Alice left Drayton-on-Sea, and the sun shone no longer down on a little fishing village, but on a growing place of fashionable resort. The houses which dotted the hills were closer together, and at their feet there stretched terraces and streets, and on the

once lonely shore were the marks of many footsteps on the sand, and rows of boats for hire, and sailors hanging about seeking for idlers who would sail beneath the Summer sun, or listen to their yarns.

"A glorious day, ma'am," Tom Hardy said to an old lady who, feeble and tired, sat down on one of the few seats scattered about. "Ah! a glorious day, ma'am. Would the young lady like a sail? I've a neat little craft yonder."

"No, thank you," she answered, quietly. "May, dear, give me my knitting;" and the old woman and the young girl sat down, shaded from the fierce rays of the setting sun by the life-boat that was drawn up on the sand behind them.

"Is the paint wet?" the old lady asked.

"No, 'tain't wet, ma'am," the sailor said; "It's the one behind I've been touching up. We are proud of our life-boat, ma'am. It isn't long we've had her, you see. They say it was a Mr. Greathead who invented her, but it's great heart that gives it, I think. A lady gave that to Drayton-on-Sea, just a year ago this August. It's saved a good number of lives already, too."

There was no reply from the old lady, but the bright face of May Trevor looked up at him (for it was she and her grandmother, Mrs. Brandleth. They had come to see and stay a month at the place in which Alice's married life had been spent, and had left her now at the lodgings, too tired to come out; besides, the sea was always a dreary book with a terrible past history to her).

"Yes, miss," he went on, encouraged by the look, "I owe my life to a life-boat—not this one, but to a life-boat many a year ago—that is, nine this last Spring. We were took up by one, me and two others, just as we had given up all hope and were clinging to almost the last bit of spar left. She was the boat of an American that took us up, and belonged to a ship that was bound outward. There were only us three saved from the wreck, and one of us died."

"And did the other live?" May asked.

"Yes, miss, but he kept it secret. He was poor, you see, and his wife's mother had behaved badly, and let him and his wife and children almost starve, though she had plenty. So, when he'd made enough to come back, without a penny in his pocket, and came here and found that he was counted dead, and that his wife had gone to her mother with the little ones, he thought it no use to take them back to starve again, so he determined not to let her know he was alive till he'd money enough to keep them. So he went back to America. He wanted me to go with him, but I says 'No, sir, 'tisn't money I want, but just the seafaring life I've been used to, to make me happy.' However, he went, and he's made a lot of money; 'twas he sent me the money to get yonder little craft with, now that I felt inclined to settle down a bit; he wished me to come here because it is where he lived before he set sail."

PARAGUAYAN COSTUMES.

Mrs. Brandleth looked up at him with startled eyes, and lips that would scarcely move.

"Where is he now?" she asked, while the color died from May's face, and her hands nervously clasped themselves together.

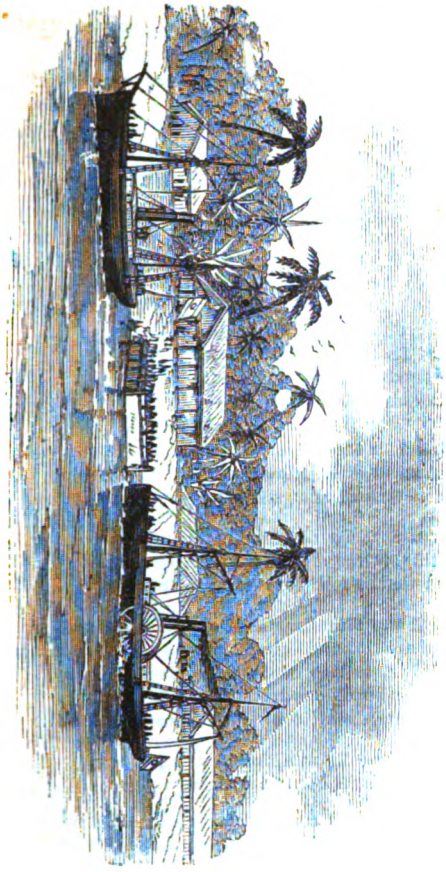
"He's gone to seek his wife and tell her he's not dead. She'd had her sorrow over mourning for him when he first got back, you see, so he never let her know. He'll be over there by to-morrow or next day, I expect."

Mrs. Brandleth rose, piteously clasping the sailor's hand.

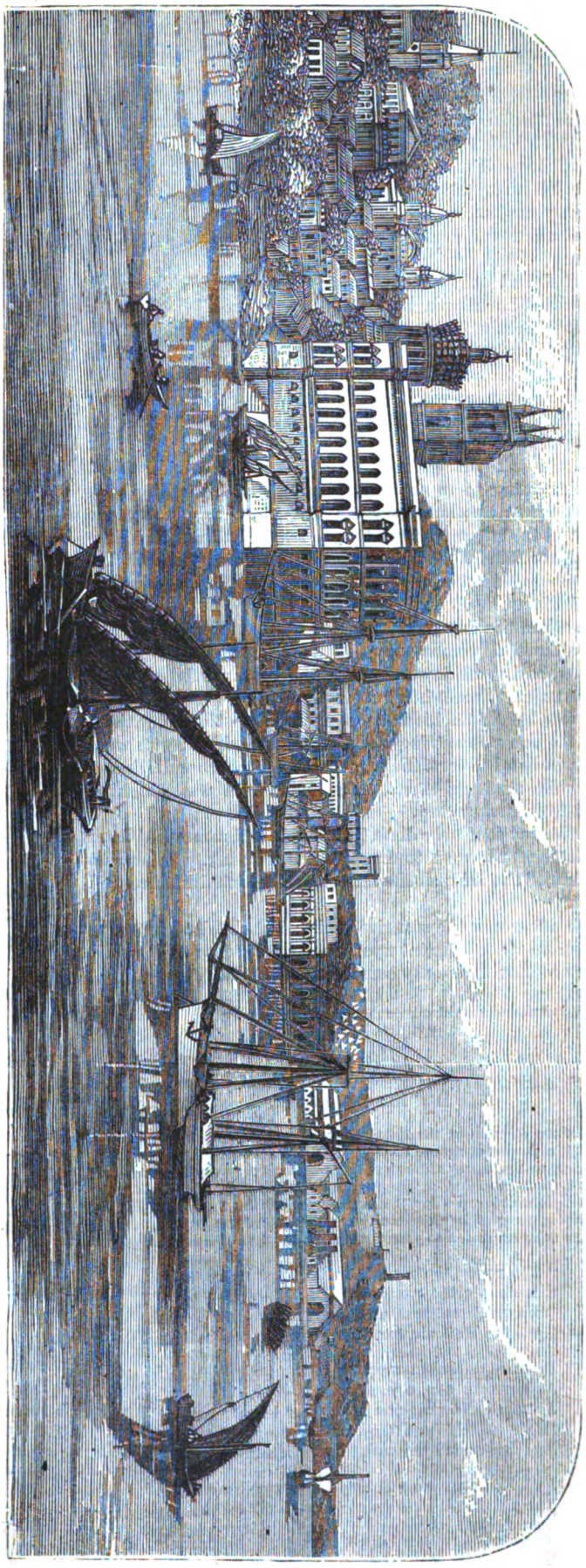
"Tell me his name," she said, feebly.

"Mr. Trevor, ma'am; he's a doctor——"

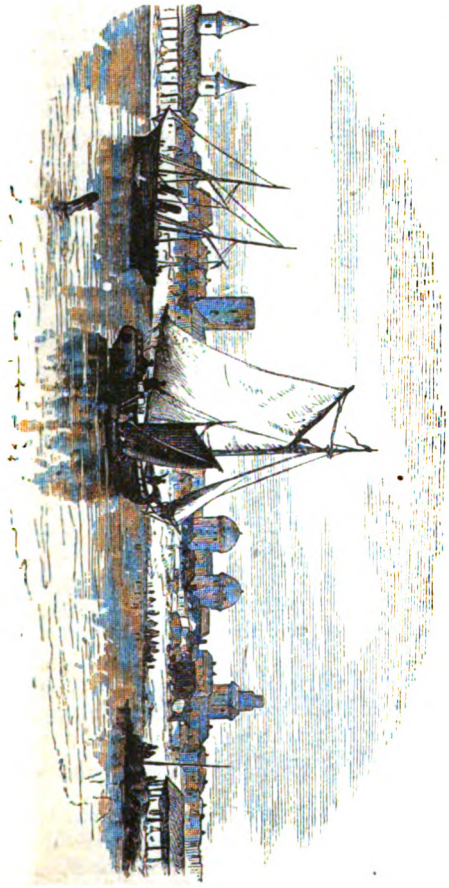
She heard no more, but sank fainting at May's feet.



PASO LAGUNA.



ASUNCION, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.



CORRIENTES, THE CITY OF THE SEVEN CURRENTS.

"I always felt that Alice laid his death at my door," she said, when she opened her eyes; "she'll forgive me now, and he will, too, for I've taken care of you both for him."

A telegram was sent off that afternoon to tell Hugh Trevor that he would find his wife and child where years before he had left them. And then they waited with an impatience and happiness that seemed almost too much to bear, till that happy day should come when the train, which years before had seemed to little Frank to come from some unknown world, should bring the lost one back again.

"If I had only known it all these years," Alice said. "It would have been better to have told me."

"It was my fault, dear," Mrs. Brandleth said. "He thought you would have refused my help, perhaps, if he lived, and he could not do much for you. Tom Hardy says he has been working all these years to endow you with his earnings at last." And thus the one unkind thought vanished.

"I think I will go and meet him," Alice had said at first, meaning to go to Southampton and bring him back to Drayton; but she gave up the idea long before she received the telegram from him to say he had reached England, for Mrs. Brandleth had broken down beneath the excitement and the long years of her busy life, and was ill and failing.

So when the day came at last, Alice left May—May who was almost a woman now—to take care of her grandmother, and went down through the Summer fields to the little station to meet her husband.

It was late when his train came in, almost evening time, and the sun was setting when the husband and wife went hand in hand toward the house where Mrs. Brandleth and May were awaiting them. Mrs. Brandleth was watching them from the window.

"The day is nearly done," she said, and a moment later she tottered forward to meet her son-in-law. "I am so thankful," she said, as she affectionately kissed his bronzed cheek.

She never saw the sun rise again; but she died knowing that when it looked next upon them she best loved, it would be to see that their only sorrow was that which her parting gave them.

AQUILEIA.

By Ella Wheeler.

"ON the election of the Roman Emperor Maximus by the Senate, A.D. 238, a powerful array, headed by the Thracian giant Maximin, laid siege to Aquileia. Though poorly prepared for war, the constancy of the citizens rendered her impregnable. *The women of Aquileia cut off their hair* to make ropes for the military engines! The small body of troops was directed by Crispinus, a lieutenant of the Senate. Apollo was the deity supposed to protect them."—*Gibbon's Roman History.*

"The ropes, the ropes! Apollo, send us ropes!"
Crispinus cried, "or death attends our hopes!"
Then panic reigned, and many a mournful sound
Hurt the cleft air, for where could ropes be found?

Up rose a Roman mother; tall was she
As her own son, a youth of noble height;
A little child was clinging to her knee;
She loosed his twining arms, and put him down,
And her dark eyes flashed with a sudden light.

And like a queen she stood, her royal crown,
The rich, dark masses of her splendid hair,
Just flecked with spots of sunshine here and there;
Twined round her brow, 'twas like a coronet,
Where gems of gold lie bedded deep in jet.

She loosed the comb that held the shining strands,
And threaded out the meshes with her hands;
The purple mass fell to her garment's hem.
A queen new clothed, without her diadem,
She stood before her subjects.
"Now!" she cried,
"Give me thy sword, Julanius." And her son
Unsheathed the blade (that had not left his side
Save when it sought a foeman's blood to shed),
Awed by her regal bearing, and obeyed.

With the white beauty of her firm, fair hand,
She clasped the hilt. Then severed, one by one
Her gold-flecked, purple tresses. Strand on strand
Fell e'en as foes had fallen by that blade.
Robbed of its massive wealth of curl and coil,
Yet like some antique model rose her head
In all its classic beauty.
"See," she said,
And pointed to the shining mound of hair,
"Apollo makes swift answer to thy prayer,
Crispinus. Quick! now, soldiers, to your toil!"

Forth from a thousand throats, what seem'd one voice
Rose shrilly, filling all the air with cheer.
"Lo!" quoth the foe, "our enemies rejoice."

Well might the Thracian Giant quake with fear,
For, while skill'd hands caught up the gleaming threads
And bound them into cords, a hundred heads
Yielded their beauteous tresses to the sword,
And cast them down to swell the precious hoard.

Nor was their noble sacrifice in vain;
Another day beheld the giant slain.

THE COLONY'S GODDAUGHTER.

Chapter I.

A STATELY mansion of old stone, partly overgrown with ivy and creepers, stood in the midst of spacious grounds, laid out in the English style, and ornamented with the luxuriant shrubbery of Virginia. The place was within a mile of Williamsburg, the colonial capital of the Old Dominion, when the country yet owed allegiance to the monarch of Great Britain.

In different parts of the grounds the servants were passing to and fro, and a light open carriage was coming down the avenue. The sable driver wore a modest livery, as did the footman behind; and all who lifted their caps to salute the gentleman seated in the carriage knew him for the governor's family physician. When the lodge-keeper came to open the gates, he asked the doctor, respectfully, how he had found the lady, his mistress.

The doctor answered cheerfully—said his medical attendance was over, bowed, and drove on through the gates. His report gave joy to a group of listeners; and from their talk one might easily have gathered that a child had lately been born to the governor, and that both child and mother were doing well.

Lord Dunmore, the Colonial Governor, had no lack of heirs to the honors of his house. Four beautiful sons had his wife presented to him, who were living and in robust health. One sickly child had died shortly after he came to reside in America.

In the years that passed, his boys had grown beyond childhood, and the two elder were in one of the English universities; the younger at school. None of them had been brought to the colony.

After the lapse of years, another little one had come to bless the house of her noble parents—a delicate flower, most fair and sweet, promising to engross the largest share of affection.

Her father was thinking of her as he sat in his library, wainscoted with dark oak, and lined with massive volumes and rare old paintings, while the dusk was slowly gathering, and the smoldering logs in the large fireplace began to send a ruddy glow into the richly-furnished room.

The door was softly opened as the man-servant brought in the tall silver candlesticks, and lighted the wax candles in them. Then Lord Dunmore rose, closed the book over which he had been leaning, went into the hall, and up the broad staircase of polished oak, uncarpeted, and bright as a mirror.

Passing through two anterooms, he entered a chamber luxuriously appointed—the furniture of dark, carven oak; the carpet soft as velvet; the curtains of crimson damask, lined with white satin; the lofty bedstead curtained with drapery to match, but lighter; and a table, rich with marqueterie, covered with costly appliances of the toilet.

In an easy chair, supported by pillows of snowy linen, reclined Lady Dunmore, pale as a lily, but lovely in her pallor and delicacy. She looked up and smiled as her husband drew near.

Lord Dunmore was of ripe middle age; a handsome man, with heavy features, and a swarthy complexion, lighted by a pair of piercing dark eyes, under bushy black eyebrows. His hair was worn long, in the fashion of the period; his dress was scrupulously plain.

He took his wife's hand, and, bending over her, touched her brow with his lips. Then they conversed in low tones.

Presently the mother turned, and called, "Alice," and a young white woman, very English in aspect, came forward from the corner, where she had been shrouded by the drapery that served as a door to an adjoining room. She carried the infant in her arms.

There she lay, the small, pink wonder, her tiny head covered with a cap of costly lace, her snowy dress profusely decorated with the same—fair, innocent, unconscious; her blue eyes unclosed to the light, her little fist, like a rolled-up rose-leaf, vainly essaying to reach her mouth.

How like to the child of a peasant, this daughter of an ancient line? and how like an honest pair of the yeoman order, the parents who gazed so fondly on their treasure; touching her dimpled cheek and arms tenderly, and cooing at her in the approved style of fathers and mothers all over the world.

"We must have her christened," said the lady, when they had sufficiently praised the little creature. "I have chosen her name," she went on.

"Not yet. We must wait," said the father, significantly.

"Why wait? I am strong now. I would rather have it over. She shall have your mother's name, my lord."

"No—Adelaide——"

Even as he spoke there was a vigorous pull at the house-bell, which rang loudly in response, and, presently, the great door was opened and shut. Visitors had come.

The porter summoned the maid, who came noiselessly into Lady Dunmore's apartment, and announced the names of several gentlemen who waited in the library to see the governor.

He descended to the library. Four gentlemen came forward to meet him, and one of them, in a set speech, declared himself and his companions a delegation from the Assembly. Their errand was to announce the joint resolution concluded that day: that the Assembly entreated the governor's permission to claim his infant daughter as the goddaughter of the colony. They would give her the Colony's name—Virginia; they would provide for her a fortune suitable to the responsibility assumed in the name of the State and to her exalted rank. A resolution had been already passed appropriating a sum of money which should be allowed to accumulate during the girl's minority, and settle on her upon the girl's coming of age. By that time the fortune would amount to £100,000.

Lord Dunmore listened to the respectful address setting forth the wishes and sympathies of his people, as represented in their legislative Assembly. He promised to send an early answer to the kind and flattering proposition of that body. He tendered his own thanks and those of Lady Dunmore, who, he said, would be gratified by the expression of good feeling, unprecedented in any country or any age.

He then rang the bell and ordered refreshments set out in the dining-room, to which the delegation did full justice before they took their departure.

Then his lordship conveyed to Lady Dunmore the message of the Assembly, and there was no further talk of giving the babe his mother's name.

Chapter II.

It was an august scene—that solemn christening of the little maiden adopted by the colony. The old church was decorated with evergreens and flowers as for a bridal occasion. The chancel was brilliant with floral offerings, and in the centre of an arch of green appeared the crest and device of Lord Dunmore, mounted by the arms of Virginia, wrought on white satin in blue and gold.

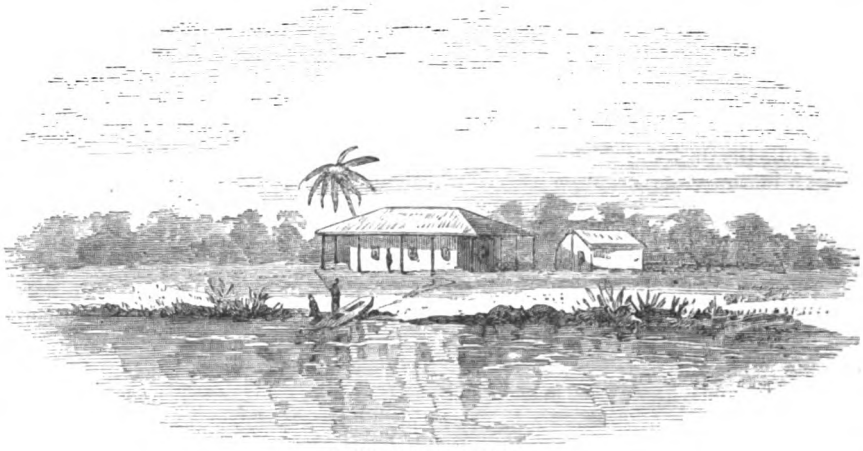
The Assembly had adjourned in honor of the occasion, and the gentry of the country for many miles around were seen, with their legislators, among the crowded assemblage. The space around the church was filled with carriages of the gorgeous fashion of that day, attended by a throng of slaves dressed in liveries, and anxious to maintain the dignity of their masters by their own deportment.

The procession that escorted the governor and his family was a splendid one, composed of the highest of the aristocracy of the land. The dress of the gentlemen of that time was such as to indicate their rank, and the materials were usually very costly. The grace and bravery of the old English cavaliers had not yet gone out of fashion, and the colonial subjects of King George cherished, with their allegiance, the picturesque features of court attire. The difference between the landed proprietors and the laboring class was very marked, and made prominent on every public occasion by dress and bearing.

A dense crowd surrounded the governor's carriage as it drew up in front of the church, but all stood back respectfully to leave a space clear up to the open doors of the sacred edifice. Lord Dunmore alighted, and assisted his lady from the carriage; then came the nurse holding the infant. There was a deep silence as they entered the church, followed by the highest officials of the State, elaborately attired.

All eyes were upon Lady Dunmore and her child. Her sweeping robe of dark velvet and lace mantle, clasped at the throat by a single ruby, with a simple coiffure, were plain but rich, and her dignity of mien impressed every beholder.

The family proceeded to the governor's pew, and took their seats quietly. When their followers had also taken their places, though the doors could not be closed by reason of the pressure of spectators who could not obtain admission, the swell of sacred music filled the church; and in a few moments the bishop and assistant clergyman stood before the altar, commencing the services.



GUARD HOUSE, OLIVA.

When the proper time came for the baptism of the child, and Lord Dunmore alone left the pew, his wife leaned forward, her hands clasped rigidly, her face pale with excitement, her large eyes fixed intently on the group in front of the altar, and the ivory font, with its delicate wreath of flowers. Two gentlemen of rank, deputed by the Assembly to represent the State, stood on either side of the governor, who received from the hands of the nurse the little girl about to be dedicated to the Lord under such strange auspices. Her mantle was of white satin, the border ornamented with a light wreath of green, wrought in silk. Her dress was white cambric, covered with delicate embroidery and trimmed with lace of the finest texture.

The child lay awake, calmly regarding her father, as if familiar with his features. But when he gave her into the charge of her sponsors, she uttered a feeble cry, as if protesting against the transfer; and some of the spectators noted the incident, remembering it in after years.

The governor stood back, while the sponsors advanced a few steps. The bishop came forward, offered the prayers, and administered the sacrament of baptism.

The low swell of the organ sounded as the august party returned to their places, and while, after the benediction, the congregation dispersed.

In the registry the name of the infant was inscribed —"Virginia Murray"—with those of her sponsors, representatives delegated from the Assembly.

Thus solemnly was the responsibility assumed, and the young girl formally made the goddaughter of an American colony.

There were feasting and revelry in the good old town of Williamsburg that evening, among all classes. The governor's mansion was lighted up, and a drawing-room held, which was graced by the fairest and noblest. Tradition does not mention the presence of the young military leader, Washington, nor hers who had been the peerless belle of the court circle. That illustrious couple were living on their plantation; but they would have been present had they been in Williamsburg, and there is no reason to doubt that they sympathized in the scene that had been enacted.

PROUD MRS. BRANDLETH.—"I OWE MY LIFE TO A LIFE-BOAT."—SEE PAGE 282.

Chapter III.

Years passed, and the monarch of Great Britain and his ministers, in their folly and blindness, were laboring hard to tear from its socket and cast away for ever the brightest jewel of the imperial crown—American colonial power. While their exactions and injustice, in the happy phrase of the day, "teased America into resistance," Lord Dunmore became extremely unpopular with the Virginians. His obstinate loyalty had no sympathy with the new ideas of independence that began to spread and bear fruit. He returned to England with his family, leaving few friends among those who had, in former days, been his intimates and supporters, and charged by the people with hostility to their interests, which he had been bound to consider and protect.

Then came the struggle, out of which emerged a new nation, ready to take a proud place among its peers, and strong in the promise of future greatness. Virginia was no longer a colony, but a State, venerated among her sisters, and linked with them in an equal bond. She had given the country its first President, and the third, the great Jefferson, hailed as the leader of the mighty Democracy which was to reign in the national councils under so many able successors.

THE COLONY'S GODDAUGHTER.—"TWO GENTLEMEN OF RANK, TO REPRESENT THE STATE, STOOD ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GOVERNOR, WHO RECEIVED FROM THE HANDS OF THE NURSE THE LITTLE GIRL."—SEE PAGE 286.

A sad domestic scene, meanwhile, was taking place in England. In his stately ancestral mansion, situated in one of the most beautiful districts of England, Lord Dunmore was dying. His wife had departed many years before, and his sons were married and living at a distance—two in London. Virginia had remained with him. She had preferred her father's society to the allurements of the gay world, and had looked coldly on all the suitors attracted by her rank, accomplishments and virtues. In "the fatal gift of beauty" she had but a moderate share, yet she was by no means plain in person. Of medium height, and slender, her every movement was grace; and her shapely arms and hands showed the purity of her aristocratic blood. Her eyes were of that soft blue poets like to dream of. Her complexion was fair and colorless, and her hair light brown, wavy and abundant.

She had been the intelligent companion of her father, and his faithful nurse through months of infirm health. The alarming symptoms of his malady had come on very suddenly, and there was no time to summon his four sons by messengers, dispatched in the utmost haste, before the sick man had lost the power of recognition.

Virginia refused to leave her father's chamber, except when, exhausted by watching, she retired to an adjoining room for a short and troubled sleep. She sat beside his bed, and gave him the medicines prescribed—alas! with no hope of his restoration.

Her brothers, who had arrived, one after another, that day, were seated in the library. Now and then one of them came up to look at his father, or to speak a few words to one of the physicians, or to urge his sister to go to her own room, or take refreshment. It was the waiting for the end, so mournful, so terrible, when the departing friend is already as one dead to the survivors, having passed beyond the reach of love to comfort or to soothe.

Lord Dunmore expired that night. His corpse lay in state while preparations for a magnificent funeral were going on.

When the funeral was over, and the body consigned to the resting-place of his ancestors, there was a meeting of the family and relatives, with the solicitors and retainers, to hear—what surprised most of them—that no will had been found amongst the papers of the deceased.

The heir, of course, became master of the estates. The younger sons had their own incomes, derived from different sources. The sister—the youngest, the most helpless—was left totally unprovided for.

The fortune of Lord Dunmore had been small. He was poor, in fact, for a peer, and he had saved nothing for Virginia. She had no claim to anything in the house that had been her home for many years.

The same evening her eldest brother visited her in her chamber. He expatiated on the improvidence of their father, and the improbability that his brothers could spare anything from the wants of their large and increasing families. For himself, he said Virginia could have a home

with his family, if she would accept it; or, he would settle on her sufficient for a moderate support till her marriage. More he could not do.

The poor girl thanked him, but coldly; for she knew he grudged the pitiful provision, which she accepted only because she could do nothing better.

For the present she remained in the home which had passed into the possession of others. But night after night, as the lonely and desolate girl sat by her window, gazing out upon the park and its lake, came visions to her fancy of the bright land that was her birthplace; of the warm-hearted people who had claimed her in her unconscious infancy—who had pledged themselves at the altar of God to maintain and take care of her; who had put aside what must now be a noble fortune for her.

Yes, she would leave her cold-hearted kindred. She would go to America—to her mother-land; she would claim what a generous people had given her; she would reign as a queen among them!

Encouraged by these remembrances, and thinking of what her father had often told her—that she would need no fortune from him, for hers was saved for her in America—she resolved to address the President of the United States. Perhaps she supposed that the pledge of the colony would be held sacred by the whole nation, and a feeling of pride swelled her heart as she thought of her own good fortune, recognized by the young Republic as its daughter!

Thus she penned the following letter:*

"SIR: I am at a loss how to begin a letter in the which I am desirous of stating claims that may long have been forgotten, but which I think no time can really annihilate until fulfillment has followed the promise. I imagine that you must have heard that during my father's—the late Earl of Dunmore's—residence in America, I was born, and that the Assembly, then sitting at Williamsburg, requested I might be their goddaughter, and christened by the name of Virginia, which request being complied with, they proposed providing for me in a manner suitable to the honor they conferred upon me, and to the responsibility they had taken on themselves. I was accordingly christened as the goddaughter of that Assembly, and named after the State. Events have since occurred which, in some measure, may have altered the intentions thus expressed in my favor. These were (so I have understood), that a sum of money should be settled upon me, which, by accumulating during my minority, would make up the sum of £100,000 when I became of age. It is true, many changes may have taken place in America, but *that fact* still remains the same. I am still the goddaughter of the Virginians. By being that, may I not flatter myself I have some claims upon their benevolence, if not upon their justice? May I not ask the gentlemen of that State, especially you, sir, their Governor, to fulfill in such respects the engagements entered into by their predecessors? Your fathers promised me that I should become their charge. I am totally unprovided for. My father died without making a will. My brothers are married, having families of their own, and not being bound to do anything for me, they regard with indifference my unprotected and neglected situation. Perhaps I ought not to mention this circumstance as a proper inducement for you to act upon; nor would I, were it not my excuse for wishing to remind you of the claims I now advance. I hope you will feel my right to your favor of protection to be founded on the promises made by your own fathers, and in the situation in which I stand with regard to the State of Virginia.

"You will ask, sir, why my appeal to your generosity and justice has been so tardy?

"While my father lived, I lived under his protection and guidance. He had incurred the displeasure of the Virginians, and he feared an application for me *then*, would have seemed like one from him. . . . At his death I became a free agent. I had taken no part which could displease my godfathers, and myself remained what the Assembly had made me—their goddaughter—consequently their charge.

"I wish particularly to enforce my dependence on your bounty, for I feel hopes revive which owe their birth to your honor and generosity, and to that of the State whose representative I now address. Now that my father is no more, I am certain that they and you will remember what merited your esteem in his character and conduct, and forget that which estranged your hearts from so honorable a man. But should you not, you are too just to visit what you may deem the sins of the father upon his luckless daughter.

"I am, sir, your obedient, etc.,

"VIRGINIA MURRAY.

"Trafalgar Place, opposite Cumberland Gate, Oxford Road, London."

This touching letter was sent by Jefferson to Mr. James Monroe, then Governor of Virginia. It is not known whether he ever brought it to the notice of the State Legislature. If he did, no action resulted. They did not offer to redeem the pledges given by the colony.

No one knew what became of the money appropriated to dower the girl so solemnly adopted. It is certain, however, that she never received any of it. Her gentle appeal was disregarded.

Some one, anxious in family traditions, who would take the trouble to inquire into those of Lord Dunmore, may ascertain what became of Virginia Murray. We know not. We can only conjecture the heart-sickness of hope deferred suffered by her, before she became convinced that the State of Virginia would not listen to her orphaned cry for succor and maternal sympathy. She, at least, must have had little faith in the memories or promises of popular assemblies.

* This MS. letter is in the possession of the grandson and literary executor of President Monroe.

THE ANT-LION (MYRMELEON FORMICARIUS), AND ITS PITFALL.

AN insect, rather beautiful in form and color, when in its perfect shape, affords, in its larva condition, a curious study. This larva would seem destined to a wretched existence. It is clumsy, swollen, triangular in shape, with an immense belly and insignificant legs. It cannot run, and can scarcely creep; its usual course is a backing out. Yet nature has given it a cunning and skill that make it a very lion to ants. It makes a conical hole in loose sand, and, at the bottom, half buried in the sand, awaits its prey. If an unfortunate insect, spider or ant, walk on the edge of this hole, the sand gives way, and it is carried within reach of the terrible mandibles of the ant-lion, which are keen and sharp, and, at the same time, hollow, enabling it to suck out the substance of its victim, after which it casts the shell out of its hole.

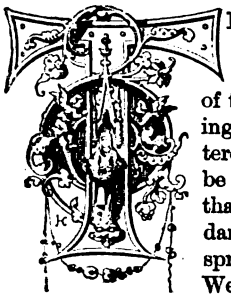
The hole itself is made by this same jerking operation. It selects a proper soil, and begins by half burying its body, then jerking the sand over its head, and thus proceeds spirally till its work is done.

Previous to assuming the pupa state, the larva forms a globular cocoon of fine sand, glued with silken threads spun from its body. The pupa is small and inactive, but, in due time, gnaws its way out, and expands into the insect.

Our illustrations show, 1, a larva magnified; 2, making its pitfall; 3, lying in wait; 4, about to form a cocoon; 5, the perfect insect.

DEATH OF CARICATURISTS.—The great caricaturists of the latter days of the Georges all came to gloomy ends. They, who knew so well how to make all the rest of the world laugh, were themselves the victims of distress and trouble. Rowlandson died in poverty, Hogarth of a broken heart, caused by attacks upon him by Wilkes and Churchill, and Gilray, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of melancholy.

THE CHANCE SHOT; OR, A NIGHT-FIGHT WITH INDIANS.



THE wind swept tempestuously, with teeth of frost biting into the very marrow, from the northern summits of the Sierra Nevada—from the glistening peaks of Shasta, over the unsheltered plain. Below us, far away, could be seen the sheen of the stars and that of the crescent moon playing and dancing upon its ruffled surface—the spreading waters of the Sacramento. Westward were the bare, sombre tops of the Contra Costa range, that looked not, in the uncertain light, unlike lofty pyramids of brown stone. To the eastward, the solemn hills in whose mighty bosoms were laid away, in that unnumbered age of nature, the golden stores which the need and the greed of the Nineteenth Century were with pick and spade dragging to the light.

In the day, when the sun poured down his fervent rays, the scenery was not attractive. It was rugged, wild, and the near hills, into which had been furrowed by hundreds of storms deep channels, were precipitous. And, when the spirit of darkness threw her sombre mantle over the plain and the uncouthly-cut mountains, one longed for a nearer abiding-place to his more civilized fellow.

And yet, even in this weird place—where the storm raged wildly, the soughing wind driving past you, and then, as it was drawn into the deep gulches that indented the mountain's side, whistling loudly and shrilly, as if it were exulting in its untried power—there were strange attractions for the eyes and ears of him who was accustomed to the uncertain life of the plain and the hill. In the near distance—in the midst of which a fire was crackling and blazing; the flames, however, leaping fitfully upward, or spreading out fan-like upon the ground as the gale permitted—was an Indian village.

At this fire could be heard at times from dusky and stalwart figures—a strange sound in an Indian encampment—loud peals of laughter, such as one might hear in a white settlement, but not so deep-toned. And this was not all. Upon the ridge—a bluff verging closely in places upon the rock-encumbered stream—near a stunted oak, that had vainly sent its roots for soil and moisture down the declivitous side, was a group of savages. In their midst a chief—you could tell that by the bearing of the man—tied to a stake with raw antelope thongs, and whom these were scourging, and into whose body at times they would thrust lighted splinters.

When, as sometimes happened, the victim gave out a groan—for even the Indian feels pain—the shrieks of the laughers would break out with redoubled vigor. There were times when another voice would be heard, and when it came very near, the men on the cliff and in the village would suddenly cease their cries; for they dreaded the grizzly bear much more than they did any other wild creature of the hills, or even man himself armed with the deadly weapon of the paleface.

"A fearful night indeed, Captain Bragg," whispered a boyish-looking person, as, wrapped in a large cloak, and seated on a small but shapely pony, he or she turned toward the gray-bearded, iron-built man, who stood by the animal, holding his rifle near the hammer under the tail of his hunting-shirt—"a fearful, terrible night! Dear me! will we ever get back to civilization again?"

"I hope so," returned the old man, looking quietly up to the speaker. "For me, this storm isn't much. I'm used to all sorts o' weathers; and I know, were the rain to come down in torrents to-day, the sun'll shine with a blessin' on the fair, beautiful earth to-morrow!"

"Those dreadful groans, those deep roars of the wild beasts, and the laughter that comes from yonder—what do they mean?" the boyish-looking personage asked.

"Simply——" answered the hunter. "But here is a nice shelter under this rock for us all, that is, if rains do not set in in the hills, and the waters do not come tumbling down the ravine, an' wash us all out ag'in—simply, as I was about to say, in reply to your questions, on the bluff there, they're torturin' a Trinity Indian, because he stole one o' the Klamath squaws an' insisted on her doin' his cookin' for him; an' them at the fire, they're laughin' because he groans when they put lighted sticks into his hide, and—hark!"

The speaker stepped from the shelter of the rock, and, advancing to the mouth of the gulch, put a hand to his left ear—he need not have done that, any one who had seen the movement would have said—and, bending forward, listened patiently to the roaring—which drowned the voice of the storm—of the grizzlies.

"There be more'n one up there," muttered the man, as he stood erect—"there's a colony o' them; an' if they notion to come down here—an' I should be surprised if they didn't, the wind rages so—we'll have our hands full. That boy or woman—I suspicion the latter—will give us trouble. There's no real grit in a squaw, whether white or yaller; for onct they get caught, they lose all presence of mind, an' there's trouble right away."

As he spoke, the persons he had placed within the shelter of the rock suddenly stepped out into the face of the driving gale, and one of them said, in a deep voice:

"Bragg, we cannot stand this much longer. We're human, and it is equal torture to us to be compelled to remain here and see, and make no effort for the rescue of a fellow-creature, who is being slowly whipped and burned to death, simply, as you say, because he stole a woman, whom I presume he loves."

"You are right, Henry," said the soft voice of the person seated on the pony, but the tones were low. "Put an end to the horror."

"Major," said the latter, looking cautiously toward the village, "there are at least a hundred warriors, every one on 'em capable o' sendin' a arrer as straight to its mark as you or I a bullet from a gun. Now, to fight 'em, an' drive 'em from the torturin' o' the Trinity Injin, who, I kind o' suspect, is used to bein' tortured, as they used ter say eels were, when I was a boy, an' rather likes it—we're just four, an' one on us I more'n suspicion's a woman."

"Well, Bragg, putting her out of the count, I believe we're good for even a hundred redskins. I have been on the plains on the easterly side of the Rockies, and have had my share of Indian fighting. Now, I dare say, there's not a rifle in all that crowd."

"There would be," returned the old hunter, grimly; "not only a rifle or two, but some scalps, if those redskin fellows at the fire should smell our presence."

"They must stop torturing that poor devil of a redskin," said the person addressed as major. "I can't stand it! What say you, George?" And he turned, as he asked the question, to a tall and sparely-built man, evidently as resolute as a lion, and lithe as a grayhound.

The person addressed looked quietly up, and answered, in an indirect way:

"Well, Major Roberts, all I've got to say in answer is, that if it weren't for this confounded tempest—I hope it won't rain before morning, for I've got my best clothes on—I'd just like to see how near I could send a bullet to that

tree standing on the bluff there. It isn't a rifle-shot from here, but the wind would twist the ball every way before it had got half the distance. Let's see!"

And suddenly raising his gun to his shoulder, he would have made a savage, who was particularly prominent as a torturer, his target, but for a quick cry of the hunter, which preceded but by a single pulsation, the terrific roars of two or more grizzlies, which could not now be a hundred paces away, between the wind-bound party and the village.

The savages at the fire, and they who were on the bluff, heard the thunder-roars, and, while the former started to their feet, the latter, in their terror forgetting their victim, ran hastily down a narrow path, difficult of ascent or descent, plunged madly into the boiling waters of the stone-choked creek, and, with cries of terror, rushed for protection to their fellows in the rude encampment.

"Now, Major," cried the old trapper, forgetting his caution—"now is our chance! Them grizzlies air goin' straight to the bluff, an' if they don't make mince-meat outen the Injin, it won't be thar fault. The critter's tied to the stake now, an' all the bar'll hev to do'll be to go up to him, smell, hug an' eat him. It's cur'ous, major, how fond o' Injin grizzly be. But that's neither here nor thar, now. Hist! I hear thar tramp over the dry twigs, as the wind's blown down, when it lulls. They're monsters, I'll bet!"

And as he spoke, he threw himself prone on the ground, his right ear pressed upon it.

"Mary," said the major, in a whisper, as he leaned against the side of the animal, which had worked itself well to the lee-side of the rock, so as to shield its body as much as possible from the cold currents that intermittently whistled past it and up the gulch—"Mary, I can't stand this much longer. To see a fellow-mortal scourged, and pierced, and burnt, as yonder poor devil has been, even if a savage, is intolerable; and if there were a thousand

THE ANT LION (MYRMELEON FORMICARIUS) AND ITS PITFALL.—SEE PAGE 290.

THE CHANCE SHOT.—"THE LARGE BEAR ON THE BLUFF GAVE OUT A QUICK, ANGRY GROWL, AND STAGGERED. INSTANTLY THERE WERE THE WILDEST SCENES OF EXCITEMENT WITHIN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE."—SEE PAGE 291.

Indians, instead of a hundred, in yonder miserable collection of lodges, I would make the effort to rescue him. George, there, I see, is impatient to fire into their midst."

"My brother is right, major," said the woman attired in the garments of the boy, softly, yet firmly. "Give me the opportunity, major, and I'll second him. I'm cold here, and I shiver; but not with fear."

"I know you are brave and noble, Mary," whispered the man, in low, searching tones—"noble, and worthy of other love besides that of a brother. Oh, Mary——"

"Thar! thar!" cried the hunter, in a quick voice. "Thar are three bars, and all o' 'em grizzlies! They're on the bluff, an' they'll soon be a-dinin' off that poor Injin. Well, he'll be outen his misery."

"Here goes for the foremost of them," muttered George. "He is just on the edge of the cliff, and in the full light of the fire. I suppose there will be the old scratch to pay over there among the redskins, when they hear the report of my gun—that is, if the wind will let them. That fellow at the stake looks from here as if he were really brave—he's quite indifferent."

As he closed the sentence, the rifle was swung quickly to the right shoulder, and instantly fired. The large bear on the bluff—a perfect monster he seemed, doubtless greatly magnified by the reflected light of the fire—gave out a quick, angry growl, and staggered for a moment, as if struggling to keep on its broad feet, and then tumbled over the precipice to the creek.

At the moment the rifle was fired, the wind suddenly—as it sometimes will, in a storm—lulled, and the report was distinctly heard in the Indian encampment. Instantly there were the wildest scenes of excitement within the light of the fire. A hundred warriors were observed rapidly hastening toward the largest of the cave-shaped lodges; and, what had not been noticed before by the travelers, was the presence in it of many women and children. The bolder of the men hastened to the creek, and there finding, as they could not fail to do, the dead animal, they examined it quickly and discovered, just behind the left fore-shoulder, a large spot of blood, and near it a small hole. The cause of the bear's death was thus ascertained, and they at once returned to report to their chief.

The investigation certainly did not occupy a minute; and they had but just opened their mouths to speak, when a second report was heard, and a second bear checked in his march on the bound prisoner.

"We're in for it now," growled the trapper. "A hundred or so to three on us, an' a boy or a woman, ain't much, is't? I guess not. But how'll we get rid o' that animal? He's a yearlin' cub, I reckon, an' even with a year-old bar it ain't pleasant to be fighting in a wind-storm. I must measure that brute."

It was the hunter's turn to lighten his rifle. But, instead of doing as the brother of the woman in disguise and Major Roberts had done, he stole away from the rock, and then pushed up the hill in the deep shadows to the higher plateau, where, within one hundred feet of the tortured man, was the body of the creature that by the second shot had been laid low.

"These people don't know what trouble they've brought on themselves," growled the hunter, as he moved cautiously, and without being observed by the excited redskins in the village beyond, toward the trees. "Here I'm on an errand o' mercy, to relieve a varmint that'd take pleasure in removing my scalp if he had the opportunity—an' all to please a youngster, boy or gal—blamed if I know which—what don't know the vally o' life!"

While yet grumbling, the old man reached the stake, and, whipping out his hunting-knife, quickly sundered the thongs that held securely the limbs of the prisoner.

"Thar!" said the trapper, again falling back into the shadow, unobserved by those around the bonfire, but fully and anxiously watched by the little group standing within the shelter of the rock near the mouth of the gulch. "It's for you to skedaddle now. Show your heels, old boy; and if you get safe back over these cursed ribs o' hills to the Trinity River, please inform old Cochrane, o' the tradin'-post at the forts, that it was Capin Bragg what saved you from total annihilation."

To the surprise of his rescuer, and those who had observed the hunter in his daring effort, the prisoner did not immediately avail himself of his unlooked-for liberty. Most persons not acquainted with the subtlety—and who has ever measured it thoroughly?—of the Indian mind, would have, on the instant, and particularly with so fair a start in their favor, darted with a yell up the barren hills, nor stopped to draw breath until safety was assured. Even the cub bear, which came upon the arena—old enough, however, to struggle with a strong man—in search of its parents, did not appear to affect the released.

"Is the fellow dead or asleep, or is he so weak that he cannot move?" demanded the lion-like George, whose tawny beard and mustache, many inches long, swept by the wind across his breast, and then over his shoulders, as he stood against the face of the granite.

"Perhaps, George," said the woman, as she leaned over, still, however, seated on her steed, "the trapper has not wholly released him. And see! look at those people in the village. I fear danger, brother. Pray let us hasten from here."

"That is not possible, Mary," was the reply. "Unless this biting wind from the frozen snow-tops goes down, or a warm breeze comes up the valley to modify it, we had better, for safety's sake, remain where we are. As for these redskins, I do not fear them—that is, as long as I have a compliment in the form of a bullet to send them."

"Shall I take a shot at the cub?" demanded the major, lifting his gun to his shoulder. "The old man is safe now, and it may awaken the Indian at the stake."

Another report rang out upon the soughing wind; but this time, while it evidently added to the intense excitement of those in the encampment, whose proximity to them Captain Bragg was correct in considering dangerous, the bullet was not wholly true to its mark. The ball, instead of entering the body in the region of the heart, where the major had aimed it, struck the creature in the nose, cutting it severely, and so blinding and annoying it that it pushed headlong down the bluff, thence it struck for and crossed the noisy, rock-bound stream. A moment later it rushed, in its pain and anger, into the midst of the savages, and seizing one of them, endeavored to hug him to death.

While the Indians, now wholly forgetting their prisoner, were engaged in a united effort, with bow and arrow, and burning brands, to drive away, and, if possible, kill the young bear, the stake on the bluff was deserted; but no one, not even the clear-eyed trapper, saw the unleashed Indian leave it. The chief had simply sunk by degrees to the ground by its side, and then, serpent-like, had crawled away. When he had reached the western side of the plateau, he moved quickly to where the group of whites were standing, and, to the surprise of even Captain Bragg, said:

"Thanks! By George, I've had a hard pull on it. Didn't you know me, old man? Them pesky Injins came near finishin' me, and all because I went in among 'em to-day, and told 'em I'd like to swap off a few odd notions for a woman of theirs to come up in the hills and keep house for me!"

Captain Bragg, who had been utterly confounded at this address, suddenly burst into a low, crackling laugh, and said:

"Now I know you, McKinstry! Why, how did ye go to dress up in that style for? You look all over like an Injin, an' I thought sure you was one o' the Trinity redskins what had been stealin' Klamath women, an' that they were a-roastin' you for the sake o' warnin' others off o' their premises."

"I dressed Injin to deceive 'em, cap'in. You see, I'm as near like one, in face, an' build, an' har, as one can be; an' as my business lies where they live, I've got to play possum with them sometimes. I say, you spoiled the vally o' the second bar, whichever er yer shot him. He warn't hit in the right place, and so his skin is spoiled. As for the first one, that was a mighty pretty shot, but it's a goner. It got torn on the rocks in the creek. My, how those devils over there pinched an' tore an' singed my hide! I played Injin pretty good; but that was because I seed you a-comin' in the midst of it to whar you now are, an' I did expect you to help me, right off."

"But, sir," said the disguised woman, "when you were released, why did you not come to us?"

"I knew a trick worth two o' that," said the rescued man, looking dubiously in the face of the questioner. He had never before heard a boy speak in so rich and womanly a voice. "Ye see, I was a-lookin' round for what, to me, is next to life itself—my weepon! Blast their picters! they had not forgotten to take with them my gun an' traps, my powder an' lead an' whisky-flask! They're welcome to the liquor; but it's dangerous for 'em to have that gun o' mine, for there's some among 'em know exactly all about it. I guess they have an idea where those shots came from; an' see, they've found out that I've traveled!"

At this moment, from some concealed place, a shot was fired in the direction in which the white party were, and, strange to relate, the disguised woman, with a quick, sharp cry of pain, fell from her horse.

"Mary, my darling!" exclaimed the major, in his excitement forgetting the presence of the trappers and the brother, raising the fallen woman in his arms—"my darling! My God! does this mean death?"

"My sister!" and the lion-featured man threw himself by the side of the stricken woman. "Great heavens! is she dead? Give her to me!" And the speaker took the girl in his own enfolding arms, and passionately kissed the pale

lips and the closed eyes. "Oh, Mary, my sister! speak to me—speak to me, my beloved! Is she dead? My God, dead! Why—but now—— It—it is terrible!"

Kneeling on the hard ground, he opened the cloak in which she had wrapped herself, and from her side he felt a small current of blood flow over his hand. With a great sob, he placed the body on the ground, and turning to the major and clasping his hands, said:

"You loved my sister—my poor Mary?"

"With all my heart and soul, George!" he answered. "Yes, with my life!"

"It is a horrible dream, this!" murmured the stricken brother. "Let me awake! Get me from this fearful nightmare! My soul is thirsting for vengeance!"

His rifle, already loaded, was mechanically raised to his shoulder, and, before any one could interfere, he had sent a bullet on its deadly errand.

Ere the report had died away, a stalwart warrior, standing in the midst of a group, was seen to stagger and fall. This was immediately followed by demoniac yells, and soon, in all its terrible fervor, was heard the war-cry of the savages.

"Here, this way!" cried McKinstry, now looking quickly around him. "There's goin' to be desperate work. Ye have three guns to one. I hope you have plenty of ammunition. I know this country right well. There's not a foot of it but what I've been over. Now, follow me for a few steps;" and stooping and taking up the body of the young woman, he carried it tenderly a few rods down the valley, where, at the foot of a hill, he found a deep recess, sufficiently large to enable the small party to move in without hindrance. In front of this recess was a natural barricade of stones, while beyond it, keeping in full view the village and its fire, there were no obstructions.

"Here," resumed the hunter, in his strange garb, "we can stand a siege, an' if we are hot pressed, we can get, by another path I know, away into the gulches beyond. Take courage. Don't be afraid. And as for this person—the young lady—I thought 'twas a boy when I first spoke to her—she's just wounded. Let her rest. I felt her heart, and it beats reg'lar. She's fainted now; but that's the best thing that could have happened to her. When this scrimmage is over, you'll have time enough to take care of her. Now," he added, drawing a long breath, "I'm goin' for my weepon, an' I'm bound to have it;" and the disguised trapper retired hastily from the place to which he had brought the travelers.

"This is dreadful, George," said the major, to the brother of the woman he loved. "But"—as he stooped, and listened to the short and not irregular breathings of the senseless woman—"thank God, she is not dead. Perhaps, as that man just now said, it is as well to make no present effort to restore her."

"I will take a life," replied the tawny-bearded brother, "for every drop of blood she has lost. I have sworn it, and——'

"By the Lord, they are comin'!" here interrupted the old trapper and guide. "Hark! here's work for us!"

A yell, prolonged and devilish, filled the valley. The whites were attracted to the barricade, and from between its open spaces—concealed themselves—they could distinctly observe a large and turbulent crowd moving toward them.

"I wish that woman, or boy-girl, or whatever she is," muttered the old man, as he looked back into the darkness of the recess, "were away from here altogether. Poor critter! if these devils should finish us, what'd become of her? But," he added, addressing his companions in a louder key, "it's for us to keep these redskins back. A shot at a time—one, two, three! I'll be number three; major, you take number one; and your friend, Mr. Hammond, two. While two and three are a-firin', one can be loadin', and so on. Now then, major, fire, to keep the thieves back; for, if they get too near us, there'll be no savin' o' us. That wild chap, McKinstry, has gone after his gun, an' I'll reckon he'll leave 'em his scalp. He don't know how to keep outen their clutches. Fire, and knock over a redskin."

The major took deliberate aim, and a moment later a warrior bit the dust.

"Number two, now!" cried the trapper, in a low but concentrated voice. "And you, sir," he added, turning to the major, "load. Never mind the girl just now, if you'd save her life and your own."

The lion-featured George raised his weapon; a smile of fierce satisfaction swept over his face and filled his eyes as, in quick answer to his leaden message, the soul of a redskin was dispatched to the spirit-world.

"It is my turn now," and Captain Bragg laid his gun on a ledge, that he might take the more deliberate aim.

These men felt that they had no powder to waste, or lead to throw away. His shot brought down a leader, and checked the progress of the savages. The fire was too regular and too certain to please them. They had not taken this resolution, however, before a fourth one of their number lay motionless on the earth.—Then, as they hurried back from whence they came, they were met with a rifle-shot near their own village. Were they surrounded?

McKinstry, at the close of a struggle with a warrior even more powerful than himself, and over whom he gained life and victory by accidentally driving the hunting-knife he had borrowed from Captain Bragg—the only weapon he had wherewith to attack or defend himself—through an eye, deep into his brain. He had slunk in, unnoticed by the excited Indians, and thus, seizing his opportunity, had succeeded in again getting into his possession his unfailing rifle. So rejoiced was he at his success, that he impulsively pointed it at the savages, and one of them leaped high in the air as the bullet struck him. A moment later, the hunter whizzed the scalp-lock from his crown, as he had from the warrior who had his gun.

McKinstry succeeded in crossing the creek, and was up the bluff before his presence was discovered; but he refused to seek safety in flight until he had fired the encampment.

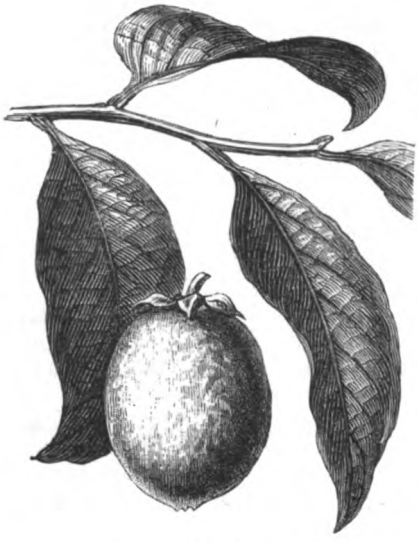
The Indians, believing themselves in danger, ran from the valley and the village—warriors, chiefs, hunters, women, and children—in the direst disorder. It was many days before they could persuade themselves they were far away from the reach of the death-dealing rifle.

When, early on the following morning, it was ascertained that the Indians had retired over the Coast Range of hills, thus leaving the path open northward for the small cavalcade, it resumed its journey to the Willamette, where, a few months later, Mary Hammond, now fully restored to health, her gunshot wound having been neither deep nor dangerous, changed her name, with the full consent of her tawny-whiskered brother, to that of Roberts.

Perhaps, but for the chance shot of the Klamath savage, those two would never have known how deeply they loved each other.

THE PERSIMMON.

THE persimmon, or date-plum, as it is also called, is a native of the United States. It belongs to the ebony family, of which there are over one hundred species. Only about a dozen, however, are found on this continent; the rest being natives of Asia, Mauritius and Africa. The tropics seem to be their favorite climate, as there are upward



THE PERSIMMON.

of fifty species abounding therein; very few extending further north than latitude forty-four.

The flowers are mostly borne in little clusters at the bases of the leaves, and are of separate sexes, on different trees.

The persimmon is one of our finest native trees, from its stately and graceful form. It is a very tall, and generally straight, tree, with symmetrical branches; often, when fully grown, attaining the height of sixty or seventy feet. The trunk is not, however, of remarkable size; seldom exceeding eighteen inches in diameter.

Although frequently met with in the Eastern States, it is by no means a common tree further north than Virginia, although it thrives well when planted. In the South and West it is mostly found, and it is here generally esteemed as a delicious fruit.

The fruit itself is an inch or more in length, plum-shaped, and of a yellowish-orange color. It is very sour and astringent, even when quite ripe; and it is not until acted upon and softened by frost that it becomes at all eatable.

In the Southern States, persimmons are much used in the manufacture of a kind of beer. The fruits are crushed, the pulp mixed with bran, and afterward made into cakes. An infusion of the cakes is then prepared, and by the addition of hops and yeast a liquor is brewed, which is, by the natives, considered a delicious and healthful beverage. Another stronger spirituous liquor is also produced by distillation.

The bark of the persimmon tree is very bitter, and possesses febrifugal properties. It has been successfully employed by American physicians in cases of cholera infantum and other like complaints.

Botanically, the persimmon is known under the name of *Diospyros Virginiana.* There are a few other species which are worthy of mention:

Diospyros Reticulata is imported from Mauritius. This species yields the blackest, finest and most costly kind of ebony. Ebony is also produced from several other species.

The Calamander wood of Ceylon is produced by *Diospyros Quæsita.*

Diospyros Embryopteris yields a fruit which is powerfully astringent, and much used for tanning purposes. The juice of this fruit is also used for coating fishing-nets, etc., to render them more durable.

The *Diospyros Kaki*, or Chinese date, is the largest of the genus; often attaining the size of an ordinary apple. It is of a bright red color, and possesses the flavor of the plum. This fruit is dried and used as a sweetmeat by the Chinese. The tree is also cultivated in India.

This genus is mostly represented by large trees, but there are a few shrubs.

THE SILVER GARTER.

THIS singular fish is a dweller and a darter in the waters which surround the sea-coast of Florida, and derives its name from its singular resemblance to silver, which, with its spiral motion, gives it the appearance of a lady's garter—a ligature which has always been the symbol of beauty and chivalry since the Third Edward of England picked up the fallen garter of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, at a royal ball, and founded the Order of the Garter to commemorate the event, with the suggestive inscription of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

OVER THE QUICKSANDS.

CHAPTER I.

DEAD.

THE sun, a great, red disk, was sinking slowly into the ocean. The gray little pony-carriage rolled briskly along over the hard, white sand, the silver-bitted, high-stepping thoroughbreds dexterously managed by the fairest amazon that ever drew the reins, Idyl Lee, the reigning belle of the season.

Fair indeed, most gloriously fair, was the blonde beauty; fair to the exclusion of all other fair ones; utterly, entirely, terribly so, with regard to her companion.

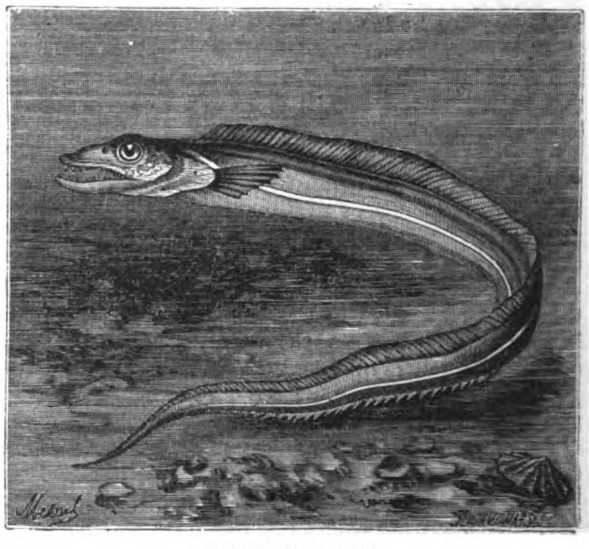
What could she have been thinking of—this other one—low-browed, heavy-eyed, white-lipped, a look as expressionless as the dead, leaning listlessly back in the corner of the carriage, utterly indifferent to all the excitement and bustle of the brilliant, pleasure-seeking crowd, passing, repassing, shifting, changing before her like the glittering colors in a kaleidoscope.

A milk-white steed and a coal-black one. How they arched their shining, full-veined necks, as they came prancing, mincing, daintily pacing up the promenade! Down to the saddle-bows bent the uncovered heads of the riders as the elegant equipage of "la belle Lee" dashed past them.

Guy Rivers's cheek flushed hotly; he looked as though he were breathing in an inspiration.

Thorndike Marston smiled at his rapt look.

"Come now, confess that in all your travels you never met with anything half so fair. There will be no need of



THE SILVER GARTER.

hunting the world over again. Behold the rarest of all earth's jewels here at home's portals. Isn't she magnificent, though?"

"But that's not the word."

"What then?"

"Exquisitely frail, divinely sensitive, touchingly mournful," he answered, breathlessly.

"Well, you always see things differently from anybody else. But how you can bring all these apostrophes to bear upon this great, white, creamy creature, with all that blonde hair tumbling into blinding, wind-blown masses about her face, is beyond my ken. All I can think of, when I look at her, is just full-blown water-lilies, softly swaying with the slow ripple of the waves. On my faith, nothing but magnificent can suit!"

"But can't you understand? I don't mean the blonde—the other one, who is she?"

"Not the blonde? Why, she's the reigning belle, my dear boy. It isn't possible you've had the bad taste to pass her by, to have eyes only for—that's too rich!"

The slight, sarcastic laugh grated upon Guy's nerves. He spoke impatiently:

"Your mirth is ill-timed. I am in earnest."

"What! Can I believe my senses? The elegant, the fastidious, the unapproachable Guy Rivers, going down without an effort before the—indeed, I cannot go on."

"Softly, Thorn, or the jest will turn into something more. Will you tell me who she is?"

"There, there, here you have it. The one adored—now I'll watch you wince—is handkerchief-carrier, waiter-in-general, an humble satellite and——"

"Thorndike Marston, have done, at your peril. Another word, and you shall answer for it as for a deadly insult!"

It came hoarsely through Guy's shut teeth. Thorndike Marston looked at him in amazement, and dropping his bantering tone, said, slowly:

"And am I, then, to believe that you are really and truly so interested in Miss Mabel Rogère? Why, she is considered as more dead than alive."

Guy Rivers flung back his tawny locks. They hung low on his neck like a lion's mane.

"I feel it; she is my fate—what I have been looking for all these years. I love her. I will have her, so help me Heaven!"

And he bent his head reverently, and no word more concerning her passed his lips.

A world of deep, unswerving resolve shone out of the steady, steel-blue eyes. Thorndike Marston noted it, bitterly. How should he work against that iron will?

Quick as lightning it flashed through him.

It was with all his accustomed easy suavity that he spoke.

"They say I am the favored suitor of the peerless Idyl. As I have the *entrée* there at all hours, I may be of assistance to you."

Lounging on the piazza that night, Thorndike Marston planned it all out. If he stretched out his hand he could touch Guy, and there he sat so near to him, his friend, plotting evil against him.

Why should he? Mabel Rogère, Idyl Lee's paid companion, held over him a subtle charm.

Her cold indifference but fanned the flame. The world thought him a follower in Idyl's train; he encouraged the rumor. It kept him near the true and unconscious object of his worship, and prevented the derisive laugh that would be sure to attack him. The "Marston pride" had passed into a proverb. In the world's opinion this would be a *mésalliance*. Such a thought he knew would never enter Guy's head, and he felt that in him was a formidable rival; and so he plotted against him.

Guy was the soul of honor; one word would have been sufficient; but Thorndike Marston was not man enough to say it. No, he had rather trail the venom of his hate over every fair blossom that Guy's love could foster.

This was what he chose.

OVER THE QUICKSANDS.—"GUY FELT WITHIN HIM THE POWER OF A GIANT."

CHAPTER II.

THE AWAKENING.

It was a perfect crush at the Lees' that night. The spacious, airy rooms, opening one into another, throughout the entire length of the house, were thrown open to the guests.

The long, dazzling vista was ablaze with light, radiant with gorgeous toilets, alive with beauty's smile.

The rapturous waltz-music rose and fell in unison with flying feet and the hum of many voices, and in between came the sough of the restless sea, rolling the surf up against the shore.

Mabel liked to hear it, the ocean's grand, half-sobbing monotone. She stood leaning half way out of the low French window, listening intently, her hands clasped and drooping, as usual, but her eyes were dreamy and full of a delicious languor to-night. The old, weary, frozen hopelessness had died out of them, for a time at least.

"Mabel!"

She did not start nor turn, only half smiled, as though the voice fitted into her dream.

"Mabel!"

Guy Rivers stepped out upon the turf and daisies in front of her.

"Yes, Guy," answered she, still dreamily.

"Queen Mab, will you come to the shore with me?"

"Beware!"

The whisper sounded in Mabel's ear like a serpent's hiss. She shuddered and stood still; then hurried through the thick shadows, impatient to reach the moonlight.

It was a perfect face she looked up into; every feature of it stood out, in the silvery light, in bold relief; a face to believe in.

"Do you know you always put me in mind of some timid bird, for ever dreading the fowler's snare? Why is it?"

"Guy, I think I never told you of my early life. Listen! I will tell you now."

Mabel stood as rigid and motionless as the rock she leaned against. Her white dress glistened coldly in the moonbeams, and the silvery spray, as it dashed up among the rocks at her feet, seemed to wrap her in a ghostly winding-sheet. Her words came short and quick; she spoke in French.

"I am a Parisienne. My father was a banker, and very rich, so they said. We had carriages and servants; we lived in the fashionable world. But my father died suddenly. He left nothing, we found, but debts. We sold the furniture, the plate, our own jewels. You see we could not bear to have anything cast against the dead. And we were destitute, my poor mother and I. It was sad, was it not, monsieur? But then such things are natural. Money takes to itself wings, and children should bury their parents. Then my mother died. This grieved me very sore. But still I had something to live for. I was so young then, monsieur, and I believed in Alphonse. He was away when all this trouble came, but I had written him. He had been my betrothed from infancy. Every morning I said, 'He will surely come to-day,' and every night, 'I know he will be here to-morrow.' Finally, I had spent my last shilling. Hunger made me restless. I went out. Do you know I saw him in the street? I went up to him, although he was not alone. Joy had made me bold. He looked at me, and went on talking. I grasped his arm. 'Alphonse, it is I.' He paid no attention. 'Alphonse, do you not know me?' He shook off my hand. I was paralyzed. He laughed scornfully. He said: 'Let me pass, my pretty beggar.'

"Oh, *mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Yes, monsieur, then my heart broke. No, it turned to stone. It killed me, but I still lived. I was sixteen then. I stood there where he left me. I was very still. I felt my face settling as I had watched my mother's after she was dead. Madame la Baronne drove up the Boulevards past me. She took me home. I didn't mind. I never thanked her. Then she brought me to Madame Lee. It made no difference. It was all the same to me.

"It is five years since then. I have been like a clod, I have been dead all that time."

Guy would no longer be silenced.

"Oh, dearest, wake!—wake to happiness and me!"

"No, let me be—let me stay as I am. The old way must be the best way. Nothing can trouble me now. If I wake, what surety have I that it will not be to a short-lived happiness, to a blacker misery in the end?"

"You torture me," was wrung from Guy's lips. "Can you not feel that, with me, even the winds of heaven shall be kept from fanning your cheek too roughly?"

"Words, words! Have I not heard them before? How can I feel what is in your heart? Alphonse told me he loved me; but Alphonse was false. Strange that I ever cared. When I think of it now, it seems as though it was somebody else it happened to."

"Mabel, have pity on me, on yourself." Guy flung himself down despairingly. "Believe in me, trust in me. No danger but I will dare for you; no misery, disgrace nor ruin but I will share with you; no sacrifice that I will count too costly to lie at your feet."

"Monsieur, you compel me to it. Your words are very brave and fair; but, after all you have said, I have not faith enough to foretell how you would act if danger should come to me."

Guy's face was buried in his hands; he moaned as if in agony.

"Hush!" Mabel soothed him as she would a child. He caught her hand suddenly. It lay between his burning palms like a snowflake, as white, as cold, as frozen; and only the ocean-pulse beating time for them hoarsely.

Their eyes met. She made a motion to withdraw her hand. It fluttered and grew warm in his grasp. Snowflakes always melt when they are wooed by the sun.

All Guy's deathless love bounded into his eyes, surged over, and at last Mabel felt the resistless power of its rising tide, and once more lay engulfed in its living waters.

"You tremble and turn away. Tell me you will trust me."

"I cannot say," she cried, harshly. She could not accept, as yet, this sudden awakening. Then, a little calmer, "I must have time to think first."

"Oh, do not; there is no need."

Mabel interrupted him imperiously—"I say I will have time." Now her voice sank to its old mocking cadence. "You need the time, too. Who can tell but that by another tide your promise will be swept away? Look! We will make marks in the sand, and see which will last the longer."

"Now, hear me swear by all——"

"Monsieur, you forget yourself. We will act like children no longer. Think it over well. Remember, this is a bold venture, for you as well as me. My nature is already cold and misshapen; a second trial would goad it to desperation. Then, to-morrow, if you still care, and if you dare come to me——"

"Dare? Oh, my beloved, all things will I dare for such a boon."

The black rocks rose up frowning behind them, ledge above ledge, and at the base huge boulders threw threatening shadows to their very feet. It looked ill-omened.

It struck Mabel so, and her sight seemed to waver and grow unsteady, or else it was a shadow nighest them that moved as she gazed searchingly into its depths. The fancy clung to her all the way back to the house.

They parted at the open casement, he bowing low over her hand and murmuring, "To-morrow, remember! Oh, Queen Mab, never fear but I will dare."

CHAPTER III.

DRIFTING.

MABEL moved forward, slowly threading her way through the crowded room toward Idyl Lee. She found her, as usual, the centre of a thronging crowd, eager to pay homage to the queen of the *fête*. She sat superb in her voluptuous beauty. Diaphanous waves of pale sea-green ærophane swayed and swung about her. Her priceless *parure* of shells enhanced the mellow splendor of her neck and arms. Delicate vibrating sea-mosses, the tiny shells still clinging to them, hung from the bronze coils that crowned her transcendant beauty.

Idyl Lee, gloried, as well she might, in her intoxicating power. But could that be Mademoiselle Rogère standing by her chair? No wonder people looked at her in astonishment that night. The wildly bewitching eyes gleamed like twin stars at midnight from under the jetty blackness of her drooping lashes, and the tremulous quiver of the little mouth gave a new beauty to the delicate face, whose pure whiteness strongly contrasted with the masses of her blue-black hair, that, under the glaring lights, flashed back in purple lustre. The rosy mantle of love was spread over her; it flushed her cheek with the rare tint a child's face sometimes wears on first awakening from dewy slumbers. Thorndike Marston knew the meaning of this more than earthly beauty, and cursed his folly. The prize was slipping through his fingers, after all. Oh, the pride that had held him back! If he had only—but where was the use of thinking of that? he wouldn't give it up yet. How he watched Mabel. She fascinated him. The courtly grace and bearing she had learned long ago in the drawing-rooms of the ancient noblesse served her in good stead now. She took them all by storm. She was the idol of the hour.

Thorndike Marston could have thrown himself at her feet and worshiped her there before the whole world. But it was too late for that now.

"You are angelically beautiful to-night. Is it because you are happy?"

"Ah!"—with a sigh—"if it could only last." They were separated from the crowd. He had manœuvred to bring it about. "If it could only last. I thought you my friend; why do you seek to sadden me, and bring me back to my old self?"

"Dear Mabel! let me call you so. I can read your face so plainly. 'Tis the 'Arabian Nights' over again. The enchanted prince has come, and the sleeping beauty has awakened; and so I say, 'If it could only last.'"

"Monsieur, I do not comprehend. He is your friend, is he not."

"Poor child, and so many times, too, I have warned you. Yes, he is my friend, but, alas for the woman, be she who she may, who gives her troth to him."

"Enough; I will hear no more."

"Nay, do not look so disdainfully at me. It wrings my soul to tell you this. Can you not guess why I do it?"

"I am entirely at a loss."

"Because I love you! Why do you start? I know it is hopeless. I shall never trouble you with my love. I shall bear my cross in silence to the grave. I am content if I may but be your friend."

How mournfully subdued and heart-broken he looked.

"Will you not hear me now?"

Mabel's cheek glowed hotly, but she shuddered as she wrapped her cloak closer around her.

"I tell you he plays with women's hearts as gamblers play with cards. He measures his victim, and the harder and more difficult the game becomes, the more eager he is in pursuit, and when it is won——"

"But what if it isn't won?"

The pallor of Mabel's face was frightful as she leaned forward.

"It is his boast that no woman ever resisted him. I could tell you, so well do I know his character, almost word for word what he has said to-night. He has been wildly entreating, passionately pleading, ready to swear to his truth and honor, and brave and heroic to save you from imaginary dangers. Is it not so? Yes? Pshaw! then he has drawn you along with a thrice-told tale."

Marble-like was the form at his side.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I think your friend will lose his game just this once. He shall be checkmated." Her words were hard and pitiless. Thorndike felt the joy of a demon. Her jealous mistrust had been easy to work upon. "But I will have revenge for this. He shall bite the dust. Through my hands shall he taste the bitterness he has meted out to me!"

She had become desperate. Now was his time. She was but a reed in his hands.

"Shall I help you to a sure way?"

"Will you? A sure way to get revenge! revenge!" She gloated over the words.

"Yes; but perhaps you will not try it."

"I will, be it what it may. Quick, what is it?"

"You will acquire at once riches and supreme power. Without these you could never touch Guy Rivers. You have only to be my wife."

He had made his last throw.

He waited with suppressed breath for the answer.

"I—will—do—it!" low and steady. But it was too much; she broke down after it. "He said he would dare everything for me. He looked so true. Can I not put him to some test?"

"Poor, storm-beaten blossom, trust it all to me."

He had won, and the world's laugh dwindled into a very nothing in view of the peril he had so successfully weathered.

CHAPTER IV.

SAVED.

GUY RIVERS smoked his cigar so lazily the next morning that when he reached the beach the surf was already dotted thickly with the *bizarre* costumes of the bathers.

A merry, motley, oriental-looking crew, diving, splashing, swimming, floating. The silver-gray, with the scarlet facings—that was the only one he cared to see of them all. He looked for it amongst the crowd. He could have picked it out from a million.

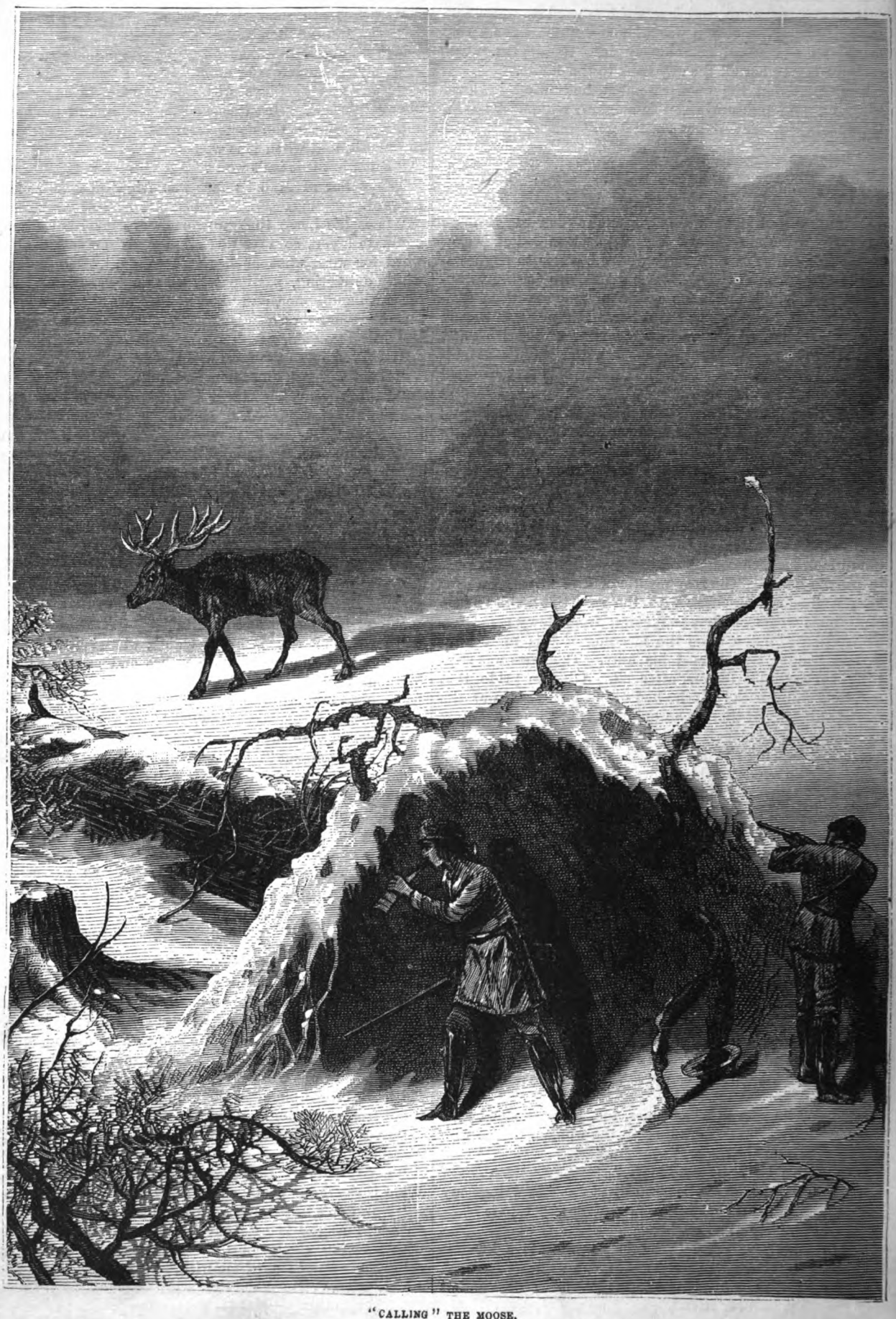
"Eyes for but one, as usual, Guy." It was Thorndike Marston.

"Look, Thorn. Don't you see her off there by herself? What is she doing alone, so far away from the others?"

"Now don't be in such a hurry to get over to her. Such an adept as she is safe enough, surely," was answered, with seeming carelessness. "By-the-way, here is something she commissioned me with."

Guy Rivers opened the tiny scrap of paper.

"After bathing.—MABEL."



"CALLING" THE MOOSE.

That was all. He thought a minute.

"I will go up to the house and wait for her," he said.

Thorndike Marston's scheme was working well.

Guy gave one backward glance as he stepped from the water. Then, all at once, rose a murmur; then a universal cry of terror.

"The quicksands; the quicksands!"

Thorndike Marston looked quickly. Mabel was over the fatal spot.

"'Sdeath!" he muttered. "Has the girl outwitted me, or was it accident?"

He measured the distance with his eye, hesitated, and drew back.

"She will be lost, at any rate, and—I dare not!"

A YOUNG BULL MOOSE.

He ground his teeth in rage, and watched Guy Rivers's swift, steady strokes, as he dashed toward her. The waves parted right and left before the nervous energy of his sinewy arm like magic.

This last little scene was not exactly what Thorndike Marston had arranged that morning with Mabel. She had listened quietly to his scheme.

"You are to tell him so," he said.

"But I am not really to swim over the quicksands, then?" she had asked,

"Can you imagine it for a moment? It would be almost certain death. The test is not worthy so great a risk. Indeed, there is no use of trying it at all. I am certain of the end."

The tone might have seemed, to a close observer, somewhat over-confident. He was so near and so sure—that made Mabel think of the moving shadow just then.

"If he comes to me through the danger——"

"But there will be no danger."

"What he thinks danger?"

"I shall have been mistaken. If it is I that am false, I will yield you up to him. Are you content?"

"It might have been a suspicion of treachery that caused her to take the opposite and fatal direction, or perhaps it was accident.

"Baffled!"

He ground his teeth and his face grew distorted like a madman's.

It had been a real test for both. This was the result. Mabel's strength was well-nigh gone when Guy Rivers reached her. She would never have had strength to stem the rapid current that set in against the cliff that hemmed in, on one side, the dreaded quicksands. She clung closer to him as her strength gave way. Guy felt within him the power of a giant. He held her tightly, buffeting the waves with one hand, as he moved swiftly away from the deadly spot. Up on the sand he carried her, and sank down exhausted by her side.

"My darling," he whispered, as she gazed at him wistfully, "did you think I wouldn't dare to come to you?"

She smiled up at him.

"Saved!"

The word told volumes. Saved from death; ay, more than death. With the word on her lips she fainted.

ALL ABOUT THE MOOSE.

THIS magnificent deer of North America is the largest of the family; attaining, when at full growth, a height of from seventeen to eighteen hands at the shoulder, and weighing twelve hundred pounds. The graceful form, however, which so eminently distinguishes the rest of his congeners, has been denied the moose. His shape is ungainly and square-looking, his coat is hanging and coarse, his mane stiff and his antlers gigantic, and he has, altogether, an extremely antique and antediluvian appearance.

The coat of the moose is composed of long, stiff bristles of a light ash-color near the roots, and is of a dark russet brown color, which, in the bull, in Winter, changes to a glossy black. From behind the ears, down the short neck and part of the back extends a thick, harsh mane, nearly a foot in length. The hair covering the belly and the inside

of the legs is of a sandy color. One of the most curious features which distinguish the moose is a hanging sort of pouch, the "bell," as it is termed, pendent from the spot where the junction of the head and neck occurs. This "bell" is covered with long, black hair, giving it the appearance of a misplaced beard.

The antlers of the bull moose often measure four feet from tip to tip, and weigh sometimes as much as sixty pounds. They are massive and palmated, and fringed with short spikes or tines. The lowest tine extends forward over the forehead and supplies the place of the brow antler. In April their horns begin to make their appearance, by September they have attained their full growth, and toward the end of January they are shed, and the head of the bull moose is as barren of decoration as that of his mate. Except, however, at the pairing season, these formidable horns are never used offensively; even when pursued and wounded, the moose uses his horns against the hunter in so awkward a manner that it is not a very difficult matter to avoid them. But in the "calling" season, when his ponderous frame trembles with jealous rage, the bloodiest battles are fought amongst themselves; indeed, hunters, having killed a moose, have found his flesh literally worthless from the tremendous gashes it has received in the course of its love-quarrels. It is said the Indians when "calling," which is effected by imitating the plaintive cry of the female upon a trumpet of birch-bark, hereafter more fully described, and not succeeding in luring the suspicious animal within range of their missiles, change their tactics, and, by imitating the note of the bull moose, induce him to forget his natural wariness and come headlong on to see the daring moose that presumes to come courting in his district.

The food of the moose consists, during the Summer months, of the leves and tender branches of such shrubs as abound in his native forests of eastern North America; to which region he is strictly confined, as is the wapiti to the prairies of western America. In the Winter season he subsists on the tops of young shoots; pulling them into his mouth by his prehensile upper lip, or mouffle, and biting them off. When, however, the moose is hard pressed by hunger, he is not so dainty, and will pick a meal from the first green bough he meets, except it be the spruce—that he never eats. Unless the grass is very tall, or growing on a convenient bank, the moose will seldom attempt to crop it; his neck being too short to admit of his performing the operation of grazing with anything like comfort. He can graze only by straddling his legs and stooping awkwardly, which may be taken as certain evidence that green shoots and tender buds, and not grasses, are his proper food.

As soon as the Winter snow begins to fall, the moose, discontinuing their wandering habits, herd together, and form what is termed a "moose-yard"; that is, they select a great patch of forest, fruitful in brushwood of a deciduous nature, and diligently tread down the snow in a circle round about it. By-and-by there is quite an embankment of snow encircling the yard, securing them from the attacks of wild beasts; for even the gaunt wolf will pause at the icy barrier, nor dare to leap in amongst the array of mighty horns ready to receive him. But alas! the cunningly formed barricade is bane as well as antidote to the poor moose, who is presently in a worse position even than the lean mouse who crept through a tiny crevice in the meal-cask, and ate till he grew so fat that escape was impossible.

The mouse was all right in the cask—there was plenty of food and snug quarters, all perfectly satisfactory—till somebody discovered it. As with the mouse, so with the moose. It is all right within its snow walls, till somebody discovers it; and that somebody is the hunter. If he is alone, he will do no more than make a note of the whereabouts of the yard, and take his departure, notching a tree here and there, that he may easily find his way to it again. Then he returns to his friends, and, either for friendship's sake or some more worldly consideration, lets a select few into the secret. There is no occasion for the least hurry; the longer the cattle are allowed to live, the fatter they will become; and as for escaping, there is very little more chance of that than though they were in a meadow with a six-foot fence all around it. At last the fatal day comes, and, armed with their guns, the hunters set out; and for weeks after, moose meat, fresh and dried, is plentiful for miles around.

In the Summer months the moose frequently takes to the water, partly to ease his blistered hide, tormented by the myriads of black flies and musquitoes which swarm in the woods in the hot season, and partly for the sake of the dainty food he may crop as he bathes—the leaves and tendrils of water-lilies and other aquatic plants. He is a fast swimmer, and even when disturbed by the hunter in his light canoe will, instead of endeavoring as speedily as possible to plant his feet on terra-firma and run for his life, keep to the lake and plow along at a rate that leaves the Indian little time to put down his paddles and take to his gun.

There are five methods of hunting the moose: "creeping," "calling," "running," bringing to bay with dogs, and snaring. The first mentioned systems are orthodox, but the two latter are despised by the true sportsman, who regards both operations as simple poaching.

"Calling" is one of the most successful methods of moose chase, but can only be practiced during the sweethearting season, which lasts from the beginning of September to the end of October. The fierce love of the moose overrides his natural shyness and caution, and he will brave any danger to reply to the snorting "quoh, quoorh" of the female of his kind.

At ordinary seasons, the hunter having brought down with his rifle one moose, or even having fired the piece fruitlessly, would never dream of finding an opportunity for another shot till he has traveled many a mile from the thoroughly scared neighborhood. But at the love-making season, the Indian, with his artificial call, may lure the bull within range of his bullets, may wound him, dash after him noisily through brake and thicket, at the same time yelling, as an Indian seems by nature obliged when hunting even a four-footed enemy, fire his piece again—bang! bang! both barrels, till the woods echo again, and within five minutes he will again mount a tree with his birch-bark trumpet, to be at once answered by a blundering, intoxicated bull, who comes trotting up to see who it is "quoh quohing."

It is a curious fact that a bull moose, if he be five miles distant when he hears the first call, will, even should it not be repeated, come in a perfectly straight course, through dense forest and brooks, and over rocky barrens, to within a few yards of the very spot where the call had been made.

A ludicrous story is told of a white settler who thought he would try his hand at "calling," as moose were numerous in the woods at the back of his clearing. To his surprise, he obtained an answer to his first call, and the moose came, in broad daylight, right up to the man, who was so taken aback that he did not fire till the animal was nearly upon him. He then discharged his gun without taking aim, and of course missed the moose, who attacked him at once, charging him and knocking him over. He was badly bruised; but, by good luck, escaped having his skull fractured by a blow from the fore-leg of the powerful animal. The fore-leg is the common weapon used by the moose when attacking a man or a dog. Rearing up on his hind-legs, he

strikes downward with the fore-legs with amazing force and velocity. A blow given by a full-grown moose would, if delivered on the head of a man, fracture his skull; and a dog has been thoroughly disabled by a blow from a young moose not more than a week old.

Calling is seldom attempted in windy weather, as, according to moose-hunters generally, the animals are more suspicious then than at any other time, and will generally endeavor to get to leeward of the caller.

It is customary for the European sportsman to hire the services of a professional Indian moose-caller, whose fixed charge is a dollar a day. One lures and the other shoots, the business being conducted as follows:

Setting out over-night, the hunter and his man journey till they come to what the Indian considers a favorable spot, and there, having supped, they "camp down for the night." About an hour before daybreak is the best time for calling, and by that time both are on the alert. Climbing into a tree, so as to give the sound of his call every advantage for diffusing itself through the surrounding forest, the Indian blows a blast. If an answer is obtained, and the moose seems to be approaching, the Indian either recedes or the sportsman advances a few hundred yards, the better to allay any suspicions the advancing bull may have, by the apparent distance of the cow. The bull, hearing the call repeated at a greater distance than he had expected, thinks there can be no harm in getting a little closer, and is thus betrayed into the hands of the silently-watching rifle-bearer.

"Creeping" moose is only another name for stalking, and is a sport best pursued when the snow lies thickly on the ground. Healthful and exciting though it be, so much of the "roughing" process is attached to it that this branch of moose-hunting is not nearly so much patronized as either of the other branches. November is the time to commence creeping, when the antlers flourish on the bull's head in all their glory. To any one, however, with a less robust constitution than an Indian, it is dreadful hard work, creeping through a frozen forest with a stealth that necessitates the slowest pace, till perhaps by sundown you discover moose "spoor," and it being too dark for further proceedings, you roll yourself in your blanket and make yourself comfortable (!) for the night, with the full intention of following the long-sought tracks in the morning; but, alas! you discover on opening your eyes that during the night snow has fallen, totally obliterating the footmarks, and leaving you the choice of returning disgusted to your camp, or to commence to creep again.

"Running" is a sport of a decidedly one-sided character, inasmuch as the hunter is *certain* of his game, which has not the least chance of escape. About March, when the snow lies very deep in the woods, and its surface is covered by a crust caused by the alternate influence of sun and frost, the "runner," armed with his gun, and wearing lashed to his feet a pair of snow-shoes or "rackets"—an oval frame of wood, across and across which are strung thongs and sinews, much the same, only coarser, as the ordinary racket bat is made. With these rackets he can glide over the treacherous surface with little danger of breaking through, while the unfortunate animal it is his luck to start, breaks through the crust at every step, sometimes sinking up to his belly, abrasing his ponderous legs against the knife-like edges of the broken ice, and exhausting his giant strength by frantic efforts to plough his great body through the tenacious mass. His doom is certain.

The chase may last but an hour, or, through the clumsiness of the hunter or the nimbleness of the hunted, may continue through the entire day; but the end of it is that the hunter at last, coming up with his game, finds it prostrate—quite spent and used up, and, with even less peril than belongs to the dragging from its stye and slaughtering the domestic hog, applies his murderous gun-barrel to its carcass, and spills its fevered blood upon the snow.

A hunter who has followed the moose many times among the freezing forests of Maine, tells the following story of a personal adventure with the moose:

One clear, sharp, frosty morning in November, 1844, I paid a visit to a large pine forest on the Kennebec in quest of this royal game.

I was then quite a young man, who had had considerable experience and rather prided myself upon my achievements in that line; and, as I rode forth with a brisk, elastic canter upon this same beautiful Autumn morning, it was with a thrill of rugged health pervading every part of my body, and with the resolve not to come back from the hunt empty-handed.

I was accompanied on this occasion by a splendid-looking hound, which I had purchased some time before, and whose qualities I was anxious to test.

All hunters know that a sneaking dog will not hunt well with a good one, and I had therefore tied up my own faithful, eager, "tried and true" Dasher, that I might put this new fellow to a fair and honest test.

A sharp canter of half an hour brought me to the romantic forest hills, where I slackened my rein and slowly made my way up a long ridge, thickly covered with undergrowth and vegetation. I had not yet reached the top when I observed signs of uneasiness in the hound, and, almost at the same instant, a stag plunged from some thick bushes near by and thundered at the top of his speed up the slope.

A sudden word to the hound and he crouched at my feet, while the horse, who understood what all this meant, stood with pricked ears, flashing eyes, and limbs trembling with eager excitement, as he watched the course of the affrighted animal.

When the animal reached the top of the ridge, full four hundred feet distant, he paused and looked defiantly at us. What a fine figure he made, with every limb and the exact contour of his body thrown in relief against the clear sky beyond! It was as if a gigantic figure of the animal had been stamped in ink upon the vast canopy behind it.

It was a long shot, and in those days our rifles had not the "improvements" attached by which you have a tolerable chance of knocking over a man at a thousand yards distance; but, hesitating a moment, I took a quick aim and fired.

The moose gave a bound and vanished so suddenly as to make it seem like magic, and whether my leaden messenger had touched him or not, I could not tell.

Quickly ramming down a ball, I hurried up the slope, and a thrill ran through me as I saw several bright clods of blood upon the dry leaves, evidence indisputable that the moose had been struck and badly wounded.

The next instant the hound had snuffed the trail and shot away like a meteor in pursuit, while my gallant horse, with the fire of excitement coursing through him, carried me in pursuit with the terrific speed of the locomotive.

All animals of the moose species seem to possess a remarkable tenacity of life, and many a time the young hunter who believes he has given the death-wound to one of them, finds it necessary to follow him mile after mile, and for hour after hour, and then, very likely, is obliged to administer another leaden dose before the brute will make up his mind to fall down and quietly give over his vain struggle for life.

I have sent a bullet through the body of a deer, and known him to run for hours after.

I once shot a ball through the heart of a large buck.

"THE CORD SNAPPED WITH A REPORT LIKE A PISTOL-SHOT, AND AWAY WENT THE MOOSE PLUNGING DOWN THE RAVINE."

which ran twenty yards after, and then fell from running with full force against a large tree. I presume the animal was really dying, if not dead, within a second of being struck, and the motion of his limbs was involuntary.

After the chase had led us miles from the starting-point, I found it bearing up a creek, on one side of which rose a high, steep hill, some two miles in length. From the signs I had detected along the trail, I was certain the wounded animal would never be able to reach the top of this, although as yet I could detect nothing of him.

We had followed the moose without once hesitating or turning aside, for the trail was so plain and unmistakable that we could not go astray. Half a mile further on, another bleak and barren hill reared its head upon the opposite side of the rivulet. After once getting within the gorge, there was no means of exit, except by the upper end of the ravine. At this point I must intercept my game — a thing which I was able to accomplish by taking a shorter cut over the ridge, which saved fully a mile in distance.

Uttering a parting shout to cheer my dog, the horse bore me at the very highest speed of which he was capable toward the pass.

I had scarcely reached it when I descried the stag, covered with foamy sweat, laboring heavily up the gorge, his energy so bent upon fleeing, that, although he must have seen us, he paid no heed whatever to either my dog or me.

As he came within easy range, I raised my gun, took a careful sight, and as it flashed, the moose made a frenzied leap upward and forward, and fell headlong within twenty feet of where I stood.

Fairly crazy with excitement, I leaped from my horse and ran toward the fallen brute, too foolish to wait a few minutes to let him die quietly and without danger to me.

I forgot that—

"A stag at bay is a dangerous foe,"

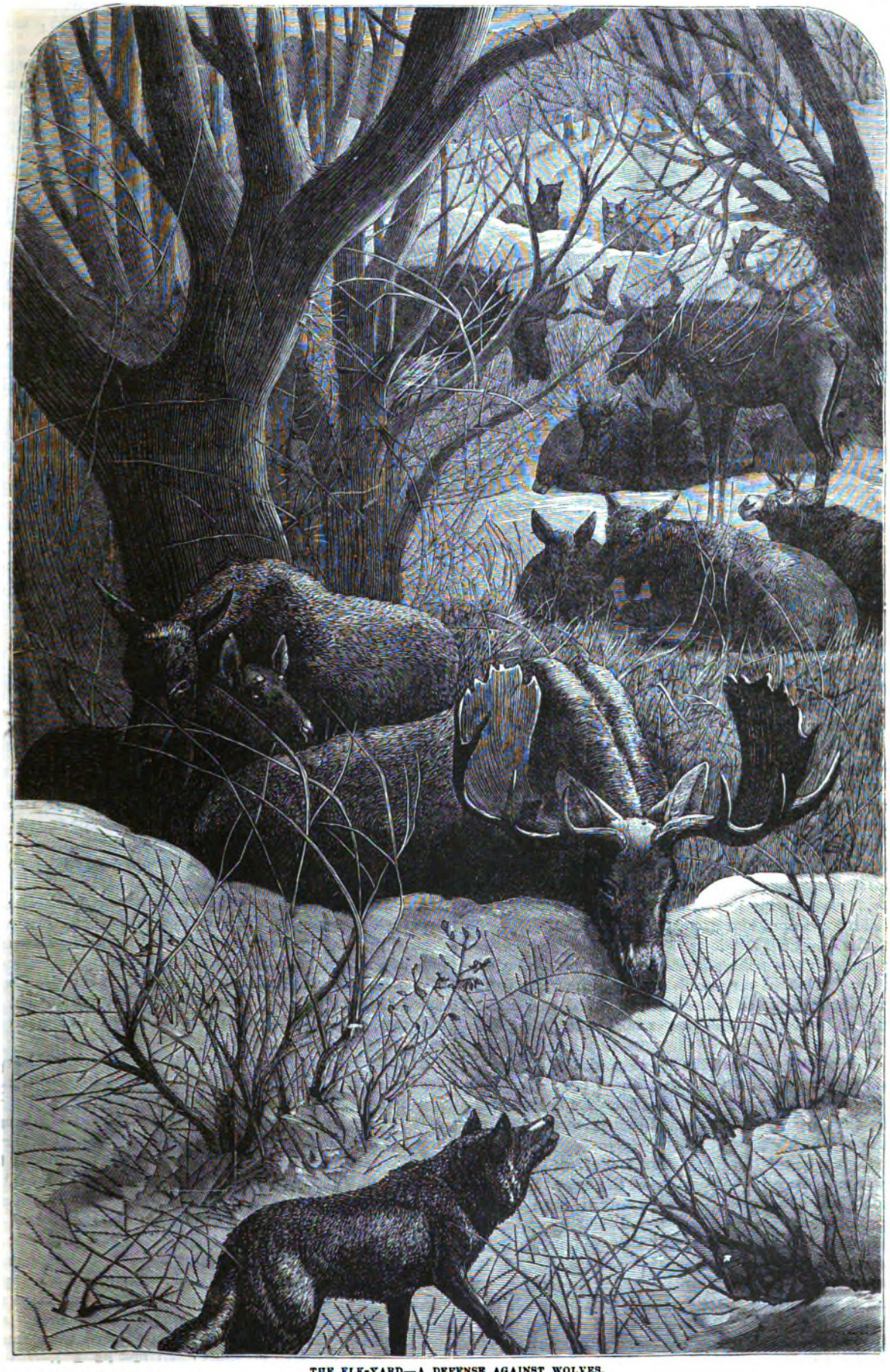
even though he may be prostrate upon the ground, and apparently dead.

Placing one knee upon his shoulder and a hand upon his antlers, I drew my hunting-knife; but almost at the instant its keen point touched his neck, the moose made a sudden bound, threw me from his body, and hurled my knife from my hand.

I saw my danger but I did not see it soon enough to help myself.

With a single furious bound the moose was upon me,

"HE WAS AT ONCE CHARGED FURIOUSLY BY THE ENRAGED ANIMAL, BUT RECEIVED IT UPON THE POINT OF HIS KNIFE, WHICH HE PLUNGED INTO ITS SIDE."



THE ELK-YARD—A DEFENSE AGAINST WOLVES.

wounding and almost disabling me with his knife-like hoofs and metal-like horns. Feeling that I was in the most critical situation of my life, I caught him by his wide-spread antlers and made the most determined efforts to regain my knife. Without this weapon with which to end the contest, I had no hope of coming out of it alive. This desperate "flurry" of the brute would last long enough for him to put the extinguisher upon a half-dozen men, if they would only come within his reach.

But our struggles carried us further away from the knife each moment, and my horse, frightened at the strange scene, dashed frantically to the top of the ridge, where he paused and stood staring at us, every muscle quivering, and ready each second to dash away at the top of his speed and leave us to fight it out alone.

The ridge which we had taken, and the extraordinary speed with which we had come, had carried us considerably in advance of the hound, whose deep baying I could now hear, as he came furiously on the trail. My hope lay in holding out till he came in, when he could rush in and afford me the chance to get the knife, with which to end the fight.

It did seem as if the moose fully understood that it was I who had given him his death-wound, and he had resolved that he would return the favor, while the baying of the hound was so distant that I feared he would not reach me in time.

The moose was in a fit of fury, and I could feel his sharp hoofs cut into my flesh, and I was conscious that I was losing my strength; my grip upon his antlers was becoming weaker, but I still maintained my hold.

In his struggles to free himself of me the moose, unintentionally upon his own part, had gradually veered off to the right, until I observed that we were upon the edge of a deep ditch. I now bent all my energies toward forcing him into this, in the hope that I might be able to drown him; but he was too powerful.

When he reached the edge of the drain he made a leap, which carried him on the opposite side.

As he went over I let go my hold and dropped into the ditch, in the hope of thus escaping, but he was not disposed to let me off so easily; for he immediately returned to the attack, inflicting numerous and bad wounds upon my face and breast before I could again grasp him by the antlers.

Throwing my arms around these, I interlocked them, drew his head close to my breast, and thus, by the most strenuous effort, rendered him harmless for the time.

But this could not last long.

My strength was failing far faster than was that of the moose, and it looked very much as though he was going to play the hunter after all in this matter. I felt that I must give up, and uttering a faint prayer to Heaven, prepared to meet my fate.

At this critical moment the baying of the dog again reached my ears, as also the stag's, which instantly sprang over the ditch, dragging me with him. He became more furious than ever, and I expected each moment that my hands would be unclasped.

The next moment the hound shot forth from the ravine, and, with a sharp yelp, sprang toward the game. I released my hold, and the moose instantly turned upon its new enemy. To my inexpressible terror and chagrin, the cowardly dog turned and ran, while the animal, as if disgusted with such a foe, turned again upon me.

Once more I threw my arms around his antlers and shouted in the hope of cheering the dog on to attack him, sufficiently long, at least, for me to secure my own safety; but the dastard stood yelping and barking, but never a foot nearer would he come.

And now again, as despair began creeping over me, the yelp of a dog was heard, which I recognized at once as belonging to Dasher.

A moment later he burst like a tiger into the open space, and fixing his teeth upon the throat of the stag, began the contest.

I was used up, and lay almost insensible, my only consciousness being that a fierce fight was going on close at hand; then all was still; and then I felt Dasher licking my wounds.

Staggering to my feet, I saw the moose dead, while my dog looked up at me as if to inquire whether there was anything more that he could do.

A fragment of rope was around his neck, showing where he had gnawed it in two, and following our trail through all my wanderings, he had come up at the critical moment, and been the means of saving me from a terrible death.

Another hunter, having slightly wounded a large bull moose, was compelled to take refuge from the savage assault of the infuriated animal behind a large tree. In his hurry he had dropped his powder-flask, and was, consequently, unable to reload his rifle. There was nothing for it but to remain where he was until the moose should get tired of standing guard over him. After waiting patiently for two or three hours, and nearly freezing to death in the snow, he made a bold effort to escape from his predicament.

Taking his stout hunting-kife, he lashed it to the muzzle of his rifle, and thus converted that weapon into a very serviceable lance. Stepping out from behind the tree, he was at once charged furiously by the enraged animal, but received it upon the point of his knife, which he plunged into its side, and soon laid the moose dead at his feet.

A gentleman who has had much experience as a moose-hunter, tells us an amusing story of an attempt made by an Indian guide, whom he employed in one of his expeditions, to capture a moose by means of a lasso. He says: We had found a range where moose is plentiful, but for days our success was invariably bad; something always happening to injure or destroy the antlers, which are very difficult to obtain intact, owing to their unwieldy size.

Having moved our camp some miles further into the wilderness, near a small lake, which was not yet frozen over, the season being a remarkably mild and open one, we discovered one day a herd of moose, among which there were four antlered ones of great size.

A council of war was now held, and Ignace devised a plan by which he seemed quite certain that he could secure the desired prize. Cutting a quantity of long strips from the hide of a moose, he twisted them into a strong rope, looped at one end after the fashion of a lasso. His plan was to conceal himself on one of the moose-paths, while we, with the dogs, were to drive the animals from the *ravage* or yard.

Armed with the thong, Ignace ensconced himself among the branches of a huge tamarack tree, close by the trunk of which the moose were in the habit of taking their way. When this arrangement was completed, the Indian and I proceeded to move to the moose-yard, about a quarter of a mile distant, heading off the animals, so that some of them would follow the path over which Ignace lay in ambush. The largest bull-moose in the herd went off at a swinging trot in the very direction we wanted. We followed on a run, and, on coming near the tamarack tree, a singular sight was presented to us. The skillful hunter had noosed the moose by one of the antlers, and, having taken a couple of turns of the thong round a limb of the tree, held him there for a moment. Unluckily, however, in doing this he had dropped his rifle to the ground. The animal was making frantic efforts to break his bond; and just as I had raised

my rifle to fire at him, the cord snapped with a report like a pistol-shot, and away the moose went, plunging down the ravine, with half of the lasso flying wildly from his antlers. We did not see that moose again; and, feeling discouraged at our want of success, I broke up the camp next day, and returned to the bounds of civilization.

Although so extremely shy, and averse to the company even of the ordinary animals of the forest, when taken young the moose may be easily and thoroughly domesticated. While residing at Halifax, Mr. Hardy had brought to him a little animal of this species, about eight days old. The little prisoner was fed, by means of a sucking-bottle, on cow's milk diluted with water, and thickened with Indian meal. As it grew older, more substantial fare was offered it—"the young shoots of maples, moosewood, dogwood and witherod, of the leaves and berries of which last two shrubs moose are especially fond, on account of their extreme bitterness. A lump of rock salt appeared to afford him great satisfaction, and might have been conducive to health."

Never was moose more tenderly cared for. "In the very hot days of Summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake in which these animals in a wild condition always indulge in hot weather, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him."

Whether or no the last-mentioned process afforded the little moose "great satisfaction," its humane fosterer sayeth not. One would be inclined, however, to think that the substitute scarcely came up to the actual thing. One is debarred the privilege of trying the experiment on a moose, but I fancy the animal would enjoy the buckets about as well as a young donkey, used to disporting in the dust, would enjoy being pelted with mud-clods.

The adopted moose being of a singularly robust constitution, survived for eight months under the infliction of the above-mentioned and similar violent favors, till at last, "in November, he being at the time eight months old, and in perfectly excellent health and condition, I adopted by mischance an expedient which caused his untimely, and, by me, much-regretted death.

"The Winter having set in, and it being inconvenient to send into the woods for a supply of boughs, I resolved to try a substitute. I fixed upon turnips, of which a pailful was given him one evening, and which he appeared to relish greatly. Next morning, to my dismay, I found the poor creature dead! On inquiry, I discovered, too late, that turnips given to cattle in too great quantities will often cause death.

"So tame was the young moose in question that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs for a piece of bread. He delighted, too, in a pipe of tobacco, and would rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual who would favor him by puffing a mouthful of smoke into his face. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found reveling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers almost indiscriminately. When approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty."

Other instances are related of the moose becoming not only a domesticated animal, but a useful beast of burden. An innkeeper on the Truro road, Halifax, possessed one that would consent to be harnessed to a sledge, which he would draw with marvelous speed. When not wanted, this tame moose was allowed his liberty, in the enjoyment of which he would often swim across the Great Lake to the opposite shore, about two miles distant, whence he would return at the sound of the "conch," which is generally used in the interior of Nova Scotia to call laborers from the woods.

In Minnesota, and other sections on our northwestern frontier, the moose has often been tamed, and employed to draw light wagons and sledges, and, from its great speed, has sometimes been pitted against the trotting horse; but its use is confined mainly to display, since it becomes intractable at the least provocation, and is then not only unreliable for any steady work, but very dangerous.

A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.

THE island of Trinidad lies off the northeast coast of South America, near the mouth of the great river Orinoco, forming with the mainland the Gulf of Paria, the *Gulfo Triste* of Columbus. The scenery among the small islands between Trinidad and the Spanish Main is very lovely, and has been glowingly described by Charles Kingsley in his "At Last."

On several of these islands whaling stations are established. After the huge fish have been captured, they are towed by the boats to one or another of these stations, and the blubber is stripped off and carried on shore to the boiling-house in large, white blocks, where a simple apparatus is set up for extracting the oil. It sometimes happens, however, that immediately the whale has been killed, the sharks surround it in such numbers, and devour the blubber with such rapacity, that if the distance be great, and the currents adverse, before the whale can be towed ashore the greater part has been eaten off, and the labor of the fishermen thrown away. In this case, the carcass is abandoned to the ravenous throng who have already made so free with it.

Among the various species, the tiger or spotted shark, so called from its beautifully mottled appearance, deserves a short description, differing, as it materially does, from the other varieties.

The tiger-shark, or *tintorero*, as it is called by the Spanish creoles, is a more formidable monster than others of its tribe, chiefly because of its great size and courage, and because of its power of seizing its prey without turning on its back or side. It is enabled to do this from the great size of its mouth, and from its position near the end of the snout, instead of being placed underneath, as in other varieties of the shark.

As soon as the carcass of the whale has been stripped of its blubber, it is towed out at high water to a sufficient distance from the station to insure of its being carried away by the falling tide. This is necessary, for the stench from so large a mass of putrefying flesh, exposed as it has been to the intense action of a tropical sun for three or four days, is more than unpleasant.

Now is the opportunity for the shark-hunters. They take possession of the remains, tow them to some convenient nook of the Bocas, as the channels between the islands are called, and there anchor them. All is now prepared, and nothing remains but eagerly and silently to watch for the assembly of the ravenous brutes to their midnight orgies.

The liver of the shark, equal to about a quarter of the whole fish, contains a most valuable oil, largely used in the colony as a substitute for cod-liver oil. The liver of a shark 15 feet long will yield from 12 to 16 gallons of oil, varying according to the condition of the fish.

The boats used in this sport are canoes of some twenty feet in length. In the bow a deep groove is cut, to guide the rope after the fish has been struck. A coil of fifteen fathoms of rope, carefully arranged under the thwarts, is secured at one end to a piece of strong chain, at the other

end of which is the harpoon. Close at hand lies the lance, used for giving the *coup-de-grâce* after the fish has exhausted itself by ineffectual attempts to get free from the barbed harpoon.

On a calm, dark night in April, the writer and a friend, accompanied by an old shark-hunter, famous for his prowess in killing these monsters, betook themselves about dusk (six P.M.) to a small creek in the Boca de Monos, where the carcass of a whale had been placed in the morning. About eight o'clock the large sharks began to arrive. Looking over the side of the boat into the depths below, great flashes of phosphorescent light, like distant sheet-lightning, marked their backs as they came swiftly up. I remember one monster in particular, who, after causing the deep to shine in his track, slowly rose near the boat. His body was marked out by a rim of light, and his eyes glowed like lamps. I felt spellbound with awe and horror at the sight as he slowly approached obliquely from the bottom. Presently he touched the side of the boat with his great nose, just under the rowlock. I could have patted him on the head. Slowly he struck back, and, passing under the boat, made it vibrate from stem to stern.

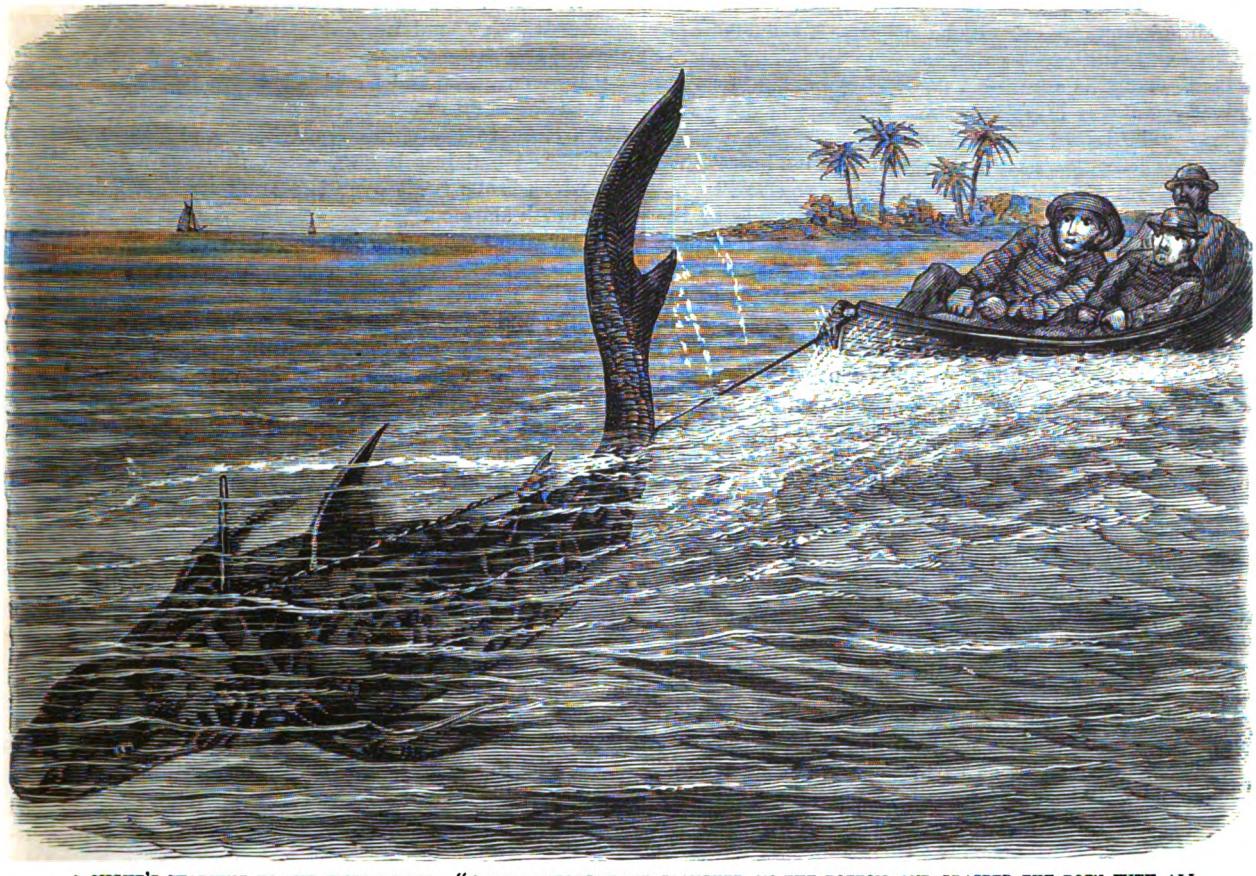
A FOUR MONTHS' OLD MOOSE.

Now was the time. William, our professional friend, rose cautiously, and, poising the heavy weapon for an instant, launched it vigorously at the shark as it appeared on the surface a few feet from the bow, and cast out two or three fathoms of line. Simultaneously we crouched on the bottom, our feet against the thwarts, and grasping the rope with all our mights. In the twentieth part of a second the line was as taut as a fiddle-string, while we felt a tremendous jerk, and the boat rushed madly through the water. Now and then an inch or two of rope slipped through our fingers, carrying with it portions of skin, only William's horny palms being proof against the friction. The bow of the canoe was sunk to within six inches of the water, and we were spinning across the calm Boca at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Suddenly the strain ceased, and we fell over backward, being within an ace of upsetting the boat. The harpoon had drawn. There was no help for it. We had to return to the carcass and try our luck again.

As we drew near, the common brown sharks rushed down to darker depths. Not so the tiger-sharks. They have little or no fear. Most of those present, however, were too small for what we wanted; so we had to await the appearance of larger prey, as it is not worth while to strike a fish under eight feet long, except for sport. We grew sleepy. William was nodding at the bow, and I began to find my thoughts wandering away to dreamland. At length our scattered fancies were recalled by a sudden jerk, for an explanation of the cause of which we looked to our professional friend. He told us that the bottom and sides of the boat had become greasy with the particles of blubber floating about, and some inquisitive tiger had tried his teeth upon the cutwater. Next morning he triumphantly proved his statement by picking out several of the points of the shark's teeth from the stern of the boat.

We were all now thoroughly awakened. The sea seemed perfectly alive, the monsters jostling one another in their eagerness to snap a mouthful. The water blazed around the carcass of the whale as it was lashed into glowing phosphorescent foam by their tails and fins, the difficulty now being which to choose from among so many.

At length the harpoon rose, and the glittering weapon sank with a thud into the neck of a large tiger. We crouched again in the canoe and clutched the rope. Away rushes the boat, a foaming wave two feet high on either side of the prow. After a few minutes the speed slackened, and we are able to haul in a few fathoms. The distance was shortened, so that we could see the luminous eddies whirling around the powerful tail of the shark, like the water at

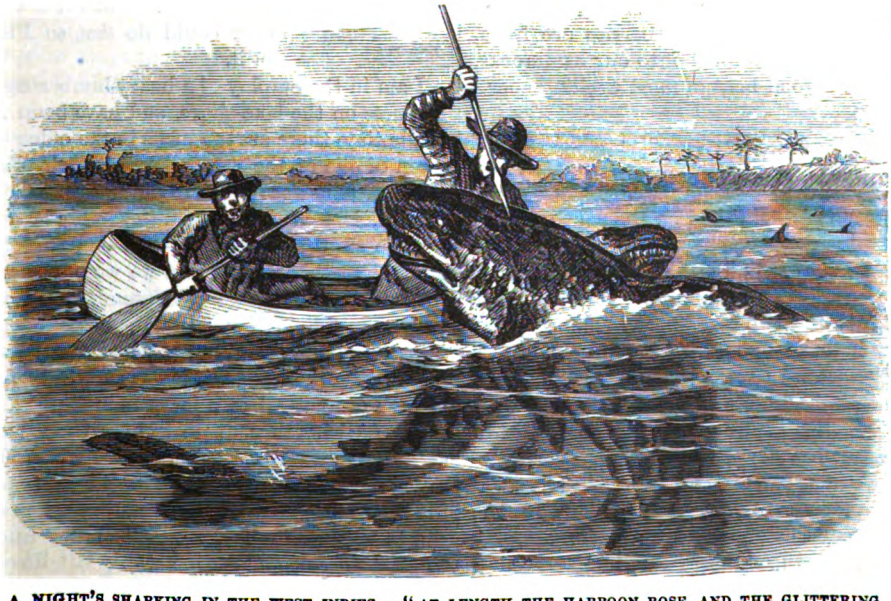


A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.—"SIMULTANEOUSLY WE CROUCHED ON THE BOTTOM, AND GRASPED THE ROPE WITH ALL OUR MIGHT. WE FELT A TREMENDOUS JERK, AND THE BOAT RUSHED MADLY THROUGH THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 307.

the screw of some small steamer, as he madly tore along but a few fathoms off.

At last he floated breathless on his side, and we hauled in, his silvery belly gleaming as we approached. In a moment he seemed to recover his lost energies; he floundered about and lashed the water into foam. His struggles, however, soon subsided under a few well-directed thrusts of the lance near the junction of the head and back, the most vulnerable spot, and in his mortal agony he champed the strong chain in his teeth, which stretch back, row after row, one snap of which no rope would stand.

The moment the death-struggle was over, William ripped up the belly with his knife, the canoe was canted, and one end of the huge, slippery liver being pulled over the side, gradually the oily mass glided into the boat.



A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.—"AT LENGTH THE HARPOON ROSE, AND THE GLITTERING WEAPON SANK WITH A THUD INTO THE NECK OF A LARGE TIGER."

While we rested and William wiped his bloody lance, he told us some of his former adventures, one or two of which I will now recount for the benefit of the reader, modifying the negro *patois* so as to make it intelligible.

"Ten years ago, Massa Bob, dem black debil was more bolder dan dem is now, and we used to strike shark as well in de day as in de night. One day I go out wid Toby Congo in a small canoe boat, fifteen feet long, and before we get long side de whale de water was black wid shark. I been hit one big monster feller; before you could say 'knife' de rope slip out of de groove, and de canoe was hove right under water, an' we left swimming 'mongst millions of sharks. Golly! dey touch me ebery now and den, but dey like whale-beef better nor man-flesh. Toby, he holler as if he been see the debil himself.

Howsomdever, in about five minute time de canoe rise 'bout hundred yards off. Blebe me, Massa Bob, Toby an' me knock fire out of de water, we swim so strong for dat ya boat. Toby he swim ober de canoe gunnel an' bale out de water, an' den I get in. Says I, 'Toby, is dat you?' Toby couldn't talk, his teeth knock togedder like a baby-rattle, and he couldn't say nuttin' but 'Oh, me hart!' We darn't go hunt shark for tree week, I 'sure you, sar."

On another occasion, William and his comrade of the lance just succeeded in killing an immense creature, after a battle of two hours, and while in the act of taking out the liver, another monster made a rush across the body of the dead one, no doubt attracted by the gleaming glimmer of the liver as the last of it slipped from the bowels of the fish into the canoe. He hung for an instant with its great, shovel-head, at least two feet broad, resting on the gunwale of the boat and the body of his defunct comrade; then Toby, with a dexterous stroke of the paddle, slewed the canoe so that his head lay obliquely, while William, with a well-directed thrust of his heavy lance in the vulnerable part, cleverly settled his account.

After killing a few more, and having now filled the shell of the canoe with slippery masses of liver, that shone in the light of the stars, our sport was over for the night, and the bow of the boat was turned homeward to William's cottage, nestling among feathery cocoa-nut palms in one of the little bays.

As the boat stole gently along the rocky shore, our attention was drawn to a curious sight. Upon striking the water with the flat of an oar, so as to cause a splash, the sea seemed to be lit up as if by magic, and at a depth of a fathom or more we could see every rock and weed at the bottom as clearly as at noonday; then gradually the light faded away, and all was dark as before.

This curious phenomenon was due to the presence of thousands of living fish of the sardine tribe, who, frightened by the sudden splash, rushed wildly about, setting in motion the phosphorescent animalculæ with which at certain seasons the tropical seas teem, and so caused the water to shine around the boat; the light gradually fading away as the little fish recover from their panic and again become all but motionless.

As the bow of the boat grated upon the beach, we leaped out, hauled up, and, as hungry as hunters should be, sat down to a smoking, savory mess of stewed fish and beautifully white bread, finishing up with a cup of coffee of such a fragrance as is known only when the berries are fresh. Midnight surprised us as we tumbled into our hammocks, weary and happy, after a good bout of most exciting sport.

THE SOUFFLEUR, AT MAURITIUS.

A CURIOUS phenomenon is exhibited on the south side of the Mauritius, at a point called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower." "A large mass of rock," says Lieutenant Taylor, "runs out into the sea from the mainland, to which it is joined by a neck of rock not two feet broad. The constant beating of the tremendous swell which rolls in has undermined it in every direction, till it has exactly the appearance of a Gothic building with a number of arches. In the centre of the rock, which is about thirty-five or forty feet above the sea, the water has forced two passages vertically upward, which are worn as smooth and cylindrical as if cut by a chisel. When a heavy sea rolls in, it of course fills in an instant the hollow caverns underneath; and, finding no other egress, and being borne in with tremendous violence, of rushes up these chimneys, and flies, roaring furiously, to a height of full sixty feet. The moment the wave recedes, the vacuum beneath causes the wind to rush into the two apertures with a loud humming noise, which is heard at a considerable distance.

"My companion and I arrived there before high water; and, having climbed across the neck of rock, we seated ourselves close to the chimneys, where I proposed making a sketch, and had just begun, when in came a thundering sea, which broke right over the rock itself, and drove us back much alarmed.

"Our negro guide now informed us that we must make haste to recross our narrow bridge, as the sea would get up as the tide rose. We lost no time, and got back dry enough; and I was obliged to make my sketches from the mainland.

In about three-quarters of an hour the sight was truly magnificent. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the waves rolled in, long and unbroken, full twenty-five feet high, till, meeting the headland, they broke clear over it, sending the spray flying over to the mainland; while, from the centre of this mass of foam, the Souffleur shot up with a noise which we afterward heard distinctly between two and three miles. Standing on the main cliff, more than a hundred feet above the sea, we were quite wet. All we wanted to complete the picture was a large ship going ashore."

Our illustration shows the sea beating against some hollow rocks on the coast of the Mauritius, and producing the remarkable phenomenon called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower"—water-spouts issuing from the wave-worn cavities of the cliff to a considerable height, and with a noise distinctly audible at a distance of three miles.

THE FIRE TEST.

I BELIEVE it, sir—I do, indeed! There never was an evil that some good did not spring from it. I know it is sometimes hard to believe—it was for me once—but it is truth. Shall I tell you why I changed my mind? I don't know as I ought to, for I am not much of a story-teller—I can balance an account or scale a load of lumber better—but I will try this time. Ah, how I wish I could tell it as I felt it and saw it! But I don't believe anybody ever could do *that*, so I'll make the best of it.

I am in the employ of a heavy lumbering company doing business on the lake-shore, and have been for years. Most of the time there are two of us in the office—John Richards, a son of one of the owners, and myself, Jacobed Jackson. John usually goes into the pineries in the Winter.

Well, last Winter was unfavorable for logging—there was no snow to speak of—and our supply of logs was so much less than usual that we were obliged to shut down the mill about the first of September. That left thirty or forty men idle. You know these lumbermen have to eat, sometimes, and wear clothes; and the firm decided to put a crew into the woods, if it was early. So, about the fourth or fifth of September, a lot of men started.

John Richards went up to boss them; and to be frank, as I always want to be, I was glad when John was out of my sight. There were two or three reasons why I was glad. First, John Richards was not a very agreeable person to have around. He was haughty and overbearing to the last degree, and many a wordy tilt have we had. Again, he was paying attention to a beautiful girl whom I loved. No doubt I was a little selfish, but I really couldn't help it.

There was no open rivalry between us, however, for I never had intimated, even to my dearest friend, my mother, that I cared aught for Belle Royalton. But I loved her; and the idea that John Richards—or anybody else, for that matter—would bear off the prize, even before I had entered the lists as a competitor, was repugnant to my feelings, to say the least. Lastly, John Richards was my enemy. Wherefore, I could not fathom; unless, indeed, some look or act of mine had betrayed my love. But he was my enemy, and I *was* glad when he was out of my sight.

John had been gone nearly a month, when the firm received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had found a large tract of pine land for sale. The owner had just been burned out, and John advised that I should come up with a few thousand dollars, for a splendid bargain could be made.

The partners held a consultation, and finally decided that I should go up. I was to start immediately after dinner, on horseback.

I knew the road well, and was somewhat acquainted with the few people who had ventured to settle in that wilderness through which I had to pass; therefore I apprehended no trouble. Not so with my mother, however. She took alarm at the first mention of the journey.

"I wish you were not going, Joe," she said, with a show of much anxiety.

"Why, mother?"

"The fires, Joe. They are burning all over the woods, and you have to camp out one night."

I laughed at her fears, for I thought them groundless; and she did not press the subject further. The look of anxiety remained on her face, however, and I promised to be very careful.

I chose to use my own horse; so, after dinner, I went out to the stable and saddled Jim, and rode down to the office. They were not quite ready, and Mr. Richards said I had better take a turn around, and see if there were any letters to send to the men. It was only by some such transient method that we had any communication with the pineries, and I found many letters already written.

After I had visited all who had husbands in the woods, I headed toward the office again; but I happened to think that perhaps Belle had some word to send to John Richards. It was not pleasant to think of, and I selfishly decided that I would not be the bearer of communications between them. But my better nature prevailed, as I hope it always may.

I rode over to Squire Royalton's, and asked for Belle. She was at home; and I think I trembled a little, while the servant was calling her, for I never had spoken with her except in the presence of others, much less visited her in her own home. I was even more agitated when she entered the room, and the touch of her hand thrilled me through and through. It was only by a mighty effort that I controlled my feelings. Ah, how lovely she was! I dared not dwell upon such thoughts, so I stammered out the business that brought me there.

She smiled when I told her—a mischievous smile, I thought.

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Jackson; but I have no word to send to Mr. Richards, that I know of."

I was surprised, and she saw it.

"You have been led into an error," she said, more seriously, "but I thank you all the same. I hope you will see no trouble on the journey. You must be very careful, however, for fires are burning through all that region."

You don't know how these words cheered me. Notwithstanding my embarrassing position, I could not feel sorry that I went; and, apologizing for my mistake, I took my leave, very much happier, yet, withal, feeling a sort of pity for John.

The first part of my journey was performed without serious trouble. It is true, I had some narrow escapes from the fires which I found everywhere; thus proving my mother's fears not without foundation. But on Saturday night, the night for camping out, I met with the first of a series of mishaps that promised a very unfortunate ending to my trip.

The camping out, however, was not so disagreeable as I anticipated; for our men, on the way up, had erected a cabin for themselves, and a sort of stable for the horses. In the latter I tied Jim, finding hay and grain enough for a feed, and then betook myself to the other cabin, where I made preparations for passing a comfortable night.

But I could not sleep at first. Ten thousand dollars in one's pocket is not a remarkable narcotic, especially when one is in a lonely cedar swamp, with fires lighting the heavens above, the suffocating smoke retarding respiration, and you do not know how many desperate men prowling about for prey. But sleep came to me after a while, and money, fire, smoke and robbers were forgotten.

I do not know how long I slept, but I do know that I was awakened very suddenly. I sprang from the heap of straw which had been my bed, and, by the light of the fires, which had burned nearer, I saw a man standing in the door. His face was toward me—a black face it was, too, but whether artificially colored or natural, I could not say.

"If you don't want to get burned up, you'd better get out of here!" he said, gruffly. "Ten minutes more, and the hut will be all ablaze."

I needed no second bidding. I found that his words were true, his warning timely. On three sides of the cabin the hungry flames were greedily licking up everything combustible, and at one point were only a few rods from where I stood.

The smoke was stifling, the heat was scorching. I had no time to waste. The stranger was already on the move, as I knew by the sound of his horse's footfalls. I was not far behind, I assure you; for my faithful horse seemed to realize that we were in peril.

The smoke was so dense that I could not see a rod ahead, but I struck out boldly, and a ride of half an hour took me out of immediate danger. Then, for the first time since my awakening, I thought of the money. I quickly clapped my hand to my breast-pocket.

It was empty!

Can you guess my first wish? It was that I had been left to my fate in that rude hut; for death seemed preferable to dishonor. These thoughts did not remain with me any length of time, however; for somewhere in advance of me, fleeing from his victim, and from the devouring element, was the robber. My only desire, then, was to overtake him and wreak out my vengeance on his worthless carcass.

Putting the whip to my horse, I dashed on; making but little progress, however, for the way had never been traveled before, unless by some footman. Toward daylight the way improved, and soon after sunrise I struck a road. I now moved on more rapidly. By frequent inquiries I learned that I was on the track of the villain, but some hours behind him. I was gaining on him, however. As the day waned I heard of him nearer and nearer. I hoped to overtake him before dark, but failed.

I did not despair. I kept on, and, somewhere between eight and nine o'clock, reached a village situated on the border of a bay, or the lake itself, I could not tell which. I rode down to the bay to give my thirsty horse a drink;

but he had only touched his lips to the water, when he lifted up his head, turned square round, and, with dilated eyes, swelling nostrils and elevated ears, gazed toward the woods which nearly surrounded the village. And I, too, turned in the same direction; for a low, rumbling sound, inexplicable to me, broke the Sabbath stillness. Louder and louder it grew as we gazed, until it was like the noise of mighty, irresistible waters sweeping toward us.

The inhabitants of the village were aroused. Though conscious of some terrible danger, they were yet ignorant of their awful doom. Even the domestic animals took the alarm, and fled, helter-skelter, trampling many a poor unfortunate under foot in their mad flight.

But the worst was yet to come.

Dumb with awe, rather than fear, I stood facing the mysterious roar—stood alone, for my frightened horse had broken away and fled—while fiercer and more terrible became the horrid mystery.

But the worst was not yet.

Suddenly, swift as the lightning's flash, burst upon us a deafening crash, like the uprooting and downfalling of ten thousand forest giants, and with it a sheet of flame—one wide, lurid sheet of scorching, merciless, devouring fire, enveloping the village and everything therein—a sickening holocaust.

Peshtigo was doomed!

Only when the tornado of wind and flame struck the village did I realize my danger. Fortunately I was close by the water's edge, else I never should have told you the story. With a few others as fortunate as myself, I rushed into the cooling element, waist-deep.

"Joc! Joc! save me! For God's sake, don't leave me here!"

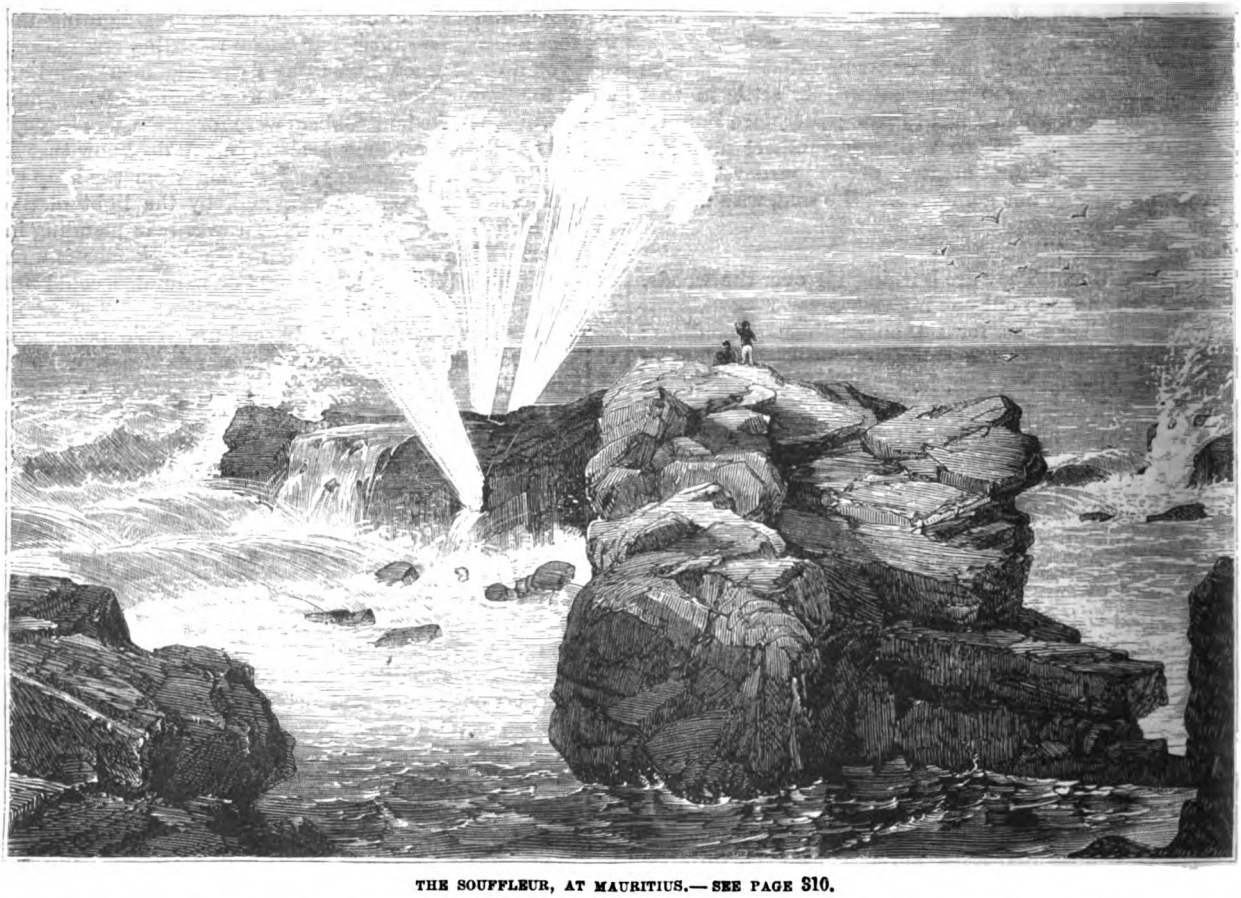
Those were the words that smote my ear, above the shrill roar of the devastating fire. I turned in my flight. It was as light as noonday—a hot, sickening light, if I may so term it; and lying on the bank, but a step from the water, I saw John Richards, begging of me to come to him.

"Oh, Joc! just try *once* to save me—only once, Joc! I'll ask no more!"

Could you have refused, even though it seemed like certain death to venture back into that burning heat? No more could I.

One noble man—God prosper him and his in this life and hereafter!—returned with me, and together we dragged poor John through the water into comparative safety.

"God bless you!" murmured John, as he felt the cool water enveloping him. "You have saved me from a horrible death, and I will repay you. Bend your head down, Joc. *The money is all right, Joc!*"



THE SOUFFLEUR, AT MAURITIUS.—SEE PAGE 310.

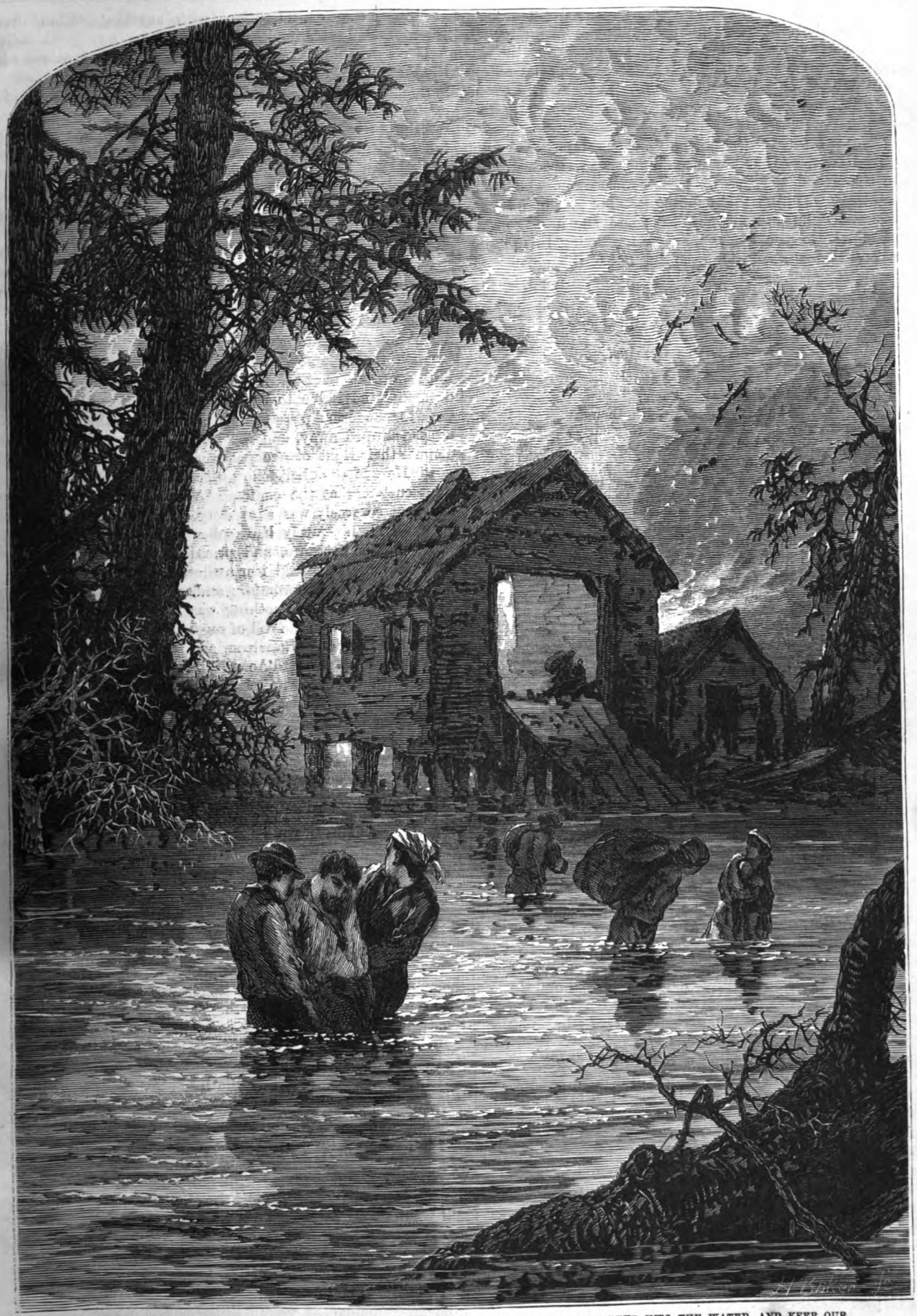
"What! tell me that again!" I demanded, forgetting everything but the hope of saving my honor unstained.

"I took it, Joc. I knew Belle loved you, and I couldn't bear it. That letter I sent was to get you where I could carry out my plan. I might have left you in the hut, but Belle would always remember you then, while a shadow of suspicion upon you would have ended it all. But I give her up to you, Joc. I'm not good enough for her, even if she wanted me; but if I live, I'll do better. You'll not tell Belle, or father?"

"No, John," I said.

By this time the heat was so intense that we were forced to wade deeper into the water, and keep our heads wet to save our skins from blistering. Ah, sir, it was terrible! Many a poor being fled down into the water that night, and never returned—fled from one death to find another, and, perhaps, an easier one.

Well, I scarcely know how we lived through that awful



THE FIRE TEST.—"THE HEAT WAS SO INTENSE THAT WE WERE FORCED TO WADE DEEP INTO THE WATER, AND KEEP OUR HEADS WET TO SAVE OUR SKINS FROM BLISTERING."—SEE PAGE 310.

night; but here I am, as you see, considerably scorched, and somewhat stiff and sore, but quite a man, after all. There is John, too—John Richards, in that bed in the corner. He will get over it, I guess. I shouldn't be telling you this now, only he said I might. He has turned over a new leaf, and does not want any secrets weighing him down.

There is Belle, too, just coming up the walk. They put my bed here, so that I should be the first to see her when she came, and the last when she went away. Isn't she beautiful? Ah, but that is nothing to her goodness! She has saved John and me, they say; and she is—*my promised wife.* Do you blame me now for saying there never was an evil that good did not spring out of it?

ONCE UPON A TIME.

By Mortimer Collins.

Was it a thousand years ago
A little girl I used to know,
Whose hair (the papers did it, though)
Was very curly?
A jolly little chap was she,
And full of laughing, childish glee;
But now she shows that she can be
A trifle surly.

And she approaches middle age
(Vile phrase!), and grows extremely sage,
And sometimes flies into a rage
With old relations;
Yet I remember well when she
Was tossed to the ceiling, wild with glee,
Or sat upon a certain knee
Without impatience.

Well, life is long and love is brief
(Though love alone is life's relief),
And Time's a very cruel thief,
All joys deranging;
Yet, 'twere a pleasant deed of his,
And one I should not take amiss,
To bring me now a child-like kiss
From lips unchanging.

A DIMINUTIVE DEPENDENCY.

In the year 1506 a well-furnished fleet of sixteen sail, commissioned to strengthen the dominion of Portugal in Asia and Africa, came upon a group of three islands some fifteen hundred miles west of the Cape, to which, by way of registering his discovery, the Portuguese admiral gave his own name of Tristan d'Acunha. A hundred and thirty-seven years later the islands were explored by the Dutch, an example followed by the French in 1767; but neither were tempted to take possession. The principal island of the group afterward became a rendezvous for American whalers, and was occupied by them down to 1810, when they appear to have abandoned it; for in 1811 the population of Tristan d'Acunha, all told, consisted of an American, a half-caste Portuguese, and a native of Minorca. The American, Jonathan Lambert, invested himself with the sovereignty of what had hitherto been No-man's Land, by the style and title of Prince of Tristan d'Acunha, and Lord of Nightingale and Inaccessible Islands. By the formal instrument proclaiming the commencement of his reign, the self-made prince gave himself and his heirs the right to give or sell his dominions to whomsoever they thought fit, and bound his subjects to receive all comers upon the principles of hospitality and good-fellowship, and supply them, for due consideration, with anything within the resources of his territories.

These were limited enough. The native productions of the three islands were of no marketable value; but Lambert and his two subjects managed to raise fair crops of cabbages, turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, onions, lettuces, radishes, parsley and potatoes. They were not so fortunate in the way of live-stock, losing most of their turkeys and all their ducks; but their pigs throve tolerably, and their goats catered for themselves with good results.

Prince Jonathan's reign was not of long duration. He disappeared in May, 1812, and was never heard of more. Whether he took French leave of his dominions, was drowned in crossing to one of the smaller islands, or was put out of the way by his subjects, is matter for speculation.

Those he left behind him suffered much from the depredations of American privateers, and things generally went ill with them; and when, in consequence of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, the British Government deemed it advisable to dispatch a small force from the Cape to take formal possession of Tristan d'Acunha, the Portuguese slipped away, and the newcomers found no one to dispute their right of occupation save Thomas, the Minorcan. He was soon hail-fellow with the soldiers, and a constant customer at the canteen. Where he got the money he spent so freely was a mystery. In his drunken moments—and he rarely had sober ones—Thomas talked about hidden treasure, and promised that the man who pleased him most should learn where it lay. He died too suddenly to keep his promise; and, although many sought for the golden hoard, nothing was found except an old wooden-bottomed kettle full of rags.

Upon the death of Napoleon, and the withdrawal of the garrison from Tristan d'Acunha, Corporal Glass, an old soldier with a young wife, obtained permission to remain on the island; and, that he might start comfortably, his officers gave him a bull, a cow, and a few sheep, and made over to him such of their belongings as they did not care to carry away. Not long afterward, two sailors belonging to the St. Helena squadron, taken with the ex-corporal's mode of life, determined, when paid off, to lay in a stock of useful articles and join the "governor." In due time they reached England, and received their pay; but, unable to resist temptation, the tars went on the spree, and forgot all about Tristan d'Acunha until their pockets were empty. They then set off for the Admiralty to ask "my lords" to give them a free passage to the island. Luckily for the old salts, Admiral Cockburn recognized one of them—Taylor—as a shipmate, and they soon found themselves on board a man-of-war bound for the Cape. Glass received them cordially, and, building themselves a house, which they dubbed Bachelors' Hall, the pair jogged on happily together in their strangely selected home.

In 1824, Mr. Earle, a passenger on board a South American schooner, landed on the island for a day or two's sketching, and, being left in the lurch by the treacherous skipper, had to wait six months for a chance of getting away again, and so passed one half-year of his life without seeing a sad look on a human face. Certainly there were not many faces about. Half-a-dozen houses, built of wreck-timber, and thatched with grass, sufficed to shelter the entire population. Taylor, the man-of-war's man, was still to the fore at Bachelors' Hall, but his partner had departed—not this life, but the island—and he had found a new messmate in Old Dick, a dapper little Londoner washed ashore from a wreck, who had been waterman, fisherman, seaman and dragoon. Two more ocean waifs saved from an Indiaman—a young sailor named White, and a

half-caste Portuguese girl from Bombay—had made a match of it, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Glass, made up the tale of adult settlers.

The so-called governor was a fine, good-humored Roxburgh man, who, Scot-like, cherished in his heart the land he had left for ever. Undertaking to convert Earle's cloak into a complete suit, he was such an unconscionable time about the job that that gentleman feared he should be reduced to Adamite garb. At last the governor said:

"It's no use holding out any longer. I have had your bonnie cloak out several times, and the scissors in my hand; but it's the first tartan that ever came to Tristan d'Acunha, and I cannot find it in my heart to cut it to pieces."

He was comforted by being presented with the tartan, on condition that he furnished its owner with a pair of trousers of some sort; and a few days later, Mr. Earle's lower limbs were decorously clad in a pair of inexpressibles with fronts of sail-cloth and backs of goatskin.

The island ladies did not give the visitor much chance of cultivating an acquaintance; they were too busy in the cook-house, and tending their large families of healthy, robust youngsters. Sometimes they joined the gentlemen round the fire at Government-house, when the evening hours sped swiftly by, as song and yarn went merrily round without the aid o the cheering glass. That was not the only thing debarred them, or that they debarred themselves. Bread they never saw; and, although they owned a fair stock of cattle and sheep, were content to live upon milk and potatoes, with a bit of celery-flavored goat-flesh, seaweed-flavored pork, or a little fish by way of a change. They had no difficulty in raising poultry; the difficulty lay in keeping the birds, after they were raised, out of the clutches of the wild descendants of some cats that had taken to bush life—bold, cunning, fierce creatures, so well able to hold their own that one withstood four stout dogs for nearly an hour ere it yielded them the victory.

When the bishopric of Cape Town was constituted, Tristan d'Acunha was included in the new diocese, and, in 1866, Bishop Gray went there to strengthen the hands of the Rev. W. F. Taylor, who had devoted himself to supplying the spiritual and educational wants of the little community. Glass had died two or three years before, and Peter Green, a native of Rotterdam, wrecked on the island in 1836, filled his place.

A few months prior to the bishop's arrival, one-fourth of the inhabitants had left for the United States, reducing the population to seventy-five persons; owning among them two hundred head of cattle, three hundred sheep, a hundred or so pigs, and some five hundred head of poultry. Many of these were also inclined to try their fortune elsewhere, and, upon the transference of the island in the following year to the bishopric of St. Helena, bringing about the withdrawal of Mr. Taylor to Cape Town, more than half of the people went with their beloved pastor.

Nominally part and parcel of the British Empire, the existence of Tristan d'Acunha was until very lately ignored by the Colonial Office, and its people left to manage their affairs without any regularly-appointed authority. Lord Carnarvon, thinking this condition of things undesirable, bestirred himself in the matter, and, in October, 1875, H.M.S. *Diamond* was dispatched on a mission of inquiry, and to Captain Bosanquet's official report we owe the latest intelligence respecting this odd little dependency.

Distance by no means lends enchantment to the view in the case of Tristan d'Acunha, for its outward aspect is anything but inviting, even to the eyes of the land-hungry mariners. The island rises precipitously from the sea in a continuous chain of lava heights, between two and three thousand feet high, furrowed by water-courses and ravines, and clothed with scrub and dwarf pine, while above this rocky, surf-beaten barrier frowns a black peak seven thousand feet in height. On the northwestern extremity is a fine tract of undulating land sloping to the cliffs, and at the northern end of this tract, hard by the anchorage, is the settlement.

The soil here is rich, and a floating belt of kelp seaweed supplies all that is wanting to keep it in good condition; but it cannot be turned to much agricultural account, owing to the cruel winds that sweep across it with such extraordinary violence, that the inhabitants have been compelled to replace their timber dwellings by cottages built of stone blocks four or five feet square, dove-tailed into each other, mortar being unobtainable.

Sir W. Thomson says it was curious to see the people building their cottages. They got two or three large spars—salvage from unlucky ships—and, "laying them up against the wall at a low angle, had them carefully greased, and, by a method known to have been used in Assyria, and even in Egypt, they gradually moved on rollers and slid up the blocks to the top of the wall, where they were fixed in their places."

Within two miles of the settlement is a sloping grass plain, several thousand acres in extent, serving as grazing ground for some 400 head of cattle, and more sheep. Small plots of this tract are fenced off for the cultivation of vegetables, and sheltered spots, formed by depressions in the ground, are planted with fruit-trees. Wheat cannot be grown, the island being infested with mice—thanks, probably, to the crusade against the cats having ended in their extermination. Seals and goats, formerly superabundant, are now rare; indeed, the latter have disappeared altogether, although some are still to be caught upon Nightingale Island, which might much more appropriately be called Penguin Island.

Covered with tussock grass, forming a dense jungle, Nightingale Island affords anything but easy traveling. Long avenues run between the "tussocks," along which it is impossible to pass for a single yard without crushing penguin's nests hidden under the long grass, or trampling young birds to death; while the old ones, having no fear of man, draw blood from an intruder's legs with their long, sharp beaks. When the *Challenger* visited the island, the penguins occupied from one to eight acres of it. "At certain times perhaps a thousand would come out from the various lanes, and walk down to the sea and squattle in it. The moment they were in the water, they acted just as if they were fishes. The gray groove in their backs was occasionally seen above the surface, but it was scarcely possible to imagine they were birds; they looked like gray mullets. Having fished for a while, they returned to their nests by a regular path, which was beaten as flat as a sheep-walk. The whole was carried out by a regular system, the birds going to the sea by one path and returning by another. Sometimes they would stand and have a talk; then all of a sudden they would stand at attention, and each proceed to its particular nest."

In the old time of fifty years ago, the islanders raised their live-stock and vegetables principally for trading purposes; but vessels of any sort so seldom visit the place now, that they have no means of disposing of surplus produce, and are hard put to it to obtain such necessaries as blankets, clothes and flour, and such luxuries as tea, coffee and tobacco; so, while there is land enough and stock enough for a much larger number of people, the limited population find it difficult to live comfortably, and enjoy nothing like so pleasant a life as did the original settlers.

Captain Bosanquet took a census of the inhabitants on the 12th of October, 1875, when there were on the island 14

THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—RUSSIANS SURROUNDED.

families, consisting of 49 males and 31 females, of whom 71 were native-born. The oldest inhabitants were Thomas Glass, a son of Governor Glass; Mary Green, who came from St. Helena in 1827, and a couple of old widows, the relicts of old man-of-war's men—Maria Cotton's husband having served as a guard over Napoleon, and Sarah Swain's husband being a Trafalgar man, who died but lately at the age of a hundred and three.

The arrival of the *Diamond* was the signal for a general holiday, and the visitors were charmed by the cleanliness and neat appearance, the quiet and unaffected good manners, of their welcomers. There had been an addition to the population the night before, and the little lady and twenty-four other children were baptized by the ship's chaplain; who also had the pleasant task of uniting the only girl of marriageable age to a smart young fellow of seventeen. The bride's father entertained the officers of the *Diamond* at a wedding-feast, in which the entire community took part; astonishing his guests by the abundance of good things he put on the table, and the excellent fashion in which everything was served.

The captain, on taking counsel with the older members of the community, found them agreed as to the desirability of having an officially appointed head, if only to prevent the island being m de a receptacle for prisoners of war, as happened during the American Civil War; but what they wanted more was a resident clergyman.

Among the things that would be especially acceptable they set down Bibles, prayer-books and school-books, blankets, serge for clothing, plows, spades, pickaxes, cords, axles for cart-wheels, blasting-powder, a signal-staff and two ensigns, and one or two whale-boats, with material for repairing them. Upon receipt of Captain Bosanquet's report, Lord Carnarvon put matters in train for carrying out that officer's suggestions as to the future government of Tristan d'Acunha; and determined, the Treasury permitting, to spend two hundred pounds in supplying the islanders' needs. In default of any evidence to the contrary, we suppose the minister got the money, and hope the interesting community is now reaping the benefit.

THE New York *Herald* estimates that Mr. Stanley's expedition brought to light 15,000,000 heathens, and as his expenses amounted to $115,000, "he thus discovered savages at the rate of six for five cents—a very reasonable rate for heathens."

THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—"TWO OR THREE TURKOMAN HORSEMEN ARE SHAKING SOMETHING OUT OF A SACK."

THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF CENTRAL ASIA

By David Ker.

"Well," my dear fellow, these Bokhariotes are pretty creatures to fight with, aren't they?"

"I should think so! Don't you remember when they surrounded us on the 'Hungry Steppe,' and we formed square and sent them flying, with a couple of volleys?"

"Ay, they're masterly in *retreat*, there's no denying it. Why, their whole tactics seem to consist in running out at the back of a fort just as we run in at the front of it!"

So speak the young officers of the Russian garrison in the citadel of Samarcand, on a fine Summer evening in 1868. Samarcand has fallen without a blow; Gen. Kaufmann is on his way back to Tashkent with the main army; and the little handful of men left behind to hold the place, flushed with recent victory, are laughing at the very thought of their beaten enemy ever daring to show fight again.

"Don't be too confident, lads," interposes the warning voice of a veteran major, with the scar of a Turkoman sabre across his brown cheek. "They're not likely to venture an attack, it's true; but remember, if they did, we should have barely six hundred men to hold a mile and a half of wall, with five breaches in it big enough to drive a wagon through!"

"Bah, Pavel Petrovitch!" (Paul son of Peter) laughs a fresh-faced young ensign, "it's something new to hear *you* talking of danger! Take my word for it, the unbelievers will never have the courage for another fight!"

But the morrow's sunrise shows these over-confident jesters a strange and terrible sight. Far as the eye can reach, the surrounding hill-tops are one surging sea of gay turbans, and embroidered robes, and dark, fierce faces, and gleaming steel, rolling downward from every side upon the doomed city. The unbelievers *have* the courage for another fight; and here they are!

But the veteran commandant is not the man to be appalled by any danger, however sudden and terrific, and he is prompt as ever to meet the emergency. Eight native messengers are instantly sent off by various routes to recall the army, and a working party is hastily organized to demolish the houses around the citadel-wall, which may cover the advance of an enemy.* But the officer in command of this detachment soon returns with evil tidings. The enemy have already entered the city in force, and he and his men, before their task was half completed, have been compelled to fall back before the rapid advance of the besiegers, who are already almost within sight of the fortress-gate.

Whatever the commandant may think of this news, his granite-hewn face never changes one whit; and the compressed lips utter but one sentence:

"Shut the gates!"

With the utterance of that order the siege of Samarcand begins.

By afternoon, the whole front of the town facing the citadel is like a ripe clover-field with the glittering arms and gay dresses of the enemy, and the doomed band, whom they are about to overwhelm, can recognize the very features and garb of the various races in the great host arrayed against them. The short, ungainly figures and little pointed caps of the Sarts; the vulture-like faces and black sheep-skins of the Turkomans; the scarlet jackets and leather trousers of the Bokhariote *Sarbazi* (guardsmen); the tall, bony figures and silken tunics of the Persians, and, most formidable of all, the white frocks, and broad, yellow girdles, and fierce, black eyes of the Shekhri-Sebzian mountaineers—the Highlanders of Central Asia.

Meanwhile the Russians have not been backward in preparing for the crisis, desperate as it is. Two guns have

* In consequence of this terrible lesson, a space several hundred yards wide has since been cleared all round the citadel.

been withdrawn from the ramparts, and planted in the "Bukharski Prolomm" (Bokhariote breach), which is evidently to be the first point attacked on that side; and a body of picked men stand ranked behind them, ready to meet the assault.

As yet, however, not a shot is fired, despite the splendid mark offered by the dense masses of the enemy; for the defenders' scanty ammunition must be carefully husbanded, and the huge, gray wall is still grimly silent.

And, all this time, the slanting sunlight pours its golden glow over hill and valley, and the tiny river dances and sparkles between its clustering thickets, and the green leaves whisper in the evening breeze, and the birds carol joyously from the surrounding woods, as if there were neither sin nor sorrow in the world. But amid all this peace, and brightness, and beauty, the carnival of hell is about to begin.

It is about six o'clock in the evening, when a sudden movement of the ranked thousands that stand facing the Bokhariote breach tells that the time has come. Horsemen are seen riding to and fro—fierce cries go up from the heaving mass—and a spattering fire of musketry begins to blaze and crackle along the line of the sheltering houses. Then up into the quiet evening air goes the Mussulman war-shout, "Allah ackbar!" (God is victorious), and the horde of human tigers, breaking loose at once, rush raging to the slaughter.

"Fire!"

Why are the Russian guns silent? Gracious Heaven! they have been ill-loaded, and will not explode!

"Never mind, lads!" shouts the old commandant, with a ring of stern gladness in his deep voice; "we'll give them the cold steel like Russians!"

But the firm, manly tones are drowned by a crash of musketry, and the roar of a thousand voices; and now it is hand to hand, and all is one whirl of stabbing bayonets, and slashing sabres, and pounding musket-butts; blood spurting up like rain, and death coming blindly, no man knows whence or how.

And now, from the second breach likewise, comes an answering roar of battle, and the conflict rises to a height. Six hundred men against 20,000! How long can such a struggle last? One hour, perhaps two, they may hold out; and then— But what may happen *then*, is all one to these men of iron. To hold his ground, to die at his post, striking hard and deep to the last—this is what the Russian soldier can do, and he does it.

But it is the misfortune of the Asiatic leaders never to learn that war is a science. Had they assaulted the place on all sides at once, they must have carried it by sheer weight of numbers; but their scattered attacks give time for the defenders to shift their force from point to point, and beat off the assault in detail. Little by little the fury of the attack begins to abate, the din of battle dies away, the besieging hosts ebb sullenly back to the shelter of the town. The cold moon rises over the mountains, lighting up the stern, white faces of the dead—and Russian Samarcand has one day longer to live.

The whole of the following day is one long assault, fiercely pressed and as fiercely repelled; while the wounded officers, lying untended in the great court where the Bokhariote warriors once offered to their Amir the heads of their slaughtered enemies, grasp their revolvers as the roar of the fray waxes louder, intending, as one of them savagely mutters, "to keep five shots for the enemy and the sixth for themselves."*

The ranks of the defenders are now sorely thinned, and, from the commandant downward, there is not a man but has his wound to show. But, worn and wearied as they are, parched with thirst, black with gunpowder, and reeling from fatigue and loss of blood, they still fight stubbornly on—hopeless of life, but none the less resolute to die as men should do.

But, desperate as they hold their case to be, there are influences at work in the enemy's camp, if they but knew it, which may save them yet. An Asiatic army which has made *one* attack without gaining the day, is already half beaten; and dissensions follow as a matter of course.

On the third morning of the siege, the haggard watchers upon the ramparts hear an angry tumult in the beleaguering host, and see the sun glancing upon the bristling spears of a great body of armed men marching away to the southward. What does all this mean?

It means that this undisciplined mass of Sarts, Shekhri-Sebzians, Persians and Turkomans is falling asunder like an unbound fagot. A furious quarrel has arisen among the chiefs, and the hill-men of Shekhri-Sebz, the life and marrow of the besieging army, have gone home in disgust. Thus weakened, the assailants begin to lose heart, and substitute for the attacks which have already cost them so dear the slower but safer method of blockade.

But, all this while, what has become of the eight messengers sent to recall the main army? Have they succeeded, or have they been taken and slain? Such are the questions present night and day to the thoughts of the hard-pressed defenders—questions fated to be speedily and terribly answered. Toward noon, on the fifth day, the sentinels on the walls see a group of the enemy's principal chiefs gathered around two or three Turkoman horsemen, who are shaking something out of a sack; and presently a great body of the assailants come leaping and yelling around the fortress-wall, bearing in their midst seven human heads fixed upon spears, and a hundred voices ask, tauntingly, "whether the Russians know their messengers?"

This is a terrible blow; but with the horror mingles something yet harder to bear—the dawn of a possible *hope*. Eight men have been sent forth, and here are but *seven* heads. Where is the eighth? Has he escaped? and if so, may not help come in time, even now?

But if it is to avail aught, the coming deliverance has not a moment to lose. Already one-fourth of the gallant handful have been killed or disabled. Food and ammunition are both running short. Water, which means life itself in this burning climate, to men worn out with constant fighting, is fast failing, likewise. More than one wounded soldier has bled to death unheeded, for not a man can be spared from the walls; and the deepening shadow of the grave seems fast closing over each and all.

But even in this supreme hour, help is near, though they know it not. Late on the sixth night, a gaunt, ghastly, dust-begrimed spectre, wan and wasted as a corpse, steals into the beleaguered fortress, and, snatching wistfully at the food and water which are hastily set before him, tells to listeners as haggard as himself a strange and stirring tale. He has reached Kaufmann's army, with the commandant's letter stitched up in the sole of his sandal, and has now returned, through uncounted perils, to bear the welcome tidings that the Russians are coming to the rescue as fast as forced marches can bring them.

Then, for one moment, wounds, hunger, weariness, imminent death, are all forgotten; and up into the still midnight air goes a mighty shout, startling the dreaming savages without the wall. Two more days of inaction on the enemy's part, and Russia's Thermopylæ may yet end in victory; but it is not to be.

* This episode was told me by its hero, Col. B——, with whom I traveled along the Syr-Daria during the Khiva Expedition.

As the sun rises on the following morning, there is a stir in the enemy's camp, which betokens, all too plainly, that the bloody work is about to begin once more. Then over every face in that doomed band comes the set, grim look of the Northman when fairly brought to bay. In stern silence they take their places in the breach;* and with them are sick men tottering from weakness, and wounded men with their unbandaged hurts oozing blood, and everything that has strength to stand up and be cut down. This is no time for any man to spare himself. Should the enemy break in, there remains only a death of hideous torture for each and all; better die like brothers, side by side, fighting manfully to the last.

I will not attempt to describe that final struggle. Words cannot paint its savage intensity; and, indeed, those who were themselves the foremost in the fray, are least able to tell how it went. Little time, truly, has any man for thought in the hot reek of such a *mêlée*, with the maddening din and hurly-burly stirring his blood like strong wine, and the wild-beast longing to tear and kill tingling to his very finger ends. Of all the enemy's assaults, this is the most furious, and the most nearly successful; but it is also the last.

For now there come upon the besieging host terrors of which those within the fortress know nothing. Rumors are abroad—at first dim and doubtful, but growing ever more and more terribly distinct—that the army which won the field of Tchepan-Ata, and took the citadel of Samarcand, is coming upon them once more. It is now a question, not of days, but of hours; and with the failure of the last assault, all is over.

On the ninth morning, the great host rises from its lair around the unconquerable fortress, and stalks sullenly away. And before the dust of its march has subsided, an answering cloud rises along the ridge of Tchepan-Ata, and the bayonets of the Russian vanguard glitter against the northern sky.†

A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER.

Turning over the leaves of a diminutive blue-book of no particular interest, we lighted upon a translation of the 633d number of the Yokohama *Daily News*, published on the 20th day, 2d month, 6th year of Meiji, 20th day of 2d month of Solar Calendar—that is to say, Thursday, February 20th, 1873. The date is not of the freshest, but the contents of the paper have lost none of their savor by keeping.

Compared with more familiar journals, our Japanese newspaper is but lightly laden. Immediately after the date comes the announcement: "Weather fine. Thermometer at noon, 52°." This is followed by an official communication from Inouye Kaora, Vice-Minister of the Treasury, setting forth the number and description of the ships at anchor in the bay of Yokohama, the amount of Customs receipts for the preceding day, the rates of exchange, and a notification that the *Budget of News*, the *Daily Intelligence Association News*, and the Yokohama *Daily News*, being conducive, "be it in ever so slight a degree," to energy and progress, by furnishing correct information about home and foreign affairs, it is ordered that these journals be forwarded daily to every Fen and Ken—city and district—in the Empire.

His Excellency not only helps the circulation of the favored newspapers; he seems to supply them with no small portion of their "copy." In the number before us, he reminds "the three cities and thirty-six districts," that, although it had hitherto been usual, when the Government disposed of mansions, residences and offices with the sites thereto belonging, for the purchasers to pay the price of the standing edifices to the Board of Buildings, and the price of the ground sites to the Board of Revenue, for the future all such payments were to be paid to the last-named. Then, by way of warning to ill-disposed folks, the minister furnishes a copy of a report from the Wakamatsu Ken, respecting a conspiracy hatched by Toyoji, son of Manyo, of Shiogawa village, township of Aidyu, province of Iwashiro. This report is merely the deposition of Toyoji, prefaced by a letter signed by Washio Takamitsu, Okabi Isunanori and Yasuda Narinori, respectively governor, vice-governor and acting vice-governor of the Ken, inclosing a list of eight individuals implicated in the plot, for whom "most diligent search is being made."

Like many a plotter before him, Toyoji tries to clear himsels at the expense of his fellow-plotters, but whether his statement (a long and uninteresting one), in which he solemnly declared there was not one word of untruth, did him much service, we doubt. If he got off scot-free, he was a luckier fellow than the penitent rabbit-dealer of Kanagawa, who humbly acknowledged in the columns of the Yokohama *Daily News* that, when he petitioned his Excellency Governor Oye Taku for leave to commence business, he was cautioned that assemblies would not be allowed; that, notwithstanding, he hired the parlor of Iida Kichigemon, and there held an assembly, and the governor's suspicion lighting upon him, he was found out. He was consequently filled with fear. He had again been admonished that, if ever he held any more assemblies, he would be severely reproved; and respectfully received, and promised to observe, the admonition.

To the unfortunate rabbit-dealer's confession is appended an order signed by Oye Taku: "As this man has acted in an unprincipled manner by violating the conditions prescribed to him when leave was given to him to carry on business as a rabbit-dealer, he is hereby forbidden to carry on that business any longer."

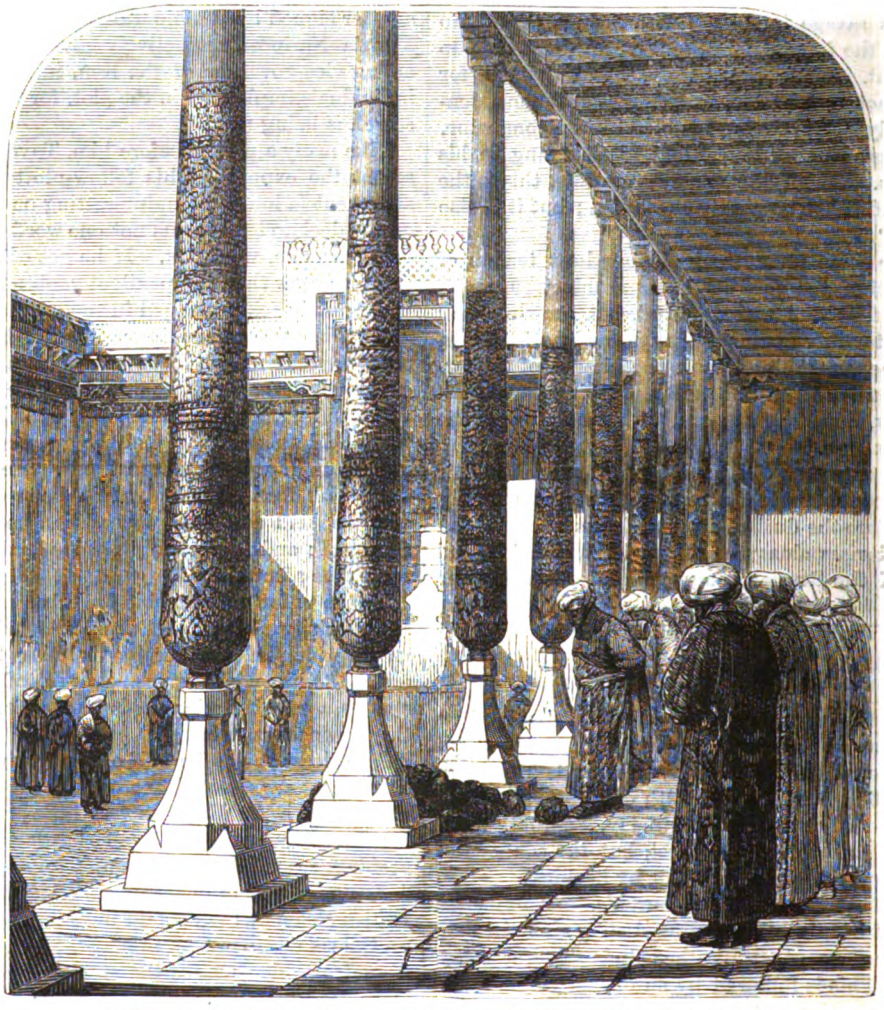
As at least one and a half of the four pages of the modest-sized sheet are devoted to advertisements, the editor of the Yokohama *Daily News* has very little space at his disposal for chronicling the events of the day. We find only one accident recorded in its columns, but that is a strange one. A Japanese boat in distress being sighted off O'Shima by a British steamer, the captain put his ship about and picked up the six occupants of the boat, just in time to save them from drowning. One of the rescued Japanese, who appeared more dead than alive, had his whole body so scorched and inflamed that his shirt was sticking to his flesh, and could not be peeled off him. Upon the captain questioning his companions, they stated that, as their boat was running before the wind about noon, this man and another were sitting facing each other, when, all of a sudden, a flash of lightning struck the boat, stunning the scorched man, while the one opposite him was hit right in the head by the lightning, smashed into little bits, and disappeared in the sea. "Foreigners," is the editorial comment, "have a contrivance for warding off lightning strokes, not only at sea, where there is no shelter at hand, but also on every one of their houses. Therefore, our countrymen should adopt this system without delay. If this is done, we shall have no more loss of life and destruction of houses by lightning, such as have heretofore been frequent."

Our journalist gives us a better taste of his quality when he deals with a bit of social scandal; airing his morality in

* The traces of this historical breach were shown me by the Cossacks of the garrison, when I went over the citadel, in August, 1873.

† The circuit of the citadel-wall has since been narrowed so as to make it defensible by a single battalion.

quaint fashion, as he relates the story of a frail dame, the course of whose love ran anything but smoothly: "Near the Imado bridge, in Asakusa, Yokiyo, there was a restaurant known as the Zumeiro, the proprietress of which was named O'Kiku. This lady, though fully forty years of age, is uncommonly handsome, and of very attractive manners. She is, however, of a fickle disposition, and some years ago was free of her favors to the play-actor Suwamuro Dossho, in consequence of which she lost her lawful husband, and brought confusion on the household. Still she paid but little regard to the censure of the world; and, about four years ago, the pair started off for Œsaka, intending to become man and wife. As she had slipped away from home on the sly, the lady was followed, and was overtaken and brought back by the pursuers when they had got as far as Sogayeki. Thus their intercourse was interrupted for that time. But within the last year or so they drew together again; and, as love brooks no denial, the lady called in her go-between, and arrangements were made for the marriage. However, on the very night before, a fire broke out in her house, and it, together with four or five houses adjoining, was burned to the ground. In consequence, the bridal preparations have had to be postponed. It is said that O'Kiku cares very little either for her own or her neighbors' losses by the fire, but that she is inconsolable because the mischance has marred her nuptials. As regards the tender passion between the sexes, it were useless to enter upon the question of wisdom or folly. Just as in old times, so now—the cleverer the man the greater fool he makes himself. But when women like the O'Kiku, whose brows are beginning to wrinkle with age, forget, for the sake of a young spark, their family and household ties, Heaven visits them either with a fire, as in this case, or with some other calamity. As for Dossho, his family cognomen of Edderburnhouse is only too likely to be changed into Wed-her-burnt-house. Surely a man ought to guard against so scathing a fire as that!"



THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—WARRIORS PRESENTING TROPHIES AT SAMARCAND.

The *Daily News* complains that lottery-boxes, called "your fortune," are allowed to be placed outside fanes and temples, out of which a numbered stick is shaken, and a ticket marked with the same number, foretelling good or bad luck, sold to the devotee; while close at hand stands a fortune-teller, prepared to explain the drift of the lot, who, by talking confidently about life and death, so frightens ignorant folk that he can extort money from them at his pleasure. "Unless these fellows," says the *Daily News*, "are put down by the Government, it is not likely that this superstitious abuse will cease. "Such improper things as fortune-telling and saying prayers ought, as a matter of course, to be suppressed." With this bold protest against a popular superstitious folly, the Japanese journalist puts down his pen for the day, and leaves the rest of the paper to the advertisers, of whose contributions the translator gives only a few specimens—of too commonplace and familiar a character to justify quotation.

WHILE Marshal Jewell was our Minister to Russia he visited the tanneries of that country and found out for himself the secret of the Russia leather, beloved of book devotees. The secret has been known, however, a long time, and is simply the result of birch-bark tar, with which the skins are dressed in place of tallow and grease, the latter substance being so largely used as food among the lower classes. This tar, which is carefully saved as it exudes from the wood when burned, was first used as a substitute for wheel grease in Russia, as it is to this day, and then for the filling and dressing of skins. By a system of careful inquiry, and literally following his nose during his visits to some of the great Russian tanneries and curriers' shops, Mr. Jewell found this compound in a great kettle ready for use, and thus the mystery was solved. It is not expensive, costing about $10 a barrel, and he immediately ordered ten barrels and sent them to various leading leather manufacturers in this country with instructions, and the result is that genuine Russia leather goods are now made in America.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"SOMETIMES ETHEL WOULD LEAN HER BEAUTIFUL HEAD ON HER NEW-FOUND SISTER'S SHOULDER, AND MURMUR: 'MY DARLING, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU? YOU ARE MY SOLE STAY AND SUPPORT NOW.'"

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THAT NIGHT.

The countess's bedchamber was a lonely, dark room in the second story of the *chateau*, with a bare, slippery floor, spread here and there with pieces of old tapestry, and furniture of moth-eaten plush. From it opened a square closet, in which stood a small couch for Finette. Dismal brown curtains draped the high bed; tall candles burned feebly on the mantel.

"A dreary den—eh, madame?" said Finette, in disgust.

"The whole place is like a tomb. Do not remove my clothing. I have letters to write to my friends in America. At last I am determined to tell them everything. They may be able to advise, if not to help, me; and I—I need advice, for I know not what to do."

Finette removed the candles to the toilet-table, and saw her mistress seated at her task. She then went to lock the door for the night, and straightway discovered that the key was missing. Who but the old woman in charge of the house ought to know about the keys?

She ran to the kitchen, and found it dark and deserted. She called; but the old creature was gone. The sound of her voice in the stone passage brought the count to the door of the *salon*.

"What do you want?" he demanded, sternly.

She had never seen him look so cruel and sinister. The

red fir light in the room beyond made a lurid background for his tall figure and bald, blonde head.

"I want the key of madame's chamber," replied Finette, sturdily; "it is not to be found."

"The woman in the kitchen has gone home with her husband," said the count. "She lives in a neighboring cottage. It is scarcely the night to pursue her upon such an errand. The *chateau* is securely locked. Assure madame that she need have no fears when I am near. And as for you, creature, be careful that you do not disturb me again."

Finette returned to the countess's chamber. The latter sat at her toilet-table, pouring out her full heart in two letters—one to Bee, one to her mother. A clock somewhere at hand struck ten before her last word was penned. She was nervous, depressed, and full of dark forebodings. She would not allow Finette to remove any article of her dress, but, wrapped simply in a shawl, she lay down upon the bed under the dismal, brown curtains, and fell quickly into an exhausted and uneasy sleep.

Leaving the candles burning on the mantel, Finette retired to her closet. Heavy hangings of moreen draped its walls. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, Finette pulled these aside, and discovered a small, square window hidden behind their secretive folds. She examined it curiously. The diamond panes were set in lead, and it opened from within; but the fastenings were so rusty from long disuse that she found it impossible to move them. After repeated efforts, however, her strong fingers triumphed. The lattice yielded. She thrust her head out into the pitch-black night, and saw—nothing. She listened. A heavy, gurgling sound saluted her ears. She extended her arm, and, groping about for a moment or two, suddenly grasped a water-spout, which fell from the steep roof above into some neighboring angle of the wall. The rain was pouring through it violently

No other investigation being possible in that darkness, Finette closed the window, drew the hangings over it again, and betook herself to her pillow. In spite of great uneasiness of mind, she soon fell asleep, even as the countess had done.

The wind screamed through the courtyard of the chateau, the storm beat on the stone gables; but in the chamber of the countess all was as silent as the grave. Was she dreaming of her home across the sea? of her dead, bankrupt father? of the American lover, who had begged her so vainly not to marry the count?

Suddenly the door unclosed, and a figure, stealthy as a cat, crept across the threshold. It drew near to the bed, and glanced once at the white, unconscious face upon the pillow, once toward the adjoining closet—a furtive, apprehensive look; but Finette was sleeping, the countess was sleeping—only the candles were wide awake. Moving noiselessly to the mantel, the figure seized the nearest one in its antique brass candlestick, crept a few paces across the floor, then bent quickly, and held its red flame to the edge of the moth-eaten hangings.

A spurt of hot crimson flashed out on the faded brown cloth. The candle was borne forward, and applied to a second and third spot, then silently dropped. The figure retreated to the door, and there, like an evil phantom, vanished.

Finette, wandering in a maze of troubled dreams, turned uneasily on her couch in the closet. A heavy hand seemed clinched on her throat; a roar, as of many waters, filled her ears. She struggled—with a great effort she awoke, and opened her eyes. Upon what? A sea of puffing, gray smoke, pierced and reddened everywhere by tongues of hot flame.

She sprang into the countess's chamber.

"Awake, madame, in God's name! The chateau is on fire!" she cried.

Instantly Ethel was upon her feet, gasping for breath in that smothering smoke, and clinging helplessly to Finette, who dragged her forward across the hot, cracking floor.

"The door!" she cried; "the door, madame!"

They reached it with much difficulty. Finette shook it in her frantic hands—it was fast! Who had locked it while maid and mistress slept? Some one, surely, who knew where the lost key was to be found.

"Oh, saints of heaven!" groaned Finette, "it is the count's work, and we are lost!"

She ran to the closet. Ethel followed. It was full of hot, suffocating smoke. Fortunately, Finette remembered the window—thank God that she had discovered it before sleeping! She tugged at the rusty fastenings, and it opened, and the rain and fresh air rushed in. Finette grasped her mistress's hand.

"Must we die?" said Ethel, in quiet despair.

"No, no! Speak not above your breath, madame. You see this window. It is possible that your husband did not know of it when he locked us in here, to burn like rats in a hole, for it was concealed behind the hangings. Thank Heaven, you are slender—so, too, am I. Outside, to the right, is a water-spout; crawl over the edge and grasp it—it must lead to the ground; we can escape in no other way. *Mon Dieu!* be quick! *Now* think of the words which I said to you, madame, three years ago in the park at New York!"

Ethel leaned out into the dark, but she had neither strength nor courage. The wall below seemed to go down, down into some endless pit of blackness. Her weak, wavering hand touched nothing but wet stone. The heat and smoke made her faint, the flashes of swift-pursuing fire blinded her.

"I cannot find the spout," she said. "Save yourself, Finette, and let me die!"

For answer, Finette seized the shawl which clung to the countess's shoulders, and very securely knotted it about her waist.

"By this," she said, "I will hold you fast. Lean further over the sill. You must not die. You have much to live for still. Take courage. There is not a single instant to lose."

"Perhaps he is waiting below the window—he will murder us there."

"Madame, I have a knife in my bosom," answered Finette, with grim significance. "Go on; I am scorching, I am dying here."

That instinct of self-preservation which is so powerful in the most miserable of creatures, gave Ethel strength. She flung herself over the stone ledge; her slight hands found and grasped the spout. It was smooth and slippery, but she held to it with the tenacity of despair. Finette released the shawl. With the wind and rain dashing upon her, she hung for an instant on the verge of an abyss of darkness, and then slipped and went down, as if shot from a mortar, and fell, stunned and unconscious, somewhere in the depths below.

It was Finette's voice that aroused her, at last—Finette who, strong of limb and nerve alike, had made the descent with far more ease than her mistress. She stooped and lifted the countess.

"Are any of your bones broken, madame?"

"I hope not—I think not," gasped Ethel.

"We must not stay here, even for an instant, madame. Let him think that his plot has succeeded. Let him believe us burned with the burning chateau."

For a breathing space, Ethel leaned helplessly on the shoulder of her faithful waiting-woman; then she grew suddenly strong. Yes, she must fly—she must hide herself for ever from the husband who sought her life, who had deliberately attempted her cruel murder. Never on this side of the grave would she willingly see his face again.

The fire was now breaking through the window by which she had escaped. Its red glare lighted the darkness around, and showed Finette a gate near at hand in the high wall of the chateau garden. It was unlocked—she pushed it back, and the two women slipped through, ran across a little inclosure in which stood the cottage of the deaf serving man and his old wife, and gained an open road, flooded with rain, and black as night and tempest could make it.

"Thank God!" said Finette, stopping to take breath, "we are safe! Ah, you have the shawl still about your waist. Let me fasten it over your head; you will be drenched to the skin. I know Verrières; my brother, Gustave, lives not far away. He will give us shelter; he is kind and discreet. Come, madame."

The chateau now began to make a great light against the gloomy sky.

"But it will not burn long," muttered Finette, "for it is all of stone, and the night is very wet, and help is near."

They fled from the spot at a rapid pace. Finette led the way, the countess followed.

They turned away from the broad road, along which the dark figures of men now appeared, scurrying in the direction of the old country house, into another way, hedged by tall trees, and leading toward the woods of Verrières. The storm in the thick branches made a melancholy sound over their heads.

Not a word escaped Ethel. She was bruised and shaken by her fall from the spout. She was drenched, disheveled, exhausted, but it was no time to think of trifles like these. On and on they went, for weary miles, as it seemed. The light upon the sky behind them was already fading—Finette had spoken truly when she said the chateau would not burn long.

At last, a great red star twinkled through the distant trees. It was a candle in some low window. Then the barking of a dog was heard.

"Thank Heaven! we have reached a shelter, madame." cried Finette, joyfully, and she ran up to a wooden gate, and drawing the countess after her, hurried along a walk bordered with sweet-smelling herbs, and unceremoniously opened the door of a small, low cottage.

"Gustave, my brother!" she called.

Late as the hour was, the owner of the dwelling was still up and smoking his pipe in its principal room. He was a sturdy fellow, in a workman's blouse, and his bronze face bore a strong resemblance to Finette's.

"Saints of Heaven!" he cried, starting to his feet, and dropping his pipe at sight of the two women. Finette was black with smoke and singed with fire. Ethel's face could never be colder or whiter under the coffin-lid. The shawl had fallen from her disordered hair; she was dripping with wet, and she looked as strange and wild as a spirit.

"Gustave, it is thy sister," exclaimed Finette, turning to make fast the cottage-door, "and this lady is my mistress—she deigns to ask the shelter of your roof for the night. Behold our plight, and call up thy excellent wife—Celeste. I will explain all to thy satisfaction, by-and-by."

Gustave vanished immediately into some unknown quarter of the cottage, and a few moments after his wife appeared—a large, fair woman; a veritable tower of strength—pinning a bright kerchief over her bosom, and adjusting her white cap as she came.

"*Merci!*" she cried, "is it thou, my sister?" and she embraced Finette, who had placed the countess in the nearest seat, and was bending over her, breathlessly.

"Is she dying?" asked Celeste.

"Heaven forbid! But she is hurt—she is ill. Light a fire quickly, and help me to change her wet clothes, and prepare her some nourishment."

Celeste obeyed in admirable silence. The two women drew off Ethel's soaked garments, and substituted others, coarse in texture, but dry and warm. Then they brought her a cup of chocolate, and finally laid her to rest in a clean white bed in a little lavender-scented sleeping-room, after which Celeste vanished, and Finette was left alone with her mistress.

"Thank God, madame, that your husband brought you to Verrières, the home of Gustave!" said the maid.

"Look out, and tell me if you see the light of the chateau upon the sky," shuddered Ethel.

"No. The fire is out by this time, madame—by this time, also, the count, without doubt, thinks you dead."

"He will soon discover that we escaped from the chamber. Merciful Heaven! Perhaps he will pursue us to this spot."

"Be calm, madame, he is a coward at heart—he will not dare. It is more probable that he is already flying from Verrières, for he will think, first of all, of his own safety. Go to sleep now. I shall watch till morning, and if any one approaches the cottage you shall be aroused. God forbid that you should fall again into his hands."

Then sleep overtook Ethel, and for a few hours, at least, she knew no more of the world and its woes.

When she awoke the full light of day was shining into the humble room where she lay. She heard the crowing of cocks, the cackling of geese outside the cottage gate, and somewhere near at hand Celeste was rattling her pots and pans.

Ethel's first movement brought her hostess to the door.

"Ah, madame," she said, "you are awake! I will attend you—Finette is not here. She has gone to Paris with Gustave, and the horse and cart. She had business which could not be put off, and she bade me tell you to be patient till her return. Your breakfast waits, madame, and your clothes are dried and pressed. I will help you to dress."

With kind, swift hands, Celeste assisted the fugitive countess into her own garments, and set before her a cup of real French coffee and an omelette with herbs. Ethel ate and drank a very little; then she said to Celeste, in French:

"Are we quite alone here?"

"Yes, madame."

"No person has appeared in search of me?"

"No, madame."

She then retired, leaving her guest to her own reflections.

Ethel sat at the table where the Frenchwoman had placed her breakfast, gazing away through an open window toward the woods of Verrières. The storm had passed with the night—the sky was without a cloud. A scent of roses perfumed the cottage, the breath of blossoming herbs was wafted in from the garden without. On the airy sill a humming-bird fluttered in the cup of a scarlet flower. Bees droned in the sunshine. The whole morning was radiant with joy. She only was miserable and despairing.

With hands working in a distressed way on the lap of her black dress, Ethel pondered. What was to become of her? She had not a sou in the world, and to remain under this humble roof was clearly impossible. To put the world betwixt herself and her husband—this was now her one overmastering desire; but, how could she do it? how fly to her friends—to America—the haven for which her

sick heart yearned? Friendless, penniless, stripped by the count of all her valuables: fugitive and alone, her condition was indeed desperate.

"It is all like a horrible dream," she thought, pressing her hands to her confused head. "Can it be I, Ethel Sardis, once so proud, so happy, so carefully sheltered from every wind of Heaven, who have suffered these humiliations, dangers and agonies? I can scarcely believe it! What can I do? Whither can I go? Oh! I wish I had perished in the chateau last night?"

It was high noon when a carriage stopped at the cottage door; and a moment after, Ethel lifted her forlorn eyes, and saw two persons entering the humble room wherein she sat. One was Finette; the other was a tall, red-haired man, with a rugged, unhandsome face, eloquent now with mingled compassion and indignation—Sir Valentine Arbuckle; and, even before a word was spoken, Ethel knew that Finette had concealed nothing from him. She started with a faint cry from her chair.

"Countess," he said, advancing quickly to her side, "your servant visited me at my hotel a few hours ago, and so long as I live I shall feel grateful to her for so doing. Do not distress yourself; no explanations are necessary—I understand everything. I am come to help you."

Her pride was gone, her strength was gone. She looked into his rugged, sincere face, and silently (for she was past speaking) held out one weak, imploring hand. He took it firmly betwixt his own.

"Remember what I said to you in the church, countess. Do not regard me as a stranger. I am glad, most glad, to be of service to the daughter of my former employer. Indeed, I would not have missed this opportunity for worlds."

The tears welled slowly up in her great, dark eyes.

"Strange that Finette should have thought of *you!*" she murmured. "Strange that she should have appealed to you in this strait. I never saw your face a half dozen times in my life."

"That does not matter in the least," said Sir Valentine, brightly. "As I said before, I shall never cease to thank your maid for this proof of her confidence. Pardon, can you not, for a little while, look upon me as a brother? Finette has told me some facts—others I can guess for myself. After what has passed, I am confident that you do not wish to meet that man—Count Stahl—again."

"No, no!"

"Have you any friends in Paris—in Europe, with whom you might take refuge for a while?"

A smile, sadder than tears, flitted across her pale lips.

"No, my lord. Three weeks ago I had many friends—now I have none. I am, and must henceforth be, as dead to the world as though I had perished last night in the chateau."

He stood for a moment as if listening to the gabble of Celeste's geese outside the window; then he said:

"Tell me, do you wish to return to New York—to your own relatives, Countess?"

"I do—I do!" she sobbed, under her breath.

"Then I beg you will permit me to conduct you without delay to Havre. Finette will go with us. No time is to be lost, if you desire to leave France before the count can put himself upon your track. You will take passage in the first steamer that sails for New York. I will find some person of trust in whose charge I can place you during the voyage. Before many days you will be safe with your own people."

She did not speak, but she looked at him with eloquent eyes.

"Pray, do not forbid me to do you this small service," he said.

"Forbid! Oh, no! I accept it with my whole thankful heart. Heaven surely sent you to my deliverance!" Before he knew what she was about to do, she raised his hand to her quivering lips. "Most gratefully, most fearlessly, I place myself in your charge," she said.

* * * * * * * *

Disguised in a thick vail and a long mourning wrap, which Sir Valentine and Finette had taken the precaution to bring with them from Paris, Ethel left the cottage at Verrières.

She had nothing to bestow upon Celeste at parting, but the baronet turned upon the humble threshold, and filled the hard hand of Gustave's wife with glittering gold pieces.

A hundred miles and more she journeyed to Havre, comforted, supported, guarded by Finette and Sir Valentine Arbuckle. There, in that western port, when everything had been provided for her voyage—when the baronet had placed her in care of the captain of the steamship in which she was to sail, and received the officer's assurance that he would faithfully watch over madame till her arrival in New York, Ethel parted with devoted servant and newfound friend.

"I can never, never hope to discharge the debt I owe you," she sighed, as she looked for the last time in Sir Valentine's good-natured face.

"I beg you will not mention it, countess. Remember my obligations to your late father."

"Ah, I fear that is a pleasant fiction, invented solely to soothe my pride, Sir Valentine. I bless you for all your goodness unto me. Your money I can and shall return to you; but the generosity which prompted you to hasten to my aid in my great distress and need—that I can never repay."

She embraced Finette with tears.

"I owe my life to you," said Ethel. "If you had not entered my service in Paris, what would have become of me! How sorry, how sorry I am that I cannot reward you as you deserve!"

"I wish for no reward, madame," sobbed Finette. "You are safe; you have escaped the fate of my poor, dear mistress; you are going to your friends—that is enough for me. My lord will take me back to Paris, and I shall find service there. Heaven guard you! Ah, it is sad indeed for you to cross the sea alone."

Sir Valentine, as he pressed Ethel's hand in farewell, murmured:

"It shall be my pleasure to see that Finette loses nothing by her devotion to you. Do not let that matter trouble you for a moment. A man is bound to reward virtue wherever he finds it—it's a duty which he owes to society. Such rare service as hers must not pass unrecognized."

And there was something in the baronet's face which augured well for Finette.

And then the trio parted; two to return to Paris, one to cross the sea—not as she had made that passage in the old days, in the full flush of her beauty and prosperity, but a sad, sick woman, worse than widowed, shrinking from curious eyes, hating the past, dreading the future, forsaken, friendless, alone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

"I WISH to see Miss Mabel Sardis—the young lady who has hitherto been known as Mercy Dill."

The speaker was Eric Saxe. He stood, hat in hand, in the parlor of Madame Manners's school, addressing a worn, sad under-teacher, who answered, with some hesitation:

"Miss Sardis is in great affliction. The death of her

guardian, or, rather, her father—for, of course, we all know that he *was* her father—is a sad blow to her. Your name, if you please?"

Eric Saxe produced a card.

"Be so good as to say, a relative from New York."

The teacher departed. It was not long before Saxe heard a light step in the passage outside. The door opened, and Mercy Dill stood before him.

She was dressed in deepest mourning. She looked wan and sorrowful. Her wonderful golden hair, her violet eyes, her classic face, gave the artist a thrill of pleased surprise.

"Miss Sardis, you never heard of me before?" he said, quietly.

She glanced at the card in her hand.

"Never."

"You have a cousin, Beatrix Sardis, who was your father's late ward. She is my wife; and I come, at her request, to make your acquaintance, and to conduct you, if you will allow me, to the place where we feel that Cullen Sardis's daughter ought to be at this particular time—our home."

The blood rushed to her white cheeks, the quick tears to her eyes.

"You know all, then? My dear father told you——"

"Yes. On the night of his death he wrote a letter to his wife, in which he related your story and commended you to her care."

"And *she*—does she wish to see me?" cried Mercy, eagerly.

His face grew very grave.

"Miss Sardis, your father's wife lies stricken with paralysis at my own house. For years she has been a nervous sufferer, and in the loss of fortune, position and husband together she sustained a terrible shock—this is the result. She is helpless; she knows next to nothing of what is passing around her. She can live but a short time. Her own daughter is in Europe. Her friends—well, there are few friends that cling to us in misfortune, Miss Sardis. Will you not come to her? It is impossible to ascertain whether she wishes it or not, but surely she needs you."

"Oh, I shall be only too glad!" cried Mercy, tearfully—"only too happy to find my kindred! I have thought of them so much, of late. I am all alone, and oh!"—with an involuntary clinching of her slim hands—"I cannot tell you how lonely, how utterly forsaken I have felt since my dear father's death. When the dreadful news was sent to me, I hastened to Jacob Phillips's to beg him to take me to New York, but he could not; he was very ill—completely prostrated, indeed, by the misfortunes and the sad end of his master; and so I returned to the school, to here wait patiently until I could determine whether or no my relatives were willing to receive me."

"In the confusion and embarrassments which your father's death brought upon us," said Saxe, "I confess that we forgot you and your claims for a few terrible days, but, as you see, only to remember you again as soon as we could collect our scattered thoughts."

"I understand," she answered, simply. "Take me to Mrs. Sardis. I will do my utmost to fill the place of her own daughter—I will, indeed!"

Eric Saxe looked at the earnest, beautiful face, and said to himself that one good, at least, had come from the wreck of the Sardis fortunes, and that was the discovery of this girl.

"When will you be ready to start?" he asked.

"At any hour—at any moment!"

"Then, by all means, let us go to-night."

The cruel fate that seemed never tired of heaping fresh afflictions upon Mercy had given her a father and a fortune, only to snatch both from her in the first hour of possession; but the appearance of Eric Saxe, the assurance that her unknown kindred had thought of her and desired to have her with them, was balm indeed to her desolate heart.

Her bills at the school had been paid by Cullen Sardis before his suicide. She had nothing to do but pack her belongings, bid farewell to teachers and pupils, and depart with Eric Saxe.

He was very kind and courteous and communicative. On the journey to New York, Mercy learned from him much of the family history. She plied him particularly with questions concerning Ethel.

"To think that I have a sister!" she murmured, as the two sat upon the deck of a Sound steamer, approaching their destination through the rosy glow of an early June dawn; "it seems too good to be true. But I fear so grand a lady will scarcely care for me. And she is so far away, it is not likely that we shall ever meet. Have you sent her word, Mr. Saxe, of—of——"

"Yes, of everything," he answered, gravely. "Your grand lady, Miss Sardis, leads a sad life of it. Candidly speaking, Count Stahl is an unprincipled scoundrel, who has drawn his supplies for the last two years, and even longer, from Cullen Sardis's pocket. To him is due, in a great measure, your father's ruin. What he will do now—how the banker's failure and death will affect Ethel's domestic happiness, we cannot tell; but my little wife is full of grave doubts and anxieties upon the subject."

"A countess, and miserable!" murmured Mercy: "oh, poor darling!"

She was very thoughtful and silent for the remainder of the way. When the steamer reached the pier, Eric Saxe placed Mercy in a carriage, and drove directly to a modest house in a quiet, respectable street, where Bee was watching and waiting for him.

It was a cozy little nest, lacking no comfort, filled with sunshine and harmonious colors, and glorified by the faces of a pretty blonde wife, and a dark-eyed, year-old baby. Here Eric Saxe painted his pictures, here his fashionable patrons came to sit for portraits; here Bee rejoiced every day of her busy, happy life, that she had married her heart's choice in defiance of all opposing forces; and here, like an angel of forgiveness and charity, she now sat by the bedside of the helpless, dying Mrs. Sardis.

Sudden trouble had finished the work upon which excitement, chloral, and the dissipations of high life had long been engaged. Better so, perhaps; for death could have no terrors for Mrs. Sardis like those of poverty and obscurity.

Mercy, jaded with the journey of the night, crossed the threshold of the artist's home, and straightway found herself clasped in the arms of its little fair-haired mistress, who came gliding down a softly carpeted stair in the morning sunshine, to give the forlorn girl a warm and joyful welcome.

The two looked in each other's faces, and became inalienable friends from that moment.

"And you are Ethel's sister!" said Bee. "Oh, how strange it all seems! Except for your fair hair and blue eyes, you are very like her, my dear; the same figure, the same features, the same style. Oh, you beautiful darling, I mean to love you with all my heart; I feel that you will be a source of strength to all of us."

The tears rushed to Mercy's eyes. She kissed the speaker with grateful fervor.

"A thousand thanks! Does Mrs. Sardis know that I am here—can I see her?"

"She knows nothing," answered Bee, sadly "Yes, you

shall see her—Eric, I know, has told you all. What a sad—what a terrible thing to happen to one like her! In looking at her now, I could forgive her every sin which it is possible for one human being to commit against another."

Mercy brushed the dust of travel from her garments, and then hastened to Mrs. Sardis's chamber.

She lay on a cool, white bed, in the soft shadow of closed shutters and falling muslin curtains; speechless, motionless, helpless—in the grip of that terrible disease, paralysis. Bee leaned over her, all her old animosity gone, her pretty, fresh face full of pity and tenderness.

"Aunt Amelia," she said, gently, "this is my cousin, Mabel—your stepdaughter. She has come to remain with us. She will take Ethel's place—I am sure we shall all love her dearly."

The hollow eyes of the sick woman opened, and fastened upon Mercy. The latter bent and laid her soft young lips to the nerveless hand on the counterpane. Mrs. Sardis groaned. Where now was her pride, her fierce will, her determined ambition? A few days before she had been a leader of society, a queen of fashion, with untold wealth, as the world thought, at her command. Now, a shattered wreck, riches gone, prestige gone, her vital forces spent, her life hanging by a thread, widowed and alone, she lay in the home of the girl whose happiness she had tried her best to despoil.

"We brought her here," Bee whispered to Mercy, "because the house on Fifth Avenue and everything within it is in the hands of my uncle's creditors. There is nothing left of his wealth—literally nothing. And my fortune, too, is gone—from guardy's private papers we learn that he used it in outside speculations. Well, we do not much care—Eric and I. We could not be happier if we had the wealth of Crœsus. Time was when Aunt Amelia and I were sworn foes; but now—*now* I would do anything for her; I would sacrifice anything for her comfort—poor, poor dear."

Yes, Bee's fortune was swallowed up in the general wreck; and Bee's brave lips spoke truly when she said she did not much care. Her marriage with Eric Saxe had been absurdly happy. For *his* sake she would have liked the money; but, since it was gone, she would not mourn for it. As long as she was Eric's wife, and the happy possessor of the dark-eyed year-old, how could she dare to complain?

With a face of calm resolution, Mercy held whispered counsel with Bee in this wise:

"It is I who must take care of her, not you. She has no claim upon *you*—she is my father's widow—it is my duty to provide for her—that is, with Ethel's consent. I will write to her at once, and tell her my plans. I have money which my father gave me at the school—I shall use it for her immediate wants. And I must begin to teach at once. I suppose," with an anxious quiver in her young voice, "that it will be no very easy matter for me to find pupils in music here in this great city, where I am altogether unknown?"

Bee pondered.

"You must advertise, of course. We have an old friend who often drops into Eric's studio to spend an hour—Lawrence Harding. He is the editor of a daily newspaper. We will talk with him about it. But stay! I know of another person who might help us even more—Miss Vann. She is a distant relative, very wealthy, very generous, and the only one of all our former friends upon whom we can rely. She is soon to marry a certain baron—a detestable —— but I will 'cut' that, as Eric says, since it is nothing that can interest *you*. Miss Vann has much influence, and I am sure she will be quite willing to exert it all in your behalf. Of course you will make your home with me. I have a trusty servant, and together we can attend to Aunt Amelia, while you are away teaching, dear. I feel very uneasy about Ethel. She is unhappy, and she does not write to us as she used to. We have received no letters for weeks. I fear, I greatly fear, that guardy's death will be a terrible blow to her."

The next day Miss Vann's carriage appeared in the quiet street, and Miss Vann herself rustled into Eric Saxe's studio, where Bee sat, with her rosy boy in her arms, watching her husband as he mixed his colors.

"She is here, Miss Vann!" cried the little matron, letting her baby slip down to the hearth-rug, in her excitement, "and oh, I am delighted with her! She is as lovely as an angel. I want Eric to make a picture of her at once."

"Bring her to me," said Miss Vann.

Bee ran to Mrs. Sardis's chamber, found Mercy by the sick woman's bed, thinking over the situation, with grave lips and anxious eyes, and hurried her to the studio and presented her to Miss Vann.

The rich spinster gave one searching look at this new-found daughter of the house of Sardis, and, with characteristic promptness, took her straight into her big, generous heart.

"Consider me your friend," she said, kissing Mercy on both pale cheeks. "And now, let me hear all your plans, my precious children, and approve or disapprove of the same, as the case may be."

She sank into a chair, spread out her rustling silks, drew the gloves from her jeweled hands, and, with a kindly smile on her sallow, bearded face, prepared to enter into the family council.

In a few words, Bee explained Mercy's hopes and wishes.

"Bee has a piano in the next room," said Miss Vann; "perhaps you will let me hear your voice, my dear? I have some knowledge of music, and would be glad to judge of your ability myself."

Mercy selected and sang an aria from one of Gounod's operas, playing her own accompaniment. The rare beauty of her voice, so powerful and distinct in the higher notes, so rich and full in the lower ones, and the perfection of her touch, struck Charlotte Vann with wonder and delight. This girl had talent; under happier circumstances she might have won for herself fame and fortune.

"Rely upon me," said Miss Vann, with decision. "I will find you pupils in music. It's a thousand pities that Cullen Sardis could not have lived long enough to send you abroad to study. Your voice is really marvelous. Of course we knew of your father's first marriage—mamma and I—but we thought the child dead; and it was a subject that nobody, not even his nearest and dearest friend, ever dared speak to him upon. Remain here in the nest of my dear turtle-doves, Eric and Bee; it is the best place for you. I am very busy at present, for I am to be married next month, you know,"—with a gay smile—"to the most charming of men; but I shall find plenty of time to devote to you and to your interests, my dear. You have taken my heart by storm. The baron must see you, and hear you sing. He is passionately fond of music, and plays the flute himself, like an archangel."

Bee shrugged her plump shoulders. Strozzi's name was still an offense to her ears.

"Do archangels, generally speaking, play flutes?" she said, dryly. "Ah, Miss Vann, how infatuated you have become with that—that—well, I will not call names, it would not be polite, *now*."

Miss Vann smiled calmly.

"My dear Bee, you always looked at the baron, you know, with eyes that could see nothing but Eric Saxe. All

things considered, it is not strange that you should be prejudiced against him. He wooed you with culpable persistency, I allow; but what can one expect of such warm-hearted sons of the South? I, myself, was very angry with him for a while. I banished him from my presence, you remember; but oh, it is quite impossible to long remain displeased with the baron. He is very penitent for all his misdeeds. His passion for you is a thing of the past."

"Good Heaven! I should hope so," said Eric Saxe, half angry, half amused. "Can no one convince you, Miss Vann, that you are throwing yourself away upon that man? No, do not hold up your hands. I am not going to argue with you upon the subject, for you know my mind already."

Charlotte Vann bent over Bee's baby, and patted his rose-leaf cheek.

"I forgive you, Eric, because I know you are my sincere friend. But my happiness is quite safe with the baron. You think him mercenary, but he is not. He adores me; he is ready to die for me. I count myself fortunate in securing, without either youth or beauty, so tender and fervent a heart."

It was useless to talk to her. She went away soon after, and Mercy returned to the bedside of Mrs. Sardis. She had found a good friend.

Charlotte Vann never forgot a promise. Two days later she appeared again in the nest of her dear turtle-doves, and carried Mercy off in her elegant landau to make the acquaintance of six pupils, whom she had secured for the young girl among her own particular friends.

"Make up your mind, my dear," she said, laughing, "to be looked upon with distrust in all families where there are grown-up sons. Your beauty will sometimes be a great disadvantage to you. One question—have you a lover?"

Mercy's countenance changed.

"No."

"What! with all this loveliness? Passing strange! Were I a man, I would go down on my knees to you at first sight. Do you know nothing of the grand passion—did you never have what people call an offer?"

Mercy grew as pale as if a rude hand had suddenly plucked at some half-healed wound in her heart.

"Once—long ago—" she faltered, painfully. "Dear Miss Vann, don't ask me about it, please—I cannot bear to think of it, even now."

Miss Vann stared, then smiled.

"Not for the world! I beg your pardon, my child. I will not say another word."

And she fell back in her own corner of the carriage, and began to talk at once of other matters.

In this way Mercy, or Mabel Sardis, as she was now called, took up her new burdens. Her days and nights she divided betwixt her pupils and the care of Mrs. Sardis. Often she watched from dark till dawn by the bedside of the sick woman, faithful, tender, tireless; and, incapable of thought or understanding though she was, Mrs Sardis always seemed soothed and comforted by her presence.

"In some manner she comprehends that you are near and dear," sighed Bee; "but I fear you cannot long stand this strain upon your strength."

"I am stronger than you think," Mercy answered, bravely; "with the exception of the last two or three years, my whole life has been made up of hardships. I feel as if I could now endure anything."

Miss Vann was an unspeakable comfort and help, both to Bee and to Mercy, in these days. Her interest and admiration for the latter person knew no bounds. One day she said to her:

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow, and make the acquaintance of the baron. He adores blondes, and he will think you irresistible."

Mercy had never been enlightened, either by Bee or Eric Saxe, on the subject of Baron Strozzi; but she felt a little uncomfortable, and tried to frame an excuse, which was quickly set aside by Charlotte Vann.

"My dear, you *must!* I shall think it very odd if you refuse."

So, the next day, Mercy was carried off to Madison Avenue to surprise the baron with her blonde beauty; but, as fate would have it, when Miss Vann's luncheon hour struck, Strozzi failed to appear.

Mercy saw no one but Madame Vann, who had grown more eccentric with age, and whose behavior filled the girl with amaze. Lunch over, she departed without encountering the baron, and she found no time to visit Miss Vann again for many days after.

And still a deep, unspoken anxiety hung upon Eric Saxe's household—no word had yet arrived from Ethel.

There was one visitor who often dropped into the studio to inquire regarding Mrs. Sardis's condition, or talk art with the young artist, and criticise his pictures—a brown, grave man whom Bee presented to Mercy as Mr. Lawrence Harding.

Fortune, while frowning upon so many persons in this story, had smiled very blandly upon Lawrence. He was now a popular journalist—a man of marked ability, courted, feared, conciliated and flattered by the world. Report said he was also the betrothed husband of that rich Boston belle, Alice Bradford.

Mercy soon discovered that Mr. Harding was a prime favorite with both the artist and his wife; and she was much impressed with the undisguised interest which he manifested in the whole family. For instance, Ethel's incomprehensible silence seemed to trouble him quite as much as it did herself and Bee.

"Any news from Paris yet?" was the one question which he invariably asked upon all his visits to the studio; and Bee's lugubrious "No," was sure to bring a shadow to Mr. Harding's stern face.

"Very strange, is it not?" he would say.

"Very! I do not understand it. I am greatly worried, Lawrence."

"No wonder. She must be ill."

"In that case the count would have the civility to write in her stead, would he not?"

"I cannot say. It has a bad look. Would to Heaven you could hear something from her."

"Amen!" poor Bee would murmur.

One never-to-be-forgotten evening, this same Lawrence appeared in the studio, as usual, and found Bee and Miss Mabel Sardis sitting alone in that temple of art, taking an informal cup of tea. Mrs. Sardis was asleep; so also was the baby.

Bee greeted her visitor cordially, and poured him a cup of the cheering beverage. Standing at the corner of the mantel, resting his saucer conveniently on its edge, he looked down at her with knitted brows.

"You have heard no news?" he said.

Bee shook her head.

"Good Heaven! this is growing unbearable, is it not?"

"Exactly. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. We have sent two cable dispatches, and no end of letters, and received not one word in reply. Oh, the poor darling! How I wish that I had her in my arms! Where is she, I wonder, to-night?"

Harding's brown face whitened. He put down his tea.

"I dined not an hour ago," he said, hastily, "and do not stand in need of any refreshment. Is Saxe in?"

"No. He went out upon an errand just before you entered."

Harding walked twice or thrice across the studio, with a hurried, nervous step. He seemed greatly moved.

"I received a letter to-day from Archie Van Dorn," he said; "he is in Paris, you know. Would you like to read it?"

He drew a letter from his note-book, and placed it in Bee's outstretched hand.

She opened it eagerly. It contained a good part of the current gossip which Van Dorn had picked up in Paris concerning the hapless countess and her worthless, spendthrift husband. Bee's voice trembled, and her cheeks burned angrily as she returned the communication to its owner.

"I knew it all before," she faltered; "or, if I did not know it, I guessed it, Lawrence. From my heart I wish that she was safe with us. Oh, what a miserable mistake it all was—that marriage, I mean."

He answered not a word. For a few moments silence reigned in the studio—the silence of people all absorbed in painful thoughts. It was broken, at last, by the rumble of a carriage in the street below, and then by a sharp pull at the door-bell.

"Visitors!" said Mercy.

"And my servant is out," replied Mrs. Saxe, with a nervous start. "Who can it be at this hour? Eric would not ring, for he has a key."

"Permit me to ascertain," said Lawrence, promptly. "Ten to one, an office-boy has been sent in search of me. There's no peace for the wicked, neither any for men of my calling."

He was off down the stair before another syllable could be spoken. A gas-jet burned brightly in the hall below. Harding drew back the fastenings of the door, and opened it wide, letting out a flood of cheerful light into the darkness beyond.

No familiar office-boy greeted his sight; but in the street stood a carriage, and on the topmost step of the house, a black female figure waited—a nerveless, weary, shrinking figure, that seemed ready to fall where it stood. A faint voice began to say: "Is this the house of——" But with the half-uttered sentence on her lips, she suddenly flung back her vail, looked, and recognized the man who towered there at the entrance of the refuge which she sought. Her question ended in a sharp cry. She staggered back a step. Oh, to return like this to the last haven left to her on earth!—Oh, to find this face, of all home faces, the first to look upon her misery!—Verily, it was more bitter than death!

"Merciful God!" said Lawrence Harding; and he caught her sinking figure and drew it swiftly through the door into the lighted hall. Then he called out sharply to the pair in the studio above. In a moment both were rushing down the stair.

"Lawrence! Lawrence, what is it?" cried poor, frightened Bee.

What was it? A black-robed shape, prostrate on Lawrence Harding's breast; some rippled bronze hair, and a white face, worn with great suffering, upturned in the gleam of the gas-jet; a limp, ungloved hand, from which the wedding-ring had vanished, trailing at her side——Ethel, come back, in sorrow and desolation, to the kindred whom she had left not three years before in pride and splendor, and the full flood tide of high hopes and expectations—yea, it was the once petted and adored countess, lying a refugee, a homeless, hopeless wanderer, without breath or motion, in the strong, supporting arms of her old-time lover, Lawrence Harding.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A REVENGE.

"MY queenly Charlotte, this day week you will be mine—all mine! I have no words to express my happiness at the thought! At last I have found my spirit's mate; I now see that all other loves of my life were but stupendous mistakes. Heavens! how noble, how grand will you look as mistress of my palace on the Tiber! I faint with rapture, as I picture you there, walking my marble halls in your beauty!"

Baron Strozzi raised the hand of his betrothed to his lips. It was not a hand to boast of, being rather bony and yellow, like the rest of Miss Vann's person; but the diamonds upon it blazed like clustered fire. The two lovers were seated in Charlotte Vann's superb drawing-room, *tête-à-tête*. Smiling and triumphant looked the baron, but rather more seedy in appearance than at the time of Count Stahl's marriage. In truth, life had gone hard with our noble Roman in the last two years—ill luck had followed him everywhere, but that was over now. Miss Vann's unconditional surrender to his fascinations might be called as neat a favor of fortune as a man of his years and experience had any right to expect.

"Fie, baron," said Charlotte Vann, with a good-natured laugh, "I have not the smallest claim to beauty, as you know well. Let me tell you a secret—if you wish to make flattery palatable, administer it in homeopathic doses. I shall never see thirty-five again, and I am ugly as sin; but I shall like your Tiber palace, *mon* baron, providing it is not damp; and I know we shall be very happy together. I feel that you have a good, tender heart, and however it may have wandered in times past, I am sure that now it beats only for me."

"Oh, I swear it!" cried the baron, with fervor. "I long immeasurably for ze moment when I can call you mine;" which was quite true, for he had received no remittance for weeks from Count Stahl, whose duty it was to keep him provided with necessary funds, and his purse was well-nigh empty.

A footman tapped at the door.

"A lady to see Miss Vann," he announced.

"What name, Harris?"

"Miss Mabel Sardis, ma'am."

"Show her in."

With a lively air Charlotte Vann turned to her lover.

"Baron, prepare yourself to see the handsomest face in the city. I assure you she is wonderful. Several times I have sought to bring you two together, knowing that you adored beauty, but, somehow, I could never succeed. And then she is a heroine—she has a history. I must tell it to you some day. Meanwhile——"

Meanwhile the footman opened the door, and ushered in a girl dressed in simple mourning, and carrying a roll of music in her hand. It chanced that the light in Miss Vann's drawing-room was rather dim, for the sky without lowered dull and gray, and heavy curtains of silk damask draped the glass windows.

As Charlotte Vann arose from the sofa to meet her visitor, her tall, gaunt figure quite concealed Baron Strozzi. Mercy, seeing no one but her friend, ran up to her breathlessly.

"Such a strange thing has happened!" she cried. "Ethel is here—in New York! She arrived yesterday from Havre. Oh, she has suffered dreadful things, we know; though she will tell us only a little. She sends me to say that she must see you at once on a matter of great importance—a matter

that concerns your own welfare very closely. Pray go to her, dear Miss Vann. She is ill—broken-spirited, broken-hearted."

Charlotte Vann gave a scream of surprise.

"Ethel in New York—broken-hearted! Gracious Heaven! Where is the count? Oh, I see how it is—you need not say one word, my dear. He has deserted her!"

Mercy shivered.

"We fear that, or something worse," she answered, sadly. "She was compelled to fly from France, she says, and some kind, generous stranger paid her passage to America. Go to her, Miss Vann; she has learned something regarding your friend, Baron Strozzi, which she wishes to communicate to you at once."

"The baron!"—Miss Vann stepped aside as she pronounced these two words, and revealed that gentleman himself, seated upon the sofa at her back, his dark, marked face as colorless as chalk.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Miss Vann, briskly. "Baron, let me present you to my dear young friend, Miss Mabel Sardis. I trust you two will be glad to make each other's acquaintance."

Mercy started back a step—she stared, as if turning to stone. The roll of music dropped from her hand.

Strozzi arose from the sofa, and as he did so one word, a name, full of unutterable scorn and amaze, fell from the girl's lips.

"*Discordo!*"

BY THE OLD MILL.

White and shaky, but struggling hard for self-possession, he bowed.

"You haf made a mistake, mees—I know not what you mean," he stammered.

Mercy seemed in a moment to grow two inches taller. Her pale face became absolutely grand; fire flashed from her violet eyes.

"I mistake *you!*" she cried; "that could never be. Miss Vann"—she turned quickly to the latter person, who began to look bewildered—"did I understand you aright? Is *this* the man whom you have promised to marry?"

"Yes," answered Miss Vann.

"And he calls himself Baron Strozzi—he has won your confidence, your love? Oh, thank Heaven that I am in time to save you! Shall *I* tell you what he is? A villain, an impostor——"

"Stop!" interrupted Strozzi, with livid lips; "she is mad! Ah, my own, my adored Charlotte, you cannot, you will not listen to her!"

But Charlotte Vann looked from one to the other, and grew suddenly very grave.

"Mabel, what do you mean?—tell me at once!" she commanded.

"I mean that this man, known to you as Baron Strozzi, has two other titles!" cried Mercy, confronting the cowering wretch like some grand accusing angel. "One is Signor Discordo, a professor of music—that was the name by which *I* knew him three years ago; the other is as new to me as it will doubtless be to you—Adolphe Sassard, formerly valet to Count Stahl."

The baron, overwhelmed with rage and amazement, forgot his usual prudence.

"*Sacre!* how do you know zat?" he hissed. "Has zat man—zat infernal traitor betrayed me, after all?"

"You hear!" said Mercy to Miss Vann, "his own words condemn him. Now let me tell you how I first made the acquaintance of your betrothed husband."

And in a voice of stern denunciation, every word made fiery with the righteous wrath that filled her, Mercy related the story of her persecution, her abduction, her imprisonment.

"To this man I owe the darkest experience of my life!" she cried, pointing her slim hand at the baron. "Look at him—his guilt is written on his face! Hardened sinner though he is, you see that he quails before me. Oh, dear Miss Vann, tell me that you believe me—that you know I have spoken only the truth!"

Charlotte Vann fell helplessly into the nearest chair. Shrewd and sensible as she was in many things, she had actually allowed Strozzi to blindfold her judgment and creep into her heart.

He rushed toward her, his dark face full of baffled fury. Oh, heaven! must he lose this rich prize just one week before the day appointed for his marriage? It was too much!

"My adored Charlotte!" he cried, clasping his hands

wildly, "there is a mistake—I swear it! This leetle Jezebel is laboring under some delusion. I abduct her—*I!* No, nevair! It is a lie—a pure invention. Nevair did I love any but you, fairest and queenliest of women! Ah, let her not poison your ears against me. I will strangle myself if you listen to her a moment longer. Oh, this is beastly! You wring my heart. You are my betrothed wife, remember; you cannot, must not believe such evil. Bah! thrust her out—this small viper zat would step betwixt you and me at such a time, my Charlotte!"

Charlotte Vann's sallow face had grown very pale. She arose quietly from her chair. She looked from Mercy to Strozzi. The latter attempted to seize her hand; she drew it away, and pointed imperatively to the door. She hurled this one syllable, like a blow, at her discomfited lover:

"*Go!*"

"For God's sake, my peerless Charlotte——"

"Go! and never, never let me see your face again."

He understood the tone, he understood the look on her set, resolute face; and he went out from the presence of the woman he had well-nigh secured—out from the presence of the girl who had robbed him of his coveted prey, and balked all his fine plans at the very hour when their success seemed most certain.

Truly, Mabel Sardis had avenged the wrongs and insults of Mercy Dill.

Neither Charlotte Vann, nor the fashionable society which he had so long graced, ever saw Baron Strozzi more.

Miss Vann called her carriage, and hastened straight to the house of Eric Saxe.

"I am rightly punished for my folly," she said to Mercy, wiping the miserable tears from her brave eyes. "To think that a woman of my age and experience should have been caught in such a snare! It is almost incredible. My dear child, I can never thank you enough for the service you have rendered me to-day."

They found Ethel Sardis—for from that time she would allow them to call her by no other name—lying upon Bee's sofa, wasted, colorless, the mere shadow of her former self. Bee, almost heart-broken, fluttered around her like a bird. In an adjoining chamber, senseless and shattered, lay the mother who had done so much to promote her daughter's marriage with Count Stahl—fortunately, she would never know the disastrous results of her own ambitious scheming.

Miss Vann embraced Ethel, and drew a chair to her side.

"You are sick enough to be in bed," she said; "and oh, what has become of all your beauty? Don't talk, unless you feel quite able, poor child; for your sister has already shown me the true character of Baron Strozzi—*you* need not speak a word."

A smile flitted over Ethel's pale lips. She put out her own weak hand and grasped Mercy's.

"My sister!" she murmured. "Is it not strange, is it not blessed, that she should be mine, Miss Vann? And I never dreamed of such a happiness till I reached this shelter last night. All my life I have longed for a sister."

After a little while she said, with a painful effort:

"Be patient with me, all of you. It would kill me to put in words the story of the past two years. I have had my day—such a short, miserable little day! Count Stahl I shall never see again." A great shudder shook her as she pronounced the name. "I cannot tell you about it yet. Some other time, when I am stronger, the words, perhaps, will come; but I was forced to fly from him, and I owe my life to mamma's former maid, Finette, as Bee owes to her a happy marriage, and my escape from France to an English stranger, who conducted me to Havre himself, paid my expenses from his own purse, and secured me care and attention for my homeward voyage. But for him, I know not what would have become of me. Heaven bless him evermore!"

"Amen!" murmured Mercy.

Not a question was asked by any one of the three. They would not force her to speak of matters which gave her pain. It was enough for them to know that she had come back to the few hearts left to her, sad, suffering, changed beyond recognition, her pride gone, her strength gone, her happiness gone.

For a moment Mercy felt a keen thrill of interest in the English stranger who had befriended the unhappy fugitive.

"Tell me his name," she was about to say, but checked herself the next instant, ashamed of her own curiosity; and so, by a mere chance, Sir Valentine Arbuckle escaped mention.

"I am going into retirement for a while," said Charlotte Vann. "Everybody will soon know the secret of my rupture with the baron. I cannot endure to meet my friends while the scandal is new. Moreover, the Summer heat is approaching, and the city will soon be unbearable. I have a place on the Hudson, to which I shall remove for a few weeks. I am done with matrimony. Heavens! let no one mention the word to me again. Ethel shall go with me to my retreat; plainly she needs rest and care. I never saw a person so sadly changed in the little space of two years."

But Ethel, ill as she was, would not listen to this proposition.

"I thank you heartily," she said, "but I have had my last of ease and luxury. My place is now with mamma and this dear child"—touching Mercy's black dress. "I must go to work at once. I must find a situation as nursery governess. Possibly some of my old friends may provide me with pupils."

"Ethel, you cannot do it!" cried Miss Vann, with decision. "Think of your breeding—of what you have been in the past. It would kill you outright to become a servant. Moreover, you have not the physical strength."

"It would kill me to accept charity, even from you," replied Ethel. "I have a little pride left. I will not be dependent upon any one. Work is said to be a cure for sorrow. Oh, dear Miss Vann, if I cannot find employment of some kind for my thoughts, I shall go mad!"

* * * * * * *

Miss Vann retired alone to her house on the Hudson. With the arrival of the Summer heat, Bee's baby began to droop, and Eric Saxe hurried mother and child off to the mountains.

"It seems so wicked to forsake you!" sobbed Bee, first upon Mercy's shoulder, and then in Ethel's arms. "Wild horses could not drag me away, were it not for poor baby."

But her maternal fears pointed mountainward, and reluctantly she went. Ethel and Mercy were left alone with Mrs. Sardis.

Those were weary days, yet not altogether devoid of consolation. The two girls—sisters, yet strangers—soon came to know each other perfectly, to love each other devotedly. Mercy's pupils had all fled from the city. Together the lonely pair nursed Mrs. Sardis; together they labored from early morning till late night at great bundles of fine sewing and embroidery which Miss Vann, at their own request, sent them from time to time. Alas! they could not afford to remain idle, even for a few weeks. The days were hot and long and dreary, but neither uttered a word of complaint. Sometimes Ethel would lean her beautiful head on her new-found sister's shoulder, and call her "Little Comfort," or murmur, with tears:

"My darling, what should I do without you? You are my sole stay and support now."

But that was all.

Lawrence Harding was still in town. Often he sent rare flowers and fruits to Mrs. Sardis, and now and then he called to inquire concerning her condition, but he never saw Ethel, and never asked to see her.

One day an unexpected visitor appeared at the quiet house—Mrs. Jack Severne. She found Ethel plying her needle as if for dear life, and, without making any attempt to suppress her shocked feelings, she cried:

"Is it as bad as this? I have come all the way from Saratoga to see you. Lawrence would give me no peace until I made you a call. He says you wish to become a governess. It really seems very dreadful. Were it my case, I think I would kill myself at once. There! don't look distressed. Lawrence begged me to say nothing to pain you; he declares that I have no tact. Let me explain my errand as briefly as possible. My husband has a little niece who is coming to take up her abode with us in the Autumn. She will need a governess, and the situation is yours, if you can bring yourself to accept it."

A faint flush swept Ethel's frost-white face.

"Bring myself to accept it?" she answered; "gladly, thankfully. It is no matter of choice with me, but of necessity."

"Then I may consider you engaged?" said Mrs. Severne. "Jack, I am sure, will be willing to give you a liberal salary."

"Many thanks," murmured Ethel.

"Your mother, I suppose, does not comprehend either her own troubles or yours?"

"Thank God—no!"

"She was a very worldly, ambitious woman—you will pardon me for saying it—really, one should not be *too* worldly. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, as somebody once said—was it Shakespeare or Solomon? Now, Lawrence will make me repeat every word of this conversation, and he will scold me roundly for everything in it which does not suit him. I will tell you a secret, Ethel; we suspect, mamma and I, that he is, at last, engaged to Alice Bradford. Dear me! How well I remember *your* engagement, and your wedding, also—the most brilliant that I ever attended. And to think it should have turned out so unfortunate! I hope you will not perish with the heat here. Only a salamander can exist in New York at this season."

And she departed, leaving Ethel as white as the embroidery in her hands, and Mercy speechless with indignation.

In the closing days of the Summer, when Bee's arrival was expected hourly, and Mercy began to fold up her fine sewing to make ready for the return of her pupils, two events happened.

One miserable, rainy twilight, Lawrence Harding appeared at the quiet house, looking particularly grave.

"I wish to speak with you alone, Miss Sardis," he said to Mercy; "I have news for you."

He followed her into Bee's little parlor.

"Where is your sister?" he asked.

"With Mrs. Sardis," she replied, alarmed by something strange in his manner. "Oh, Mr. Harding, what has happened now—some new misfortune?"

"No, you can scarcely call it that. Be calm, my dear child. It is best for me to first tell you the facts, and let you repeat them, as gently as possible, to *her*. She is not strong. For God's sake be careful that you do not kill her by any sudden shock!"

"I will be careful. Don't keep me in suspense, Mr. Harding—pray don't!"

They had left the door opening upon the hall ajar. Ethel Sardis, softly descending the stair from her mother's chamber at that moment, heard their voices, and stopped in surprise to listen. Lawrence drew some foreign newspapers from his pocket and laid them upon the mantel.

"You will find in these a full account of the matter," he said; "and I have received a letter from a Paris correspondent, confirming all the statements here made. Miss Sardis, Count Stahl is dead!"

Mercy uttered a cry.

"Oh, Mr. Harding, do you mean it? How?—where?——

"He was shot in an obscure gambling place in the Rue St. Jacques, where he was keeping an appointment with that precious scoundrel, his former valet, known to us here in New York as Baron Strozzi. High words and accusations had passed freely betwixt the two—the so-called baron wanted money, and the count had none to give him—this was the testimony of frequenters of the place—and, at last, Strozzi drew a pistol and shot the count dead. It seems that dark rumors have been whispered about Paris for weeks and months regarding the latter person. He is said to have killed his first countess, after spending all her fortune, and also to have attempted the life of his second wife—doubtless your sister will some day tell you if this last accusation be true. Strozzi escaped, and has not been found——"

A stifled cry outside the door interrupted him—a heavy fall. The two rushed into the hall, and found Ethel lying prostrate and senseless at the foot of the stair. No need for Mercy to tell her of the count's death; she knew it already—knew that the last act in the tragedy of her ambitious marriage had been played out—that she was a widow!

Lawrence lifted her silently in his arms, and laid her upon a sofa in Bee's parlor.

"Heaven help her!" he muttered. "Should you need my assistance in any way, Miss Sardis, do not hesitate to call for it—you know where to find me."

And then he departed from the house, and did not enter it again for many days.

A week later Mrs. Sardis died, and was laid beside her husband in Greenwood.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Jack Severne returned to New York from her Summer dissipations, bringing with her the little niece who was to be Ethel's pupil. A formal note, sent by a footman to Bee's door, informed our heroine that Mrs. Severne was now ready for the services of a governess. With a white, saddened face, which told plainer than words the tribulation through which she had passed, Ethel answered it in person.

"Dear me! how dreadfully ill you look!" said Mrs. Severne; "do you really feel equal to the work?"

"Yes," Ethel answered, earnestly; "and I am most anxious to be about it."

"Very well. Grace is not a tractable child. She will give you plenty of trouble, I dare say. I wish you to have the entire charge of her—*I* can spare her no time whatever. Keep her in the schoolroom as much as possible. By the by, I hear that your sister has a wonderful voice—the Van Dorns are very enthusiastic about her. You must entice her to sing at some of my receptions."

And so Ethel entered upon her labors in Mrs. Severne's household. The place was no sinecure. Her pupil was a spoiled, pampered little vixen, who tried her strength and patience almost beyond endurance sometimes. She was treated, in all respects, like an upper servant. She took her meals with the housekeeper, and rarely or never saw any guest of the house, or member of the family. For this she was devoutly thankful, since it would have been keen anguish for her to have met, in her altered position, the friends of her glad, triumphant days. She never went out, save to the

Park with her charge; or to make a flying visit to Bee and Mercy. So the Autumn passed, and Winter came.

One bleak, snowy afternoon, the sisters sat together over a bright fire in Eric Saxe's studio, talking of many things. Mrs. Severne had given Ethel a half-holiday; Bee was out with her husband, and the two girls were alone, save for baby Eric, who lay in rosy sleep upon Mercy's lap.

"Ethel dear," said the little music-teacher, anxiously, as she warmed her small, wet feet at the blaze (she had just come in from a lesson), "you do not gain either in flesh or color. I fear you are not happy with Mrs. Severne. Oh, I can guess how it is! She is a miserable little creature—she treats you, I dare say, like a servant."

"And why should she not, you absurd child?" answered Ethel, as she sat with hands clasped listlessly on the lap of her black dress, and the firelight playing on her perfectly colorless face. "I *am* a servant, you know. Under present circumstances, I cannot expect her to remember our old friendship."

"Do you ever see anything of Mr. Harding?" queried Mercy, carelessly, as she twisted one of baby's yellow curls round her fingers.

"No," replied Ethel; "but Miss Bradford, the lady to whom he is engaged, arrived from Boston yesterday to spend the Winter with Mrs. Severne. We were school friends and rival belles once. I met her this morning on the stair, and she stared and nodded, and said 'How d'ye do?' in a manner which defined my position perfectly. Don't grow indignant, dear. It's the way of the world. I don't mind it much. Perhaps I might have done the same thing myself two years ago—I have been heartless enough in my time, Heaven knows."

"Ethel, are you *sure* that Mr. Harding is engaged to Miss Bradford?"

"Yes; for Mrs. Severne takes particular pains to tell me of the fact. It will be a very suitable match in all respects. Alice has been in love with Lawrence Harding for years. Now let us talk about *your* affairs, dear. Bee tells me that Archie Van Dorn has fallen helplessly in love with his sister's music-teacher, and made her an offer of his heart, hand and fortune. Ah, Mabel, is it true?"

The blood ran into Mercy's cheek and out again.

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice, "it is quite true, Ethel. There is no harm in confessing it to you, I suppose?"

"Oh, my dear child, I am very, very glad! He is wealthy and well-connected, and he is not a bad fellow in any respect. I did not ask Bee—but, of course, you accepted him?"

Mabel opened wide her violet eyes.

"Certainly not!"

"Mabel!"

"Don't look so disappointed. It was very good of Mr. Van Dorn to notice me, but I do not care for him in the least. I shall never marry any one."

"And, pray, why not?" cried Ethel, in astonishment.

"Because I shall never meet any one whom I can think of in that—that—way," answered Mercy, firmly. "Let us not talk of it, darling. I am going to live with Bee, and teach music all my life, and be happy in my own way, you know."

"You—with your beauty! You ridiculous child! It is simply impossible to believe such a thing!"

"Ah, you will see!"

Ethel drew her purse from her pocket, and took from it a roll of money—her quarterly salary, which Mrs. Severne had paid her that day. She gazed thoughtfully into the fire a few moments; then said to Mercy:

"You remember, dear, the story which I told you about the English stranger who befriended me in the darkest strait of my life—who went with me from Paris to Havre, and paid my passage to New York?"

"Yes," answered Mercy.

"The time has come for me to discharge the debt I owe him. I have realized a little money, you know, from the sale of mamma's jewels. It is not pleasant to feel under such obligations to a stranger."

"Certainly not," said Mercy.

Ethel began to search the different compartments of her purse

"I hope I have not lost the address which I asked of him at Havre. He wrote it down upon a card—ah, here it is. I knew I should some time be able to refund the money."

Then she drew out a bit of pasteboard, and holding it to the firelight, for the day was waning in the studio, read these words aloud: "Sir Valentine Arbuckle, Deepmoor Hall, Lincolnshire, England."

A sudden dead silence. Ethel looked up, and saw that Mercy had risen from her chair, and was standing beside her, with a blanched, agitated face.

"Is Sir Valentine Arbuckle the person who befriended you, Ethel?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is he a tall, unhandsome man, with hazel eyes and red hair?"

"Exactly. Pray how did *you* know that?"

She paid no heed to the question—perhaps she did not hear it. A far-off look was upon her white face, as if she had gone back in spirit to some long-past time. Her violet eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You are going to write to him?" she said, under her breath—"to send him money?"

"Yes."

"Here is something of value which belongs to him, Ethel, and which ought to have been returned long ago. I am sure he has wished for it often. Would you kindly inclose it in your letter?"

As she spoke she put up her hand to her white throat, and loosed a simple silk cord which she had worn about it for many a day. From this she took a plain gold wedding-ring.

"It belonged to his mother," she said, simply, holding it out to Ethel. "He gave it to me long ago, when he thought I was to be his wife. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Pray do!" cried Ethel, breathlessly. And so it was told there in the twilight.

On the following day Ethel Sardis dispatched a letter to Sir Valentine Arbuckle, and in it she inclosed a draft for the amount to which she stood indebted to him, and also the little band of gold that Mercy had given her.

"At the request of a friend," she wrote, "I restore to you this trifle, which, doubtless, you will be glad to recover."

And with no other explanation than this, the ring went on its way across the sea.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAPPINESS AT LAST.

It went on its way across the sea, and reached Deepmoor Hall, Lincolnshire, late upon a hunting morning, when Sir Valentine was away at a neighboring "meet." Miss Affry Black opened the post-bag, turned the American missive in her hand, eyed it suspiciously, and finally conveyed it to the library, with the rest of the baronet's mail, and there left it lying on Sir Valentine's baize-covered table.

Five o'clock brought the lord of Deepmoor back to the

Hall again, fagged and somewhat out of humor. He took his tea with Miss Black, then flung himself down in a great chair upon his library hearth, with the air of a man glad to return to his own habitation after a dull and wearisome day.

"Well," said Miss Black, watching him closely over her gold-rimmed glasses, "you met Lord Loftus's daughters at lunch, I suppose?"

Having failed in her matrimonial project concerning the Scotch heiress, she was now bent upon another, even more desirable.

'Yes," answered the baronet, dryly.

"Florence, the younger, is as pretty as a pink—a genuine high-bred English girl. You might go through seven counties, and never find her equal, Sir Valentine."

He ran his fingers through his red hair till it stood up like porcupine quills, but answered not a word.

"Then Helen, the elder—she is a pure blonde, and you admire blondes. And she can ride beautifully. To see her gallop over hedge and ditch, across meadow and moor, down lane and up high road, is enough to take the breath. You have your eyes in your head, Valentine—how *can* you resist these two charming girls?"

"Give it up—do!" said the baronet, wearily; "lay the subject on the shelf for a while, Aunt Affry, for you see I am incorrigible. Have I not told you scores of times that I do not wish to marry?"

"Very well!" answered Miss Black, in a huff, "you are as obstinate as a mule. I will say no more, for if his lordship's daughters cannot please you, I know of no living woman who can. There's your mail on the table—you have not looked at it yet."

Sir Valentine picked up his letters. He broke the seal of the American one first. Something dropped from it, and rolled across the tiled hearth, stopping, at last, upon a rug of Canadian wolf-skin. He picked it up—his face grew white as death. It was his mother's wedding-ring—the ring which he had placed on the hand of Mercy Dill years ago in the old lodging-house at Seedy Court.

Miss Black recognized it, also, and cried out in sore amaze.

"Valentine! Good Heaven! your mother's ring. Who sent it?"

He read Ethel's letter, with the few ambiguous words relating to the recovered token, then passed it on to Miss Black.

"In Heaven's name, what can it mean?" he said.

The old woman looked, read, and answered, feebly, "I haven't an idea. Cullen Sardis's daughter! How on earth did *she* get possession of your mother's ring?"

He held the shining band upon his palm. His face looked harsh and forbidding.

"You will see no more of me, Aunt Affry, till that question is answered to my satisfaction," he said, decisively.

She laid her hand on his strong shoulder.

"What are you going to do? Bless me! you are shaking like a woman! Write to Miss Sardis, or the Countess Stahl—whichever name she is called by—and she will explain it all, I dare say."

"Miss Sardis has forgotten to mention her New York address," said the baronet, with a strange smile; "moreover, I could scarcely be content to attack this mystery in any roundabout way. I shall start for Liverpool in the morning, and take passage in the first steamer which leaves that port for the United States."

Miss Black bristled with indignation.

"Val! Are you mad? Pushing off to America to find some clue to that Italian's wife—that creature, who is tramping the streets, I dare say, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, while Lord Loftus's daughters wait in vain for you to propose! I'm amazed at you—I'm ashamed of you. I never heard of such a ridiculous thing in my life! It's enough to make all the Arbuckles in the vaults of Deepmoor church turn in their graves."

Miss Black's wrath fell on unheeding ears. His determination was made, and no argument under heaven could shake it.

"I am going only to find Miss Sardis," he said, calmly. "I want a little private conversation with her."

And he went. Three days later, this headstrong, half-Yankee nobleman was on the Atlantic, speeding away to the New World.

He landed in New York one golden afternoon in early Spring, determined to rest not, neither to know peace, until he had found Count Stahl's fair widow.

Archie Van Dorn, glancing over the newspapers at his club next morning, chanced to see the baronet's name in the list of arrivals—also the name of the hotel to which he had betaken himself.

"Arbuckle! Good Heaven! what has brought him across the water?" mused Van Dorn. "A goodish sort of fellow. I got on very well with him in Paris. I must look him up. Half American, too. Wonder if my mother wouldn't like to have him lunch with her to-day? Oh, by Jove! I know she would! I'll write her a note, and then slip off to his quarters."

Mr. Van Dorn acted at once upon this brilliant thought. He presented himself at the baronet's hotel, and was greeted by Sir Valentine as a genuine godsend.

"The very person that I longed to see!" cried the baronet, as he wrung the Gothamite's hand. "You know the Countess Stahl? Of course you do! Can you tell me where she is to be found?"

Van Dorn looked a little blank.

"Countess Stahl! Oh! by Jove! I see! *That's* the attraction that brings you to New York, is it! You heard of the count's demise, eh? and now you're ready to offer her a second title? She's turned governess, and is living somewhere among her friends, I can't say where; have heard, but am a little hazy in memory. However, I'll make inquiries for you."

"You quite mistake, Van Dorn," said Sir Valentine; "I am not in love with the countess—I wish to see her upon a matter of pure business."

Van Dorn balanced himself upon the edge of his chair, and smiled gloomily at empty space.

"Happy fellow! *I* have been suffering the tortures of perdition for the last few weeks. Betwixt you and I, Arbuckle, my life is a burden. I never was so hard hit before in all my days. Of course I've played at spoons dozens of times, but a downright earnest passion is another thing. Don't I look deucedly hipped?"

"Come to observe you closely," replied Sir Valentine, "you *do*. And so you feared you had a rival in me, did you? Pshaw, man! take heart. Such an idea never entered my head. You are good-looking and well-bred. I shouldn't suppose you would find it a very hard matter to induce her to forget such a detestable scoundrel as the late count."

Van Dorn opened his blue eyes, then burst into a melancholy laugh.

"Hang it! I'm not talking of the countess. To be sure I *was* soft upon her once, years ago, but the torch that's once wasted, Oh, how can it burn again? No, that's not the person. It's her sister."

Sir Valentine put down the pipe that he was smoking.

"Has the countess a sister? I always heard that Cullen Sardis had but one child."

"There's another—the daughter of a first marriage that

nobody knew anything about till after the banker's death. The friends of the family don't talk much about it; but all the same, Mabel is the countess's half-sister. By Jove! She's incomparable—ten times lovelier than Ethel herself!"

"In that case, she must be something fitted to distract and confuse the mighty mind of man," said the baronet; "for I call the countess a remarkably handsome woman. Are you ready to receive congratulations?"

Van Dorn shook his dismal head.

"Good Heaven, no! She won't have me. She's music-teacher to my little sisters—has to work for a living. The Sardis lot are now very poor, you know. I might give her fortune and luxury, and all that; but she won't take it. And, by Jove! she was so sweet and kind and gentle in her refusal, that I love her ten times more than ever. I'm heart-broken!—you needn't grin, old man—I've a good mind to turn Trappist monk and go hide myself in some howling wilderness, away from female kind for the rest of my days."

"Help me first to find the countess," said Sir Valentine, dryly, "for I am very impatient to see her—my business will not wait. Of course her sister must know her address—she wouldn't object, I suppose, to giving it to you."

"I should think not," answered Van Dorn, consulting his repeater; "come home and lunch with me. I have written to my mother that I should bring you, if possible. We may meet Miss Sardis there—it's the hour for the girls' lesson. I make it a point to avoid her now whenever I can, but I'll suffer for once in the cause of friendship. Come!"

The baronet needed no urging. The two left the hotel, and proceeded straight to the Van Dorn mansion on a highly fashionable street. The Gothamite conducted his titled guest into a handsome drawing-room, and seating him comfortably, said: "Excuse me a moment, old fellow, while I go and look up my mother." Then vanished and left Sir Valentine alone.

At the further end of the apartment was a doorway hung with impenetrable folds of crimson silk, and beyond it voices were audible—children's voices; also the rattling of music-leaves and the tinkle of a piano. Sir Valentine had ears, and he was obliged to listen whether he wished it or not.

"Oh, dear Miss Sardis, you promised to sing us something, you know, when our lesson was done. Madge likes Robin Adair and Auld Robin Gray—*I* like the hymns. Oh, *do* give us one little, tiny hymn!"

"Alice is a saint," laughed Madge, "mamma says so. Everything that Miss Sardis sings is beautiful. If I had her voice, I'd be a prima donna."

A third person spoke, but in so low a tone that Sir Valentine did not catch the words; then a practiced hand struck the piano; then through the crimson silk curtain a voice floated into the silent drawing-room—a glorious soprano, of wonderful compass and sweetness. It thrilled through Sir Valentine like an electric shock, drove the blood from his cheek to his madly beating heart:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stand,
All my trust from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

That old, familiar hymn! Merciful God! was he awake or dreaming? He leaped to his feet. Could there be two voices like that in all the length and breadth of the world? The same, yet not the same; for cultivation had developed and strengthened it; yet how could he mistake it? Never knowing what he was about, the baronet strode straight across the drawing-room, dashed back the crimson silk curtain, and, in its shining shadow, stood and looked into the music-room where Madge and Alice Van Dorn had just completed their morning lesson.

Over the piano the two children hung in breathless delight. At the instrument sat a young girl, dressed in sombre black. Her face was turned toward him—a sad, flawless, colorless face, carved as if from pearl, and crowned with a great twist of golden hair. She looked up as the curtain was swept back, and saw the towering figure in the opening. Her fingers fell away from the keys; she started up from the piano betwixt the two staring and amazed children.

"*Mercy!*"

With a great cry he called her name; and she, looking in his blanched, yet unchanged face, after years of separation, answered, like one in a dream:

"*Val!*"

The next instant he was at her feet, holding to her black dress, crying out, wildly and incoherently:

"In God's name, what does this mean? How came you here? Where is your husband? Mercy! oh, my darling, my one, only love, I never thought to see you again on this side of the grave!"

She drew back a step, and looked at him in pale reproach.

"My husband! I have none."

"Discordo?"

"Then you believed his letter?"

"I did—oh, fool that I was—I did!"

"You were very willing to be deceived," she said, bitterly—"very willing to think ill of me. He told me it would be so—he was sure his vile plot would succeed; but I—I hoped otherwise, for I trusted you. I was sure you would trust me."

His face whitened slowly with conviction, pain, remorse.

"Then it was all a miserable lie?"

"It was all a miserable lie; but it cannot matter now. Rise, Sir Valentine Arbuckle; we are not alone."

"You did not love him—you did not marry him? Merciful Heaven! how I have wronged you, then—how I have wronged myself! Explain this mystery, or I shall go mad!"

At this juncture the Van Dorn children fled from the music-room, and ran to tell mother and brother that a strange, red-haired gentleman was down on his knees before Miss Sardis, kissing her dress, and calling her "Mercy" and "darling."

This piece of news, added to the fact that the English baronet had vanished from the apartment where he had been left, induced the Van Dorns to seat themselves in the drawing-room, to await the appearance of the parties, and an explanation of their extraordinary conduct.

Sir Valentine Arbuckle drew Mercy's unresisting hands into his own.

"Tell me everything," he said, firmly, "and God is my witness that whatever you say I will, with heart and soul, believe. If I have wronged you shamefully, I have also loved you boundlessly. I have never ceased to think of you—never since we parted, on our appointed wedding-day, in Seedy Court. Heap your reproaches upon me—I deserve them. You cannot condemn me half as much as I condemn myself."

So, with those slight hands locked in his, she stood and made her explanations, and heard others in return. The humble lovers of Seedy Court—Valentine Black, the banker's clerk, and Mercy Dill, the sewing-girl—were no more; not even their names remained. But this man and

woman, so unlike that obscure pair, looked once in each other's eyes, and forgot in a moment all change, all doubt, all wrong—yes, and the months and the years that had passed since their last meeting.

"Do you forgive me, Mercy?" he asked, humbly and wistfully.

"I forgive you," she answered, with the tears shining in her violet eyes.

"Do you love me still, darling?"

"I love you still. Even if we had never met, if I had never heard of you again, I should have loved you till my dying day."

He had already told her of the errand which had brought him across the sea. Now he drew out the old ring, the tiny agent of their reunion, and placed it for the second time upon her hand.

"But—" she faltered, "you are rich and titled now, and I am but a poor music-teacher. Are *you* sure——"

He gathered her into his arms.

"I am sure, infinitely sure, that you are the one woman in all the world for me! Take me, darling, and make of me what you will, for I am your slave for evermore."

Time had not changed his passion, grandeur and ease had not altered it. Hearts like his are slow to receive impressions, tenacious to hold them. Truly, for him the wide world held only this one fair woman.

The two lovers went back to the drawing-room, into the presence of the amazed Van Dorns, where sundry explanations were made, and many congratulations offered, even by the gloomy and rather indignant son of the house, and then Mercy hastened home to tell the marvelous news to Bee, and introduce to that amazed little lady, and to Eric Saxe, her stalwart, titled lover.

Oh, day of days, never to be forgotten! Ethel was sent for in great haste, and she came, full of rejoicing, and gave both hands to Sir Valentine, and thanked him anew for the service he had rendered her in the past, and laughed with delight at her own share in bringing him across the sea.

"Sir Valentine," she said, "do you know anything of Finette? I have thought of her so often and so gratefully, the good, true creature! Can you tell me if she is well and happy?"

"Yes," he answered; "she is living at Verrières, with her brother Gustave. Fidelity like hers is rare, and needs encouragement. I took the liberty to settle upon her a trifling pension. She is well, she is happy, and she will lack for nothing as long as she lives."

Bee drew Mercy aside.

"Oh, you sly puss!" she whispered, in mock indignation; "to think you never told me a word of all this! Who would have dreamed that you had such a romance in your life! Another title in the family! Well, thank Heaven, this one is worn by a good, true man, and it will confer upon you not only distinction, but genuine happiness. I *know* you will be happy, dear, because you love him and he loves you—and when one has said that, one has said all!"

A fortnight later—for the impatient lover would have no unnecessary delays—Mercy became the wife of Sir Valentine Arbuckle. The wedding was solemnized in Bee's quiet home, with only Miss Vann and a few intimate friends for guests.

To Ethel, this parting with the sister whom she had learned to love so dearly was a strange mixture of sorrow and joy.

"Oh, darling, come with us to England, and let our home be yours," Mercy pleaded. "Sir Valentine wishes it, and I—oh, I cannot leave you drudging here. It spoils all my own happiness to think of you."

Ethel shook her handsome head.

"Not yet. Some time, perhaps, when I am sick or old, or tired of governess-ing, I may seek a refuge with you; but not while I am young and strong, and able to work for myself. I am too proud, you know, to be dependent, even upon you, whom I love better than any one else in the world. Sir Valentine is noble and good and generous, and I thank him heartily; but I must battle with the world single-handed a little longer, and you must not think of me at all, dear, but only of him, and of your own great happiness."

"Surely, Ethel, you will accept some aid? He is going to settle an allowance upon you—he told me so himself."

"Not a penny, dear. I could not think of such a thing—or, at least, not till I am superannuated, as I said before. But I will come some time to Deepmoor Hall, and spend an English Christmas with you."

No further persuasions could shake her resolution. She would take nothing but love and kind thoughts from Mercy and her husband. So the two went their happy way across the sea, and Ethel returned to the schoolroom at Mrs. Severne's mansion, and took up the drudgery of life again, a lonelier but a happier woman.

* * * * * * *

The last scene in this long drama occurred one Spring day not many weeks after Mercy's marriage.

On the hearth-rug of Mrs. Jack Severne's boudoir, Lawrence Harding stood, looking down upon that small brunette lady, who occupied a low chair by his side, and was pulling her lap-dog's ears with an air of ill-humor.

"I can't think why you neglect us so," she pouted. "You actually have not entered these doors, Lawrence, a half-dozen times since Ethel Sardis came here as governess. Alice Bradford thinks it most extraordinary; so do I. Can it be that you are afraid of meeting Ethel?"

"My dear Evelyn," answered Lawrence, carelessly, "remember that I am not a man of leisure. I have no time to make visits. And as for meeting Miss Sardis, that's a little absurd, is it not? You treat her so entirely like a menial, that I should never expect to encounter her outside the servants' quarters. It would be to your credit, Evelyn, and to Miss Bradford's, if you two would show Ethel Sardis a little more consideration."

Mrs. Severne frowned.

"Ethel is a servant, now, and she has the good sense to know her place and to keep it. I think she is satisfied with the treatment she receives here—at least, she never complains. Really, it's very funny, Lawrence, to hear *you* talk in that way. Whatever may be said of Alice and I, *you* do not owe her much consideration. She never wasted kindness upon you in times past."

"Pardon; that is not the point that we are discussing," he answered, with an imperturbable smile. "I am surprised that you have so little heart, Evelyn. "Good Heaven! the airs that you allow Miss Bradford to assume toward that girl are simply abominable. Can't you manage to make her position in your house just bearable? I may as well confess that Jack tells me a good many things which happen here, and I swear I cannot see how she stands it!"

"I wish you would not swear," cried Mrs. Severne, fretfully, "and I wish Jack would hold his tongue. I feed and shelter Miss Sardis, and pay her a very fair salary, and that is all that I can do. And now *I* have a grievance to mention, Larry—one that comes very near my heart, too. In the name of all that's tiresome and exasperating, when do you mean to marry Alice Bradford?"

He opened his gray eyes.

"Evelyn, you must be, as the Scotch say, 'clean daft,'" he answered, dryly.

"Lawrence, have you not been dangling about her for two entire years?"

"Dangling? I deny it emphatically!"

"You are laughing at me, Lawrence. Alice Bradford loves you."

"My poor, deceived child, she is totally incapable of loving anything in the world but her her own fair, comfortable self."

"And have you no serious intentions toward her, after all? I have taken pains to tell everybody that you are as good as engaged."

"Intentions? None whatever," he answered. "I am sure that you are the only person in existence who ever thought of such a thing."

She changed the subject, dejectedly. Would he go to ride in the park with her? Miss Bradford would accompany them. He excused himself on the plea of an engagement, and made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Severne retired to her chamber, and placed herself in the hands of her maid. Half an hour after, in gorgeous array, she departed upon her drive, taking with her Miss Bradford and her little niece. Ethel was thus left alone in the schoolroom.

She busied herself for a while with the dog-eared books, and then went to a window, and with a weary sigh, sat down there and looked out on the declining afternoon.

It was all very dreary. Utter silence reigned in the big house; and beyond the pane nothing was to be seen save a patch of pale sky and a jumble of chimney-pots. Where was Mercy this day? Plucking primroses and harebells in her grand Lincolnshire park, with all her past sorrows forgotten? Very likely. Already Lady Arbuckle had written to her sister, describing the splendors of her new home, and stating that Miss Affry Black, after listening to her story, had melted suddenly, remorsefully, toward Sir Valentine's bride, and welcomed her to Deepmoor with wide-open arms.

"How tired I feel! sighed Ethel to herself; "how dreary and monotonous is life! And I am so young still—the end seems so far away."

She laid her beautiful brown head against the window, and let the tears fall slowly down upon her white, folded hands.

The afternoon light grew paler and paler on the floor, on the wall, on the books and globes of the table. Presently, a knock sounded at the door. She did not hear it. Somebody entered uninvited, looked around the schoolroom, and advanced hastily toward the motionless black figure in the window.

"Miss Sardis," said Lawrence Harding.

She started and looked up.

"I rapped, but you did not hear me," he muttered, apologetically.

"Mrs. Severne is out," said Ethel, rising, in some confusion, with the tears still clinging to her long lashes, and a perceptible quivering all about her lovely mouth.

"I know it," he answered, trying to look away from her to the dull wall. "I came back to the house because I hoped to find you here alone—because I wished to speak with you a few moments undisturbed. Of late I have not seen much of you. Good God! are you crying, Ethel? This is unbearable!"

"No, no!" she answered, bravely, struggling for self-possession. "I am not crying—why should I do so foolish a thing? My head aches—that is all."

"You are very happy, I suppose, in Mrs. Severne's household?" he queried, grimly.

"I am well content," she answered, in a low voice.

All the stern lines of his face seemed to change as he looked at her.

"I have no words to tell how the sight of you, lonely and friendless here, goes to my heart. Ethel! You have hurt me a good many times in the past—perhaps you will hurt me again; but a fresh pang, more or less, cannot matter much; so I have come to sue once more—to ask you the old, old question. Can you, will you, let me be anything to you; will you let me take you into the shelter of my heart and arms—will you marry me, Ethel?"

She grew so white that he involuntarily put out his hand to support her.

"Don't mock me, Lawrence! How can you, Alice Bradford's lover, say such things to me?"

"I am not, and have never been, Alice Bradford's lover; nor the lover of any woman save yourself. You know this—you *must* know it!"

"Lawrence," she shivered, "I am not worthy!"

"Let *me* decide that question, Ethel."

"You told me once that you despised me!"

"I tell you now that I love you. Your faults are dearer to me than the perfections of other women. Oh, my darling! you have, indeed, expiated the wrong done to me and to yourself alike. Have we not been parted long enough? Have we not both suffered enough? Come, now, to me."

He opened his arms. She fled to them as to some ark of safety, and laid her pale, weary face upon his loving and forgiving heart.

Adolphe Sassard, *alias* Baron Strozzi, met his death at an obscure inn in the Tyrol, at the hands of an Italian with whom he was wrangling over a game of cards. Miss Vann, who so narrowly escaped a marriage with him, will never again turn her thoughts to matrimony. She is the devoted friend of Eric Saxe and his family, and has openly declared her intention of making Bee's golden-haired boy her heir.

Ethel is now Lawrence Harding's happy wife, and her past seems to be like some hideous dream. A little dark-eyed daughter climbs her knee, and many things which entered into the early education of the beautiful mother her child's ears will never hear.

"Heaven help me to train her to be a good, true woman!" is Ethel's daily prayer.

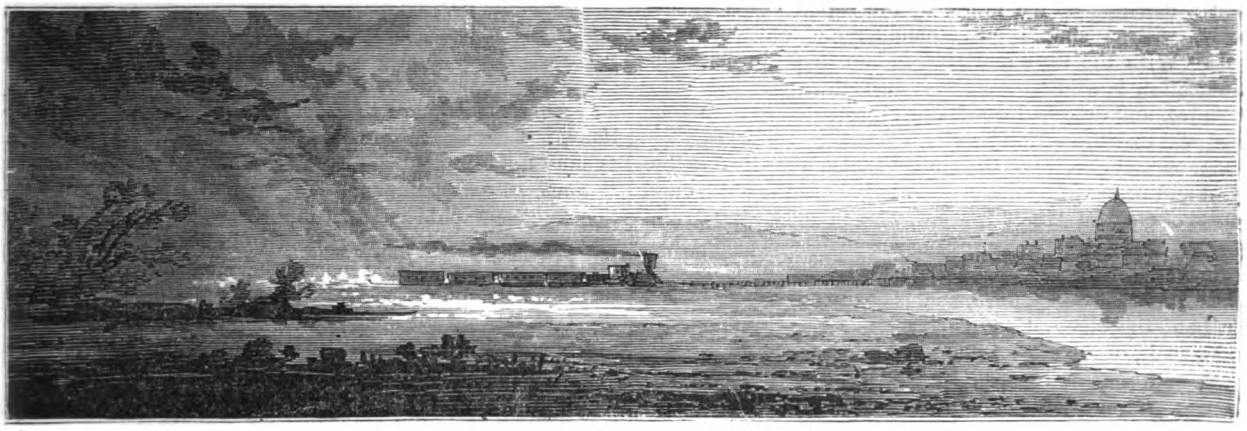
Across the sea, in the grand shadows of Deepmoor Park, Lady Arbuckle lives—the admiration of the country families, who declare her to be the loveliest woman that ever graced the old Hall—the idol of two rollicking, red-haired boys, the joy of Miss Black's declining years, and the light of her husband's eyes.

To her, as to Ethel, the past is now but a shadow and a name. Through much tribulation she has come to honor and joy, through darkness and tempest to the calm beauty of a cloudless and perfect day.

THE END.

IT is said that Napoleon once ordered a coat of mail. When the artisan completed it he delivered it to the Emperor, who ordered the workman to put it on himself. Then Napoleon, taking a pistol, fired shot after shot at the man in armor. It stood this severe test; and the Emperor bestowed upon the maker a large reward.

THERE is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*



RACE BETWEEN A STORM AND A LOCOMOTIVE.

THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.

THE earliest authentic record of the use of signals by armies is furnished in the writings of Polybius, the Greek scholar and general, who seems to have invented the devices employed in the wars in which he participated about 200 years B.C. His system consisted in a cumbrous arrangement of the letters of the Greek alphabet, and the use of torches for the illumination of the letters as arranged on posts or tablets, each letter requiring a double signal. The system, faulty as it was, demonstrated the possibility of field telegraphing, and the recognition of this fact was the first positive step in the development of signaling as a system.

In the time of Polybius, and through most of the Greek and Roman wars, every army had its corps of signalists or telegraphers, who were known as fire-bearers, or "fire-swingers." In point of fact, these fire-swingers and the signalmen of modern armies practice approximately the same art, with modes closely assimilated.

In naval signaling, the most curious devices were, in the remote ages, employed—such, for instance, as the hoisting of a barrel at the yardarm as a signal for water, and the display of a table-cloth as an invitation to dinner. Then followed gradual improvements, attempts to build semaphores on ships, complicated arrangements of signal-flags, until finally the flag-dictionary of to-day was developed.

In England, naval signals were first used in the time of Elizabeth; and in the time of James II. their use was systematized. In 1790, or thereabouts, under Earl Howe and Kempenfelt, a regular code of day and night signals was perfected.

Of course the invention of the electric telegraph vastly facilitated the development of Signal Services. In our recent war, and notably also in the war between France and Germany, the telegraph, as an adjunct of the signal system, was a factor of almost incalculable utility.

With the growth and expansion of the ideas broached 2,000 years ago, messages of any description, and in words or characters of any language, can now be sent by signals, by day or night, as far as one man can, by telescope or other means, be made visible to another.

Signaling at five miles is held, by experienced signalists, to be at very short range. Messages have been

GEN. ALBERT J. MYER.

sent a distance of ten miles, by the signal corps of our army, with a simple pockethandkerchief on a ten-foot pole. With the flags and staff in use in the army, communication is said to have been had at twenty-five miles distance, and detached words are represented to have been read at a distance of forty miles.

The Signal Service of the United States owes its development and present importance very largely to the ability and efforts of General Albert J. Myer, who, in 1866, after distinguished services in the war of the rebellion, was made Chief Signal Officer in the Army. Under an Act of Congress, approved in February, 1870, he was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice, by telegraph and signals, of the approach and force of storms on the seacoast and northern lakes, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories.

Addressing himself with genuine enthusiasm to the work assigned him, and foreseeing, apparently, results of which the average mind had no conception, he at once organized the meteorological division of the signal office on an efficient basis. By a subsequent Act, he was charged with the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses, and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary.

The Acts providing for the meteorological work necessarily require the duties of the service to be performed militarily, the officers and men being instructed for the different branches of the service at a signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, in Virginia, some three miles from Washington, and at the central office in that city. The term of enlistment is for five years, and the service is open to any American citizen of good character who can face the rigid tests of the preliminary examination. The course of instruction includes the use of meteorological instruments, the modes of taking observations, and the forms and duties required at observation stations and for the display of storm signals. The men are also taught telegraphy, and are drilled with arms and in the usual duties of soldiers—the design being to qualify them for any possible exigency that may arise. Obviously, a knowledge of mere meteorology would be insufficient for an observer stationed on the Western plains, surrounded by hostile Indians, where he is exposed to constant peril of attack, and it is essential, therefore, that he should know how to use firearms, and also how to summon help by the use of the telegraph, if the danger is urgent. So, a knowledge of telegraphy, and the utmost familiarity with the use of weapons of defense, would be practically valueless to an isolated observer, unless, with this knowledge, he understands also the meteorological duties imposed upon the occupant of every station.

All enlisted men, before leaving Fort Whipple, are also drilled in the manœuvring of field telegraphic trains, the rapid erection of telegraphic lines, and the management of all the apparatus habitually used by the corps in the field.

The value of this school of practice to the military and meteorological service can scarcely be overestimated. The force there trained is not only kept in readiness for any emergency of armed duty made necessary by war, but in time of peace performs a service to the public interests which compensates a hundredfold for all the outlay involved. In the great railroad strikes of last year, the cipher reports of these men, rapidly collected over a vast extent of territory, were relied upon, to the exclusion of all others, and enabled the Government to act with a promptitude and decision, in the movement of troops for the suppression of organized violence, which would otherwise have been impossible.

The Signal Service as now organized consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals, and 220 privates. This force has the management of 217 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations, 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from 4 stations in the West Indies, and 19 in Canada. At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to furnish tri-daily, on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain-gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours, at the different stations, as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times (7:35 A.M., 4:35 P.M., and 11 P.M.,) and the local time, at the different stations. Three other observations, at 7 A.M., 2 P.M., and 9 P.M., local time, are also taken and recorded at each station, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon on each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station, and this, embracing the appearance of the western sky, the direction of the wind, the amount of cloudiness, the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and amount of rainfall since the last preceding report, is communicated to the central office, with the midnight report. So perfect is the discipline, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington, in the space of forty minutes.

It is upon the data thus accumulated at the central office that the daily official deductions, or weather forecasts, and the especial deductions, in pursuance of which orders are issued for the display of cautionary signals, are based. The tri-daily synopses, which are found in all the daily papers, show the meteoric conditions existing over and near the territory of the United States for each period of twenty-four hours immediately preceding the publication of the report. The "Indications," or "Probabilities," foreshadow the changes which seem to be suggested as probable by a study of the charts, in connection with the meteorological rules and generalizations which experience has more or less clearly established. Eight charts, exhibiting the date of the observation reports, as to the barometric pressures, relative humidities, cloud-conditions, dew-point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to, each official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach, it is believed, fully one third of the entire population of the country. The average per centage of verifications of statements comprising the predictions of the barometric pressures, temperatures, wind directions, and character of the weather to be expected in the districts to which they had reference, was, during the year 1877, just 86.16 per cent. The per centage of accuracy, however, limited to the pre-announcement of the weather to be expected, exclusive of the other conditions named, was 90.05 per cent. That such a degree of perfection has been achieved, with only seven years of labor, is certainly remarkable; but the Chief Signal Officer gives it as his opinion that it would be possible to do much more,

and predict, with almost absolute precision, the weather conditions for each individual State, were the number of stations to be so multiplied as to enable him to command local and neighborhood observations.

The confidence which the uniform accuracy of the announcements of the Signal Office has inspired among shippers and sea-faring men, affords a very conclusive testimony as to its utility and value. The danger signal of the Service is not, indeed, infallible, but it is seldom disregarded—and when it is, the consequences are not unfrequently disastrous. These signals are displayed at the different lake and sea ports, and upon the coasts in pursuance of orders from Washington, based on the reports of observers indicating threatening weather. Thus, a red flag with a black centre displayed by day, or a red light shown by night at Norfolk, or Buffalo, or Sandy Hook, or Detroit, or elsewhere, indicates a probability of stormy or dangerous weather for the particular port or place, or in the vicinity of the place in which it is so displayed.

The vessel which goes to sea with the cautionary signal flying, simply braves possible disaster. The United States' Steamer *Huron*, last November, with strange perversity, ignored the warning signal at Norfolk, and ship and crew, caught in the terrors of the storm which that signal foretold, perished at Kitty Hawk.

Carefully compiled statistics as to the benefits which have accrued to commerce from this branch of the Signal Service show that, since the introduction of the system, hundreds of vessels, by remaining in port in obedience to the warnings given, have avoided peril and loss; that, in a word, the annual average of disasters occurring at or near points at which cautionary signals have been displayed, has been vastly lessened during the years in which such displays have been made.

Reports on file in the central office show that shippers on the Lakes very largely regulate their shipments by the weather map. In Chicago, according to the report of the local observer, "The grain, commission and produce merchants connected with the Board of Trade, make a daily study of the weather-map, and, in a great measure, control their business in accordance with the nature of the prevailing and impending weather."

From Indianapolis, Memphis, Buffalo, and many other lake and river ports, similar testimony is furnished.

But it is not alone in the display of cautionary signals that the Signal Service sustains a most important relation to the commerce of the country. The distinctive Sea-coast Service, as connected with the Life-saving Service, is entitled to special mention. The Service has under its direct control 543 miles of telegraph wire, extending from Sandy Hook to Cape May, from Norfolk to Hatteras, and from Wilmington to the mouth of the Cape Fear River—the most frequented, and, in some places, the most dangerous coasts of the United States.

These lines and the signal stations, located for the most part at lighthouses and life-saving stations, are directly on the coast. The observers command a full view of the sea, and disasters by shipwreck cannot escape their eye. They have from Washington, at all times, the latest reports of the weather conditions all along the coast, and of the sea itself so far as they are attainable. They are able, therefore, to warn by signals of coming danger, all vessels passing within their view.

Being practiced in the signals of the International code, ships of any nationality in distress can communicate with them, and so command instant help. Many instances of the service rendered in this way might be given, as illustrating the expedition with which the men at these stations perform their work. It is mentioned that, on the occurrence of the wreck of the brigantine *Nipoli*, a telegraphic station communicating with Washington was opened on the scene of the wreck, and had reported the facts to the central office before the life-boat, brought from a station comparatively near, had reached the grounds.

A notable illustration of the usefulness of the Coast Service was furnished in March, 1877. On the 21st day of that month, a storm of unusual severity was signaled from the central office, as threatening the middle Atlantic coast. On the morning of the 22d, when the fog had lifted, the sergeant in charge of the station at Cape Henry discovered a large vessel stranded on a dangerous shoal off that station; he at once notified the wreckers of Norfolk, and reported the fact to the main office. Nothing was known at that time of the nationality of the vessel, the port from which she had sailed, her cargo or condition. The life-boat from the life-saving station was driven back while attempting to reach her.

With the earliest light the sergeant displayed at his station the attention-flags of the International Code. The answering signals soon flew from the stranded ship, and it was telegraphed by flags of the International Code that the vessel was the English ship *Winchester*, which had sailed from Liverpool in ballast, bound for Norfolk, with a crew of twenty-seven men. The captain further desired that two steam-tugs should be telegraphed for at the nearest port to come to his assistance.

This message was at once sent to Norfolk by electric telegraph, by the men of the Signal Service, who were keeping up at the same time communication by code-flags with the endangered vessel. The official signature of the sergeant in charge of the station was a sufficient authority to the wrecking steamers telegraphed for to start to the rescue. By the same electric wires the facts were at the same time telegraphed to the central office at Washington, whence, being communicated to the Life-saving and other departments, the whole force of the United States could, if needed, have been brought into action.

The work went on at Cape Henry, the vessel asking by signal that a safety-line might be fired to them, and the Life-saving Service making the attempt. The range was, however, too great. Later in the day, a line was floated ashore from the ship, a life-car put in operation and a number of the crew landed. The crew were reported all safe. Before sundown, as the storm diminished, active efforts to save the ship had commenced. A part of the crew remaining on board, a plan of night-signals was arranged, which, shown from the vessel, should call for the launching of the life-boat to bring them off in case of need in the night.

The next morning, March 23d, the captain of the vessel came on shore, the life-car being still kept working to the vessel. The men of the crew were sent back to aid the wrecking parties as soon as the sea should permit the steamers to approach the vessel. The work commenced on the 23d and was continued on the 24th. On the latter day the cautionary signal was again ordered up at the station, another storm-area then approaching from the southern Atlantic coast, and especial warnings were sent to the ship and those employed on her to take such precautions as would enable them to land in case of danger.

On the evening of March 25th a violent storm, with very heavy sea-swell, had reached Cape Henry. On the next morning it still continued, and with the light the sergeant in charge of the station discovered three barks stranded near the *Winchester*, all within a mile of each other. The storm continued violent. The wreckers at Norfolk were at once notified of the new disaster, and the facts related to the Chief Signal Office at Washington. The "attention signal" was again flown for the bark which seemed most in

INTERIOR OF THE SIGNAL STATION ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

danger. No attention was paid to it. Soon after the main and mizzen masts of the bark were carried away. The life-boat could not reach her. Later her name was read by a telescope, as the *Pantzer*, and the crew of the life-saving station succeeded in firing a life-line over her. But, strange to say, while the danger seemed great, the crew neither recognized the signal kept flying, nor hauled in on the life-line, their only chance for safety. A surf-boat from the wreckers succeeded in boarding the other stranded barks, and found them to be the Italian barks *Franceshino* and *Monte Tabor*. Telegrams were then sent by the Signal Service men to Baltimore, asking for additional aid, anchors, cables and tugs.

Late in the day, and some time in the afternoon, the *Pantzer* showed the "answering signal" of the International Code. The vessel was then ascertained to be a Norwegian bark, and it is supposed her crew had not before realized that on a foreign coast she could ask for aid. Almost immediately after her signal was answered, the *Pantzer* signaled, "Please send a life-boat." In response to this the signal station showed the signal, "Haul in on the line"; it seeming that in all the danger the crew of the bark were not aware of the uses of this line, which had been fired across her deck early in the morning.

EXTERIOR OF THE SIGNAL STATION ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The line was at once hauled on board the *Pantzer*, the crews of the life-saving stations had made the life-car ready, and by nine o'clock at night her crew, eleven men all told, were safely landed. In the rough weather which followed, this vessel went to pieces.

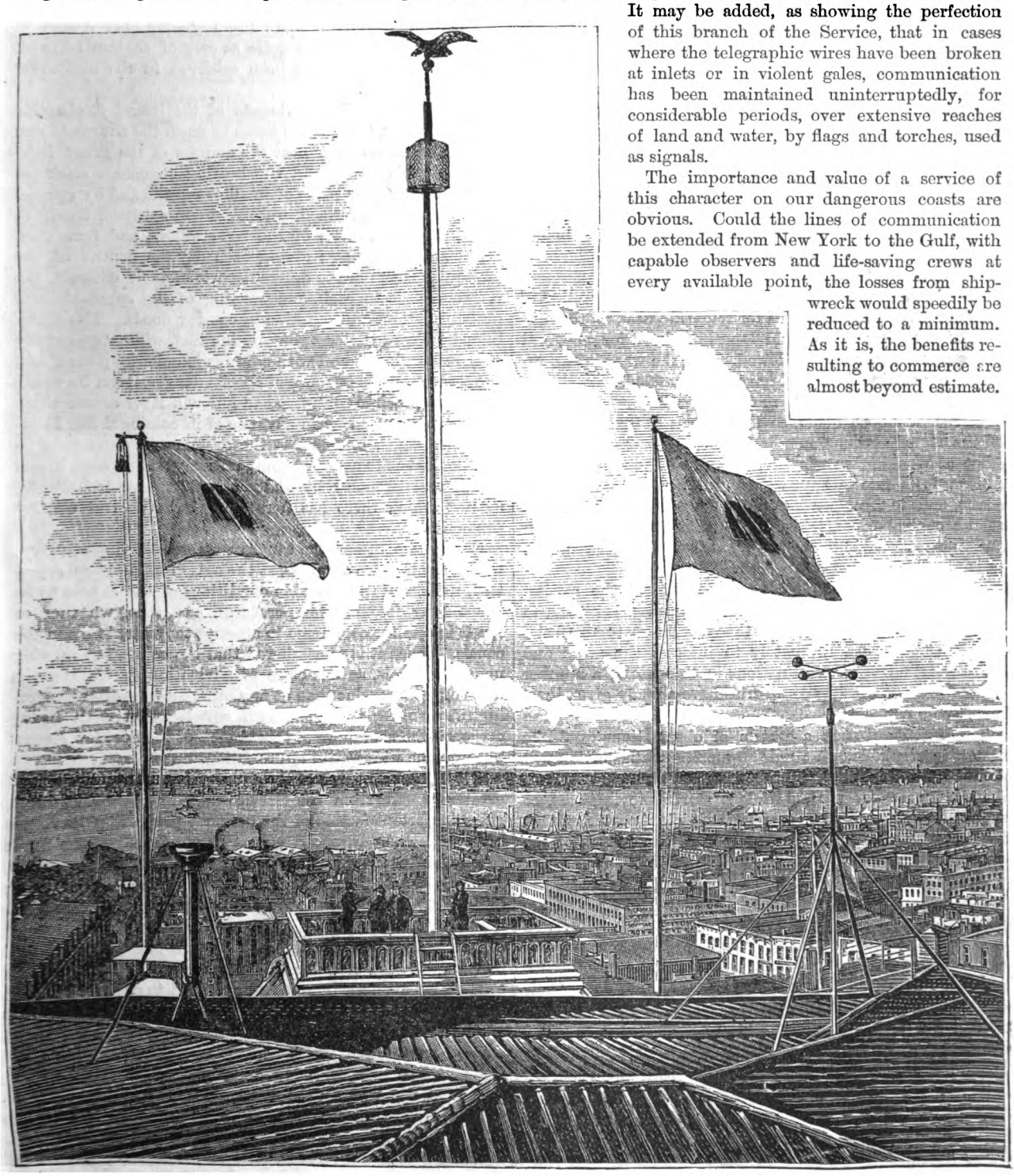
Of the others, the ship *Winchester* was safely floated after some days' labor, and the two barks, *Franceshino* and *Monte Tabor*, saved without great difficulty.

Commenting on these incidents, the chief signal officer says: "Had no Signal Service existed, there would have been no telegraphic wire to Cape Henry; had there been telegraphic wires to Cape Henry, without the Signal Service there would have been no men capable of at once working the electric wires and of communicating with vessels by international signals. Had either of these been wanting, it is quite likely that very valuable vessels would have been totally lost, because aid could not have been quickly enough called for from adjacent ports, nor could the efforts of the salvors have been wisely or safely directed without

the constant knowledge of the weather changes, had, as they were, during all the time the vessels were endangered. The crew of the *Pantzer* could not have learned how to draw on board of their vessel the life-car, and might have perished. The wreckers would not have been present, as they were, to aid in the unusual case of four vessels stranded together, and the crews of the life-saving stations could not have had, as they did, the immediate supervision of their chief (the chief of the Life-saving Service) at Washington. As a test of skill exercised in communication, it is pleasant to consider that vessels of two different nations, the English and the Norwegian, sailing from distant ports, and finding themselves together in distress on the coast of the United States, found also such provision there made, that each could make known his wants, each in his own language, as if on their own coasts at home. They were, perhaps, even more promptly succored than they would have been on a foreign coast."

Recently, the observer at Barnegat, telegraphed to the central office, "Vessel has just come ashore. Help wanted." In twenty minutes from the time at which the dispatch left the Barnegat station, it had reached its destination, and an order had gone to the nearest wrecking-steamer at Sandy Hook to proceed to the relief of the disabled vessel. It may be added, as showing the perfection of this branch of the Service, that in cases where the telegraphic wires have been broken at inlets or in violent gales, communication has been maintained uninterruptedly, for considerable periods, over extensive reaches of land and water, by flags and torches, used as signals.

The importance and value of a service of this character on our dangerous coasts are obvious. Could the lines of communication be extended from New York to the Gulf, with capable observers and life-saving crews at every available point, the losses from shipwreck would speedily be reduced to a minimum. As it is, the benefits resulting to commerce are almost beyond estimate.



CAUTIONARY SIGNALS OF APPROACHING STORMS SHOWN FROM THE STATION ON THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

These sea-coast stations not only warn shipping of storms which may sweep the coast itself, but of those which pass near it. This the observers are able to do by observing the character of the sea-swell, and the direction in which it is moving, which often give indications of the course, as well as of the force, with which storms are moving at sea, when there may be no other notable evidence of their existence. A remarkable illustration of this fact is mentioned in the last annual report of the chief signal officer: "In the Summer of 1873, while a cyclone of unusual destructiveness—and which afterward devastated the coasts and bays to the northeast of the United States, wrecking a total of at least 600 craft of different sizes—was passing over the Bermuda Islands, the long dead swell caused by it was running into the mouth of New York Harbor. There were no other local signs of its approach. The day was bright with sunshine, a few white, fleecy clouds were floating slowly in the air, the temperature not unusually high, and there was no wind. This storm struck no part of our coast east of Boston, and was felt scarcely at all in New York Harbor. The sole local evidence of its existence was the sea-swell referred to, and which had outrun the storm by 700 miles. Every transatlantic steamer starting from New York on that day ran into the storm, encountering different degrees of its force before midnight; while in its fury it endangered some of the most powerful ships."

Had there been at that time a systematic observation of the character of the sea-swell for scientific uses, all the hazards of outgoing ships could long have been foretold, and perils and losses which followed, from the want of knowledge now attainable, would have been avoided.

In connection with the seacoast service, arrangements have recently been made, so that vessels at sea appearing off the signal stations, may inquire directly of the central office at Washington whether, in view of the weather conditions, it is safe to approach any designated part of the coasts, and to receive a reply based upon the information at the central office, telegraphed instantly to the station and thence signaled to the ship, which thus is not required to land a boat or drop an anchor.

It is also in contemplation to establish, at the earliest possible day, a system of observations on vessels at sea, to be taken simultaneously with those taken at the land stations. It is hoped ultimately to interest the naval and commercial marines of all nations in this work; a number of the large steamship companies have already given their hearty co-operation.

The benefits of such a system of observations would be almost incalculable. A single suppositious illustration will demonstrate this fully. An incoming vessel encounters, two days off from her port, a violent storm moving east, or meteorological conditions prophetic of violent perturbations. Instantly upon reaching the nearest port, a report of the observations so taken is telegraphed to Washington. There, with the observations of the sea-coast and interior stations before them, the meteorologists in charge determine the probabilities, and forthwith, by cable, warn British, French and German shippers contemplating departure for our shores of the perils which lie in wait along the seas. Thus warned, steamers and merchantmen will either delay their departure, or go to sea prepared for any emergency. Encountering the first murmur of the storm, and apprised of its direction, they may either run out of it by changing their course, or face it under reefed sails and with banked fires; in either case escaping serious disaster.

Such a system, placed upon an international basis, is capable of almost indefinite extension. Enough has already been accomplished to justify the conclusion that the establishment of permanent ocean stations, in lines traversing the ocean parallel with and near the telegraphic cables, and in communication with either continent, is by no means impracticable. The plan of the Chief Signal Officer, not as yet definitely or officially broached, contemplates the employment of six or more ships, anchored like the lightship off Sandy Hook, as stations, at distances of 250 miles or less apart; all to have telegraphic communication with the ocean cable, and so being capable of dispatching from mid-ocean to the central office in Washington, thence to be distributed over the world, intelligence of any impending storm, or of any gale already abroad upon the waste of waters, or of any meteorological or other fact in which the world has an actual concern. To some, such a proposition may seem mere insanity—the mad dream of an enthusiast; but it is quite as easy of accomplishment as much that has already been achieved in the matter of weather forecasts.

In furtherance of the interests of the inland navigation of the country, the Service seeks to reach the rivermen and river populations on or near the courses of the great interior navigable rivers, and the boating commerce engaged upon the rivers, by plans of weather reports and by special river reports, bulletined, published and scattered freely in the villages and cities of the river valleys, and furnished to the river shipping; giving each day the depths of the particular rivers in the different parts of their courses, the rises and falls in each, and warning of the approach and probable extent and duration of coming floods. The Chief Signal Officer expresses the opinion that, with proper study of the river floods, and with stations judiciously placed and supplying reports in times of special danger, it can be made almost impossible for a flood to follow a river-course without notice being given in advance of its coming at the localities threatened. Doubtless the system will ultimately be so extended as to avert, at comparatively trifling cost, losses of life and property by sudden and unexpected floods, against which there has heretofore been no trustworthy protection.

For canalmen, and the canal commerce of the country, the Signal Service supplies, at the season of closing navigation, notices of the probable conditions of the canals to be affected by freezing temperatures, and thus, whether or not it is safe for commerce to attempt movements upon the canals. When it is remembered that the commerce moving upon the canals, as the close of navigation draws near, is often of greater value than at any other season—these water-highways being thronged with vessels laden with heavy cargoes—the usefulness of this branch of the Service cannot but provoke widespread appreciation.

While the commerce of the country has hitherto derived greater benefits from the Service than any other interest, other important factors of the national prosperity have not been neglected. Especial efforts have recently been made to extend to the farming populations the results of the daily studies, in the form of printed forecasts and bulletins. Over 6,000 bulletins, showing the weather indications, are now distributed daily at as many different post offices in different cities, villages and hamlets. At one o'clock in the morning of each day, the official midnight report for the ensuing twenty-four hours is telegraphed to seventeen centres in the midst of more densely populated districts. Immediately upon its receipt, the forecast so telegraphed is printed on bulletin forms provided for the purpose; and the copies so printed, being enveloped and addressed to each post office within the district to be supplied, are dispatched by mail or otherwise—the postmaster to whom one is sent being required to display its contents in a conspicuous position, for the benefit of the public at large. The system is so complete and methodical, that these

bulletins reach their destinations and are displayed at all offices, even in the most remote parts of the country, at the average hour of eleven o'clock, A.M.

In addition to the weather forecasts given in these bulletins, facts in relation to the climatology of the different sections are condensed into brief notes; thus each bulletin announces, along with the forecasts for the day in the geographical districts in which it is displayed, what winds in each month have been found most likely, and what least likely to be followed by rain at the stations in each district.

This simple announcement possesses a positive value to the farmer, enabling him, as it does, to reap and gather his harvests intelligently, avoiding losses which otherwise would be certain. Undoubtedly, the value of the crops which are saved every year as the result of information so diffused, vastly exceeds the entire cost of the Signal Service in all its departments.

The Chief Signal Officer, fully recognizing the fact that agriculture is the primary interest of the nation, and that the national prosperity can in no other way be so effectually promoted as by diminishing the hazards which attend the labors of the husbandman, proposes, as rapidly as his appropriations shall permit, to extend the work of the Signal Service among agricultural communities, and to this end he has devised, and will shortly introduce, a simple instrument for the use of farmers in connection with the daily bulletins, and by means of which they will be able to determine for themselves when rain may be expected, when it is safe to plant, and when frost or freezing weather is to be looked for.

The day will no doubt come when, by the aid of these instruments and the more extended diffusion of meteorological knowledge, it will be possible for agriculturists in every settled community to practically defy the elements. With the means already at hand, it is the belief of the Chief Signal Officer that he will be able, this year, to save one-third of the crops heretofore lost by stress of weather.

That the work of the Service in this direction is appreciated by those for whose benefit it is designed, is attested very conclusively, both by the urgent demand from all parts of the country for its extension, and by the hearty commendation of the communities already served. At a point on the Mississippi River—a mere landing for steamboats—the farmers' bulletin was, last year, held in such high esteem that farmers often rode ten and fifteen miles to get a look at it. In one instance, a cotton buyer and large planter in that vicinity saved several thousand dollars by acting on information thus obtained. From Nashville, in Tennessee, it is reported that "the forecasts in the farmers' bulletin have inspired such confidence that they are generally consulted with perfect trust by persons having journeys to make, harvests to gather, or any other urgent interest in the weather." Instances of this character might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

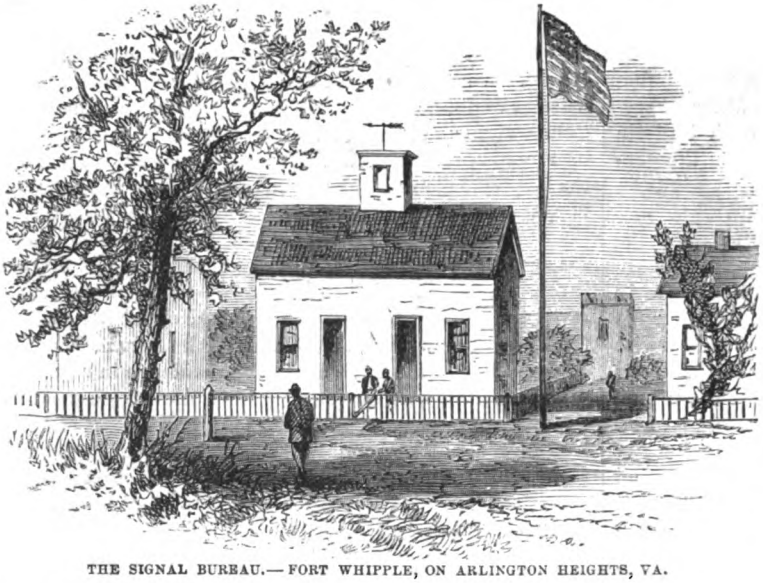
The subordinate uses and benefits of the Signal Service are manifold. Thus, by daily reports of the surface and bottom water-temperatures at designated points upon the rivers, lakes and sea-coasts, showing the yearly extremes and means, a basis for the systematic study of pisciculture has been arrived at, enabling the United States Fish Commission to determine the proper rivers and lakes in which to place advantageously the different varieties of food-fishes which it is now seeking to introduce. It is believed that great advantages must in time accrue to the sea-fisheries on or near the Atlantic coasts and on the fishing-banks, from the study and pre-announcement of coming barometric and other atmospheric changes.

There is, indeed, scarcely any class of our population, or any single interest, which does not, in some way, derive material benefit from the studies and the labors of this Service. In many localities, builders and contractors on out-door work conduct all their operations according to the weather announcements. In a number of instances, even "the weighty matters of the law" have been determined by records of the Service. In two cases, last year, before the Supreme Court of Maine, the evidence of the observer's books decided the issue. At Marquette, in Michigan, in the trial of a woman for the murder of her husband, where the case largely turned upon the condition of the temperature on a certain night, the records of the Signal Office saved the life and secured the acquittal of the accused. In the State of New York the records of the Service have been declared by statute to be competent evidence in any Court.

In 1877, the commission of entomologists charged with the investigation of the ravages of the Rocky Mountain locusts, and the best practical method of preventing their recurrence, found the reports of the signal station observers as to the movements of the pests, and the atmospheric or other conditions which notably influenced their development, or the direction, celerity and extent of their travels, to be practically invaluable; the results justifying the conviction that it will be quite possible, with a proper extension of the observations, to preannounce the coming swarms in menaced districts in time to admit of precautionary measures, such as the burying or protection of growing crops.

With a view of promoting the efficiency of the Service, a permanent committee is established with each Board of Trade in the principal cities of the country, which undertakes to state monthly to the Chief Signal Officer the condition and character of the Service in that city and vicinity—whether it is well conducted, has been useful, and can be improved in any way suggesting itself to them, for the benefit of the cities and populations they represent. Similar committees are established, so far as is practicable, with different agricultural societies throughout the United States. As these committees are composed of prominent men, resident at the places and in the districts they represent, and interested in whatever may benefit them, their formally stated opinions are of peculiar value.

Such is the record, and such are some of the results, of the American Signal Service; but, great and illustrious as their achievements are, they are only prophecies of grander and wider results which are yet to be accomplished in the field of meteorological inquiry. What has been done here may be done everywhere; and with the development and expansion of the international work, as advised by the Vienna Congress of 1873, we may reasonably expect that before the close of the present century, all the nations north of the equator will enjoy, interchangeably, approximately accurate daily reports of the meteoric conditions which distinguish each. This international work at present covers the territorial extent of Algiers, Austria, Belgium, Great Britain, Central America, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, East Indies, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, British North America, the United States, the Azores, the Bermudas, the Aleutian Islands, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America—one uniform observation, of such a character as to be suited for the preparation of synoptic charts, being taken and recorded daily at stations in each of these territorial divisions. The average number of daily simultaneous observations so made in foreign countries is 293; while the whole number of stations from which reports are regularly entered in the bulletin is 463. Of these stations, 44 are on British territory, 43 in France, 23 in Germany, 23 in India, 33 in Italy, 27 in Russia, etc.

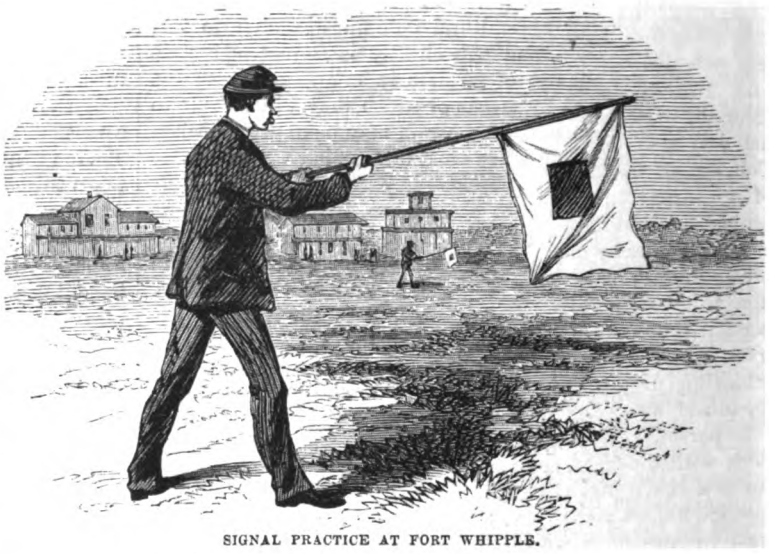


THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—FORT WHIPPLE, ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.

These reports, or bulletins, showing the results of the observations at these stations, are exchanged semi-monthly. By systems of observations thus widespread and extensive, generalizations will no doubt be reached justifying announcements of approaching meteoric changes for greater periods in advance of their coming than have as yet been practicable.

Another result will be that, with a knowledge of the conditions on or near the eastern coasts of Asia or on the Pacific, the sequences likely to follow on our own western coasts can be foretold with more or less of precision; while, on the other hand, the meteorological relations of the western coasts of the European continent to our southern and eastern coasts—between which stretches the great ocean-highway of commerce and travel, establishing the closest community of interest—may be ascertained and defined with vast advantage to all civilized countries.

It is fit that in this great work, embodying so much of benefaction to the world, the Government and people of the United States should hold the leadership. The international meteorological study was inspired, and the movement formally developed, at the Vienna Congress, by the Chief of the American Service. The work was a grave one, but by resolutely combating all obstacles, appeasing the violence of prejudice and opposition—enlisting first the meteorologists of Russia and then those of other Powers on his side—he finally committed the Congress to the declaration that the work was "desirable." He has demonstrated, contrary to the conviction of many who sat with him in that Congress, that all the results which he declared to be possible of achievement are actually attainable; they have been, indeed, in great part, already attained. The scientists of the world look to him to lead the way. A total of 852 voluntary observers, embracing among them great scholars and men of influence in almost every State of the Union and nearly every foreign country, maintain a constant correspondence with his office. Having accomplished this much, who can so well be intrusted with the elaboration of the plans for the future expansion of the international Service? With faith in himself, and an absorbing passion for his work; a hard student and willing learner, comprehending with exceptional clearness the enormous advantages which would flow to mankind from the

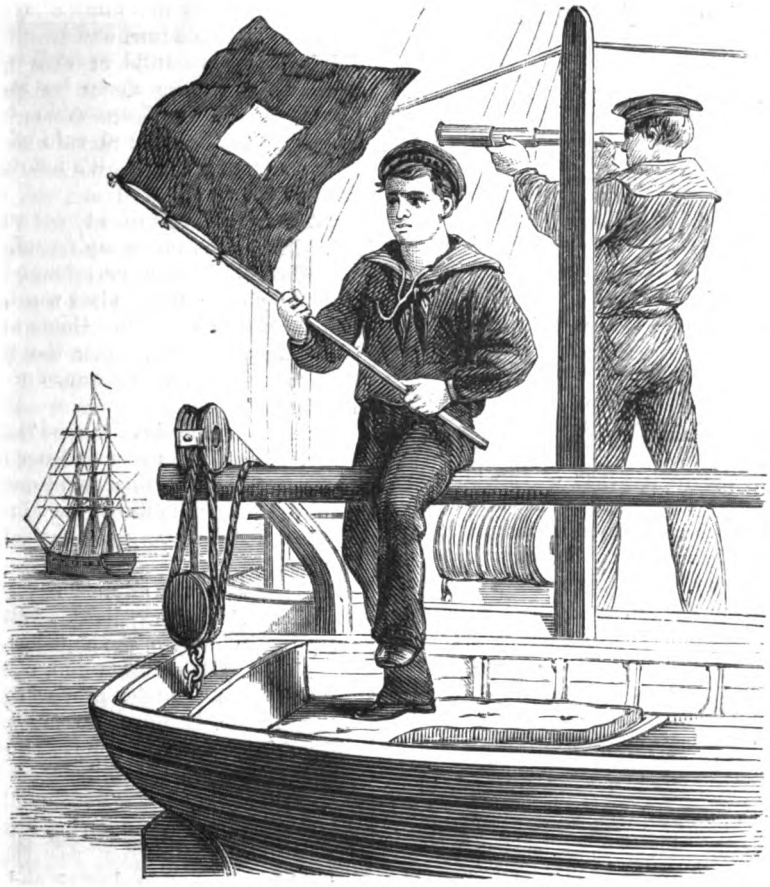


SIGNAL PRACTICE AT FORT WHIPPLE.

SIGNAL STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

largest possible utilization of the capabilities of meteorological science, we believe that he will, if properly encouraged by Congress, in due time accomplish for his country and the world results far more marvelous than those which already make his name illustrious among meteorologists.

General Myer, in whose praise these deserved words are spoken, is now in the prime of his years. He comes of a noble lineage, his ancestors having participated in the Revolutionary struggle. He graduated at Geneva College at the age of 19; and, after professional studies, entered the army in 1854. His introduction to the Signal Service dates from 1858, when he was assigned to special duty therein; achieving promotion to the head of the Service, as then organized, two years later.

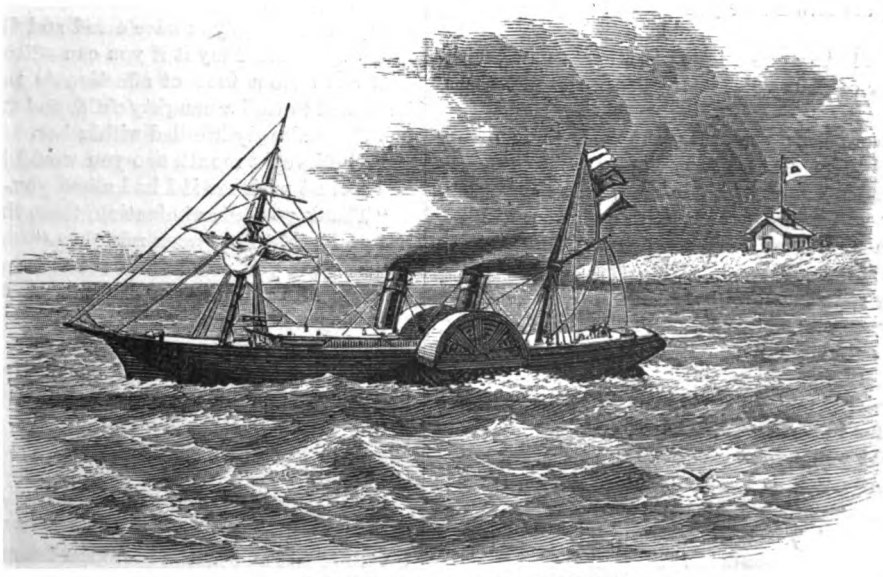


SIGNALING FROM A VESSEL TO THE SHORE.

In personal carriage he is every inch a soldier—tall, erect, alert, with the air of command in every look and gesture. He is a sharp disciplinarian, but quick to discern and recognize honest merit. He is ambitious; but his ambition contemplates no merely selfish ends, and his aim is the broad and high one of serving, in the largest possible way, his countrymen and his age. Possessing a large fortune, surrounded by every evidence of culture and refinement, with æsthetic tastes and tendencies, hedged in by temptations to a life of indolence and ease, he applies himself with unceasing industry and vehement energy to the work assigned him; finding in the outcome of his toil perfect compensation for all losses of mere physical comfort and mental luxury.

It is to such men, the silent thinkers and patient workers, the world owes whatever there is worthy of preservation in its science, its laws and its life. And the names of such men do not die; they live as active forces in the works which follow them.

It remains only to be said that at the late session of Congress a subcommittee of the House Committee on Military Affairs, under a resolution directing it so to do, thoroughly and exhaustively inquired into the management of the Signal Service, especially in its relations to the commerce of the country; and, shortly before adjournment, presented a report which so strongly set forth its merits that the appropriation for its support during the present fiscal year was increased $50,000, while fifty additional enlisted men were authorized to be enrolled in the Service. With this increased appropriation and augmented force at his command, the head of the Service is already elaborating plans for the enlargement of its sphere of usefulness; and his next annual report will no doubt disclose results amply justifying alike the liberality of Congress and the confidence of the public.



STORM SIGNAL MADE AND UNDERSTOOD.

The Signal Service is, as our readers see, one of the great triumphs of our century, destined, as time perfects experience and instruments, to be instrumental in anticipating and averting disaster in all parts of the country.

THE WORK OF A STORM.

By Jennie Davis Burton.

THIS was the scene: Helen Hollis, with hands folded tightly upon the back of an out-door seat made of twisted limbs; at her back a vivid wilderness of a garden, every plant of which, in any less favored clime, would have been considered a rare exotic; the big country-house showing dimly through the confusion of foliage and bloom.

A country-house in Jamaica was this; or suburban, it might have been called, for the walls and roofs of Kingston were visible from the sloping green eminence which it crowned.

Away in the distance, the high peaks of the mountain range were cut against a sky deep and bright as a sapphire vault, the base girdled by thick foliage, above which rose towering, heavy-topped palms; away at the other hand the azure ocean sparkled beneath the afternoon sunlight with an endless display of golden ripples.

A scene fair enough to enchant any eye, but Helen Hollis was looking off into space with unheeding sight. Something more engrossing was in her thoughts than nature's loveliness; something less satisfactory to her contemplation it might have been, for her straight, black brows were contracted into a frown—a very thoughtful shadow gloomed her face.

"Poor Art!" she said to herself. "I don't know whether I pity him most, or myself. I only know it is one or the other, and I am not quite a simpleton to throw away such a chance."

A dry twig snapped beside the garden-walk, the loose, high grass rustled under a coming step, but Miss Hollis never turned her head. A quick throb stirred the scarlet flower she wore in her corsage; a quick gleam went over her pale, dusk face, so quickly gone one might have found it hard to define; then the light step was close behind her; two masculine hands, soft, cool, ungloved, were clasped over her eyes.

"By the mountain charge I you,
By yon spanning arch of blue,
By the sea, the wilderness,
By the love I bear you—guess?"

"Nonsense, Art! Any one might know those paws, without the aid either of your voice or doggerel. Don't tease, pray."

The "paws" were very promptly removed, their owner glancing down at them with a little grimace.

"Very respectable affairs of their kind, I do assure you, Nella. Possibly you would prefer them primrose-kidded, and I'd keep 'em so if they were scraggy and—ahem!—as some I know of."

A quick, angry red surged all over Miss Hollis's face.

"'Some' may possibly have reference to Mr. Lathorpe. In that case, be kind enough to finish your sentence. And what?"

"How very quickly and correctly you fly at conclusions, Nella. I did refer to Mr. Lathorpe, and I should have said *dirty*, but thought you might object to the term. I use it in a figurative sense, you understand. The London swell is supersensitive on the outside, I admit; and pity he isn't as careful of his morals."

"Is it a characteristic of yours to vilify your absent friends, Mr. Redesley?"

"If you mean the sleek Englishman, he is no friend of mine, as you very well know. What I say behind his back I would say to his face, and be glad of the opportunity, if I didn't know his natural cowardice would make him swallow it all, meek as the sheep he is. But come, Nella, let's throw all things disagreeable to the winds—make an exception to the general rule of late, and not quarrel on sight; always providing it's not too late to act on the suggestion."

"And providing I care to act on it; which I certainly do not. Mr. Lathorpe is *my* friend, whatever he may be to you; I certainly shall not remain to hear him slandered."

"Now you've had the last word, let's cry quits, and leave him out of the question. Come and sit down here, Nella—jolly little place this, under the trees, with a seat just big enough for two, and no chance of surprise if you keep half a lookout."

Mr. Arthur Redesley dropped lazily into the seat of twisted limbs. Miss Hollis removed her hands from the back suddenly, but beyond this stood quite still, quite silent and unmoved under the fire of his admiring eyes.

"Come, Nella," very persuasively.

"No!"

The negative was clipped short and defiant beyond the precedent of most negatives. With a sudden hardening of every line in her face, she shut her lips close for one instant; then, looking down upon him, opened them.

"You have thought proper to throw out insinuations regarding Mr. Lathorpe in my presence more than once, and you have informed me of your grounds for dislike of him. They have not influenced me; you know my—my high estimation of——"

Mr. Redesley cut in upon her hesitating speech with rather startling force.

"Of his honorable degree and the landed property he blows about so confoundedly; but that, or a thousand times more of it, would never make him anything but what he is—an unprincipled rascal at heart, a gambler and *débauché* by practice, a miserable, cowardly, effeminate puppy!"

"See here, Helen; you and I have had words regarding him more than once; it's quite time we stop such bickerings and come to an understanding. He isn't worth the trouble he has succeeded in putting between us, honorable degree and landed property thrown in. He's as weak and mawkish a specimen of the London swell as ever disgraced a government office. Whatever respect you may have for his belongings, you have none for him—that I know. Whatever you may say, you have cared and do care for me. Look in my eyes, and deny it if you can—Nella, Nella!"

It was such a tone of affectionate reproof as he might have used toward a naughty child, and it only fed the mutinous flame already kindled within her.

"I believed a month ago you would have shared an attic and a crust with me if I had asked you——"

"Thank your discrimination, then, that you did not ask; but you might have been mistaken."

"I do ask you now to take me as I am; you'll never find any one who will love you better. Will you, Helen?"

Taking no observation of her interruption, tone and eyes both grown serious, something eager and wistful in his face turned toward her as he put the question and awaited her reply.

"With the attic and crust thrown in? Oh, Art, how absurd! For pity's sake don't ever do anything so nonsensical again."

Miss Hollis had withdrawn a stealthy step or two. She turned at that to make her escape, but Mr. Redesley was upon his feet and facing her, grim determination written in every line of his countenance.

"Stop!" he ordered, in anything but a loverlike tone, it must be confessed.

In addition to the possession of an inflammable temper, he had received grievances which rankled sorely. He had felt secure in the ownership he had tacitly claimed of Helen for years past. She had been his first love; all had run smoothly until the Honorable Lumley Lathorpe, lady-killer, rose upon their horizon. To lose her, and to lose her to such a man! the thought fairly took Art's breath, and woke him to a realization that he had been wasting precious time. But, after all, the big, handsome, lazy fellow had never been much to blame; it was due to Helen that she never had been wholly committed. Just now Art was aroused as she never had seen him before, and determined to be heard.

"Stop! You have put me off with evasions before this; *now* I want an answer. Will you, or will you not, marry me? You know how I have loved you always; there never was any time I have not loved you, it appears to me. Will you take me, or will you throw me over for *that* man, Helen? Yes or No—only remember that as you decide now, you decide for ever."

She stood without uttering a word. She liked him, more than liked him, but steadfast before her own irresolution she held the prospect which had dazzled her, the position and portion of an earl's younger son—a portion beside which the cozy little nest Art had been providing sunk into mean insignificance; a position which had the halo of coronets surrounding, the patronage of titled nobility pervading it; and in the glitter of these she was willfully blind—blind to her own heart-promptings and the moral defects of the man who was willing to confer such enviable station upon her.

"Nella!" With a sudden motion she had no time to avoid, his arms encircled her; she could hear his strong, tumultuous heart-beats, as he held her close to him. "It must be Yes! You can't be false to me, sweetheart! Say that, and I am content!"

She made an effort to free herself, but, finding it unavailing, was still.

"What if I should be?"

Sullen mutiny was in her face again; she had given him no promise; what right had he to address such a word to her? She would *not* let Art Redesley come between her and that future shining prospect which might be hers.

"If you should——" his face set white and still, his eyes fairly blazed in it, but he checked himself suddenly. For the first time it seemed really possible to him that she would be so. "I only ask you, will you take me?—Yes or no?"

"*No!* Let me go; I won't be forced into——"

But she was free before the words could leave her lips; no word or act of his would ask an assent from her after that. She stood released, panting, with his step ringing down the garden-walk, and—oh, consistency!—a great impulse to call him back, to throw the dazzling prospect of becoming Mrs. Lathorpe to the winds—an impulse not acted upon, however.

Instead, Miss Hollis set her hat straight upon her forehead, and, strolling down a long lime avenue, turned into the shadow of that dense belt of foliage skirting the mountain. She was an excellent walker, and this was a course well known to her.

There was a point with a fine view high up, over which numerous stately palms waved their plumed heads, a favorite resort to which she generally betook herself when any great restlessness had possession of her, partly because of the distance, and partly because of the rough, steep pathway which required all her perseverance to overcome; and any one who has tried, must know that physical fatigue will always, in a great measure, counterbalance mental disquiet.

In that overhung pathway the gloom of semi-twilight reigned at midday. The dusk, the stillness, the fresh breeze sweeping up from the sea fitfully, and stirring the tree-tops, were most pleasant after the blazing brightness of the day she had left behind her. The way led through a watercourse, dry, except for atiny crystal thread rippling down its centre.

The point itself was a broad, jutting cliff, from which, looking over the fringing jungle, the broken, picturesque scenery of the island, and miles upon miles of spreading blue ocean could be seen. But now, as she emerged upon it, a pall seemed suddenly to have closed down upon all things. Wind-driven clouds filled the sky, drifting darker with every passing moment.

"A storm," said Helen, aghast; and then stood looking about her indeterminately. No use attempting to retrace her steps; she would not be half-way down that steep path before the storm would burst, and there would be danger among the trees. The wind, rising to a wild shriek, swept up from the coast, and rocked them to and fro as she looked.

Upon the cliff the irregular surface, the great rocks projecting in broken ledges, would afford some shelter. She found a place presently, overhung by a roof-shaped mass of rocks, but, unlike a roof, the apex of this was a gaping crevice. The incline, however, was sufficient to turn the rain, which already began to fall.

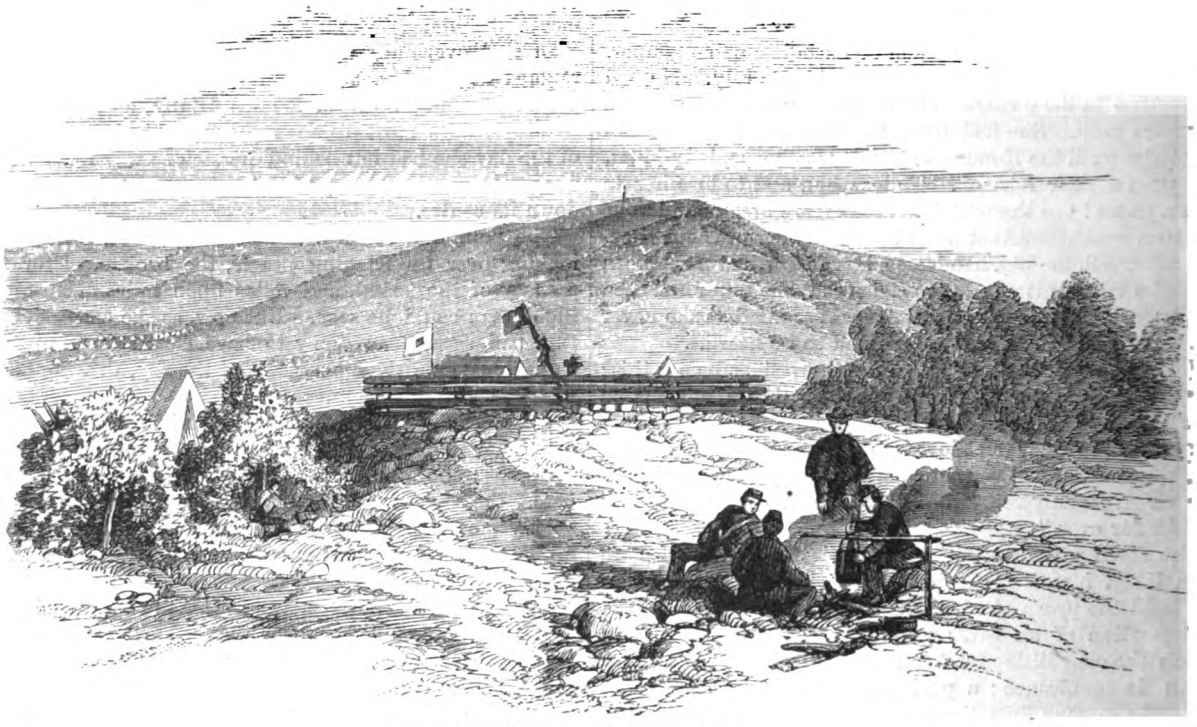
A few big, round drops plashed down; above, the rolling black clouds closed together in one dense, unbroken mass; there was a single breathless moment in which it seemed the elements gathered in for their furious burst, then all the tropical forest below writhed in the grasp of a mighty, invisible power. A terrific burst of thunder seemed to shake the whole mountain range, and, taken up by it, was sent back in reverberating echoes from every peak, and the floods of rain poured down.

Helen looked out from her refuge with enthusiasm lighting in her eyes. She loved Mother Nature best in her most tempestuous moods. Awe might mingle with her delight in such a scene as this, but for the time she was lifted above any vulgar fear. She had viewed tropical storms before this, fierce and short-lived, but never face to face, and alone, with such terrific grandeur. The thunder-peals were like the continuous discharge of sharp artillery, lightning cut through the almost impenetrable gloom with dazzling and almost incessant brilliance, and the density of that first downpour in no way abated.

So absorbed was she that she never heeded the steady, increased roar which came from the watercourse—never once thought of the hundred mountain rivulets that emptied into it, every one of which would be full to overflowing now. Presently came a sharp dash of spray into her face—she saw, without comprehending, first the fine mist curling about the jagged rocks at the edge of the cliff. She looked in wonder; the rain seemed falling less heavily beyond; then, with a vague terror taking possession of her, she hurried out upon the unsheltered platform, and saw what she never would forget—what sent a great, wild thrill of despair through her.

On one side of her raged a boiling torrent, and, tossed hither and thither, mere playthings of that tempestuous force, whole trees torn up by their roots were whirled along by it. On the other, pouring from an upper ledge, and just breaking upon the verge of the cliff, fell a wide white volume sheer down for thirty feet before it broke and scattered on the rocks below.

The little point upon which she stood jutted out from the



U. S. SIGNAL STATION, LOUDON HEIGHTS, VA.

very centre of the mad rushing waters which no human strength could tide. Above her was the crevice—if once they reached it she would be swept away by the resistless current, down to those cruel rocks lifting their black points from the midst of the seething foam.

She was spellbound with horror; she could only stand still, her hands clasped in a tight strain over her heart, which was beating with heavy, irregular, suffocating throbs; she did not even scream; but the loudest shriek would have been lost in the roar of the surrounding waters. She was enveloped in the spray which the cascade threw out, her clothing was saturated, and little rivulets were trickling about her feet.

How fast they swelled! half the surface of the narrow point which had been bare before was covered now; the water was an inch deep where she stood—an inch! it was over her shoe-tips!

She turned and looked up. Over the edge of the crevice in a dozen places little streams were breaking; all the rocky wall was covered over with a thin sheet of falling water; and this was death come upon her. A wild, piercing shriek broke from her then. She dreaded death, and feared it; unconsciously she had clung to some vague hope until that instant; unconsciously now she shrieked for the one whom she had vaguely thought might save her.

"Oh, Art, Art, Art!" and with a great gasp staggered blindly forward into the downpouring waters.

* * * * * * *

"You are *sure* Miss Hollis went up the mountain, Pomp?"

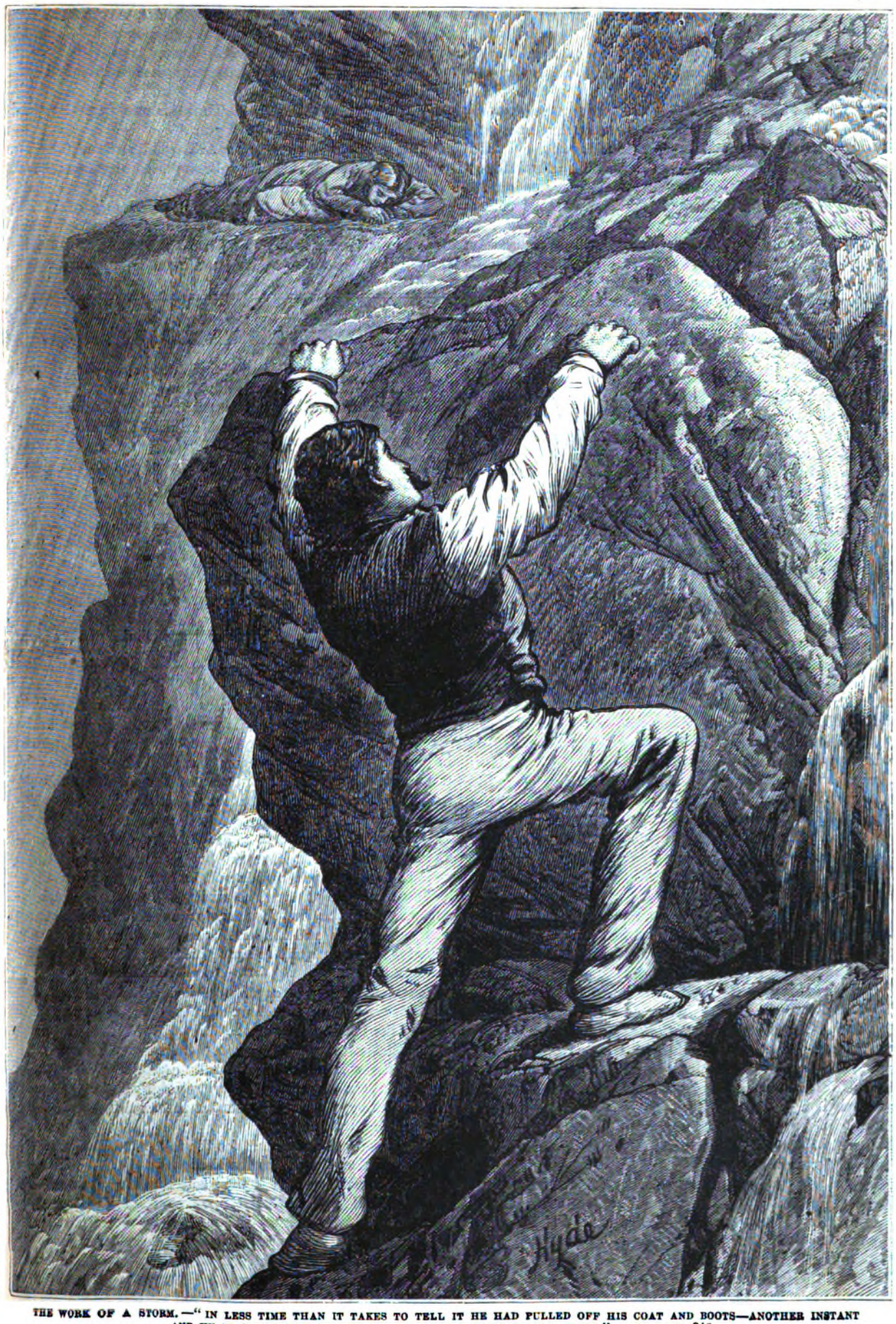
"Seed her go, Mass Red'sley, sartin suah. Mass Lathorpe hyar tell you same t'ing. De dear Lord sabe her up on dat ar jag."

"The nigger says the torrent sweeps it after a heavy rain," Mr. Lathorpe explained. "I thought it might be advisable to send some one to look after her."

"Good Lord! on the cliff in this tempest!" All the danger of the position rushed across Arthur Redesley's mind like a vivid flash. "Get help, for God's sake, and follow. Bring ropes, and come around to the foot of the cliff; there'll be no stemming the watercourse by this time up there. See to it, will you, Lathorpe? and for heaven's sake, hasten!"

He waited for no answer. He dashed from the house

THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—INTRODUCTION OF SCIENCE TO THE FAR WEST.



THE WORK OF A STORM.—"IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT HE HAD PULLED OFF HIS COAT AND BOOTS—ANOTHER INSTANT AND HE WAS CLIMBING UP THE PERPENDICULAR FACE OF THE CLIFF."—SEE PAGE 346.

and was swallowed up from sight by the driving sheets of rain—the outside gloom.

Mr. Lathorpe looked away where the forest tossed up its arms, lashing and tearing itself in a dangerously suggestive way. The conquering Englishman had little relish for the risk of life or limb it promised, but he was seriously uneasy on Helen's account. He sent his own servant and such other assistance as was at hand—half a dozen able-bodied men in all, and all stimulated by the promise of munificent reward—while he himself passed three very miserable hours of suspense in his comfortable apartment at the hotel, afterward.

How the difficulties of that rough way were overcome Art never could have told; he scarcely noticed them as he dashed on with teeth set and every muscle strained. At the foot of the mountain, where the stream broadened and lost some of its force as it made a curve toward the sea, he plunged in, without stopping for one instant to think.

The current swept him from his feet instantly; but, yielding to it, he struck out transversely for the other shore, and gained it, blinded and breathless, forty yards below. Up he went over the steep ascent where no path led, straight on, until, after what seemed an age had been scarcely half an hour, he stood at the foot of the cliff over which the cascade poured.

He looked up; for a moment the falling spray blinded him, everything seemed obscured by it; then the mist before his eyes cleared; he saw the little spar dividing the waters, and her figure upon it. He shouted, but whether she heard or saw him he could not tell. The fall was between him and her; he was thirty feet below, and almost a sheer precipice divided him from that portion of the cliff not submerged. That gained, he might reach her by passing behind the fall.

In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled off coat and boots—another instant and he was climbing up the perpendicular face of the cliff. His progress was necessarily labored and slow; his course was zigzag, wherever he could find a projection or crevice to aid his ascent; but he went steadily upward, and reached the top at last.

The muscular effort required had been intense; his hands and feet both were torn and bleeding, and at the top he lay, half his body over the verge for a moment, pressing back the dizzy faintness which swept over him, before, with a last effort, he drew himself wholly up.

The waterfall was before him. With no more time for thought or rest, he plunged through the thin sheet nearest the rocky wall, and found, as he had expected, a clear though dripping path behind it. An instant more and he was through on the other side. He caught faintly that cry, "Oh, Art, Art, Art!" and snatched Helen back as the engulfing rush of waters closed down upon her.

He thought she had fainted, but she opened her eyes as he put her down gently on the other side of the fall.

"Oh, Art!" was all she said, with a great gush, but clung to his hand as if it were the only hope she had on earth. He thought she was frightened still, and hastened to reassure her.

"Don't be alarmed, Nella; you are safe now; the water will scarcely rise here, or if it should, there'll be help to get us off before that time."

"Oh, Art!" She clung more closely still, if that could be, to the lacerated, bleeding hand. "You did all that alone—you saved me—you suffered *this* for me! How can I ever thank you?"

"Don't try," answered Mr. Redesly, with sudden frigidity. Like all the deserving of his sex, he was shy of the gratitude he had earned. "Save that for whoever gets us off this perch; and I predict it will be your Englishman."

"Not *mine*—never that now. Oh, Art, what a fool I have been! but if you will only let me repay you—I couldn't do it, though—but if you would let me try——"

Fast dwindling into incoherency, her words brought a gleam into Art's face.

"Let you repay, Nella? There is one way—by giving me what I have saved. Will you?"

"Will I? Oh, Art, dear Art, gladly, thankfully!—as glad and thankful for being brought to my senses, as for that narrow escape from death."

To say, however, that her after-knowledge of Mr. Lathorpe's lukewarm action did not add frigidity to the negative he received would not be truth; but if gratitude had impelled her to take Art, love had been there before.

BINDING THE WHEAT-SHEAVES.

A PRETTY pastoral English picture this—one that an artist like Winslow Homer would love to paint. It is not difficult to locate the scene, for that antique diamond-paned window was surely never found on this side the Atlantic, and the bright-faced maiden who is assisting the rather ragged boy to twist the sheaf bands, is unquestionably a daughter of Albion.

With the general introduction of reaping and threshing machines, the romance is all gone from the season of harvest—in this country, at least; but in rural England there are still isolated spots where the old-fashioned sickle is still brought into use to cut the ripe grain, and where such scenes as that shown in our picture may still be witnessed.

DINING IN PARIS.

IN no other city in the world can one dine as expensively or as cheaply, and yet so well, as in Paris. It must not be thought, however, that the quality of the dinner will improve in direct ratio with the greater cost thereof. Some restaurants have the universal reputation of being the best in Paris, and they keep up their good name as much by the excellence of their wares as by the exorbitance of their charges. The stranger who walks in to dine at one of these establishments, cannot fail to have set before him as expensive a meal as he need wish, but he will be by no means certain of having a good dinner. The dishes will probably each be perfect of its kind, but they may or may not be in harmony with each other; and the excellence of a dinner, artistically speaking, depends quite as much on the latter as on the former condition.

Unless the diner is capable of doing it for himself, the task of composing the *menu* devolves on the waiter, and even at the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée it is not every waiter that can compose a *menu*. Of course, there are men at both these houses who are fully capable of ordering a dinner that shall be perfect in every point; but they do not, nor could they, place their talent at the service of every one who comes in to dine.

As an illustration of this, take the following dinner, given to two casual customers at the Maison Dorée:

Marennes; potage à la Reine; sole au vin rouge; vol-au-vent de volaille; perdreaux rôti; salade (barbe de capucin et betterave); aubergines farcies; mousse au chocolat. Every dish was perfection, particularly the sole with red wine; but the association of chicken soup, chicken vol-au-vent, and roast partridge in so small a dinner, shows a want of knowledge in the first elements. And yet the restaurant in question is second to none, and only differs from the Café

Anglais in that it is not quite so aristocratic, and the prices charged are slightly, very slightly, lower.

When these same two casuals dined at the latter establishment, there was a set *menu*, as follows: Crécy au tapioca; merlan de la Méditerranée, sauce tomate; noix de veau à la jardinière; cailles rôties; salade (laitue); fonds d'artichauts à la sauce blanche; soufflé glacé au chocolat. The soup was not good, through mere carelessness in the manipulation—mixing thoroughly the tapioca and the purée of carrots together before serving. The artichokes were positively bad; on the other hand, the quails were the best the present writer ever ate, which is saying much, and they were roasted to a turn—but each quail cost five francs.

Frenchmen swear by the Café Anglais, and even rival restaurateurs are free in admitting that establishment to be the best in Paris. I am willing to bow before such testimony, however conflicting with my own repeated experience; but, nevertheless, I think that the casual visitor in Paris will not make a very great mistake by leaving out of his programme a dinner at the Café Anglais.

There are numbers of other restaurants in Paris which, without having the same reputation as the two just mentioned, run them very hard for excellence in all respects. Among these I would give the palm to the two establishments kept by the Bignons—the Café Riche and the Café de Foy. At the former, we had placed before us, at five minutes' notice, the following dinner:—Huitres; crevettes; bisque d'écrevisses; sole au vin blanc; tournedos à la Bordelaise; perdreaux et alouettes rôties; haricots verts en salade; glaces; and I defy the most fastidious to have found fault with any one of the dishes.

As for ourselves, after having dined in the same casual manner at about a dozen other establishments, we reserved our last evening to dine once more at Bignon's, when this was the *menu*, as faultless in execution as the first: Huitres; consommé à la royale; filets de soles à la Vénétienne; suprême de volaille, filet de chevreuil, sauce poivrade; fonds d'artichauts farçis; parfait au café. This dinner cost seventy-five francs, including, of course, the wine—two bottles of Château-neuf du Pape, 1868, a drink fit for the gods.

It certainly cannot be denied that dinner for two at seventy-five francs is extravagant, but to say that that dinner was dear would be an untenable proposition. Some may object that we ought to have had at least two kinds of wine, and, without doubt, much may be said on either side of the question; but, as it is one purely of taste, and as we were happy before, during, and after dinner, I think I need say no more on the subject.

At the other Bignon's, the Café de Foy, this is what we had for dinner: Croûte au pot; maquereau à la Vénétienne; salmi de bécasses; noix de veau, rôtie; salade (escarolle); tomates farcies; fondue au Parmesan. Here also the execution was first rate; and, I may remark in passing, that the veal we get in this country can as little compare with French veal as the mutton of any country can with our Southdown. English veal is insipid, and scarcely eatable without bacon and stuffing, whereas a roast cushion (*noix*) or loin of French veal needs no such adventitious aids, and is by itself a most succulent and tasty morsel.

Passing over our dinners at what may be called intermediate restaurants, such as Voisin or the old Vefour, we come to the well-known Brébant or Café Vachette, which enjoys some reputation among the cheaper class of houses. The dinner we had there consisted of Julienne; merlan frit; filets d'agneau à la jardinière; grives rôties; salade; cardons à la moelle; parfait au café. The cost was considerably below that of our dinners at the higher class of restaurants, but the execution, as well as the *mise-en-scène* of this dinner, was still more below the others. The imperfection of every dish, the heat of the room, and the crowd of diners, left us no choice but to pronounce this the worst we had yet had.

Still I am assured by French connoisseurs that it is possible to dine well at the Brébant by ordering dinner beforehand. Any one may dine well anywhere if he have time and money at his disposal, but I maintain that the true test of a restaurant is to be able to walk in, of course at the canonical hours, and get a good dinner right off; and here I should mention that on every occasion we neither ordered our dinners beforehand nor composed the *menu* ourselves, but always left it to each restaurateur to serve us what he pleased.

By the advice of an intelligent Frenchman we put to this test an unpretentious restaurant out of the beaten track of the *haut ton*, in the unaristocratic and commercial quarter of the Boulevard Poissonnière, at the corner of the faubourg of that name. It is kept by a man named Notta, of whom more anon. He gave us for dinner, Brunoise; soles à la Joinville; filets de chevreuil aux truffes; poulet rôti; salade (laitue); points d'asperges à la crème; parfait au café. Without reckoning the wine—some first-rate Pichon—our dinner cost about eight francs each, which is neither extravagant nor dear, for everything was excellent and well cooked. The fowl was, even for a French fowl—the best in the world—a lovely bird, and roasted to a turn. The salade was perfection; and this is not often the case, even at the best restaurants, where it is usually mixed by the ordinary waiter. Ours, we found, Mr. Notta had himself prepared, and the superiority of it was easily accounted for when our host, who speaks English remarkably well, informed us that he was a cook by profession, and had been for some years *chef* to a noble marquis—who, he went on to say, had honored his restaurant with a visit when passing through Paris with the marchioness. A proud day it must have been for mine host, to receive an English lord and his wife at his *bourgeoise* establishment. As for ourselves, we fully determined to follow so noble an example; and as we never would miss dining at Bignon's when again in Paris, so would we not fail to pay Mr. Notta a visit, and thus secure two good dinners, and average our expenses at the same time.

The very cheap restaurants about the Palais Royal, where one gets four or five dishes and dessert for about two francs were also tried by us, but our experiment was more curious than satisfactory. On the other hand, at the *Bouillon établissements* set on foot by the Paris butcher Duval, now deceased, we found the maximum of excellence, both in the quality of the victuals and the cooking, combined with the minimum of cost. The accommodation is rather rough, but clean, and the mode of getting a meal is made somewhat complicated by a system of checks, tickets and stamps eminently French in its organization; but if you would have a wholesome and decent dinner for the least amount of money, go to one of Duval's sixteen establishments, and you will not be disappointed.

WILLOWS FOR BASKET-MAKERS.—A peculiar branch of industry flourishes in the Muldenthal, Germany, between Zwickau and Glauchau. This is the growing of willows for basket-makers. The dearest sort, the green osier, goes chiefly to Bavaria, and is there used for basket-work. The coarser sort is made into ordinary baskets, etc., in the valley where it is grown. The acre of willow brings in about twenty pounds, but requires a great amount of care and work in its cultivation. This industry has been carried on there ever since the twelfth century.

AMONG THE WHEAT-SHEAVES.—SEE PAGE 350.

TEMPTED.

The sun was sinking in the West,
Yet paused before he sank to rest
To kiss the lily's mouth.
The lily, which all day had lain,
Love's tender martyr, all but slain
In that fierce, scorching drought.

He paused and frowned, and stepped aside,
Between the portals high and wide
That gave upon the church;
The parting sunlight flickered low,
But lingered yet, as if to show
The object of his search—

"HE STARTS, FOR FROM THE CLOISTERED WALK,
THERE DRIFTS THE SOUND OF WOMEN'S TALK."

A convent garden, and around
Its glory, like a dark thread bound
About a nosegay's bloom,
A deep and cloistered walk did run,
Impervious to the Cuban sun—
A place of fragrant bloom.

And up and down the walk there paced
A monk, with sombre, downcast face,
And tonsured head bent low.
Young and of goodly mien was he,
And in his dark eyes one might see
The latent Spanish glow.

The image of a man, whose face
Showed pain and strife o'ercome by grace,
A victory deadly-wise;
Saint Anthony, the tempted, this,
Whom Satan wooed with smile and kiss,
In woman's fairest guise.

Long gazed the monk, then bow'd his head,
And as he turned he softly said:
"The saint stood—I might yield.
Dear Lord, I give Thee thanks and praise,
That safe in convent walls, my days
Thy mercy still doth shield!"

He starts, for from the cloistered walk
There drifts the sound of women's talk,
The patter of their feet.
"Alas! some visitors," he sighs,
And, tender dews still in his eyes,
He moves the guests to meet.

First comes a woman whose rare grace
Of form and bearing, and whose face,
Have won a world's renown.
The prior of the convent walked
Smiling beside her, as she talked;
The monk frowned and looked down.

The laughing troop swept gayly on,
Nor till the whole were past and gone
Did Ambrose raise his head;
Then, in the stillness that befell,
A low voice said, "Oh, who can tell
The day I shall be dead!"

He turned in quick surprise, and there
A woman stood, nor young nor fair,
With sad and wistful eyes;
With eyes whose wondrous, half-hid light
Seemed like a watchfire in the night,
Telling where danger lies.

Moved by some new and sudden power,
Whose force he knew not till that hour,
The monk drew softly nigh;
And half despite himself spoke out,
"My daughter, whence that weary doubt,
Why do you wish to die?"

Slowly she turned and met his eyes,
With neither anger nor surprise,
And slowly then she said:
"Why should I wish to live, oh priest!
When all the joy of life has ceased,
When love, life's life is dead?

"You know not, you—how should you know
What makes the glory and the glow
The light of man's brief day!
You know not, you—how should you know
The desolation, darkness, woe,
When that light fades away!

"How can I speak to you of this—
You, who must never feel the bliss,
The rapture love can give?
You, sworn within this convent's bound
To wear away your life's poor round,
And die before you live!

"Oh, monk! you pity me, and I,
Whose only future is to die,
Oh, how I pity you!
For in my memory lives an hour,
Crowned with love's languid passion-flower;
Such hour you never knew!

"And I am well content to die,
For life is dead, and why should I
Cling to life's poor remains?
Priest! I have answered your demand,
And yet you cannot understand
My triumph or my pain.

"Yet take one parting word from me,
Implant it in your memory,
Engraft it on your mind:
The love that you've foresworn, is all
Of Paradise that, since the fall,
Poor man may hope to find!"

With mirthless, mocking laugh she ceased,
And glided past the silent priest,
And through the porch alone;
While from the vaulted roofs around,
Faintly rang back that mocking sound,
Sadder than any moan.

And Ambrose, shudd'ring, turned and ran
As if the enemy of man
Pursued him hard and fast;
Nor paused till prone before the shrine
Of tempted Anthony benign
His body he had cast.

"Oh, saint! if thou be saint indeed,
Help me in this my bitter need—
Now help me, saint!" he cried;
"For they are thronging fast and fell,
The mocking, jeering hosts of hell,
And clinging to my side!

"'Crowned with love's passion-flower,' she said,
And life that knows not love is dead—
The love that I've foresworn!
Love's look, love's touch, love's clinging kiss,
Did she, or do these tell of this?
What furies in me burn!"

The darkness fell, the night stole on,
And but that now and then a moan
Confessed him living still;
One might have fancied that the monk,
In that night's fiery strife had sunk,
And passed from human ill.

The night stole on to deepest dark,
Nor human eye was there to mark
The wonders that befell;
Nor, save to his confessor's ear,
That tale, half wonder and half fear,
Did Ambrose ever tell.

Perhaps Saint Anthon's statue spoke,
And by some wondrous power broke
The spell the woman wove.
Perhaps, in gracious gift from Heaven,
To that tormented man was given
A full and perfect love.

The dark night held its secret close,
But when the morning sun arose
To find the lily dead,
The monk came forth with pallid face,
Yet radiant with some mystic grace
Like glory round his head.

Crowned like a victor did he seem,
And looking on him, one might dream
Of Michael's mighty power;
Of him who lions met unarmed,
Or they who walked through fire unharmed,
Their safety God's own dower.

But as he marked the lily dead,
He beat upon his breast, and said,
"I too, was well-nigh slain!
Oh, grant, dear Lord, St. Anthon, pray,
That such temptation in my way
May never stand again.

"That never more that voice, those eyes,
So full of tender pain, shall rise
Between my soul and heaven;
For never twice from such a strife
May mortal man come forth with life,
Not twice is victory given."

MRS. J. G. AUSTIN.

A GOLDEN rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friend as though a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female friends were present.

IRISH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Any one who has lived among the Irish people will know that with them love is by no means an overmastering passion. The instances of crime committed with love as an incentive are rare; you seldom hear of Pat stabbing his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, or pummeling his more fortunate rival to death, as is the case elsewhere.

In general, and particularly in the north of Ireland, marriages are arranged in a cool, mercenary spirit, which does not leave much room for romance. They are generally conducted by the fathers and mothers of the contracting parties, in the presence of either the landlord or agent, and the scenes are sometimes in the highest degree comic. The parents haggle over the terms of the agreement, without the slightest regard for the feelings of the young people, who are looked upon as so much live lumber. A pig, a cow, or a sheep, has often been the cause of breaking off a match nearly concluded; even a goose has been known to turn the scale.

Very lately, in a certain province in Ulster, a well-to-do farmer had for some time been dividing his attentions pretty equally between two fair ones—one a widow, the other the only daughter of a rich pig-jobber. The cause of the gentleman's vacillation was that each of the candidates had the identical qualification—a cow and two pigs. The matter was at last decided by the girl's father throwing in a *boneen* (young pig), which at once decided the matter, and the widow was non-suited.

A friend told me an amusing anecdote of two of his tenants who were arranging a marriage between their respective children. Both were wealthy cattle-drovers, and the matter in dispute was not beasts, but hundreds. After much haggling over the terms, the matter ended by the father of the young man saying: "Give another hundred, and faix, by me soul, you may dirty the boy." I add, for the information of those who do not know the custom of an Irish fair, that when an animal is finally sold, the buyer always rubs a piece of mud on its quarters. This is called "dirtying the baste"; hence the *apropos* expression of the drover.

In a rather retired part of the south of Ireland, near to the once famous Skibbereen, a curious and not uninteresting custom prevails, called "shrafting." It takes its name from Shrove (otherwise Shraft) Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Tattersall" is held, where all the "likely" boys and girls in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before there is quite a stir in the neighborhood, and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for a sixpence; and you can't speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress. Indeed, there is this objectionable side to the proceeding, that it disorganizes one's establishment; for just as you have caught and trained a neat-handed Phyllis for yourself, she is sure to be pounced on and carried off by some of the coastguards, who always attend the shrafting from the fishing village near at hand.

The shrafting is in itself a pretty sight, and would furnish a subject for the pencil of any wandering artist, if such came that way. The girls stand in a row on the village green, under the spreading branches of a fine old copper beach-tree. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp, shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half-arch, half-shy look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced looking men—"the boys," as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eying with some distrust the superior attractions of the coastguards who are, like the red-coats, favorites among the ladies. But that, in reality, matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be," the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiations abruptly, and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair.

Of course, little bits of romance crop up here, as elsewhere; cases of money *vs.* love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a fashionable drawing room. By-the-by, what wouldn't our fashionable mothers and worn-out *chaperones* give for a shrafting to be held once a year? How much trouble and expense it would save; and what glorious fun it would be!

A DAY AT POTSDAM.

There is no place in all the German Empire so rich in historical associations and so suggestive as this city of Potsdam. Everything in and about the palace remains just as it was in the days of Frederick the Great—the gorgeous structure that he built at the close of the Seven Years' War to show that his treasury was not impoverished, and surmounted by three colossal figures holding high in the air the Prussian crown, and representing the kingdoms of Austria, France and Russia; the little desk in the old palace on which he sketched his grand campaign; the upright machine where he measured with his own hands the height of the men drafted for the army service; the narrow seats along the entry-way which he quietly substituted in place of the comfortable lounges on which he once found the persons in attendance reposing; the marvelous great hall, built of shells, and pearls, and corals, and precious stones, and crystals, and minerals of every sort, at a cost which no one but himself ever knew, every bill being burnt as soon as it was paid; the stand by the old piano, with the music-score written by his own hand resting there, where he used to play the flute so persistently; the plain bed in which he slept; the row of chairs with their soft, velvet cushions, appropriated to his dogs, and on which they slept; the arm-chair in which he died, marked with blood drawn by the lancet applied in his last hours with the hope of prolonging life; the very stool on which his feet rested at the moment when the soul of that strange and mighty man went off somewhere into eternity—nothing has been disturbed for a hundred years, and, unless some great political revolution sweeps away these relics of the past, nothing will be disturbed for ages to come.

Outside the palace, perhaps the most interesting memorial is the old windmill, which the owner refused to sell to the King, and which the civil courts forbade him to touch without the proprietor's consent, still standing in its place, and sacredly cherished as a monument of the law's defiance of despotic right.

There once came to King Nebuchadnezzar the vision of an image, "whose brightness was excellent, and the form whereof was terrible"; portions of which were of fine gold, and silver, and iron, and another part made of common clay. It is a fit emblem of the men whose shades continue to haunt the palaces of Potsdam.

On a bright, sunny morning of October, we stood in the pleasant little room at Sans-Souci, where Frederick and Voltaire used to dine together, quietly, day after day, discussing over their wine all sorts of topics—the great warrior measuring weapons with his friend in the field of philosophy

THE ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

JACK (proposing)—"*And you won't feel ashamed because I am so tall!*"
DORA (with an eye to the main chance)—"*All the better chance for you to 'come down' liberally, dear.*"

as vigorously as he ever crossed swords with his foes on the battle-ground (firm friends they were at first, and bitter enemies afterward).

Then we strolled into the snug apartment where the scoffing Frenchman studied and meditated and wrote; and everything seemed so natural and home-like, that we could not help feeling as if the two strange old gentlemen had just stepped out for a moment, and might return again in *propria persona* at any time.

We do not wonder that Voltaire was so disgusted when, on his return to Sans-Souci from a journey, he found his little study strangely transformed by the new carvings that adorned the walls.

"What does this mean?" inquired the astonished Frenchman; not dreaming that the King had been informed of the loose way in which he had been talking while he was abroad, and the wretched return he had made for the hospitalities that had been heaped upon him by His Majesty.

"First, you see the storks," Frederick replied; "they represent the man who goes running about from place to place. Next come the parrots, who rattle away and gossip at random, talking of many things when they should be silent. Then there are the squirrels, who are fond of nibbling nuts and sweetmeats all the time, as you are. And there is the monkey, who looks so much like you;" all which extraordinary metaphorical embellishment is as fresh to-day as it ever was, and tells its story as vividly as ever.

There is another great man who has left his mark here, and he also reminds us of Nebuchadnezzar's image. As we stood by Frederick's writing-desk, we asked how it happened that, while everything else had been carefully preserved, the cloth lining of the desk-lid was gone, exposing the rough wood underneath, and were told that when Napoleon took possession of the palace, he tore off the cover and carried it away as a relic. But this was not the worst thing that he did. Afterward we visited the tomb where Frederick the Great and his savage old father sleep peacefully side by side in their coffins, one made of marble and the other of zinc, without any ornament or emblem, or even a name to distinguish them. Into this tomb Napoleon once came at midnight, in full uniform, and as the pale light of the candle fell upon the plain zinc box that held the bones of the man whose frown was once so terrible, he laid his hand solemnly upon the coffin, and said:

"If this man were alive, I should not be here"—thus acknowledging Frederick to have been even mightier than himself.

This was sublime; but who could have thought that, after this, Napoleon the Great could have been capable of stealing the sword which the dead warrior carried in his battles, and which, up to that time, had always laid upon his coffin, the only outward symbol of his glory? But this Napoleon did, and took the sword off into France. What became of it, no one knows.

Frederick never meant to be buried where he now lies; he had selected a quiet little grassy nook, by the side of his favorite horse and his pet dogs, whom he loved so much better than he did his father—not without cause—but, while the marble monument and the carved burial-stones show where his favorites lie, the place which he chose for his own resting-place is vacant.

We might write at length of the splendors at Potsdam, but we have room to speak of only one thing further, and that is what is known as the Raphael Gallery, so creditable to the royal personage to whom Prussia is indebted for its existence.

"My people, of course, cannot travel over all Europe to see the finest works of art that are scattered about in various places," he said, "and I will therefore employ, at my own cost, the painters I can find to make copies of all Raphael's pictures, and place them here in a gallery, where everybody can see them;" which accordingly he did, and wonderfully good copies they are.

There are many grand things in this Prussian dominion. Every child must be sent to school as soon as the age of six years is reached, and if the parents are too poor to buy the books and whatever else may be needed, the Government provides them.

THE trial is not fair where affection is judge.

AN INDIAN CHILD'S GRAVE.

THE Indians of various tribes differ greatly in their mode of disposing of the dead; but there are scarcely any who do not treat their departed friends with great respect and care. In some tribes the bodies are laid for a time on raised platforms, out of the reach of prowling beasts, till the work of decay has left only a skeleton. Then, after a lapse of years, a great trench is dug and lined with furs, and in this the skeletons are all gathered and laid for a final rest, as of men, divested of all that is more gross, waiting to enter on a new life.

This idea of the new life pervades all. In some the dead body is made to assume the posture of an unborn infant, as if to indicate its awaiting a new birth, and it is placed in a jar or sack to typify the womb.

In other tribes, young infants are buried in the road leading to the village, that the spirit of the child, unjustly, as it were, deprived of a due course of life, may glide into some woman passing above, and make another effort to live the years allotted to man.

Other tribes, again, shrink from committing the delicate child to the cold earth. The weeping mother makes a cradle, and, binding her babe securely in it, goes into the wood, and, selecting some sapling, bends down the top, and fastens securely to it the body of the loved darling; and then, relaxing the tree, sees her little one spring heavenward to meet decay amid the birds and blossoms, in the pure, fresh air that kissed the tree-tops, far above the world and all that is coarse and cruel and ravenous. The thought is almost too poetical a one to credit to the Indian mind; but visitors at the Centennial may remember such an aerial tomb. We are less surprised that a French poet—Delille, we think—made the custom the subject of a touching and tender poem.

THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

ROSAMOND CLIFFORD, commonly called "Fair Rosamond," was the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, and the favorite mistress of Henry II., of England.

According to popular tradition, she was first brought before the King's notice through the collusion of her brothers, who desired to advance their own fortunes by means of their sister's beauty.

She lived at Woodstock, where Henry frequently visited her, and where, according to some writers, she was found and poisoned by Eleanor, queen of that monarch. Other writers claim that she was confined in the nunnery of Godstow, through the agency of the jealous queen.

Our engraving represents the Fair Rosamond kneeling, with her babe, William Longsword, in her arms, imploring mercy of the enraged Queen.

Rosamond had two sons by Henry—William, called Longsword, and Jeffrey, who became Archbishop of York. She was buried, in the year 1177, in the church of Goodstone (of which she had been a benefactor), opposite the high altar, where her body remained until 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused her bones to be removed thence with every mark of disgrace.

There is a tradition that, to secure her from the jealous fury of his justly enraged wife, Henry had a maze made to conceal her from all but himself, in imitation of the maze of the Minotaur. But a spy supplied the clue, and the death of the Fair Rosamond was the result.

A FLOGGING-HORSE.

WE reproduce, in an engraving, one of the many relics of medieval times still extant in the seats of learning in Europe. Though now fallen into desuetude, it was in active operation during the last generation, when both parents and pedagogues were believers in the axiom, "spare the rod and spoil the child."

The flogging-horse is one of the ancient grammar-school customs of England, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Our illustration represents the stool or altar of punishment, which was formerly in use at the free school in Lichfield—the school at which Addison, Ashmore, Garrick, Johnson and Wollaston received their education. When our artist visited this venerable temple of learning a few years ago, there was a head-master receiving a good salary, *but no scholars*. The flogging-horse, here delineated, stood in the lower room, covered with dust.

THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

DEBBIE'S DOWER.

"O you're determined on having your own willful way about it, Debbie?" said John Fayre, as he stood by the great kitchen-table at which his niece was busy, and looked down at her with extreme displeasure.

Debbie's plump little hands fluttered nervously over the great, blooming peaches she was packing in their dainty baskets for the city market, and her scarlet lip quivered a little; but her golden-brown eyes were very steadfast as she raised them to the sarcastic face of her uncle.

"If you put it that way, Uncle John," she said, "I am quite determined. I have *promised* to marry him."

"Very well," said John Fayre, in his cold voice; "I have nothing more to say," and was silent; watching her in a kind of icy anger, as she busied herself about his business.

A cool air played through the great, old-fashioned kitchen, with its heavy rafters, black and polished with time and cleanliness, and its oaken floor, scoured with golden sand. A low-browed casement, with diamond-shaped panes, stood open, and was wreathed with a great vine that wantoned over the old gray stone wall of the farmhouse, and gave glimpses of great bunches of grapes, like deep-hued amethysts, lurking amid its emerald banners. A huge table, white as a slab of marble, and bathed in the dancing sunlight quivering through the vine, stood by the window, and on it, great stacks of bloomy peaches, golden atlases of luscious plums, vast apples like enchanted emeralds, with streaks of vivid rose flushing through them, gleaming masses of glittering honeycomb, and great, cool leaves plucked from the vine outside, their dewy green deepening into suggestions of fire and gold, to lay between the fruits in packing.

John Fayre's orchards extended their fragrant alleys over many an acre, sloping across the bosom of a hill, that, like some enchanted mound, was bathed all day long in a full tide of golden light; and John Fayre was a rich man; for, as Aladdin plucked gems from the boughs in the radiant garden of the genii, he gathered riches, admittedly by the aid of Debbie, from his fruit-trees. Whose brown, dimpled fingers stored the mellow fruits so daintily for market that his wagon was a delight to the eye, but Debbie's? Who watched the young trees, and brought a quick wit to his aid in his management of them? And who made his butter and cheese proverbial amongst buyers? Why, who but Debbie?

And now, because Debbie did not choose to be happy in his way, and wed his old crony, Squire Jogram, but must needs promise herself to a poor young fellow, with a bare hundred acres of worn-out land, and no stock to speak of, he was nursing a wrathful flame in his bosom that gave a little scorch to every person who came near him in those bright days of early Fall, and was full of cruel heat to poor Debbie.

"I couldn't have been more vexed if it had been Allie!" he thought, leaning against the wall, and thinking how pretty Debbie looked in her gay chintz—a brown little beauty, with wavy, bronze hair, pellucid brown cheeks, flushed with scarlet; large, brown eyes, sweetly bright; soft, red lips, and quivering dimples flickering round them.

Something wrung his bosom as the name of his only child, his sweet Allie, flitted through his mind. Well, *she* would never live to cross his will as Debbie was doing—at least so the doctors said; and it was but poor comfort John Fayre found in the thought.

He looked at Debbie, and, for the first time, the soul of the man darkened under the gloom of an envy blacker than Egyptian darkness, more bitter than the waters of Marah in the wilderness. The very light of purest health, and, despite his displeasure, happiness, radiated about the girl, while his Allie, the best-beloved of his soul, was fading, as some bright spirit might fade and vanish in "the radiance of glory." The first snow of the year would fling its pearly drifts across her grave, and "his house would be left unto him desolate"; for wife, or other child than her, he had none.

There were the grim shadows of the coming change, even in the room with him; for her familiar presence, sharing Debbie's fragrant task, no longer brightened the old kitchen; her feeble step seldom strayed there now.

And so, presently, he drove slowly away down the old road, overarched with maples that made a shaking canopy of fire and gold above his head, and out into the vapory Fall sunlight; contrasting the two girls as he went, and opening his heart wide to the scorpion of Envy, which lashed a heart formed for nobler guests, even as he nourished it.

He drove past his stretches of rich pasture-land, the shady alleys of his great orchards, and looked on all with bitterness. Allie's they were never to be; and Debbie, if she married Charlie Tent, should have no dower from him—obstinate, ungrateful girl that she was! And, in his present mood, he almost cursed her in his heart.

Debbie, left behind in the kitchen, flitted to and fro, with no idea of the feelings battling in John Fayre's breast to make her miserable, but her happy thoughts a little shaded by the knowledge that her promise to Charlie was not agreeable to him, and still a little further darkened as she thought of her darling cousin Allie; yet the undercurrent of brightness shone in her eyes, lightening, if not dispelling, the shadows.

Aunt Dora's voice came softly across the passage, as she read to Allie in the shady old dining-room; but otherwise an ineffable quiet rested on the house. The bustle of harvest was fairly over, and Debbie had little to do, after clearing away the *débris* of flowers and fruits from the great kitchen-table, but go to the spring-house with a lordly dish of pies that were to cool their flaky crusts and mellow juices in that shady spot against dinner-time.

She took down her coarse straw hat from a peg, when a sudden "gee-whoa"-ing and trampling of feet made themselves audible outside; and through the fluttering vine she saw a pair of oxen, with great, soft eyes, and skins like creamy satin, yoked to a rough hayrack; and a vignette of a tall, bronzed young man, with resolute black eyes, and crisp, dark hair, and a toilet that spoke loudly of the need of feminine hands in his home, looking in at her through the frame of vine-leaves, that shook like tiny banners of emerald, fire and gold, as he laid his muscular hand on the window-sill.

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Debbie, "is that you? Come in."

"I can't," said Charlie. "Come out to me, Debbie; I want to speak with you."

So Debbie tripped out to him, the oxen turning their great eyes on her meditatively, as she patted their fat sides in passing.

"Debbie," said Charlie, who looked like a handsome statue of bronze in the rosy light, "don't touch me, or I shan't be able to say what I came on purpose to tell you."

She put out both her hands to him in her innocent glad-

ness; but she drew back, startled by his words and air, as he spoke.

"What is wrong, dear?" she said, timidly; and she trembled a little, for there was a woeful look in Charlie's resolute face that she had never seen there before.

Charlie Tent smiled bitterly.

"Debbie," he said, "I have come to give you back all the sweet promises you ever gave me. My dear, I can never hope to make you wife of mine. For the second time your uncle has brought the very anguish of desolation on our roof."

Debbie glanced at the rusty band of crape round his coarse straw hat, and drew closer to him, with a shudder.

"I will not take my promises back," she said, resolutely. "I know what he has said, Charlie. You shall not leave me as poor Tom did my sweet Allie. Whatever hardship and trouble may darken your life, I claim my right to share it. Oh, the joy to feel that Uncle John has not the right to separate *us* as he did your brother and Allie! And oh, darling, to think that what has come and gone has not softened him!"

"Curse him!" said young Tent, with a look on his dark face that was not good to see; but it slowly faded, as he glanced into Debbie's great, loving, brown eyes, raised so tenderly to his. His face was young, but the visage of a man who had worn away his youth in bitter, unrequited toil—a half-frenzied wrestling with the earth for bread, that, when eaten, was bitter, because partaken of in loneliness and despair.

Debbie's eyes filled with tears as she studied his face, and she slipped her hand into his.

"You would be so lonely without me!" she said, softly.

He clasped her suddenly in his arms, lifting her and straining her to his breast.

"My only love!" he said. "The only brightness of my life!"

He as suddenly released her, and drew back, folding his arms across his broad chest.

"Debbie," he said, "your uncle has bought up the mortgage on my land, and has foreclosed it. I have not a rood of land or a dollar in the world, this moment."

"Has he done this thing?" said Debbie, breathlessly, her dilated eyes full of indignation.

"Yes; he told me so not ten minutes since; and he had the effrontery to say he did so to prevent *you* from marrying into certain misery. Debbie, as I listened to him, and thought of Tom and Allie, and the work of ruin he was just fresh from, I longed to strike him dead where he stood. 'Do you think you have secured Allie's happiness?' I said to him, instead. Ah! I almost laughed to see him shudder, as he lashed his horses past me. I stung him then!"

"And have you no home now?" said Debbie, biting her quivering lip to steady her voice. She had not looked for this new blow.

"None," said Charlie Tent; "so, Debbie, I must leave you. The world is wide, and my will is strong to tear some prize from Fortune yet. I may find my grave under the Indian seas, as Tom has done, or, perhaps—no, I won't anticipate success," he said, bitterly; "it seems as though my life were utterly accursed!"

"And I?" said Debbie.

"You will, in time, forget me," he said, bitterly.

She looked at him silently, and his injustice smote him instantly.

"Forgive me," he said, gently. "The torment of my grief spoke; not my heart, my love."

A sudden light stole into her pretty face. She took his iron hand in her little dimpled hands, and looked at it, and from it to his haughty, resolute face.

"You will conquer," she said, "and I will wait—wait and hope."

A ray of inner light brightened Tent's dark face.

"I am content," he said. "I look to the future with *something* new-born in my breast of your sweet words that is almost hope."

The shadow of the old house lengthened out, broad and cool, before they parted, and Charlie guided the oxen, his no longer, from the gate of the rich man who had robbed him of all but the fair jewels of love and honor; while Debbie watched him, in mingling tears of hope and sorrow, her heart quailing as she looked to the misty future—that future whose impenetrable vail is ever spanned, to the vision of youth, by the great and radiant rainbow-arch of Hope.

Such a Thanksgiving-day—or, rather, night! Every one said nothing had been seen like it for half a century. The drifts lay piled against the fences. The bare boughs rattled in the roaring wind like the "Iron Forest" of Longfellow. The moon flew through vast masses of pale clouds of a sickly dun-color, that showered down occasional flurries of fine snow, stinging as it dashed into the faces of the few wayfarers.

Through the simoons of snow whirled up by the wind, and flying through the country like ghastly pillars of spectral smoke, household fires shone rudely, sending ruby pathways far out into the night. It was a night for the rich to rejoice, for the poor to mourn and lament as they crouched in cellar and garret beneath the lash of the relentless frost, and the chill embrace of gaunt famine.

"You *will* go, after all," said the innkeeper of the "Corners Tavern," and the man he spoke to laughed in his face.

He was a stout, bronzed, handsome man, with heavy beard and mustache of curling jet, glittering white teeth, and flashing eyes of great sweetness and power of expression.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "What should keep me? Why, man, if it were raining thunderbolts, I'd out in them rather than linger on my way to-night."

He seemed impatient even of the idea, and, standing in the gloomy bar-room, buttoned his great-coat resolutely across his chest, and drew his fur gauntlets on, watched by the hotel-keeper, and a loose-jointed fellow with a huge frame, and a small, mean face, who was sitting by the roaring stove, smoking.

"Well, if you're set on it," said the host, "I've got no call to prevent you, only I don't noways like the idea of riskin' Firefly in them tarnation drifts; she's a real smart critter, and worth a sight of money."

"Pshaw!" said the dark-eyed stranger, laughing. "Dick Tate, you're as near as ever! Why, I'll pay you twice her value if anything happens to her! Come, get her round!"

The man's good-humored face expressed considerable astonishment.

"Appears to me I ought to know you!" he said, surveying his guest attentively. "Sakes! but you *do* favor poor Tom Tent that was drowned at sea last year!"

"Do I?" said the stranger, carelessly. "Ah! what do you say, friend?"

This to the man at the stove, who had risen, and was mumbling something close by his side.

"I was sayin' that you might as well give a poor chap a ride as far as you're goin'," said the other, twisting his slouching shoulders, and looking through the frosty pane at the wild scene without. "I've a long tramp before me, and I had the ague powerful bad in the Fall. It's left me kind of shaky like."

"All right," said the stranger, cheerfully. "Come along; welcome. What a Thanksgiving night it is!"

He stood, looking out at the hurrying tempest silently, while Mr. Tate went to send round the cutter and mare—the fast-trotting darling of his heart.

Alternate blackness and light fell across the dreary landscape, as heavy clouds swept over the melancholy moon, and the countenance of the stranger varied in sympathy with the changes without.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but all this day my heart has beaten with hope until I felt intoxicated with joy, only to be plunged the next moment into a blackness of terrible anticipation of some evil, vague, but vast, and close upon me. I wonder if this night, looked forward to for five such weary years, is really to be the great Thanksgiving of my life." He fell into a fit of musing, from which he was roused by a crash in the room behind him. He turned with a start, and saw his proposed *compagnon de voyage* stuffing more wood into the stove, the red glow from the open door of which illumined his face more strongly than the glimmering lamp had done.

"What a villainous countenance!" thought the stranger. "He has a brow like a bison; and those sparkling eyes, like spots of fire, flaming from under that tangled mass of red hair, don't improve him. What a devilish glow the red reflection of the fire throws over him! and what thews and sinews the fellow has! He must have the strength of a Samson!"

Suddenly, conscious of his observation, the man looked up and met his eyes.

"There's nothing like a good warm afore a start on such a night," he said. "I wonder where the poker is?"

"It was there a while ago," said Tate, who had just entered, carrying a great, luxurious buffalo-robe.

"It ain't no odds; I guess there's a good, smart fire on now."

He seemed to enjoy it, holding his mighty hands over the stove, and crouching close to it, as though the frost was nipping his very heart.

"You'd best have something hot afore you start," said Tate, suggestively glancing at the array of bottles behind the dingy bar.

"Very well—two tumblers of spiced wine and water," said the dark-eyed man, with a quick, compassionate glance at the gaunt, ill-clad form by the stove.

AN INDIAN CHILD'S GRAVE.—SEE PAGE 357.

The wine was brought, swallowed eagerly by the shivering creature, and more leisurely by the other, who paid for both out of a large, black wallet, plethoric with bills and gold coins, which he thrust into his vest-pocket with the careless air of one of those men upon whom money is ever flowing in a Pactolus stream.

The landlord came out on the little gray stoop to see them off, and held Firefly while the two men jumped into the cutter. A whirl of drifting snow surrounded them, and Firefly snorted and winced as the sword-like frost struck her satin hide.

The white country-road was almost obliterated by piled-up drifts, and patches of pine forest showed through the mad eddies like ebon patches on the dazzling white of the spectral landscape. A few lights gleamed—household stars—in the distance, but it was a weird and solitary scene.

"Take care of yourself!" roared Tate, as Firefly plunged through the drift about the doorway, and the stranger looked back with a smile.

"All right!" he cried. "I'll send Firefly safe back in the morning."

It was not of his pet mare that the good-hearted innkeeper was thinking, however, as he returned to the bar.

A FLOGGING-HORSE.—SEE PAGE 357.

"I don't like the looks of that loafing critter that took such a sudden notion to go on such a night as this, after loafing round here for nigh a week! A good-hearted chap, that other one, and free with his dimes. Sakes! but he's as like poor Tom Tent as two peas!"

A LITTLE figure, battling with the treacherous drifts, opposing a strength that seemed more than human to the howling wind and tempest, which had grown fiercer as the night advanced; a little form to be abroad under that wild sky in the desolate night-watches, alone, but for a huge dog of the colie species, which panted through the drifts at her side, snapping at the great flakes that fell, and occasionally uttering a low bark of inquiry or encouragement as he looked up into the face of his companion.

"Colie, good fellow," she said, patting his huge yellow head, "we'll soon be at Charlie's now, won't we?"

The dog recognized the name by a short bark and leap, plunging into a drift, out of which he scrambled, covered with snow, and frisked about after that unwieldy fashion peculiar to dogdom.

She paused for a moment to rest, and strained her eyes through the drifting snow, anxiously.

"I ought to be near the turn now," she said, "if, blinded and confused by this whirling storm, I have not passed it. Great mercy! what shall I do if I have lost my way in this bitter cold? Hark! What was that?"

A shout for help, so near that she started with terror; and Colie uttered a furious bark, and flung himself forward like a stone from a catapult.

"Colie, Colie!" cried the girl, alarmed at his desertion; but as the cry for help rang out again, she labored on a few paces, her heart throbbing with terror. She could not see the length of her arm before her, and ere she had a second for consideration, she found herself the witness of a terrible scene.

Two men, hand-to-hand, were struggling in a deadly conflict beside an overturned cutter, half-buried in a vast drift. The horse had broken the traces, and was wildly plunging to regain secure footing, snorting and gasping with terror. They were both powerful men, but one loomed up in the shadowy light like a gaunt giant, and with a glance the girl saw which way the conflict would terminate.

DEBBIE'S DOWER.—"WITH THE TENACITY OF DEATH ITSELF, COLIE CLUNG TO HIM, TEARING AND LACERATING HIS THROAT HORRIBLY, AND BEARING HIM TO THE GROUND WITH THE WEIGHT OF HIS HUGE BODY."—SEE PAGE 358.

The giant, for such he looked, was armed with a stout, short iron bar, which he was endeavoring to swing in order to bring it crushing on the head of his enemy, who, though a powerful man, was but as a child in the grasp of the other, whose demoniac face appeared to the girl unearthly and unutterably horrible, in the ghastly light.

"At him, Colie!" she screamed, obeying a resistless impulse, and Colie flew at the bare, knotted throat like a thunderbolt.

He staggered under the shock, and, releasing his victim, turned to battle off the dog; but with the tenacity of death itself, Colie clung to him, tearing and lacerating his throat horribly, and bearing him to the ground.

Exhausted and horrified at the fearful spectacle, the girl moved forward a step, and fell in a dead faint at the feet of the stranger, whose life she had been, thanks to Colie, the means of saving.

He stooped over her, while the aggressor howled and writhed in the deadly grip of Colie's fangs. The moon sailed for an instant through a rift in the hurrying clouds, and poured its light on her quiet face, as white as the snow on which she lay.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Debby Fayre! Alone, and on such a night? What can it mean?"

THE dying girl opened her eyes, radiant as stars, and turned them on her father and her aged aunt, who were watching by her couch.

"Is she come yet?" she said, quickly. "I am dying."

"She will be here soon, I trust, my darling," said John Fayre, bending over her until his grizzled locks touched the golden billows of hair that floated over Allie's pillow; "but don't speak of dying; I can't bear it."

"Oh, yes!" said Allie, smiling, and turning her scarlet cheek until it rested on his rough hand, "you can, dear father; it is such a little thing, after all. Why, I feel to-night, for the first time, the real meaning of Thanksgiving. Oh, why did Deb venture out in such a storm?"

The wind literally roared against the house, and the angelic face of the girl quivered with pain, as she thought of her cousin out at such a time.

"I wish I could have gone myself for the doctor," said Fayre, anxiously; "but that was impossible!" with a glance at his bandaged foot, which had been crushed beneath a wagon-wheel a day or two before.

There was a pause, and Allie suddenly raised herself on her pillow, and turned her dilated eyes on her father.

"She is coming," she said, "and there is a footstep with her; I know!"

"It's the doctor, love," said Fayre, gently, but paling grayly as he watched his daughter's face.

It was an awful thing to him to watch it brightening in the reflection of that celestial glory which shines across the awful chasm on the departing saint.

She lay back on her pillow, listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed on the door, which opened slowly, and disclosed Debbie standing on the threshold, with a ghostly face, and garments white with snow. A dark shadow at her shoulder in the passage beyond, on which the eyes of the dying girl rested.

"Let him come to me!" she cried, in a voice that rang through the pretty white chamber. "Father, you will not prevent it now! Tom Tent is not dead, but alive!"

Tom Tent came past Debbie, and stopped at the foot of the little bed, but it was at John Fayre's face he looked—looked with his soul in his dark eyes, and, interpreting the birth of the lifelong anguish in them, John Fayre dropped his face on the golden masses of his daughter's hair, and spoke no word.

Tom came to the pillow, and looked at the dying girl, who stretched out her arms, smiling.

"Thanksgiving night, my beloved," she said; "the last and best of my life!"

He looked at her for a moment, and then he flung himself on his knees beside her, and took her hands in his. They were cold and clammy with the dews of death; and, maddened by the anguish of the instant, he sprang up and turned on John Fayre.

"So," he said, "is *this* what you banished me to toil for gold for, John Fayre? What to you now are your hoarded riches, or to her and me the wealth I wrung from the earth for her? Oh, slavish fool! to your god Mammon you have sacrificed her sweet life and my happiness."

John Fayre answered or moved not. The heart that could not soften had broken, and he was *dead!*

Allie's eyes had closed, but when they cried out the dreadful truth, she looked up and moved her face until it rested against the gray head lying at rest beside her.

"Poor father!" she said, softly; and then more faintly yet, "Kiss me, Tom, my own, and my good, darling Debbie."

And so, as the Thanksgiving-day faded into another, Debbie came into her dower as heir-at-law to the wide lands of John Fayre and Alice, his daughter. Before another Thanksgiving had come, she had wedded Charlie Tent; but Tom was a wanderer on the face of the earth, having settled most of his wealth on Debbie, in grateful remembrance of her rescue of him that mournful night from the grasp of the robber; and John Fayre's name ceased out of the land.

RUATARA, A MAORI CIVILIZER, AND HIS CRUSOE-LIKE CAREER.

THE Maoris of New Zealand are a remarkable people in many respects, evincing an aptitude for civilization seldom found in the wild tribes.

Among the Maoris who were most impressed with the advantages of civilized life, and labored to elevate their countrymen, was Ruatara, a native of the northern island, and chief of four districts near the Bay of Islands, from which he could lead to battle four hundred braves.

This chief, possessed of quick perceptions, sure discernment and solid judgment, a stranger alike to fear and weakness, resolved to introduce agriculture and build a city in the European style.

In 1805 he shipped as a sailor on the whaler *Argo*, and then on the *Albion*, to learn navigation. After a stay at his native place he again started out on the whaler *Santa Anna*, that class of vessels being alone known to him. He was set ashore on Bounty Island, with fourteen men, to kill seal; but, as the ship was unable to return and pick them up, they were long there in great distress. They lived on such wild birds and seals as they could kill, but suffered terribly for want of water, having none except such rain-water as they could catch. Three of the party died, but Ruatara and the survivors were at last rescued by the *King George*, and soon after taken up again by the *Santa Anna*, after a five months' stay on the island.

The vessel reached England in 1809, and here Ruatara fondly hoped to be able to see the king, and get the royal aid in his plans of civilization. He little knew the difficulties in his way. There was no one to counsel or aid him; and, cheated of his hard-earned wages by the captain of the *Santa Anna*, he re-embarked on the *Ann*, a convict-ship proceeding to Australia. Here he met the Rev. Mr. Marsden, a missionary, and found one able to appreciate his motives. This clergyman initiated him into the English mode of cultivation.

After being robbed by another whaler, Ruatara at last returned to his village, with seed wheat and agricultural implements. He explained to the chiefs that the ship-biscuit was made from this grain, and distributed some among them. The wheat, when planted, came up well; but the Maoris, impatient to enjoy the crop, pulled it up, expecting to find a large quantity of grain at the root, supposing that it grew like potatoes. Finding none, they accused Ruatara of being an impostor. He and his uncle Shunghee, however, harvested their little crop, and threshed it; but, as

they had only a small handmill, they failed to make flour. Undaunted by this, he sent to the friendly missionary for a larger mill and more implements; but, though sent, he never got them, the vessel having been plundered.

For five years he struggled on against the ignorance and routine of his countrymen. At last, in December, 1814, the brig *Active* brought the missionary. Soon after the arrival of the long-desired supplies, Ruatara welcomed his friend, gave him a site for his mission in the village of Rangihoua, signing the deed to the society with a facsimile of the tattooing on his own face.

Ruatara's success was now complete, and the neighboring chiefs were eager petitioners for seed and plows and spades.

He then aided the missionary in taking ground against murder and cannibalism. He also induced his countrymen not to seek redress for wrongs done them by indiscriminate massacre, but to apply to the English governor.

His great ambition now was to raise wheat to ship to Port Jackson, and obtain in return the agricultural and building implements he needed. Large fields were broken up and planted, his city traced out. Dressed in European costume, with a sword at his side and an armed guard, he exercised a most salutary influence over his countrymen, and seemed intended by Providence to change the face of the island.

But these hopes were destined to be speedily dissipated. In February, 1815, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the 1st of March, at the age of twenty-eight. His wife at once hung herself, and was buried beside him. On the site of his city a half-acre lot was reserved as his cemetery; and this spot is held sacred, no one being permitted to cut a tree or bush, or even set foot upon it.

MY WIFE, AND HOW I WON HER.

THROUGH the folding-doors yonder you can see her. What a picture she makes sitting in the glow of the firelight, with the baby on her breast! She's the handsomest woman in the State—the very handsomest. Did you ever see a more perfect face? Her cheeks look like pink sea-shells lying against the dark velvet of her chair. I wish you could see her eyes once! When she smiles, they gleam like morning stars!

And such a figure, too! She'd look every inch a queen in her linsey-woolsey, only she wouldn't wear the stuff for a kingdom. She's as uplifted in her tastes and habits as any princess royal might be. None but the very daintiest and most elegant apparel suits her; soft, noiseless silks, costly Indian webs, and old laces worth their weight a hundred times in gold.

And yet, day in and day out, at home and abroad, she wears that old turquoise brooch! You wonder at it, no doubt. Well, thereby hangs a tale, which you shall hear.

Draw your chair closer, and fill up your meerschaum. This Turkish fine-cut is exceptionable. Object to the smoke? Bless my life—no! She likes it. Sensible women always do.

See how serenely she rocks herself and soothes her baby to sleep, unmindful of our very existence. Her babe and mine. My son and heir. Chancellor Trowbridge, Junior! Don't it give a fellow a comfortable feeling of importance to know that his name will live long after his own body is put away under the marbles? I tell you, old boy, that a bachelor's life is no life at all!

The story? Ah, to be sure. We'll have it at once. That old port there is strong. It flies to a fellow's brain, and makes his tongue run like a wild colt. I didn't go beyond a third glass, either. But we'll have the story.

It begins with the old turquoise brooch. I bought the clumsy, showy trinket just twenty-five years ago. I was a boy then, the callow down of manhood just sprouting on my chin. We lived in a little cottage in the heart of a green, grazing district—mother and I—and she made butter-pads, and sold them at the village-market for a livelihood. I did nothing, of course.

Mother was a widow, and I her only son and idol. She would as soon have taken out her Sabbath gray silk, and defiled it by the labor of a wash-day, as she would have suffered me, her only son—the hope of her fond heart—to tend the cows and run errands.

She did all this herself, toiling cheerfully from dawn to dark, that I might sit undisturbed in my cool upper chamber, and write verses by the window, through which the purple lilacs tossed their fragrance.

Writing verses was my vocation. I was mortally sure of it and so was mother. When I came down at twilight to enjoy the dainty supper that always awaited me, I brought my day's work with me, in the shape of a number of closely filled sheets, and, while mother sat on the dairy steps and molded her golden butter-pads for the morrow's market, I read aloud to her what I had written.

How plain I can see her now, her sad eyes lighting with pride and pleasure as she listened.

"Ah! Chancy, my boy," she would say then, "what a great man you will be one of these days!"

Poor, fond, blind mother! What a wondrous thing her love was—so great, so true, so hopeful, that it glorified poor me, and made me a hero! And heaven knows I was shamefully undeserving of her devotion. A vain, egotistic dreamer, taking my ease, and pleasing my fancy, while she toiled for bread.

My one comfort, looking back upon my youth, is the thought that, whatever my errors and frailties were, I never caused the mother who worshiped me one single pang, never gave her an unkind word. But, bless me, how I ramble! Jennie, that's my wife yonder, says I never can come to the point, and she's about right.

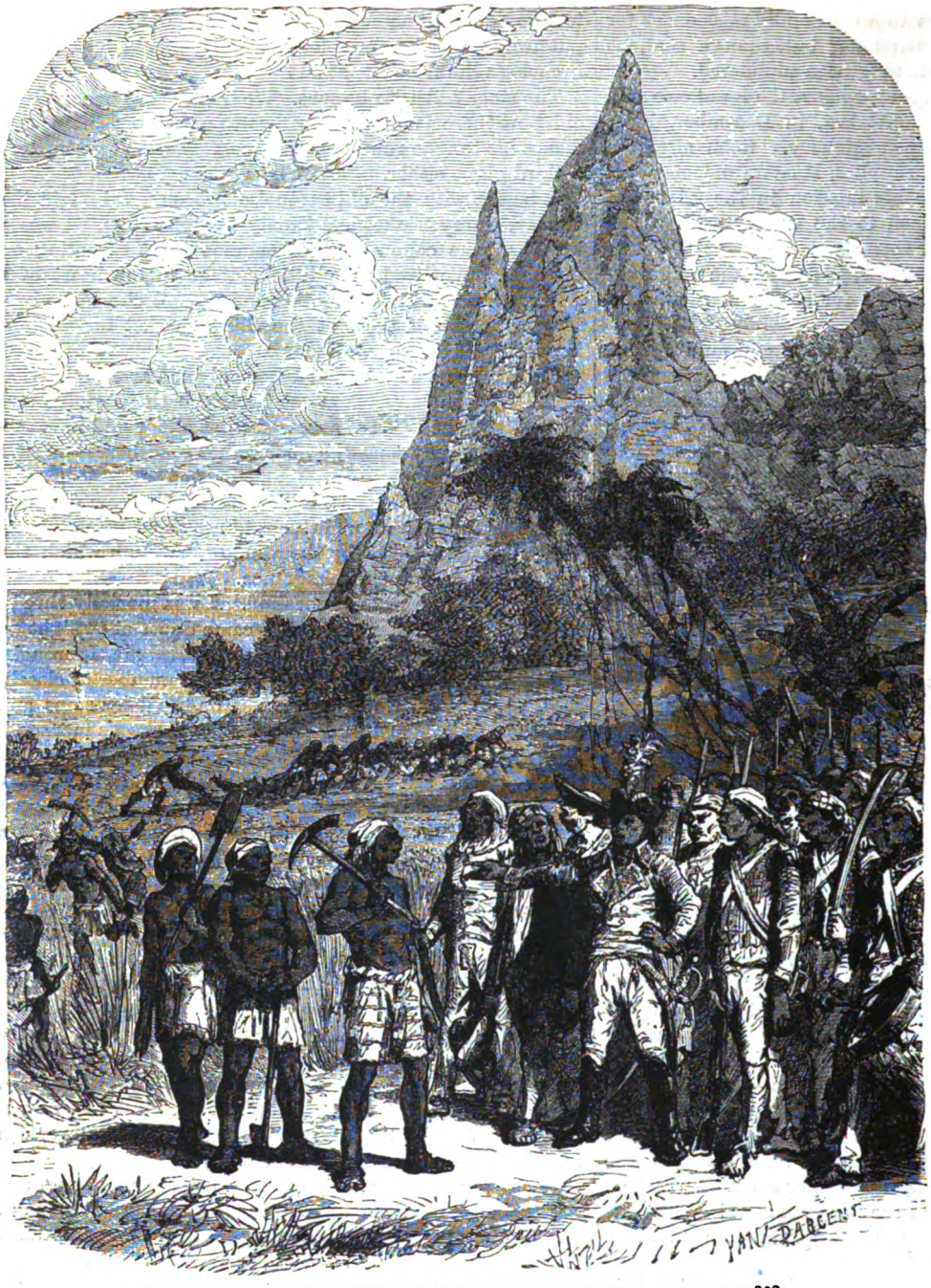
But here we go for a fresh start. I wrote my verses, and got them into form, and mother molded her butter-pads, and both of us dreamed our dreams of my immortal fame. Meantime I fell in love.

It happened after this wise: One Summer afternoon I set out for the rectory. Mr. Ives, besides being a divine, was both author and scholar, and being a stanch friend of mother's, I decided to go to him for help and advice touching my literary schemes.

I reached the valley through which the river runs, and was in the act of climbing the hill upon which the old rectory stood, gray and ivy-grown amid its ancestral oaks, when a great clatter, and a woman's shrill cry for help, brought me to a sudden standstill.

Right down the hill-path came a runaway horse, with a little shell of a carriage rattling at his heels, and in the carriage a woman. I can see her this minute, her white hands tugging at the reins, her face like marble, her golden hair streaming out like a banner.

I was a good stout youngster, and no coward, so I made a rush for the colt's head at once, and succeeded in catching him by the bit, just as he was about to dash down the



RUATARA, A MAORI CIVILIZER, AND HIS CRUSOE-LIKE CAREER.—SEE PAGE 362.

ravine. I mastered him, and saved the girl from harm, but I got my shoulder wrenched out of place in doing it.

What did I care? I would willingly have risked my life for her the moment she turned her face upon me. Then and there I fell in love; and, old fellow, you may laugh, but one's first attack goes hard.

I was dreadfully in earnest, and she was all smiles and encouragement. Forgot to tell you her name? So I have. Jennie Ives it was, and she was the rector's daughter, just returned from school and a European tour.

Every afternoon after my adventure found me at the rectory, and Jennie seemed always glad to see me. She sang for me, and danced with me, and we strolled together by moonlight in true lover-like fashion.

At last I made up my mind to propose. Mother, who was my confidant, encouraged me.

"Of course it is right you should speak, Chancy; it is not generous to keep the dear girl in doubt, as I am sure she is fond of you. No sensible girl would refuse *you*, my boy."

A new suit was bought for the occasion, and I went to the village barber and had my hair cut and oiled.

"I ought to take her some sort of present, mother; there's a brooch at Sturtevant's—I noticed it to-day—that would be the very thing, only, maybe, you can't spare the money?"

Mother looked anxious.

"How much does it cost, Chancy?"

"Only thirty dollars, mother, and it is perfectly lovely."

Thirty dollars was a fortune to my poor mother; the butter-pads brought in money rather slowly. She looked sad and distressed, but when her work was done she went to the old oaken chest, and took out the yellow jar in which she kept her treasure.

"I'm afraid we can't spare it, Chancy," she said, anxiously counting over the contents.

Nevertheless, when I stood arrayed in my new suit, and ready to start, she put the money in my hand.

"There it is, my good boy, and God bless you."

My heart swelled, and tears dimmed my sight. I turned in the door and looked back.

"Mother, I won't take it; I'm selfish to have thought of such a thing."

"My darling, hush! Take it and welcome, and Heaven grant you all the happiness you deserve."

She kissed me, and watched me out of sight, her pale face all alight with adoring love.

I went by Sturtevant's and bought the showy trinket that had attracted my fancy, and then made my way to the rectory. Jennie was out in the grounds. I joined her and put my present in her pretty hand.

"I want you to wear it for my sake."

Her starry eyes flashed with surprise; but, seeing my embarrassed pain, she said, kindly:

"Oh, how pretty it is! To be sure I'll wear it, Chancy; but really I'm sorry you bought it."

I felt dreadfully hurt; but I was determined to "face the music," and be done with it. Down on my knees I went, and poured in rapid recitative the declaration of love which I had composed and learned by rote weeks before.

Jennie's great eyes widened, and at last she broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, Chancy—oh, you silly boy! I never thought of such a thing as this! I like you ever so well, and I was grateful to you because you saved my neck that afternoon; but, my dear child, I'm already engaged. I shall marry Dr. Palmer in September."

I was up and off in an instant, my very heart on fire with insulted pride. I heard her voice calling, but I did not look back; I went straight on to the river. It flowed on between the verdant shores, its blue waves all a-glitter in the moonlight. My pain was too keen to bear; I took off my new coat and plunged in. But, old friend, dying is not such an easy thing as *we* fancy, in our egotistic discontent. The water filled my ears, and gurgled down my throat, taking away my breath. I could not swim, and as I felt myself going down to certain death, I forgot my wounded love and cried out lustily for help.

One of the harbor guards heard and came to my relief, and succeeded in dragging me out, more dead than alive, but infinitely grateful that I had failed in my rash purpose.

I sneezed and snorted, and was drenched with hot liquor, and somewhere after midnight found myself able to keep on my legs. I got into my drenched garments, gathered up my new coat from the sands, and turned my face homeward. I feel a sort of pity for myself, even to this day, when I think what a figure I must have cut!

The "wee sma' hours" were wearing away when I reached the cottage, but a full moon shone, with the lustre of noonday, over the green pasture-lands, the sleeping kine, the wooded hills; over the low portico, covered with trailing rose-vines, the white light fell; and on the step sat mother, waiting and watching for my coming.

I hurried on, eager to pour my sorrows into her sympathizing ear. I spoke—she did not move or answer. I bent over her and took her hand; it was like ice, and the face that looked up to the Summer stars wore that solemn serenity which never belongs to life. Mother was dead!

Her death brought me to my senses. I threw my verses aside, and went to work in sheer desperation. Constant labor, ceaseless action, brought resignation

Jennie Ives married her doctor and went off to Europe again, and after that the slow, uneventful years wore on. I never had a second love-dream. Old Diogenes in his tub was never a more surly misanthrope than I. I led the life of a hermit, and fairly hated women.

A score of Summers had strewn their blossoms over mother's grave when, after years of travel, I again found myself in my native land and at my old birthplace. There stood the little cottage, all covered with vines; there lay the pasture-land where mother's cows used to graze. I was a rich man, partly from my own efforts, and partly from a fortune inherited from a deceased relative; so I bought up half the country, and builded myself a very palace on the pretty hill that overlooks the river.

You'll come down for the shooting this Autumn, old friend, and see for yourself what a snug box it is.

Well, I lived there all alone in my glory, shutting my heart and my doors in the face of all human sympathy for three dreary years, and then fate found me out.

One September afternoon I was lying in the grass under the old walnut-tree, watching the lazy flow of the river, and dreaming bitterly of days gone by. There was music down

MY WIFE, AND HOW I WON HER.—"ONE OF THE HARBOR GUARDS HEARD, AND CAME TO MY RELIEF AND SUCCEEDED IN DRAGGING ME OUT MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE."—SEE PAGE 363.

in the village, and the streets were full of people. The war had not been long over, and some sort of charity fair was in progress for the benefit of the soldiers' orphans. I lay in the afternoon sunshine, listening to the music, my heart full of bitter discontent. With all my wealth I was wretchedly miserable.

A sweet voice, as clear as the note of a linnet, broke in upon my dreams.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Trowbridge?"

I started to my feet. A woman stood before me, with a face like a pearl, a dress of brown silk, and, in the old lace at her lovely throat, my turquoise brooch!

For an instant I lost my breath.

"I think you are Mr. Trowbridge," continued the sweet voice.

And the brown eyes flashed on me like two luminous stars.

My dead heart gave a great thrill.

"I am Mr. Trowbridge," I answered. "I beg your pardon, madam, but I haven't the honor——"

"No, no—you don't know me, of course," she put in, simply. "I am Jennie Palmer, and I live at the old rectory yonder. I came home from Paris a month ago, and I happened to hear your name. Mr. Trowbridge," and the starry eyes gleamed on me again, "do you remember this old brooch I wear? Ah! I see you do. I have worn it ever so many years—ever since I was a bit of a girl—and mamma told me the story. It was such a wretched story, and I've always felt *so* sorry for you, Mr. Trowbridge; and all my life I've hoped I should meet you some day. I think mamma treated you shamefully, though, of course, it was right she should marry papa. And when I heard you were living up here all alone, and wouldn't be friendly with any one, I just made up my mind to make you a visit. I've come, you see, and I want you to treat me civilly; and mamma wants you to come down to the rectory to supper, and go with us to the Orphans' Fair to-night. Mr. Trowbridge, *please* say you will!"

She held out her soft little hand, and I took it, of course, and escorted her up to my own domicile; and an hour later I accompanied her home to the rectory, and was heartily welcomed by my first love—a fair and portly matron, the mother of four or five stalwart sons.

"My dear Chancy, how glad I am to meet you again! And, bless me! how you *have* improved! I never dreamed you would make such a distinguished-looking man. You'll forget and forgive the past, of course. Jennie wears your turquoise brooch, you see—she has worn it for years. I'm sure you and she will be the best of friends."

She was right. I found the daughter a hundred times more winning than ever the mother had been, and I soon loved her with a love whose strength and tenderness put my egotistic boyish passion to shame.

I asked her to be my wife, and she put her hand in mine, and answered, simply:

"Yes, Mr. Trowbridge, I will be your wife. I have thought of you so much, and worn your old brooch so long, I don't think I could ever have cared for another as I care for you."

I gave her precious gifts—diamonds and pearls—for her marriage gems, but she would pin her bridal laces with the old turquoise brooch; and she wears it now, as you see, as she sits yonder, with our son upon her bosom.

LORD HERBERT says that a student of anatomy cannot be an atheist. "The body is the greatest miracle of nature." Atheism is an exhausted receiver. In it the mind cannot use its wings, the clearest proof that it is out of its element.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.—A NORTH ITALIAN SCENE.

THE village fountain lies hard by the cluster of little cottages with thatched and sloping roofs and whitewashed walls that peep out from between the trees, and at this evening hour it is thronged with women, young and old, in quest of their nightly supply. A great chattering may be heard; the well is a trysting-place for young men and maidens, and a place of gossip for the old women; it is noisy.

The *conca* is filled in a few minutes, and then lifted to its place on the head; lifted, not painfully or clumsily, but with a movement full of that grace for which these strong and hardy girls are so specially remarkable. Watch her now as she descends the steep and stony path upon the village. Her figure—strong and beautifully measured—sways gently upon its hips, her knees are straightened slightly, and her toes are pointed that she may the better feel her way as she comes down the hill. The way is rough, and the stones roll from under her, neither dare she look to her steps by reason of the burden on her head; yet her bare feet tread none the less firmly, nor fear to cling to the rocks. The brown column of her throat grows erect to support a shapely head from out-curved and goodly shoulders, and, beneath a soft, silken kerchief which she wears loosely across the top part of her figure, the breasts swell tenderly. One arm rests curved on her hip, as though to steady her gait; and, even through a sleeve of soft, stout stuff, the firm molding of the flesh can be distinctly traced. The other arm hangs at her side, and seems to emphasize the graceful motion of her limbs.

The erect and alert grace of these Italian peasant girls, which can scarcely be realized unless one has seen them at home, is doubtless due in great measure to their practice of carrying all burdens upon the head.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

BY M. S. C. S.

Edward Townsend to his friend Jack Farnham.

"DEAR JACK: Prepare yourself for a surprise. I am really engaged at last to Nellie Trafford. I suppose I ought to ask you to congratulate me, but I am not sure that I want any congratulations. The fact is, Jack, that the arrangement is not one of my own making, but one to which I am a party from sheer force of circumstances, and so, instead of being in that blissful state peculiar to newly engaged men, I'm as blue as thunder.

"Of course you have known for years that the respective heads of the Townsend and Trafford families have had a marriage between their only surviving children in view. That it has been, indeed, the pet plan and project of two men whose friendship, from boyhood to middle age, has never been marred by anger or discord.

"But you have heard me vow, again and again, that it should never come to pass. That I would never ask Nellie Trafford or any one else to be my wife unless I felt for her that love which a man should feel toward the woman he is about to marry. But, as I have said before, Jack, stress of circumstances has been too much for me, and I have miserably yielded. It has all come about in this way: You know well enough how I have been living since my return from Germany. Driving fast horses, giving wine-suppers, betting on anything and everything which offered a chance for a wager—in short, making a fool of myself generally, while my profession has been but a profession in name, a mere excuse for doing nothing. Every now and then I

would have a scene with the governor, who has reasoned and stormed alternately. I have repeatedly promised to do better, but with no result.

"The crisis occurred last evening. You see, I went to the Fall races, expecting to retrieve some of my losses and make enough to pay some of my debts. I thought I had hedged in such a way that to lose was impossible; but the devil's own luck was against me, and every horse I backed was beaten out of sight. Of course I was terribly cut up about it, but there was nothing to do but to make a clean breast of it to the governor, and ask him to help me out. Well, we had a stormy time of it, and it ended in his declaring that he utterly refused to pay one of my debts, or, in fact, to have anything more to do with me, unless I was 'willing' to settle down and become respectable. That the best thing for me to do was to get married at once. He then proceeded to tell me that I had always known his wishes in regard to Miss Trafford. That he did not think the young lady would object to the arrangement—first, because it was her father's wish, and she always obeyed him implicitly, and, second, that in his opinion she would not object to me as a husband on my own account. Jack, did you ever hear of such a glaringly cool proposition as the above?

"Well, the sequel is short, and so, partly because I was in a bad scrape, and partly because I believed he was right, and that it would be a good thing for me to marry, I consented. So, this morning I went around to see old Trafford, to ask him for the hand of his daughter.

"The old fellow was evidently quite delighted at my proposition, and said that 'it had been his dearest wish that he might live to see the son of his old friend the husband,' etc.; adding, by way of conclusion, that I 'might come again this afternoon, and see the young lady herself, just as a matter of form; though he felt perfectly certain that he could say Yes for her, as she always did what her father wished.'

"Well, this afternoon I called again, went on my knees in due form, and was accepted. But, Jack, it was terribly awkward! Nellie came down-stairs as pale and white as a ghost, with great dark lines under her superb eyes which told of the bitter struggle that had been carried on in that proud, womanly heart.

"Poor girl! she knows it is perfectly useless to attempt to oppose her father's wishes, for his will is as inflexible as iron. Yet, I do not believe he really means to be unkind; he only thinks it quite proper that he should select a husband for his daughter—that's all. But yet, Jack, I could not help being unpleasantly reminded that I was, after all, the real cause of her trouble; for if I had not consented first to this heartless arrangement, nothing would ever have come of it.

"There is another thing, too, which makes it all the harder, and that is that Nellie and I have always been the very best of friends until now. Don't despise me, Jack, for my weakness; I used once to believe with you that there was such a thing as real love; but my few years' experience of fashionable society have done much to unsettle my belief. Nobody marries in New York for love; that is a species of insanity which is not tolerated here. Not that the contracting parties actually hate each other, but their regard is a very weak solution of what real affection ought to be.

"I suppose I have become demoralized by these disgraceful examples, or I would never have, for an instant, consented to this arrangement. Yet, I am not so utterly ruined as to be lost to a sense of shame; I have an unpleasant consciousness that my manhood is at a discount.

"Then, when I think of you, my old friend, rising rapidly in your profession, and making a name for yourself that many a young man envies; and of that bright home of yours, over which that sweet little woman so gracefully presides, and then of my own idle, aimless, useless life, it seems, somehow, as if we had drifted so very, very far apart since those old college days. But I must close. Good-by, old fellow! Yours, affectionately, NED."

"NEW YORK, November 18th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK: Your letter of the 4th, containing your best wishes, reached me safely. The fact is, congratulations have been about the only thing I have heard for the last two weeks. Though our engagement broke upon the fashionable world in the most unexpected manner, yet, as soon as it could recover from the first shock of surprise, it fairly deluged us with well-wishes.

"It has been a pretty hard ordeal for us both, but particularly for Nellie. I have actually pitied the girl. As for me, I am considered to be an awfully lucky fellow, and there isn't a man in our set who wouldn't give all he is worth to stand in my shoes. And it is no great wonder, either; for Nellie is handsome, rich and accomplished, and one of the few fashionable girls I know of who retains the respect of every man of her acquaintance.

"I suppose you are anxious, Jack, to know how we are getting along. Well, you would never dream, to see us together, that we were engaged. We never have talked a word of love, and I have never kissed even her hand. I am glad to say that that wearying constraint of manner which made the first few days of our engagement unendurable is fast disappearing, and we now treat each other as ordinary acquaintances.

"In fact, there is nothing at all remarkable about our conduct except a degree of indifference that would scarcely be tolerated between friends. Of course, we try to display a faint degree of interest in each other when we are out, both being too proud to let the world guess the truth. It is all a terrible farce. It is bad enough for me, in all conscience; but what must it be for *her?* But I can write no more to-day. Good-by. NED."

NEW YORK, November 30th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK—Well, I am growing quite resigned to my fate. The truth is that it is not so bad, after all, this being engaged, if a man is lucky enough to get a *fiancée* like Nell. You see, I am gradually finding out what fine traits the girl has, now that we have dropped that formal manner which was the bane of our existence when we were first engaged, and are really becoming quite good friends. That must sound odd enough—'becoming a friend of your *fiancée*,' but I can assure you it is quite an agreeable thing.

"Of course, as engaged people, we see a great deal of each other. There is a ride in the Park every pleasant afternoon; then a reception, or a German, or the opera every evening. And, by-the-way, she is a remarkably fine girl to take out; always looks elegantly, and appears so deucedly well, that a man would be more than human if he wasn't proud of her.

"Thus she is dead-certain of being a leading belle wherever she goes, and it is only with the exercise of some precaution that a fellow can have any dances to himself, if he does happen to be engaged. Sometimes it is rather aggravating to have other men monopolize her to such an extent, especially when such a fellow as Tom Bartine persists in hovering around for an entire evening, as he did last night at Wickes's reception.

"But Jack, a most peculiar thing occurred the other afternoon. I won't venture any explanations, but will

AT THE FOUNTAIN—A NORTH ITALIAN SCENE.—SEE PAGE 366.

just relate the affair as it happened. You see, I was coming up-town in a cab, when, happening to look out of the window, I saw the Traffords' carriage turning the corner into one of those rather disreputable streets on the east side of Broadway. Wondering at what it was doing there, especially as Nellie was the only occupant—for I caught a glimpse of her lying back among the cushions—I told my driver to follow the carriage. It stopped before an old tenement shanty, and I saw Nell, closely vailed, alight quickly and hurry into the house, carrying something in her hand.

"Following her as quickly as I could, I saw her enter a room on the fourth floor. I know it was a mean thing to do, but the temptation was very strong, so I stood very quietly outside the door, and listened to what was going on inside.

"As nearly as I could judge from the conversation, the occupant of the room was a sick woman—one, I guess, whose life hadn't been all right. Jack, I wish you could have heard the way Nell talked to that woman about a better life, and the love of God for sinners! You know I am not much on sermons generally, but that was one which would have drawn tears from a stone.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.—"I WAS RUSHING LIKE A MADMAN FROM THE ROOM, WHEN, HAPPENING TO LOOK ROUND, I SAW NELLIE ON HER KNEES BEFORE A LOW CHAIR."—SEE PAGE 366.

"Just as it closed, I crept down the rickety stairs, got into my cab, and rode home. But, somehow, ever since, those words have been ringing in my ears in a most peculiar fashion.

"By-the-way, Jack, I have made up my mind to leave liquor and cards alone. I have sold Victor, too, though that cost me a pang, as he made his mile, the last time I had *him out*, in 'thirty-six. But Nell don't like men that drive *fast* horses. Write often, old fellow. Yours, affectionately,

"NED."

"NEW YORK, December 20th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK—Of course you know the news, for you have seen by the papers of father's failure. Yes, Jack, the old firm of Townsend, Caxton & Co. is irretrievably smashed up; there is not so much as one dollar of the old concern left. Thank Heaven, mother has some little money of her own, which can't be touched. It is not a great deal, but it will support the two old people in a quiet, plain way.

"As for me, I am not going to be a burden on them any longer. I am about to make a strike for myself. There is a small town out in Illinois where there is a good chance to commence practice with an old uncle of mine. I'll never make a fortune, but I can get a living. Of course, Jack, I have been honorable enough to release Nellie from her engagement. I sent her a note the day after the crash came, telling her that 'I supposed she would only be too glad to be released from an engagement always distasteful to herself, as her father would probably not insist on her marrying a beggar.'

"It was rather bitter, I admit; but, Jack, will you believe me when I say that the loss of property, position and all is but a trifle to me compared with the loss of *her?* Don't think me a lunatic; it is the solemn truth. Yes, I have suddenly waked up to find myself, almost against my will, as madly in love with this woman as it is possible for a man to be, and only when too late, too late! Actually, I haven't been to see her since this happened—almost a week—because I have not dared to trust myself. But I am going this afternoon, for to-morrow I leave for the West—not permanently, but in order to make arrangements—and I must see her before I go. But I can write no more now. Good-by. NED."

"P. S. (*Evening*)—I have torn open this envelope to add a postscript, which I could not let this letter go without. You see, I went around to Nellie's this afternoon to say

good-by. Actually, Jack, it seemed as if I could never drag myself up the steps to the house—such a terrible, worn-out feeling, as if I had grown to be an old man in a week.

"Well, I meant to be very careful; but at the sight of Nell, all my composure vanished, and before I knew what I was saying, I was telling her, in the wildest fashion, 'that now that it was all over between us, I would give my life to tell her that she was the world to me, and to hear one little word of love from her lips, but that I had come to say good-by—good-by for ever!'

"Then, before she had time to answer—for my brain seemed to be going away—I was rushing like a madman from the room, when, happening to look round, I saw Nellie on her knees before some low chair, her head buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. For an instant I stood like one struck dumb; but in another, Nell was in my arms, and——

"Jack, you know more about me now than any other living man; and, though you are the dearest friend I have on earth, yet there are scenes too sacred even for your loving eyes. So here the curtain falls. Only, Jack, if I go to Illinois it will not be alone. E. S."

ELIZABETHAN TRAVEL.

The art of road-making was not known in the realm of Queen Elizabeth. What they were pleased to call roads then were deeply-rutted tracks, almost or altogether impassable in bad weather. The country was still generally uninclosed, and all that could be done when the ruts became too deep for endurance was to essay a fresh track by the side of the old one.

Some statutes, indeed, had been passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, designed to improve certain thoroughfares of notorious badness, and an Act of more general application had been passed in the reign of Queen Mary; but little or nothing had come of them. The description given in the preamble of the statute of 1555 remained still true: "Highways are both very noisesome and tedious to travel in, and dangerous to all passengers and carriages."

We have not yet learned to control our rivers, and it is still possible sometimes to see wide lakes extending over the land—but this was a common Elizabethan spectacle. Often then, and many a time after, locomotion was completely intercepted by floods. Not so very seldom might it be said that the "contagious fogs"

> "Falling in the land,
> Have every pelting river made so proud
> That they have overborne their continents:
> The ox hath, therefore, stretch'd his yoke in vain,
> The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
> The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
> And cows are fatted with the murrain flock;
> The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
> And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
> For lack of tread are undistinguishable."

At such times one's journey could only be pursued by the help of skillful guides, and even so at some risk. To take a late illustration. Thorsby, who died in 1715, tells us in his diary how the rains had "raised the washes upon the road near Ware to that height, that passengers from London that were upon the road, swam, and a poor higgler was drowned, which prevented me traveling for many hours; yet toward evening, we adventured with some country-people, who conducted us over the meadows, whereby we missed the deepest of the wash at Chestnut, though we rode to the saddle-skirts for a considerable way, but got safe to Waltham Cross, where we lodged."

Such being the roads—so "founderous," as some one calls them—what would the vehicles be?

Carriers' carts of a sort did struggle along; but, for the most part, movement was accomplished on foot or on horseback, and conveyance of goods by pack-horses. Horse-litters were occasionally used. Coaches are said to have been introduced by Boomen, Queen Elizabeth's own coachman; but they were little better, as Mr. Smiles remarks, than carts without springs, the body resting solid upon the axles. And those who used them paid a bitter penalty for the luxury.

At one of the first audiences which the Queen gave to the French Ambassador, in 1568, she feelingly described to him "the aching pains she was suffering in consequence of having been knocked about in a coach which had been driven a little too fast, only a few days before."

About a century later, the public vehicles were popularly known as "hell-carts," and, no doubt, well deserved the name. One grave objection to wheels was, it seems, that they broke up the roads! "King James," says Mr. Roberts, "proclaimed that carts and wagons with four wheels, carrying excessive burdens, so galled the highways and the very foundations of bridges that the King denounced them to the judges as common nuisances, against the weal public, and the use of them an offense. By this proclamation of James I., in the year 1622, no carrier was to travel with a four-wheeled wagon, but only with a cart having two wheels, and only to carry 20 cwt. Any one transgressing this was to be punished."

At Weymouth, in 1635, "the authorities passed a by-law, that no brewers were to bind the wheels of their carts with iron, as it wore away the pitching of the streets. Precisely similar was the complaint against hackney-coaches, 1638, viz., that they broke up the streets. . . . It having been thought proper to ordain, in the year 1662, that the wheels of each cart or wagon should be four inches in tyre, this was found to be impracticable, for in some parts the ruts could not receive such wheels, nor could carriages pass. A proclamation staid the prosecution of offenders till the further order of Parliament."

In the Elizabethan age, the fact was that the roads could not bear the coaches, and the coaches could not bear the roads; so there was but little traffic in that way, that fearful institution, the stage-coach, being a later birth of time.

We have an incidental picture of the traveling equestrian of the seventeenth century, in a book quoted by Mr. Smiles, called "The Grand Concern of England Explained in Several Proposals to Parliament," published in 1673, denouncing stage-coaches and caravans. The writer, said to be one John Gressot, of the Charterhouse, insists that stage-coaches were ruinous to trade, "for that most gentlemen, before they traveled in coaches, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus and hat-cases (a heavy cargo this!), which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion for; for, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end, or lay by the way; but in coaches a silk suit and Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings and beaver hats, men ride in and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt, which, on horseback, they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback, their clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of the manufactures and the employment of the manufacturer, which traveling in coaches doth in no way do."

Certainly it was not all plain sailing for the equestrian.

It was often as much as he could do—nay, more—to get along. Here is a fourteenth century instance: Archbishop Islip, riding from Oxford Palace to Mayfield, Sussex, in 1362, fell from his horse in a wet and miry lane between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge, so that he was wet through all over. In that pitiable state he rode on without any change of clothes, and was seized with paralysis. Think of his poor Grace, the Prelate of all England, utterly dank and bemudded! And things were scarcely a whit better three centuries after: "Eight hundred horse were taken prisoners in the civil wars in Lincolnshire while sticking in the mire."

Add to all the perils from ruts and sloughs and floods those from highwaymen. The waters were only sometimes out; the robbers always were, professionals or amateurs. The woods that then abounded afforded these gentlemen an excellent cover, which they turned to good account. So early as 1285 some attempt was made to circumscribe this accommodation. It was enacted, says Mr. Smiles, "That all bushes and trees along the roads leading from one market to another should be cut down for two hundred feet on either side, to prevent robbers lurking therein." On the Buckinghamshire proverb, "Here if you beat a bush it's odds you'ld start a thief," Fuller, in his "Worthies," observes: "No doubt there was just occasion for this proverb at the original thereof, which then contained satirical truth, proportioned to the place before it was reformed; whereof thus our great antiquary: 'It was altogether unpassable in times past by reason of trees, until that Leofstane, Abbot of St. Alban's, did cut them down, because they yielded a place of refuge for thieves.' But this proverb is now antiquated as to the truth thereof, Buckinghamshire affording as many maiden assizes as any locality of equal populousness. Yea, hear how she pleadeth for herself, that such highwaymen were never her natives, but fled thither for their shelter out of neighboring counties." We may quite admit the truth of Fuller's latter remark, without believing that highway robbery was at all rare in the county of which he speaks. Certainly in the olden times the Chiltern Hills were notorious for the bandits that haunted them. "We passed through many woods," writes Brunetto Latini, Dante's tutor, of his journey from London to Oxford, "considered here as dangerous places, as they are infested with robbers, which indeed is the case with most of the roads in England. This is a circumstance connived at by the neighboring barons, on consideration of sharing in their booty and of these robbers serving as their protectors on all occasions, personally and with the whole strength of their band. However, as our company was numerous, we had less fear." It was to establish order, or do what he could in that line in this thieves' lair, that the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds was originally appointed. But in all parts of the country a meeting with those who

> "With a base and boisterous sword enforced
> A thievish living on the common road"

was a very common traveling experience; and so it was common to go armed.

THE TERRACE OF THE PALAZZO REALE, AT NAPLES.

One of the most interesting views in the world is the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance, from the terrace of the Palazzo Reale. This spacious piazza was reduced to its present form in 1810, when four convents, which formerly stood upon its site, were removed. On one of its sides is the royal palace, on two others are the palaces of the Prince of Salerno and of the Prefect of Naples; the fourth, forming a semicircle, is occupied by the Church of Saint Francesco di Paola and the porticoes leading to it. In the centre of the square are two colossal equestrian statues of Charles III. and Ferdinand I. of Bourbon. The two horses, and the statue of Charles, are by Canova; the statue of Ferdinand, by Cali. The history of the figure of Charles is an epitome of the political changes of Naples itself. It was originally modeled as a statue of Napoleon; it was afterward altered so as to represent Murat, and finally converted into that of Charles.

In the small square of the royal palace, beyond the Theatre of San Carlo, on each side of the entrance to the gardens, are two statues of horses in bronze, cast at St. Petersburg, and presented to Ferdinand II. by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Each horse is held by a naked male figure. In the same garden is an artesian well, which produces 300,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

The piazza is laden with flowers, and such flowers! The very tropics would seem to have exhausted themselves in a supreme effort to yield their choicest and best floral gifts for the festoon by the borders of the loveliest of lovely bays. In the distance Vesuvius, rising cone-like from out the deep-blue waters, emits a thin white smoke from its summit, like a fairy plume. Half-way up its sides, coquettish cottages with red tiled roofs peep from behind vails of greenest vine-leaves. The blue ocean meets the azure sky at a trysting-place of pinkish white—the pink of an Alpine sunset. Saucy feluccas, with quaint sails of many hues, dot the bay. Ships of every flag under the sun ride at anchor, while a grim Italian ironclad, like a huge, sleeping watchdog, guards the fiery Neapolitans, whose passion for revolution is but banked up, as it bursts forth at fitful intervals, resembling an eruption of the red-hot molten lava of their now slumbering volcano.

To lean upon the gilded railing of the piazza, and gaze outward and beneath, is a sensation to be remembered at once and for ever. Across the bay lie Capes Miceno and Campanella, with the islands of Ischia, Procida and Capri, swooning in blue water. Beneath, the Marinella—a long, open beach, extending from the port of the Castel del Carmine to the Ponte della Madalena, once the headquarters of the famous lazzaroni—a class now almost extinct—the Molo, built in 1302 by Charles II., is one of the favorite promenades of the seafaring classes. Till within a few years ago, the Molo was the famous resort of the *cantastorie*, who read, sang and gesticulated tales of Rinaldo and his paladins, out of a medieval poem called "Il Rinaldo," to a motley audience seated on planks or standing.

The *cantastorie* are now to be found on the shore of the Marinella, beyond the Molo Piccolo—the Villa Nazionale, *the* favorite promenade of Naples. Its length is 5,000 feet, and its width about 200. It forms a long strip, separated from the sea by a parapet. The first half is in Italian style, the remainder an attempt to imitate the less formal pleasure-grounds of England, by the introduction of winding paths, grottoes, a small loggia toward the sea, and two small temples to Virgil and Tasso. The sea air proved so injurious to the statuary, that the famous Farnese Bull was removed to the museum, and replaced in 1825 by the large granite basin from Pæstium, which forms the centre fountain.

On every side the eye is greeted with some charm of color, some subtle delight in form, some *bizarre* yet all-satisfying object. From the graceful *abandon* of the lazzaroni, to the newest and most correct fashion from Worth's, may be espied from the terrace of Palazzo Real; while on the warmest day in Summer comes a cool breeze across the bay to caress the glorious exotics which disport themselves along its matchless terrace.

HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It is customary, in every attempt to trace the early history of electricity, to go back to the properties of amber as known to the ancient Greeks, and to speak of the twitching of a frog's legs, as observed by the more modern Italians; but in talking of steam, we can think of nothing better than a kettle as having first suggested the expansive power of hot vapor, and its possible application to machines.

Who it was that first observed the bumping of the cover of a water-kettle can never be known; but it is certain that the earliest philosophers saw in the escaping steam a potential energy which some day would be chained to a crank and be made to show its power.

The ancients early applied paddle-wheels to the propelling of vessels, and Roger Bacon, in 1250, suggested the use of steam as a motive power for this purpose. Denis Papin was probably the first to actually apply steam to the propulsion of a vessel. As early as 1690, Papin urged the feasibility of constructing steamboats, and before the year 1707 he had completed a model, with which he navigated the Fulda as far as Münden, where that river joins the Weser. In order to proceed further down the Weser, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Hanoverian Government, and to obtain this authorization Papin wrote to Leibnitz, explaining the importance of his invention, and the desire he had of taking his vessel to London for further experiment. This correspondence with Leibnitz has been preserved among the archives of the library in Hanover, and I have had the rare privilege of examining it, and of authenticating the truth of Papin's claim to the actual construction and completion of a steamboat at that early period.

THE MARQUIS DE JOUFFROY.

Leibnitz at once appreciated the vast importance of the invention, and supported the petition of Papin for permission to sail down the Weser by every means in his power. In his letter to the Ministers of State in Hanover—the original of which I saw in the library there—Leibnitz says that "the machine of Papin will enable one man to accomplish as much work as several hundred boatmen."

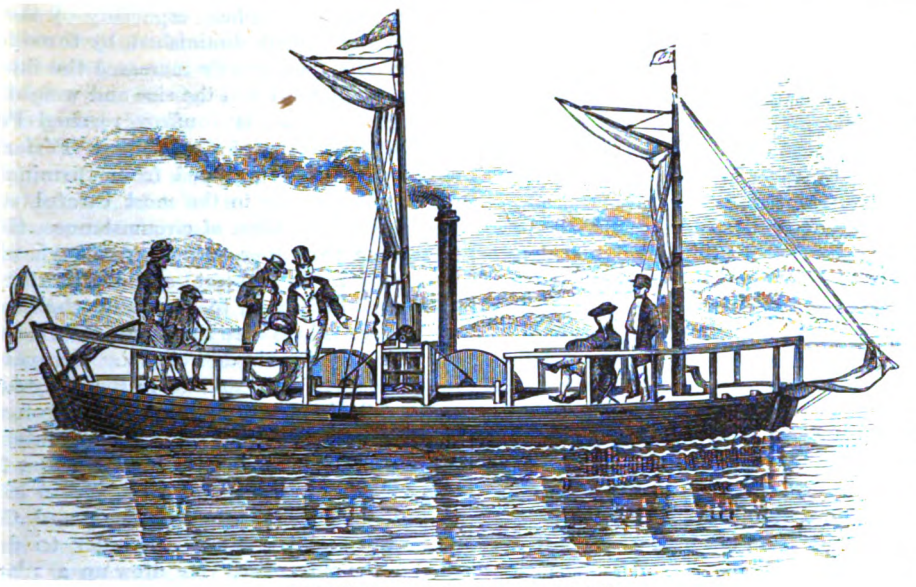
Strange to say, the very reasonable request of Papin was refused. The letter was returned, with the indorsement that the Council find many scruples to the granting of the request, and therefore decline it. What these scruples were, they do not condescend to state. It is another illustration of the immense mischief that ignorant men, dressed up in brief authority, can inflict upon their generation. All that Papin desired was to navigate the Weser to the open sea, and thence to bring his vessel to London.

As soon as the boatmen at Münden heard of the action of the Hanoverian Government, they went on board of the steamer at night and utterly destroyed it. Papin was mobbed, and barely escaped with his life, and what became of him is not known with certainty; he is supposed to have fled to England, and to have

TRIAL OF THE MARQUIS DE JOUFFROY'S STEAMBOAT ON THE RIVER SEINE.

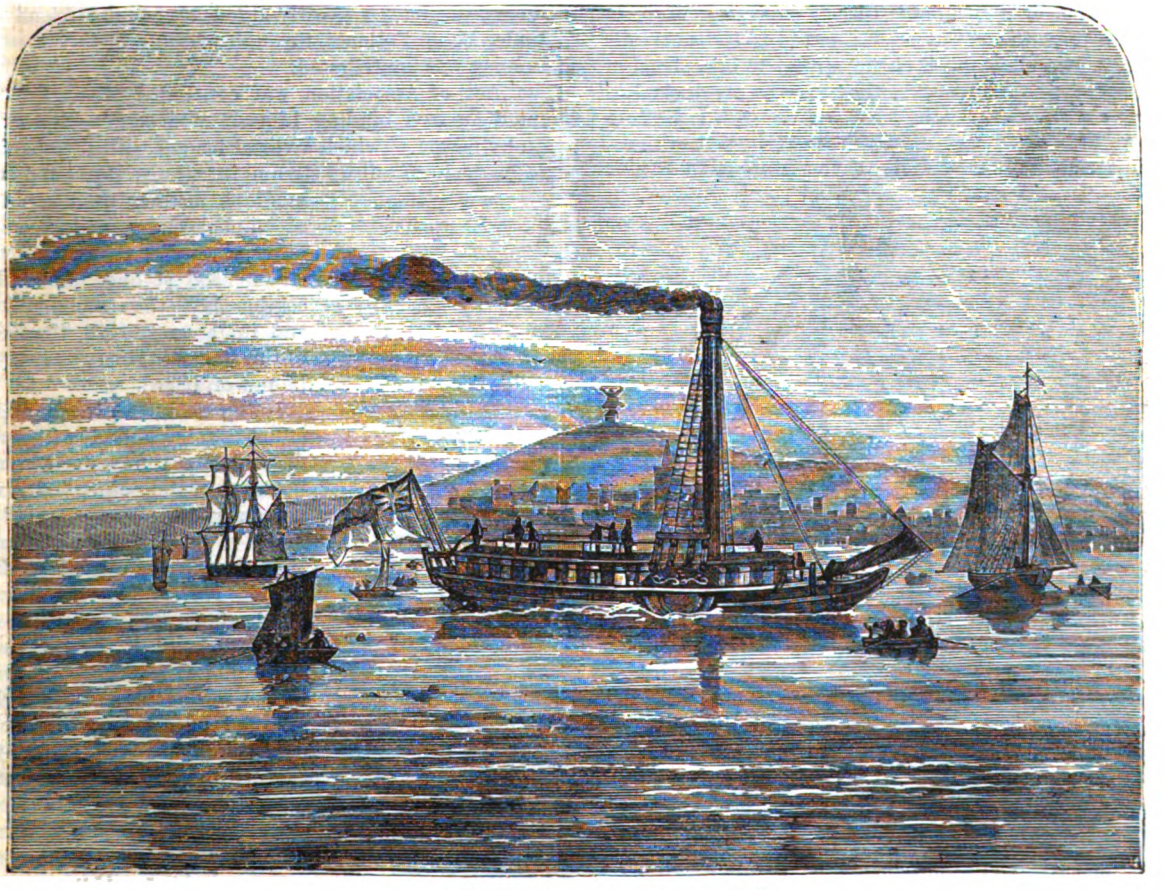
died there in great misery.

In the pamphlets published at the time, and in the correspondence with Leibnitz, are preserved drawings of the machinery which Papin proposed to use on his steamer. It was certainly a crude attempt, and would have required numerous modifications to bring it into practical shape; and I was greatly interested to find on the margin of one of the pamphlets, notes and comments by Leibnitz, together with drawings of pistons and valves, which the great philosopher thought would have been an improvement on Papin's imperfect contrivance. Leibnitz fully appreciated the value of the application of steam as a motor, and could have contributed important suggestions if Papin had not been driven from the country.



MILLER'S DOUBLE PLEASURE-BOAT, 1788.

When the attempt to introduce steamboats on German waters was repeated, more than a hundred years later, it met with furious opposition from boatmen, who claimed that their avocation would be ruined. The mob fired at the first steamers on the Rhine, and it was not until after several serious conflicts and the aid of the military that it was safe for any one to show himself on the deck of a passing boat. Nearly thirty years elapsed after the failure of Papin's efforts, before further progress was made. In December, 1736, Jonathan Hulls patented a marine steam engine, proposing to employ his vessel in towing. He published a descriptive pamphlet in 1737, containing a sketch of a Newcomen engine, with a system of counterpoises, ropes, ratchets and grooved wheels, giving a continuous motion. There were no masts and no sails on this craft, and only one wheel, at the stern. The



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE THAMES, 1814.

Newcomen engine was not adapted to produce continuous revolution of a wheel, and the great amount of fuel required to get up steam was a serious objection. The British Admiralty condemned the invention as impracticable, and it soon passed into oblivion.

William Henry, of Chester County, Pa., tried a model steamboat on the Conestoga River in 1763, but it appears to have left slight impression on the history of the times.

In 1753 the French Academy of Sciences offered a prize for a dissertation on the best substitute for sails in the navigation of ships. There were several competitors for this honor, but the highest award was conferred upon M. Bernouilli, who demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the application of steam to navigation was an impossibility. It must, however, be said in his justification that the only engine known at the time was Newcomen's, which everybody must agree was entirely unsuited to use on steamboats. One of the other competitors for the prize was the Abbé Gauthier, who maintained that steam was the best agent to be employed for propelling vessels, and he supported his thesis with great originality and power.

The defects of Newcomen's engine, the enormous quantity of fuel required, and the extreme difficulty of transforming the intermittent motion into regular and constant power, were for the time insurmountable obstacles to the substitution of steam for sails or man-power. Such was the condition of affairs, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

The Marquis of Jouffroy returned to Paris in 1775, after an exile of several years on the Island of Sainte Marguerite, where he had employed his time in watching the labors of the galley-slaves and in reflecting upon the possibility of substituting some other power than that of man in the navigation of ships. It is claimed for him that he never heard of the attempts of a Spaniard, Blasco de Garay, made in 1543, in the presence of Charles V.; and in fact, the exploits of this Spanish claimant to fame appear to have been of such an apocryphal nature that they may be overlooked in any history with entire justice, as the statements regarding them have to be received with great reservation.

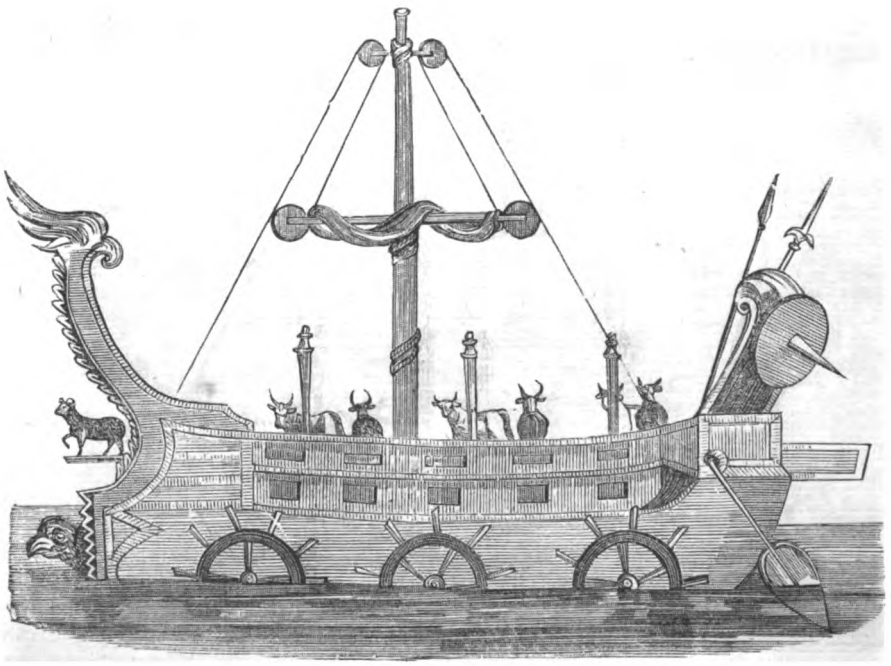
In the meantime, the defects of the Newcomen engine were gradually supplied, especially by the labors of Watt in England. Watt diminished by three-fourths the consumption of fuel, greatly increased the intensity of action, and materially reduced the size and weight of the engine.

When the Marquis Jouffroy reached Paris in 1775, he found at the works of the brothers Périer one of Watts's engines, recently imported from Birmingham. He subjected this machine to the most careful study; and, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, there were at the same time two other noblemen in Paris who were equally interested in the subject, and materially aided, by their advice and assistance, to keep alive the flagging zeal of all concerned. These were the Count d'Auxiron and the Chevalier Charles Monnin de Follenai. Compatriots, neighbors in the county, both captains in the Lorraine Legion, comrades at the School of Artillery, D'Auxiron and Follenai had conceived the project of using a jet of water from the force-pump of a steam engine as a motive power for vessels. The idea took full possession of them, and in 1770 they decided to put their plan into practice; and Count d'Auxiron quitted the military service in order to devote all of his time to the enterprise. He drew up a plan and specification for the construction of a ship to be provided with a steam pump; and, armed with these documents, repaired to Paris to submit them to the Ministry.

These plans found much favor with the high authorities, and the Minister Bertin promised to grant to the Count the exclusive privilege of applying steam to navigation. Letters patent to this effect were issued on the 14th of May, 1772, for the period of fifteen years, provided a plan satisfactory to the Academy of Sciences was put into practical operation. Armed with this document, Count d'Auxiron hastened to organize a company in order to provide the funds necessary to build the boat and construct the engine. In this matter he was greatly aided by his old friend and comrade, M. de Follenai, through whose efforts the requisite money was contributed.

The Act of Association was concluded May 21, 1772; Count d'Auxiron binding himself "to construct a steam pump by means of which a vessel loaded with merchandise could be made to sail up stream in a more rapid and commodious manner than could be accomplished by sails, oars or horse-power." Operations were commenced at once, and in December, 1772, the vessel was built; and in January, 1773, the boiler of the steam engine was ready to be put on board.

In the meantime, these preparations were watched with great disfavor by the watermen and boatmen of the Seine, and it was necessary to place a guard at night to prevent a repetition of the excesses committed at Münden in 1707. The hostility of the boatmen was so great, and manifested itself in so many ways that it was very annoying to the workmen, and somewhat retarded operations; but finally everything was ready for the trial trip, when an unexpected misfortune, very probably occasioned by the treachery of one of the mechanics, put a sudden end to the undertaking. During a September night, in 1774, the boat



DON JOSÉ NAVARRO'S OLD SPANISH WHEELED BOAT.

entirely disappeared beneath the waters. On the previous evening one of the workmen carelessly or intentionally let fall a massive piece of machinery weighing 130 pounds. Soon afterward all work for the day was suspended, and no one was left to guard the ship. The iron had caused an opening in the bottom, and during the night the water rushed in at such a rate as to sink the ship.

This proved the death-blow to the enterprise and to the inventor. The loss of the ship gave rise to much suspicion, and even the unhappy inventor was accused of having connived at it—a charge which he repelled with indignation. The anxiety occasioned by the wreck of the enterprise so worked upon the mind of d'Auxiron that he was seized with an apoplectic attack from which he died, at the early age of forty-seven, in 1778.

When the Marquis of Jouffroy returned to Paris, he was introduced to the heirs of d'Auxiron by Follenai, and, by mutual agreement, the exclusive privileges accorded to d'Auxiron by the Government were transferred to Jouffroy. The latter immediately set to work to carry out his plans. He and Follenai organized a new company to construct what they called a pyroscaphe, and in this matter they were greatly encouraged by the Marquis Ducrest—a nobleman of much influence at court, and a physicist of considerable repute.

Jouffroy could not have had a protector more useful to his purposes than this active and versatile person, whose imagination was at once fired by the idea of such an important invention. Thanks to his zeal, the project of navigation by steam soon became known to the best people in Paris, and a meeting was called at his house to consider how the enterprise could be best carried out. In this assemblage the most important personages were Périer, Jouffroy and Follenai.

During the discussion it appeared that Périer had a very different plan which he proposed to carry into execution, and he was able to persuade the majority to take his side of the question.

This was, for a time, a serious blow to Jouffroy. Périer was given the means to build a ship, but when it was put to the trial, it utterly failed, and the friends who had previously stood by him now deserted the failing scheme. In the meantime, Jouffroy had retired to the country, where, supported by a few faithful adherents, he commenced the construction of a steamboat according to his own notions. Unfortunately he went back to the most ancient times for his model, and spent years of time and stores of wealth in the vain attempt to adapt steam power to oars of every conceivable form of construction.

This was the same stage in steamboat navigation that has been described in the history of railroads, where cogwheels were deemed indispensable to prevent slipping on the track, and the cars recall the crutch locomotive first attempted in England. Jouffroy finally abandoned oars, and turned his attention to paddle-wheels, in which he was more successful. The engine had two cylinders, and the manner of transmitting motion to the wheels from the two pistons was similar to that originally adopted by Papin in 1707. The steam-engine had large dimensions, as the piston had a stroke of five feet, and was twenty-one inches in diameter. The boat was also as large as those now in use on the Rhine or Rhone.

It was at Lyons, on the River Saone, that the Marquis Jouffroy made his first trial trip with the pyroscaphe or steamboat on the 15th of July, 1783. The river which Cæsar called *lentissimus Arar* on account of its gentle current, was admirably adapted to the purposes of an experiment. On the 15th of July, 1783, in the presence of 10,000 spectators, who gathered on the banks of the river, and in view of the members of the Academy of Sciences invited for the occasion, the vessel moved with great regularity up and down the stream without any detention or accident. But the Government, after referring the matter to the Academy, declined, in 1784, to grant a patent; whereupon Jouffroy went to England to try his fortune with the people of that country, and did not return to France until the Consulate, when he made the acquaintance of Robert Fulton, and a free interchange of ideas took place between these two illustrious men.

In 1816, Jouffroy received permission to form a company, and the Count of Artois allowed Fulton to give his (the Count's) name of "Charles Phillippe" to the first steamer, which was launched on the Seine, August 20th, 1816. But the enterprise, as well as that of a rival company, ended disastrously, and the marquis retired after the July Revolution to the Invalides, where he died, in 1832, of cholera.

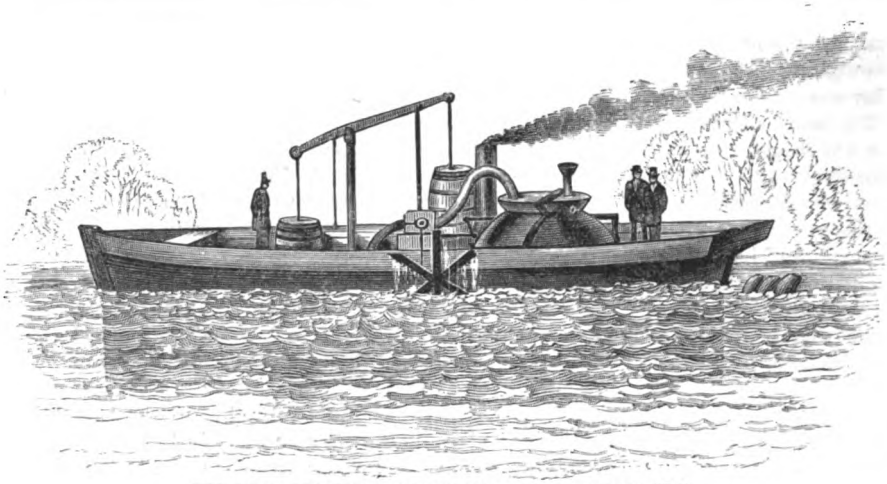
He published several works, and his claim to the discovery of steam navigation was acknowledged by Arago, and in 1840 by the French Academy of Sciences. It is also well-known that Fulton had a high opinion of the Count's inventive genius.

The next inventor was an American, James Rumsey, born in Maryland about 1743, and who died in London, England, December 23rd, 1792. In September, 1784, he exhibited on the Potomac, in the presence of General Washington, a boat which was worked against the stream by means of mechanism. Rumsey subsequently gave his attention to steam as a motive power, and in March, 1786, propelled a boat on the Potomac by a steam engine which secured motion by the force of a stream of water thrown by a pump at the stern. In December, 1787, the experiment was successfully repeated on a larger scale.

He went to London, where a boat and machinery were built for him, and he obtained patents for his inventions in Great Britain, France and Holland. A successful trip was made on the Thames in December, 1792, and he was preparing for another experiment when he died. Another American, John Fitch, worked at this problem at the same time with Rumsey, and had an experimental steamer on the Delaware in 1786. As John Fitch is generally regarded as the pioneer of steam navigation in America, a short sketch of his life, compiled from Whittlesey's memoir in "Spark's American Biography," will not be out of place. He was born in Windsor, Connecticut, January 21st, 1743, and died in Bardstown, Kentucky, in June or July, 1798. In the early years of his life he worked on a farm, then as a sailor on a coasting vessel, and later as an apprentice to a clock maker. He served during the Revolutionary War in various capacities; and at its close, was engaged as a surveyor of wild lands in Kentucky and Virginia. In April, 1785, the idea occurred to him of propelling a carriage along an ordinary road by the force of steam. After a week's study, he became convinced that this was impracticable, and he turned his attention to the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels.

He tried to interest the Legislatures of Maryland and Pennsylvania in his schemes, but with little success. Disappointed in these efforts, he formed a private company, and in April, 1786, succeeded in having ready for trial a working model of a steam engine with a one-inch cylinder. With this contrivance he moved a skiff in the Delaware at a satisfactory speed.

In March, 1787, a bill vesting in John Fitch exclusive rights in the steamboat passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and similar laws were enacted in Delaware and in New York. In August of that year, a new steamboat, with an engine of twelve-inch cylinder, was tried on the Delaware. Though the boat did not attain sufficient speed to



THE FITCH PROPELLER ON THE COLLECT, NEW YORK, 1796.

answer the purpose of a packet, the trial proved conclusively the efficiency of steam as a motive power for vessels. This experiment showed that it was only necessary to enlarge the machinery in order to insure perfect success.

An unfortunate controversy with James Rumsey at this time somewhat interfered with the prosecution of his designs.

Several boats were built during the following year, and finally in 1790, a steamer was successfully tried, which was run as a passenger-boat on the Delaware, making, during the season, more than 2,000 miles, at an average speed of 7½ miles an hour. More money was required for further improvements, but the stockholders had spent so much on previous experiments, that they refused to respond to the new assessments, and Fitch was at one time actually in want of the necessaries of life.

He was an enthusiast, and a firm believer in the future triumph of steam power. He repeatedly asserted that the passenger traffic of the great Western rivers would one day be carried on exclusively by steam; that ships of war and packet ships would navigate the Atlantic by steam; and that some one to come after him would reap fame and fortune from his invention.

One discouragement after another followed Fitch in the declining years of his life, and he was sometimes looked upon as half a lunatic. His misfortunes and lawsuits so preyed upon his mind that he finally terminated his life, some say, by taking opium, and others, by leaping over a fall into the waters below. This melancholy event took place in June or July, 1798, and ended a life full of incidents and of vast importance to the world.

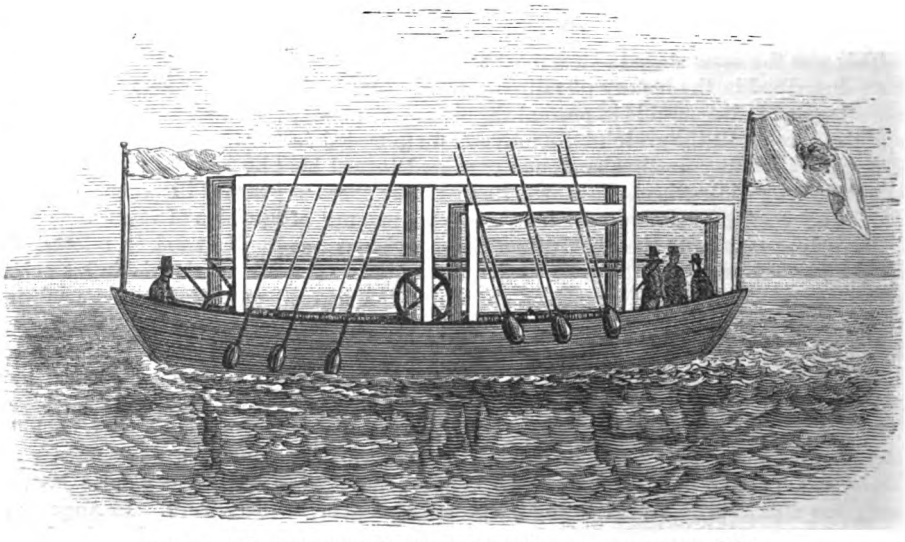
In 1788, three Scotch gentlemen, Patrick Miller, James Taylor, and William Symington, obtained a speed of five miles an hour with a novel vessel on Dalswinton Loch. In this vessel two connected hulls were driven by a single paddle wheel placed between them and turned by a small engine. Patrick Miller had devoted a large fortune to experiments and researches in the construction of boats, and had introduced many improvements in their hulls and methods of propulsion. The double boat with a wheel between was a particularly favorite idea of his, and he won a bet against a neighbor who stuck to oars while Miller used a wheel.

While Miller was experimenting in this direction, James Taylor became a resident of his family as a tutor to his children. Taylor soon became interested in the enthusiasm of his employer, and assisted him in hunting up information on the subject of navigation. It was not long before steam was suggested, and by the assistance of William Symington, who was a practical engineer, an engine was constructed which was moderately successful, and would have been more so if an awkward method of applying the power had not been used.

In 1801, Symington built for Lord Dundas a steamboat for towing on the canal, which was used successfully in 1802. It had a stern wheel, driven by an engine 22 inches in diameter of cylinder, and of 4 feet stroke. It drew vessels of 140 tons burden 3½ miles an hour, but was laid up soon afterward in consequence of a fear that the banks of the canal might be seriously injured by the waves.

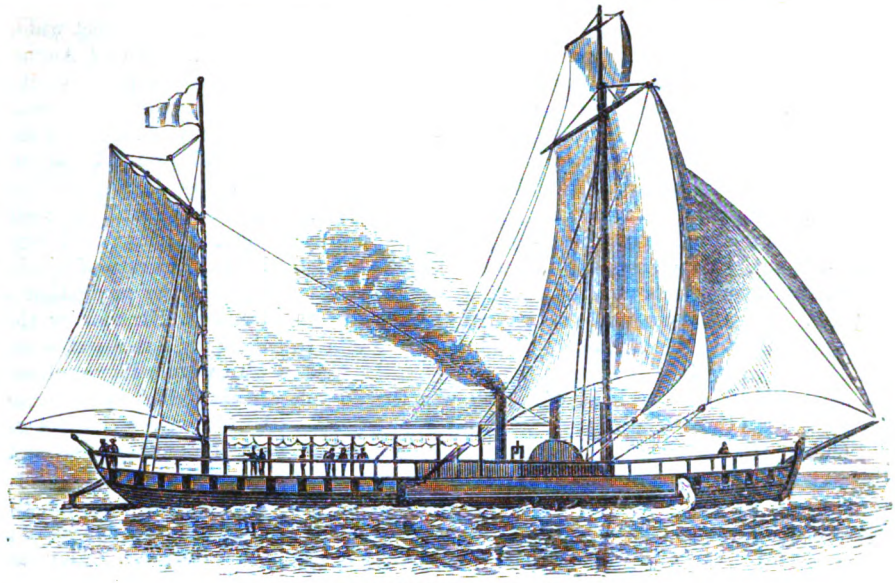
We come now in our recital to a name which is so intimately associated with the early history of steamboat navigation as to be familiar to all readers. Few of the persons previously mentioned would be recognized as having contributed anything to this important invention; but when we speak of Robert Fulton, every American child knows whom we mean, and what it is that gives his name such great celebrity.

Robert Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pa., in 1765, and died in New York, February 24th, 1815. His parents were poor Irish emigrants; and, having lost his father at the early age of three years, his education was confined to learning how to read and write at the village school. He was sent, at an early age, to Philadelphia, to learn the trade of jeweler. The occupa-



JOHN FITCH'S FIRST BOAT, "PERSEVERANCE," ON THE DELAWARE, 1787.

tions of his apprenticeship did not prevent his cultivating a remarkable natural talent for design, painting and mechanics. His progress in painting, especially, was so great, that at the age of seventeen years he was able to earn considerable money taking likenesses and painting miniatures. He went from one public inn to another to sell his pictures and take portraits, and finally set himself up as an artist at the corner of Second and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia. Having in this manner procured a small capital, he bought a farm, where he established his mother in tolerable comfort.



THE "PARAGON" STEAMBOAT.

Returning to Philadelphia, he made the acquaintance of Samuel Scorbitt, an influential citizen, who, struck by the talent of the young artist, advised him to go to London to study under Benjamin West. Benjamin Franklin, whose acquaintance he also made, gave him the same advice. Fulton resolved to follow the counsels of his friends; and, with means furnished by Mr. Scorbitt, embarked upon his voyage in 1786. His hopes were not blasted, as Benjamin West received him kindly, and at once installed him in his studio.

ROBERT FULTON.

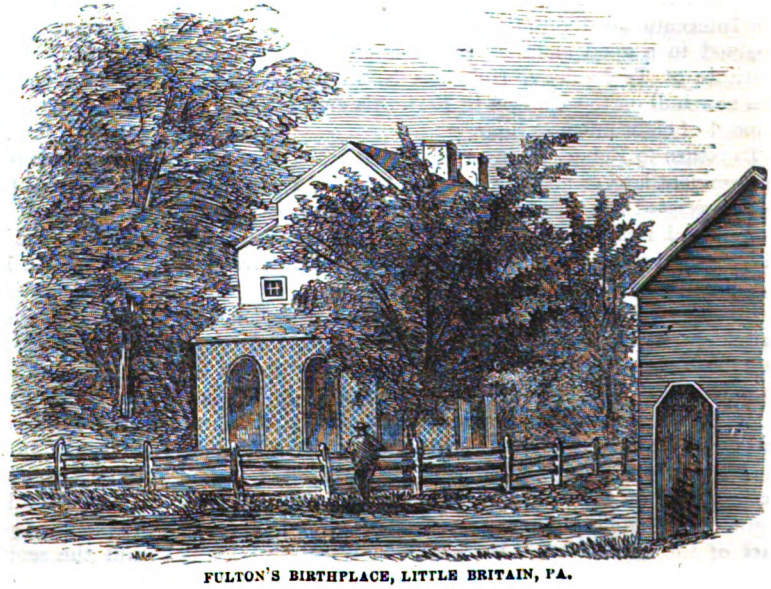
But it was not in Fulton's nature to devote himself for a long time to the brush. Despairing of attaining eminence in this profession, he gave it up abruptly, to devote himself exclusively to mechanical inventions. He staid for some time in Exeter, and subsequently for two years in the manufacturing town of Birmingham, where he was employed to make the drawings of the machinery used in the mills. He here made the acquaintance of the Duke of Bridgewater, and of Earl Stanhope.

In 1788, having decided to turn to practical account the mechanical knowledge he had acquired, he returned to London, where he accidentally made the acquaintance of James Rumsey, previously mentioned. The latter was at great pains to explain the importance of applying steam to navigation, and Fulton strove to correct the manifest errors in the mechanical system adopted by Rumsey. Fulton was convinced, at that early period, of the superiority of paddle-wheels over any other contrivance, and urged Rumsey to adopt them on the steamer he was building at the time of his death.

The Earl of Stanhope was occupied at this time with experiments on the application of steam to navigation, and, having constructed a ship provided with a sufficiently powerful engine, he proposed to employ as motor the same contrivance as that which Jouffroy had failed to make work in France. Fulton did not hesitate to write to him to dissuade him from adopting this apparatus, and to recommend paddle-wheels instead; but, unfortunately, his advice was not listened to, and steam navigation was delayed many years in Great Britain.

This circumstance diverted Fulton's attention for some time from steam navigation, and he applied himself with ardor to other mechanical projects. He took up the subject of canals, and the best methods for their excavation; and he devised an improved mill for sawing marble, for which he received a vote of thanks and an honorary medal from the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce. To this period are also referred his patented machines for spinning flax and for making ropes.

Having obtained a patent in England for improvements



FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE, LITTLE BRITAIN, PA.

in canals, Fulton went to France, in 1797, with the view of introducing them there; but not finding much encouragement, he reverted to his former artistic occupations, and superintended, with Joel Barlow, the illustrations to the "Columbiad." It was at this time that Fulton devised the submarine boat called the "Nautilus," connected with which were submarine bombs, afterward known as torpedoes. A favorite idea of Fulton was that "The liberty of the seas will be the happiness of the earth"; and to attain this he thought such destructive engines as torpedoes would prove the best agent. He offered his invention to the French and Dutch Governments without exciting their favorable attention. Negotiations were subsequently opened with him by the British Government, which induced him to visit London in 1804.

A commission, at the head of which was Sir Joseph Banks, reported that the submarine boat was impracticable. In October, 1805, Fulton was permitted to experiment on a brig of 200 tons burden, with a bomb of 170 pounds of powder. In fifteen minutes from the application of the contrivance the explosion took place, and the brig made no more resistance than a bag of feathers, and went to pieces like a shattered eggshell.

Notwithstanding this success, Fulton was disappointed in his hopes of Government patronage, and was on the point of embarking for his native land, when he made the acquaintance of Robert R. Livingston. Mr. Livingston had been sent to France to conclude the treaty of the cession of Louisiana, which proved so advantageous to the United States. He had previously devoted much attention to the development of steam navigation, and in 1797, with the aid of an Englishman of the name of Nisbett, and of the engineer Brunel, afterward celebrated as the builder of the Thames tunnel, had tried several models on the Hudson.

Under Livingston's direction, the various mechanisms applicable to the propulsion of ships had been tried, and, full of confidence that some one of them was destined to succeed, he applied to Congress for the exclusive right to navigate American waters with steam vessels. This patent was granted, upon condition that he made a successful invention within a year. He called in the assistance of John Stevens, of Hoboken, who experimented, with encouraging success, with a small vessel driven by a high-pressure engine, a sectional boiler and a single screw. He also tried twin screws, the steamboat having a length of 68 feet and a breadth of 14 feet. This machinery, which was shown at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, is retained in a good state of preservation at the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey. Placed in a new hull on the Hudson in 1844, this engine produced a speed of eight miles an hour.

To return to Robert Livingston's efforts: No sooner had this eminent lawyer made the acquaintance of Fulton than he appreciated the talents, ingenuity and worth of his new friend, and immediately entered into an agreement with him to make a series of experiments more exhaustive than any previously attempted.

The vessel of Livingston and Fulton was completed in Paris, toward the beginning of the year 1803, and everything was ready for the trial, when, on the morning of the appointed day, one of the workmen burst into Fulton's room before he was up, to announce that the machinery had proved too heavy for the boat, and that it had gone to the bottom of the Seine during the night. Fulton rushed to the scene of this grave disaster, and, after twenty-four hours of unremitting labor, succeeded in saving the greater part of the machinery. He immediately set to work to construct a new hull, taking care to have it strong enough for the weight it was to bear. This was one hundred feet long and eight feet wide.

On the 9th of August, 1803, this vessel navigated the Seine in the presence of a considerable number of spectators, among whom was a committee appointed by the Academy of Sciences for the purpose, consisting of Bougainville, Bossut, Carnot and Périer. An eye-witness has given us, in a periodical of the day, an account of this interesting trial. The writer says: "On the 9th of August, the trial of a new invention was made, the complete and brilliant success of which will prove of the utmost importance to the navigation and commerce of the interior of France. For two or three months there has been seen at the quay a vessel of a most singular appearance, provided with wheels like a chariot, to be rowed by steam power. At six o'clock in the evening the inventor set in motion this vessel, and two others attached to it; and for an hour and a half they ascended and descended the river for considerable distances and with great facility. One of the boats in tow took on board a distinguished company of scientific men, who will doubtless give a full report of the success of the enterprise. The author of this brilliant invention is M. Fulton, an American, and a celebrated mechanic."

The success of Fulton's efforts did not fail to attract the notice of experts in such matters, but the public cared very little about it; and at a time when the nation was kept in a condition of constant excitement by the accounts of the military movements of Napoleon, it was scarcely to be expected that scientific triumphs could be made to excite more than a passing interest.

The matter was brought to the notice of Napoleon, but the First Consul had formed a prejudice against Fulton, and refused to have anything to do with the new invention. He said to a confidential friend who urged him to look at the invention: "There are a set of men, adventurers, charlatans, at every court in Europe, who try to impose inventions upon the authorities for money which have no other existence save in their own imaginations; and this American Fulton is one of them. Do not mention the subject to me again."

Such a hasty judgment was unusual with Napoleon, and was very different from the reception he gave to the discoveries of Alexandre and Volta in electricity, or of the invention of a locomotive for land travel by Cugnot. The fact that Fulton was an American may have had something to do with it; at any rate, Napoleon dismissed the whole thing from his mind.

Livingston addressed a letter to the Legislature of the State of New York, making known the results of the experiment in Paris, and an Act was passed at once, conferring upon him and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State by any vessels propelled by steam, provided an average speed of four miles was attained.

As soon as this Act was made known, Livingstone ordered of Boulton & Watt, of England, an engine of suitable proportions for his purpose. This was completed and sent to New York in 1806. Fulton had meanwhile informed himself of everything that had been attempted in steam navigation in Europe and in the United States, and he returned to New York fully prepared to carry to a successful issue the grand scheme so favorably begun in Paris.

For the new machinery he planned a boat, which was called *Clermont*, after Mr. Livingston's country-seat on the Hudson. In August, 1807, everything was finished, and on the 11th of that month the trial trip was made. Fulton mounted the bridge of his boat, which was christened by the skeptical public with the name of "Fulton's Folly," and amid the scoffing and laughter of the multitude present, the strange craft put out into the stream. Soon the

derision was turned to the most enthusiastic appreciation when it was seen that a speed of five miles an hour was attained.

The triumph of Fulton was complete, and nothing could surpass the surprise and admiration of those who were witnesses of the experiment; but he did not allow himself to be distracted by such signs of approbation. He closely studied the working of the machinery, and set to work to repair defects. After a few necessary changes and repairs, Livingston and Fulton caused the announcement to be made in the papers that the steamer *Clermont* would be ready to transport passengers and merchandise from New York to Albany on an appointed day.

This notice caused much surprise in New York, and not a single passenger reported for the journey; and Fulton was forced to undertake the voyage with no other companions than the men employed on the vessel. The *Clermont* made the passage from New York to Albany in 32 hours, and returned in 30 hours; and the papers of the period give an amusing account of the terror of the residents along the banks of the Hudson, who saw, for the first time, this puffing monster approaching on the water at night.

On his return to New York, Fulton sent the following note for publication in the *American Citizen*: "I left New York on Monday at one o'clock, and on Tuesday at one—that is to say, in twenty-four hours—arrived at Clermont, the residence of Chancellor Livingston, distance 110 miles. I left Clermont on Wednesday, at nine in the morning, and reached Albany at five in the afternoon; time, 8 hours; distance, 40 miles—an average speed of five miles an hour."

After this first voyage the *Clermont* was regularly devoted to passenger and goods traffic. It was soon overcrowded, and had to be enlarged. It was the first steamer that repaid to its owners the original cost of its construction, and so completely was the utility of the invention established that the Legislature extended the exclusive privilege of Livingston and Fulton five years for every additional boat, provided the whole term should not exceed thirty years; and in 1808 passed another Act subjecting to forfeiture any vessel propelled by steam which should enter the waters of the State without their license.

Fulton's second large boat on the Hudson was called *The Car of Neptune*. Meanwhile the power of the Legislature to grant the steamboat monopoly was denied, and what was called the "Steamboat War" was waged in the various courts for a period of several years.

Pending these controversies, Fulton constructed ferry-boats to run between New York and New Jersey: one for a Brooklyn company, five for the Hudson River, and several boats for the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He also tried his hand at the construction of a war steamer, but in this was not very successful. The first war steamer was a heavy, unwieldy mass, which obtained a speed against the current of some 2½ miles an hour; but as the pioneer of the steam navies of the world it was regarded as a marvel, and as a most formidable engine of defense. The war having terminated before her completion, she was taken to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, where she was used as a receiving ship till June 4th, 1829, when she was accidentally blown up.

At the same time that Fulton was engaged in the construction of this war steamer, the President of the United States employed him to make some modifications of his submarine boat. Both of these enterprises were arrested by his death.

The steamboat war occasioned much trouble to Livingston and Fulton. Many vexatious lawsuits had to be instituted for infringements of their patents. One day, while returning from Trenton, N. J., where Fulton had been in attendance upon court, the weather became very severe, and the North River was so covered with ice that the ferry-boat was detained for several hours in the stream. The exposure and anxiety brought on a severe fever, from which he had scarcely recovered when a second exposure on board of his war vessel brought on a relapse, which terminated his life on the 24th of February, 1815, at the early age of fifty years.

The death of no private citizen in the United States ever called forth such sincere testimonials of regret as were expressed as soon as it became known that Robert Fulton was no more. The newspapers of the day made the announcement in black borders; the members of the Legislature, the corporations of cities, scientific societies, literary associations, all the steamboat companies, wore insignia of mourning for thirty days, and a great concourse of people attended the funeral.

It is humiliating to be obliged to add that the services rendered by Robert Fulton were never adequately compensated. If they had been, he might have been spared for many years. Nor was it until a long time after his death that a proper pension was provided for his impoverished family.

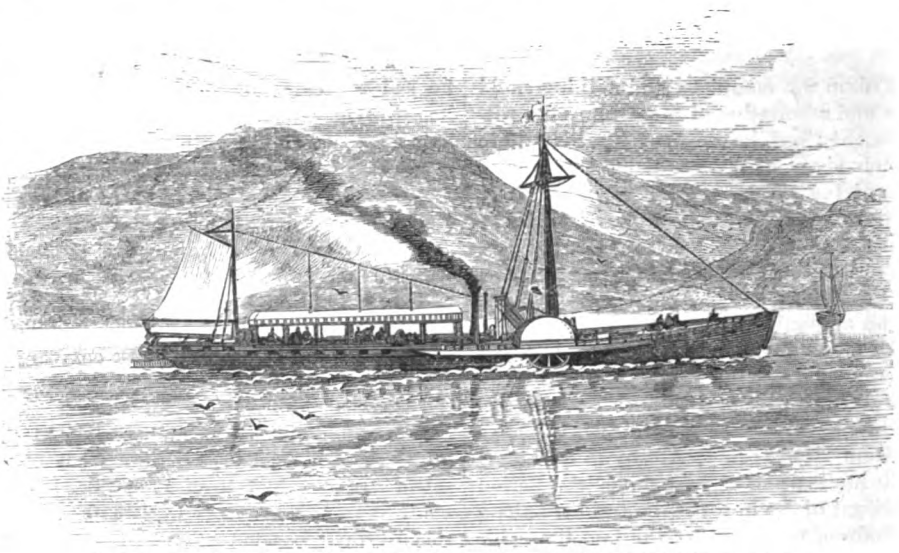
Europe could not remain indifferent to the success attained by Fulton in the United States. Although steam navigation was of more importance to us on account of our great inland waters, yet it was of equal advantage to Europe, owing to larger population and enormous commercial relations; and it was not long before attempts were made to carry the invention across the water.

It was not until 1812, five years after Fulton's signal success, that steamboats were introduced into Great Britain. A Scotch engineer, Henry Bell, constructed at that time a steamboat, the *Comet*, which served as a transport-vessel on the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock. It was not much more than a preliminary experiment, as the steam engine was only of the capacity of three-horse power, and the boat of thirty tons measurement. This steamboat, which was the first to carry passengers in Europe, was forty feet long and ten and one-half feet wide. The machine did not differ essentially from the disposition adopted by Fulton on the *Clermont*, and the same system of paddle-wheels was employed.

Henry Bell had, for a long time previously, attempted to introduce steam navigation into Scotland. Already, in 1800 and 1803, he had in vain solicited permission of the Admiralty to make experiments according to his notions at public expense. Meeting with no encouragement at home, he applied to several foreign Governments, among others to the United States. That which Livingston and Fulton had accomplished in America, he hoped to establish in Great Britain. He was the first in Europe to introduce steam power into the regular navigation of ships. According to letters published by Woodcroft, Henry Bell was in correspondence with Fulton after the return of the latter to the United States. Bell caused to be constructed a side-wheel steamer, which he called the *Comet*, after the meteoric phenomenon which appeared in the heavens in 1811 during the work on the ship, and which produced a great sensation in Europe at the time. After the vessel was ready for public service, Henry Bell issued the following prospectus to travelers:

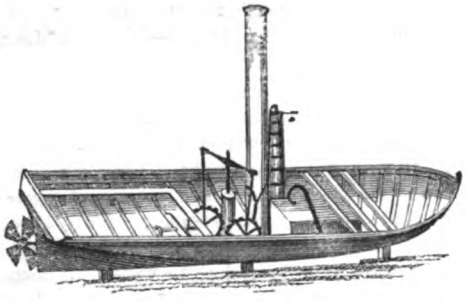
"The subscriber having succeeded, after much expense, in constructing an elegant vessel, destined to run on the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock, which can be set in motion at will, either by sails or steam power, proposes to establish a regular line of service between these two ports. For elegance, comfort, speed and safety, this vessel deserves the appreciation of the public, and the proprietor will spare no pains to do all in his power to secure its good reputation. (Signed) HENRY BELL."

"Baths of Helensburg, August 5th, 1812."

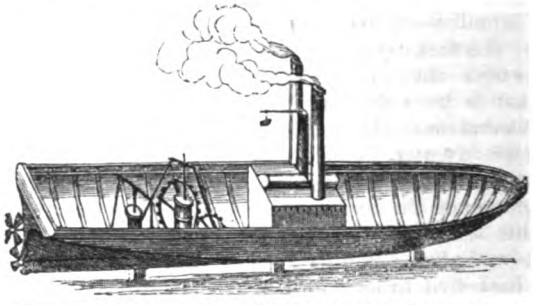


FULTON'S STEAMBOAT "THE CLERMONT," THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL PASSENGER-BOAT.

This appeal brought very little fruit. There was such a prejudice in the public mind, and such fear of the dangers attached to the use of steam on vessels, that very few were found sufficiently courageous to risk their lives on the novel *pyroscaphe*; and what added to the terrors of the situation was the menacing attitude assumed by the boatmen on the river, who pursued, with scoffing and threats, the unwelcome craft. The water *Comet* proved to be as much of a mystery as its celestial namesake in the sky, and the people would none of it.



SCREW PROPELLER, BEING THE FIRST FERRY-BOAT RUN FROM HOBOKEN TO NEW YORK—BUILT BY JOHN STEVENS, 1804.



TWO-SCREW PROPELLER, THE SECOND FERRY-BOAT RUN FROM HOBOKEN TO NEW YORK—BUILT BY JOHN STEVENS, 1805.

The first year passed away under the most discouraging circumstances, occasioning great expense and loss to Henry Bell. In the meantime, however, the regularity of the service, and the patent fact that the twenty-four miles were traversed with equal security and one-third the expense of the old method, did not fail to produce an impression. In order to instruct the public, and make it familiar with steam navigation, the vessel was sent on a voyage around the coast of Scotland, Ireland and England, and by degrees the former fear and prejudice yielded to greater confidence, and large numbers of passengers availed themselves of the novel style of locomotion.

Before the establishment of the regular packet boat, the number of travelers between Greenock and Glasgow did not exceed 80 in a day; four years later it was not uncommon to count 450 passengers a day, who greatly enjoyed the excursion on the waters of the beautiful Clyde. In order to accommodate the increased travel, Henry Bell caused a much larger vessel to be constructed, which he called *The Rob Roy*, and at the same time several other boats were built.

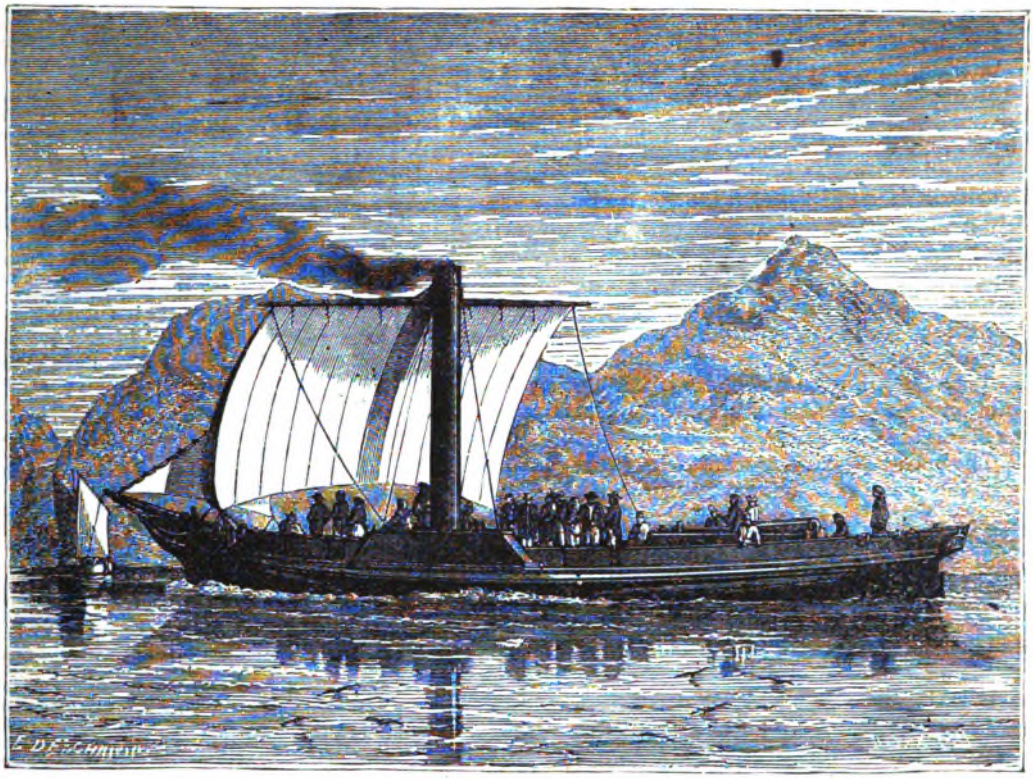
Contemporaneously with Bell's movements in Scotland, Dawson caused a ship to be built in Ireland, to which, singularly enough, he also gave the name of *Comet*. Steam navigation gradually extended itself in Great Britain, and soon two steamers, the *Hibernia* and *Britannia*, made regular voyages between Holyhead and Dublin, across St. George's channel; thus showing that the rough waters of the open sea could be navigated as well as the even stream of the inland rivers.

JOHN STEVENS, INVENTOR.

In 1818, Dawson started the first steamer on the Thames, to ply between Gravesend and London, and soon afterward another steamer was added by Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol. The opposition of the boatmen and sailors on the Thames was so great that Mr. Lawrence was frightened away, and carried his boat to the river Severn. A short time afterward the same steamer was taken to Spain, where it ran on the river between Seville and San Lucar for a number of years.

In France, the wars of Napoleon, and the extraordinary opposition of the great general, stood in the way of an early realization of the dreams of the early experimenters, and it was not until after the conclusion of peace in 1815 that the subject was seriously taken into consideration. Jouffroy and Follenai, who had been driven from the country as enemies of Napoleon, returned from their

exile, and immediately resumed the experiments which had been so abruptly terminated by the outbreak of war. The exclusive privilege of steam navigation was granted to Jouffroy, and on the 20th of August, 1816, the steamer called the *Charles Philippe* was launched at Bercy with proper ceremonies, during the *fêtes* which followed the marriage of the Duke de Berry. The steamer was towed up the Seine, and when it was opposite the Tuileries the King, Louis XVIII., and the Count d'Artois, after whom the vessel had been named, came to the window to view it, amid the acclamations of the multitude and the intense gratification of the inventor.

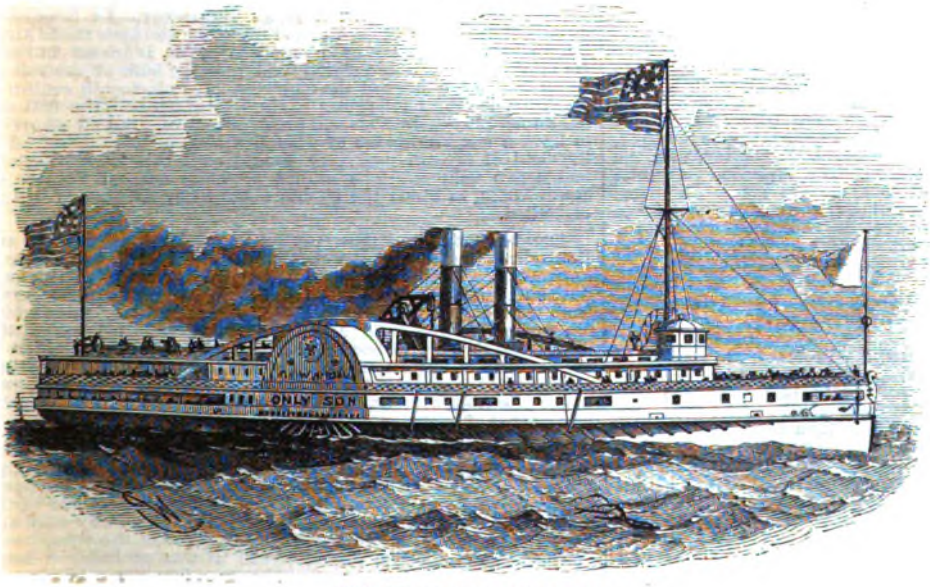


"THE COMET," FIRST ENGLISH STEAMBOAT, BUILT BY HENRY BELL, 1812.

Fortune seemed to smile upon the efforts of Jouffroy, but only for a short duration, as he was soon involved in litigation quite as vexatious and harassing as hastened the death of Robert Fulton. The company organized by Jouffroy was ruined by competition, and the worthy inventor lost his entire fortune, and was obliged to accept the privilege of an ancient officer of the army and retire to the Invalides, where he survived to the age of eighty years, and was finally carried off by the cholera in 1832.

The rival company in Paris, in order not to be accused of infringement of patent, sent to England for a steamer already completed. The crossing of the Channel by this boat, under the command of Captain Andriel, was watched with the most lively interest, as the voyage was looked upon as extremely hazardous.

On his arrival in London in the month of January, 1816, Captain Andriel had great difficulty in encountering exactly the kind of boat he wanted. There were only three inferior vessels for sale, the largest of which, the *Margery*, was but 50 feet long, and 17 feet wide, and of 10 horse power. As this was the best selection he could make, he submitted to his fate, and on the 9th of March, 1816, started for home with his purchase, which he re-christened the *Elise*, and with a crew of ten men to navigate her.



TYPE OF AMERICAN RIVER BOAT.

The *Elise* left London Bridge at noon, and arrived at Gravesend at three o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning, Sunday, the voyage was resumed, with the extraordinary incident of the attempt of a cutter to run the steamer down, out of pure spite against this method of propulsion. The little craft lost its smoke-pipe in the encounter, but finally escaped, thanks to greater speed. The vessel stopped at Dover for repairs, and it was not until after several unsuccessful attempts, that the steamer was finally

navigated across the Channel to Havre. On this voyage a fearful storm was encountered, which came very near putting an end to the enterprise. It was not until the 15th of March that the vessel was finally safely moored at Havre.

When the craft was seen off the harbor, a pilot-boat put out as usual, but when smoke was perceived, and the nature of the vessel thus made known, the pilot turned about, leaving the steamer to find its way through the channel. The pilot deemed it beneath his dignity to conduct such a monstrosity as a steamboat into port, so great was still the prejudice of sailors against any vessel not carrying sails—a prejudice which has by no means passed away among seafaring men, some of whom even now obstinately refuse to embark on a steamer, as being something beneath the dignity of a true sailor.

After various other adventures, the *Elise* was finally successfully transported to Paris, where it was made fast to the Pont Jena, March 28th, 1816.

The enterprise did not prove to be a commercial success, and the vessel was ultimately sent back to its English owners, where it was restored to its former name of *Margery*, and remained a monument to the tardy faith of the French nation in steam navigation. It was not until years afterward that regular steam service was established in France. In 1825 James P. Allaire, of New York, greatly increased the speed of steamboats by the introduction of compound engines. He built the *Sun* at this time, which made the voyage from New York to Albany in twelve hours and eighteen minutes. Soon afterward Erastus W. Smith introduced this form of engine on the great Lakes, and still later they were adopted into British steamers.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Drowned by a Devil Fish.—Several instances have come to light of persons having been drowned by the *octopus*, or devil fish, showing that the romance of Victor Hugo has as much truth as fiction in its composition. An Indian woman was drowned in British Columbia, last year, under the following circumstances: A party of Makaw Indians of Cape Flattery were returning from a visit to the Sougish Indians of the vicinity of Victoria, and camped the first afternoon on the south shore of Vancouver Island. A young woman having separated herself from the others to bathe, did not return in the evening, and, after having searched for her in vain, the next morning the rest of the party were about to continue on their journey, when, on rounding the first point, they saw the body of the woman, as if seated on the sandy sea bottom, with a large octopus attached to it. The body was rescued, with portions of the arms of the fish adhering to it. There are traditions among the Indians of other cases of narrow escapes, as well as of drowning, in the same region.

Explosive Dust.—An explosion occurred about Christmas time in a candy factory in New York, the cause of which still remains a mystery. It was attributed by some persons to the ignition of the fine dust of starch used in the factory, and the suggestion of such an explanation has since called out accounts of explosions in flouring mills, collieries and similar establishments, owing to the mixture of an impalpable dust with the air. In one instance reported, they were grinding at the ordinary pace, about midday, with the windows open and no gas turned on. The explosion was quite sudden, and the flame sufficient to singe the man's whiskers; the force was so great that the door of the engine-room was blown open, though the only opening between the two rooms was a small hole through which the shafting worked. Holes were bored through the wood lining to allow a free current of air, and there has been no explosion since. The danger of fine, impalpable coal dust in colliers, and carbon in lampblack factories, has been frequently shown, and calls for greater caution in the future.

The Sugar Beet in New England.—Professor Goessman, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has devoted much attention to sugar-beet culture, and favors its introduction in New England. He says that light, sandy loam is the best soil for the sugar beet, and does not advise other fertilizers than potash and superphosphate, as it is on these articles that the beet feeds. Eighteen to twenty tons of beets is a fair average crop to the acre, from which 1,500 to 1,800 pounds of sugar can be obtained; the cost of manufacturing the sugar from an acre of beets would amount to $28 to $30, leaving about $100 as the net result from each acre, not counting the fertilizers retained. Three hundred acres of beets is enough to supply one factory. In Germany, the farmers club together and own the factory on a mutual plan, and in that way realize the largest profit from the business.

The Preparation of Curare.—Dr. Jobert witnessed the preparation of the best variety of curare by the Indians of Tecunas, in Brazil, near the boundary of Peru. The savages scrape the outer bark very thin, of the best developed branches of the *Urari* and *Eko*, and mix the two raspings in the proport on of four parts of the former with one part of the latter. This mixture they knead with their hands, and then place in a funnel with a filter of palm leaves, and exhaust by cold water, renewed seven or eight times. The liquid extract assumes a red color; this is boiled with the stems of the *taja* and *mucura* for about six hours, until it assumes a thick consistence. Shavings of piperaceae are added, and the boiling is repeated. The preparation is then left to cool by itself, when it takes the consistence of wax, and is ready for use. It is one of the most powerful organic bases known, and has long been used by the savages to poison the tips of their arrows. It has recently come into notice as a possible cure of hydrophobia, in consequence of the successful treatment of a patient in Germany. The remedy was tried in Connecticut last Winter, but although it appeared to bring temporary relief, the life of the man who had been bitten by a mad dog could not be saved.

Forcing Asparagus.—There are extensive establishments for the forcing of asparagus in Paris According to a writer in *The Garden*, about half an acre, under glass, is devoted to the culture, and a supply is obtained from early in September to the end of April. It is forced in three ways: in houses heated with hot water; in frames sunk in the ground and heated in the same way, and, lastly, in frames plunged in warm stable manure. The frames are about four feet wide. The roots are placed directly on the manure, not flat, as they would be in the open ground, but packed as closely as possible, from 500 to 2,000 roots, according to size, going under one light. A mere sprinkling of soil is placed over them As a result, the shoots come up very thickly. As many as five crops of roots follow each other throughout the Autumn, Winter and Spring in the same frame. The universal straw mat is used to cover the frames at night. A dozen persons are employed in a single establishment solely in gathering and bundling the asparagus for market; from which it will be seen that the business is an extensive one.

Modern Applications of Electricity.—For a long time the telegraph was the chief application of electricity, and a Society of Telegraph Engineers was established in England. At the recent meeting of this Society the President, Dr. Siemens, in his annual address, showed how difficult it is to separate telegraphy from other departments of what may be called applied electricity. He devotes nearly a quarter of his address to discussing the application of electricity for illuminating purposes, to the transmission of motive power, and in metallurgic processes. He could also with propriety have referred to the firing of mines and torpedoes by electricity, and, possibly, to the use of the battery in medicine. Recent improvements in the means of obtaining powerful electric currents seem to open up a prospect of a great advance in the application of electricity, and it does not seem unlikely that the Society of Telegraph Engineers will have to become a Society of Electrical Engineers.

Rohlf's African Journey.—Gerhard Rholf's expedition to the Libyan Desert is not only fully arranged, but it is proposed to extend the researches to the Schari, Benue and Ogowe rivers and their tributaries. It is to be hoped that the latter part of the plan will be carried out, as it will solve many of the questions raised by Stanley's discovery of the course of the Congo Dr. Rohlf has received no less than 300 applications from persons who wished to accompany the expedition, in one capacity or another. Of course the great traveler can only consider very few of them. It is doubtful whether the applicants fully appreciate the fatigue and danger they would have to endure on such a journey, or they would not be so anxious to go.

The Heroes of North African Discovery.—An interesting *résumé* of the work of the principal travelers who have made Africa known to the world has been prepared by Mr. D'Anvers in Paris. He briefly dismisses the earlier explorers, the bulk of the volume being devoted to those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book is meant for young readers, to whom both the text and the numerous illustrations will prove attractive. But all who wish to have a fair knowledge of what has been hitherto achieved in the field of African discovery should read this interesting and instructive volume. The author promises another volume on South Africa, in which the results obtained by Mr. Stanley will be embodied.

Spontaneous Decomposition of Eggs.—Messrs Béchamp and Eustache maintain that the membrane of the shell of an egg is impenetrable to all organisms from without, and that the production of infusoria in the interior does not result from germs from without, but arises from the evolution of microzymes which are normal to the yolk and transform themselves into articulates, and, later, into bacteria. They state this in opposition to the views of M. Gayon, who insists that the putrefaction and fermentation of eggs is due to the penetration of the shell by the germs of bacteria from without. It is a question about as difficult of solution as that of spontaneous generation.

A New Fossil Bird.—At a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London, Professor Owen described the remains of a large bird which had been obtained from the eocene clay of Sheppey, consisting of parts of fractured humeri and other portions of the body. The texture of the shaft, the thinness of its bony wall, and the large size of the cavity, recall the characters of the wing-bones of the large cretaceous pterodactyles. It was probably a long-winged natatorial bird, considerably exceeding the albatross in size.

IRIDESCENT GLASS.—It is well known that glass, after being buried for many years, undergoes a process of devitrification, and assumes an iridescent condition, often exceedingly beautiful to the eye. The specimens discovered in the island of Cyprus by General di Cesnola, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, have attracted great interest and admiration, and much curiosity has been expressed to account for the peculiar effects of color. At first it was supposed that the exquisite effects were produced by colors introduced when the articles were manufactured, but closer examination shows this to be erroneous. In the process of decomposition the glass becomes covered with thin plates or delicate laminæ, like those of mother-of-pearl, and the rainbow colors are due to the phenomenon known in optics as interference of light. The lustre of opal, and the iridescence of Labrador spar, are due to the same cause. Recently these effects have been produced artificially by two French chemists, Fremy and Clemandot. They submit the glass to the action of dilute hydrochloric acid, under a pressure of about six atmospheres and the aid of heat. The product is said to be very beautiful, and it is now quite the rage in England and France. A somewhat similar effect has been produced in Germany by heating the glass with bismuth and covering it with thin plates of metal. What it formerly required ages to produce can now be manufactured at will by the appliances of modern science.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

SOMETHING laid up for a rainy day—An umbrella.

SWEETENING one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

HOW SHOULD a wife speak to a grumbling husband? "My dear, I love you still."

BOGGS says the times are so dull that it is difficult for him to collect even his ideas.

"BEAUTY and booty" was the cry of the young man, who kissed the girl and was kicked by her father.

TO GET an idea of natural selection, take a view of a celery-glass after it has been once around the table.

ARTICHOKES are very good for rheumatism, and there is no doubt that hearty jokes are good for dyspepsia.

A CHINAMAN in Nevada has fenced his garden with tin cans. He thus cans his vegetables ahead of his neighbors.

ADVICE.—I never had a man cum to me for advice, but before he got thru he had more advice to offer than to ask for.—*Josh Billings.*

ARCTIC ICE.—A schoolboy wrote: "When people write about arctic ice, it is said that they refer to ice up north, which is as old as the ark."

THE MOST HONEST BET.—What was the most honest bet that was ever made? The alpha-bet. Its maker was evidently a man of letters, too.

A NEW ORLEANS editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car, found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

UNDERGOING AN OPERATION.—"What's the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through an operation at the hands of a knockulist; that's all."

BY OUR CYNIC.—At a social gathering a few days since, the following toast was proposed and drank: "In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

WHAT word is it that is composed of five letters, from which if you take two one will be left? It is shone, or stone, or crone, or prone, or any one of many similar words.

NOT ENOUGH.—Ten billions of hairpins are manufactured in this country annually, and yet they are not sufficient to prevent a hair from getting into the butter now and then.

THE NECESSARY STIMULUS.—A friend of ours doubted his ability to climb a picket-fence, but one growl from a dog gave him the necessary confidence, enterprise and alacrity.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"What is the difference," asked the teacher in arthmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," was the reply of a member of the class. The teacher was silent.

GIVE IT UP.—What is the difference between a dandy, an optical contusion and a well in which the water is frozen? The first is a nice swell, the second is an eye swell, and the third is an ice well.

"WHAT I want," said a young beau, "is a wife without a failing." "Then you'll never marry," said his sister; "because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

THE latest case of absence of mind is a ship-carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel's bottom. He did not discover his mistake until the vessel spit in his face.

SHIP-BRED—Sailors.

BLUNT men sometimes say cutting things.

A NAVIGATOR'S most dangerous straight is a whisky straight.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolmistress.

YOUNG man's best companion—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

FOND MOTHER.—"What would you do without a mother, Tom?" *Tom*—"Do as I liked, ma."

WHO are the comrades that fight all day and do not hurt each other? The tongue and the teeth.

IF the man who writes anonymous letters has never stolen sheep it is probably the fault of the sheep.

THERE is something in a name, when the inventor of a new castor describes it as the "Idrofobolic hat!"

NOTHING is more dangerous, as far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

A MIRTHFUL person observes that, after all, the Indian is not so bad as he is painted, when he paints himself.

IF good wines require no bush, of course a good bet wants no hedge, and a lover of brandy needs no shrub.

AN intelligent German thus expressed his preference for a quack doctor: "I vouldn't call him if mine cat vas dead!"

"ELEVATE your sole," as the cobbler said when he wanted to inspect the condition of a customer's battered brogans.

A TEETOTALER says the drop-curtain of a theatre is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

THERE are rare occasions when a run on a bank cripples the bank but little. One of them is when a steamboat attempts it.

"WHAT'S the next thing to oysters, Tom?" says an urchin to a printer's reading boy. "Why, the shells, stupid!" retorted Tom.

IN Virginia, when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on a fence and see her go by.

LAPLANDER.—The sudden start of a street car threw a lady, who was standing, into a gentleman's lap; whereupon a newsboy cried out, "There's a *Lap*-lander!"

SHOT.—"Mother," said a little five-year-old, "have you heard that Uncle John got shot yesterday?" "Why, no! Dear me! How did he get shot?" "Oh, he bought 'em!"

PRUDENT.—A person who had obtained a free railway pass asked the clerk if "he could not embrace his wife?" "Probably," the official answered; "but I prefer to see her before promising positively."

HONOR.—Old Deacon Pilkins said to himself, "Falstaff asks, 'What's honor?' as though it was hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman at church, and she'll tell *what's on her* in less than ten minutes."

A CANDIDATE for admission into a rifle club was asked, "Have you had much long-range practice?" "Long range practice!" he exclaimed. "I should think so. I practiced over a dozen years as cook at a range in a restaurant."

"WHAT does 'transatlantic' mean, mamma?" "Across the Atlantic, child. Hold your tongue, and ask no more questions." "Then does 'transparent' mean a cross mamma?" (Has to forfeit her slate and stand in the corner.)

A PHYSICIAN finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said, "When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

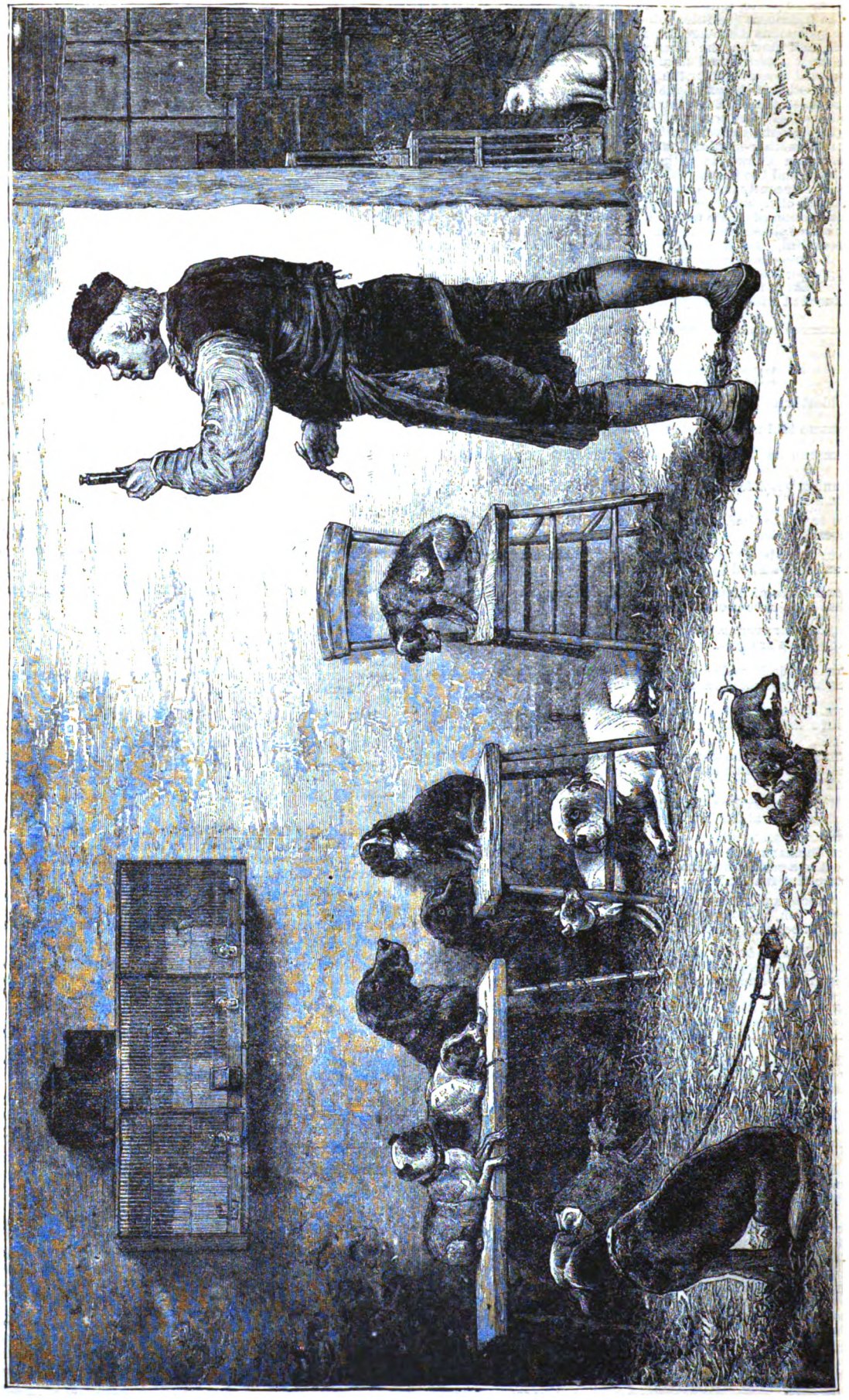
PARIS PAPER—Two men jostle each other on the street, exchange words, and take to punching each other lustily. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," cries a third, rushing between them, "why do you pound each other thus? Have you no wives at home?"

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following:

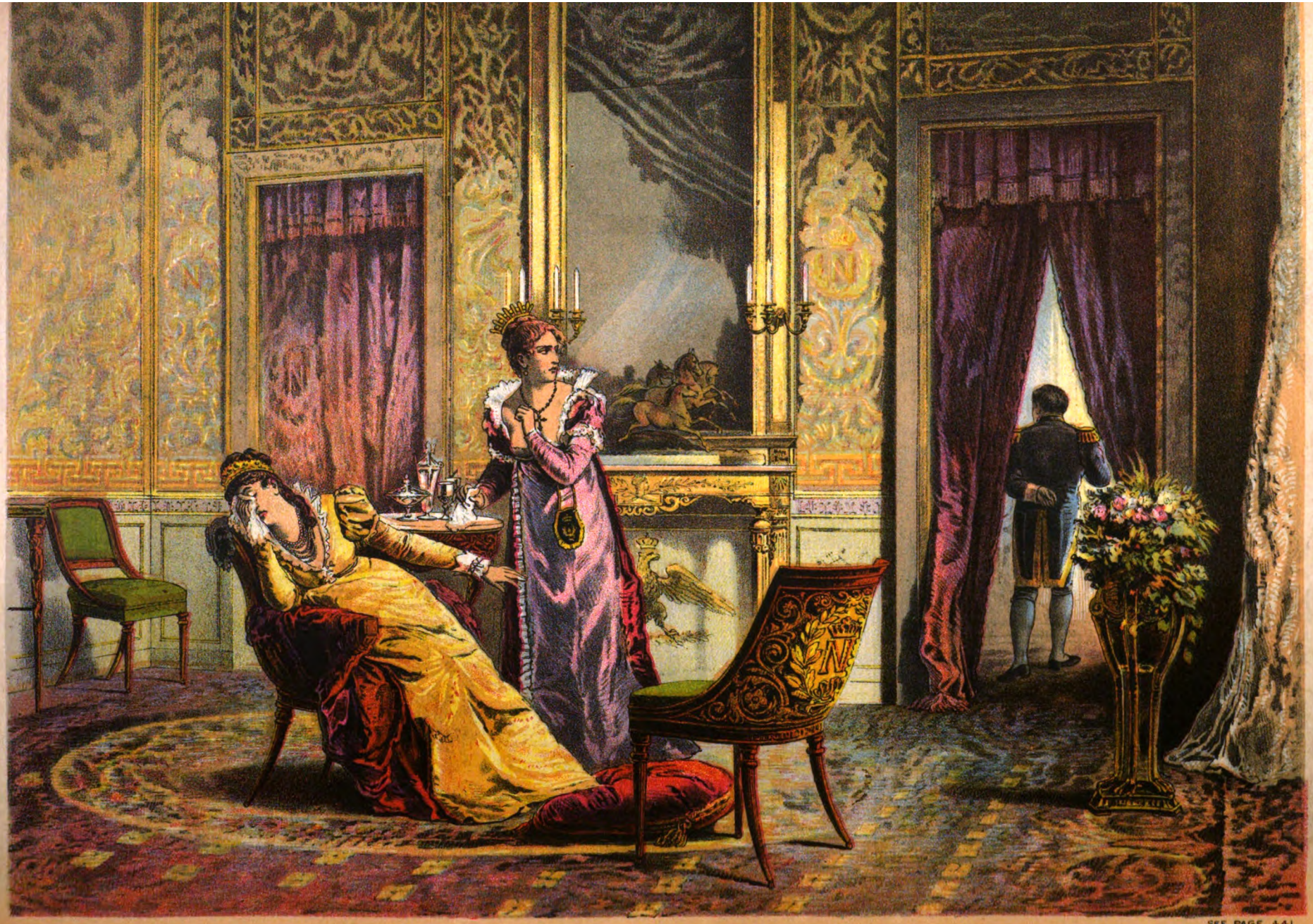
"'Twixt women and wine
Man's lot is to smart:
'Tis wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart."

ABSURD QUESTION.—A German lately applied for a situation as a sailor on board a vessel lying in the docks. "Have you ever been to sea?" asked the captain. The German stared a moment, and then said, "Does you s'pose I comed over from Germany in a balloon?"

SMALL GIRL—"Mamma, give me some more pie." *Mamma* (who wants the small girl to say "please")—"I don't hear you, my child." "*Small Girl*—"Give me some more pie." *Mamma*—"I don't hear you, my child." *Small Girl*—"Oh, mamma, you must be near-sighted in the ears!"



"A CANINE ÆSCULAPIUS."—FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN, EXHIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.



SEE PAGE 441.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VI.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1878. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

ENGLAND'S LAST ACQUISITION—THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

THE acquisition by Great Britain of Cyprus, in virtue of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, has naturally directed public attention to the "smiling" Island of the Mediterranean, the mention of which is now familiar in our mouths as a household word. A few weeks ago, inquiries concerning Cyprus would have met with a very vague reply; to-day we all know something about it, and somewhat eagerly desire to extend our acquaintanceship.

Compilers, even of the most recent gazetteers and books of reference, could not be expected to foresee that Cyprus would become an object of surpassing interest, and that we should care more for its present condition and the prospect it offers to capital and industry, than about its earlier history, from its first Phœnician colonization down to its final conquest by the Turks. As usually happens, however, the supply of information is becoming equal to the demand, and travelers, and natives, and merchants, and agriculturists, and archæologists, and explorers are engaged in narrating, or are about to narrate, their experiences; till, in a short

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN CYPRUS.

time hence, we shall have had Cyprus simply *ad nauseam.*

Since the terrible inauguration of Turkish rule, in 1571, Cyprus has slowly but surely "gone down to its doom," and it may be asked whether it is not too far gone in the ways of the Turkish Empire to recover in the course of centuries. That unhappy State consists of an aggregate of provinces, either in a condition of chronic anarchy, or enjoying that desolation miscalled peace. Cyprus, according to the best authorities, falls into the last state. The trees of its forests have been for the most part destroyed, probably in part burnt in the Turkish barbarous suppression of revolt—certainly cut down for charcoal by the careless and indigent peasantry. Its mines have been so many centuries unworked that they must be rediscovered. Its harbors are full of sand. Its food products scarcely pay for cultivation and working. Its peasantry are fallen into a hopeless apathy. Diminished almost to a twentieth of their ancient numbers, and devoured by the most exorbitant taxation, increased by farming and dishonest levying, they scarcely exist. A series of droughts and bad seasons during the last ten years, and almost a famine, have brought country and people well-nigh to the lowest point of destitution. The case is a bad one, and England could scarcely have taken in hand an unhealthier limb of the "Sick Man."

Cyprus, our readers will learn, is neither a paradise nor a desert; it is fertile, but uncultivated; productive, but neglected; it is not specially unhealthy, but in certain parts it is infected with fever and ague; its climate is that of the Levant, and of the north coast of Africa, not more trying than Malta and Alexandria, and less oppressive than Syria and the adjoining coasts. The rainfall is scanty and precarious. In the third century it is said that no rain fell on the island for seventeen years, and so late as the year 1869, its rainfall only amounted to five and a half inches in the twelve months, while locusts are an ever-menacing scourge to agriculture. Communication is difficult, life is simple, and agriculture is primitive. Barely one-tenth of the island is at present under cultivation, and the fiscal arrangements of the Turkish Government are such that some of the most lucrative agricultural industries have been abandoned, under the pressure of ill-adjusted taxation. Nevertheless, the population, amounting it is supposed to 200,000, of whom rather more than two-thirds are Christians, and the remainder Mohammedans, are peaceful, contented and singularly honest.

Such, in brief epitome, is the Cyprus which Great Britain has taken unto herself, for good or for bad. Situated just on the coast of Syria, commanding the seaway to the Gulf of Scanderoum and the mouth of the Orontes, and therefore the Mediterranean entrance to the Valley of the Euphrates, Cyprus offers singular advantages to a Power interested in India, but unable, for the moment, to secure possession of its natural gateway—the Valley of the Nile. All the great agrarian dynasties of the world—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian—all found the capture or subjection of Cyprus to be a first and necessary step to the approaches upon Egypt.

Its position is favorable for watching the Suez Canal and the terminus of the proposed Euphrates railway; but an army destined to operate on the Russo-Turkish frontier of Asia, will have to establish its depots in a more favorable position. It is impossible, now that England is seated on this island, for any Power to attack Egypt or Syria without her consent; whilst for the development of British enterprise it offers both a wide and a tempting field.

Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, coming next after Sicily and Sardinia. Larnaca, which is the principal port of the island, is distant from Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, about 240 miles; from Malta 970; and from Mersine, the Port of Cicilia, 160 miles.

It is traversed by two mountain ranges—one along its northern coast, from Cape Andras to Cape Cormakiti, and the other on its southern coast. Between these two ranges lies the fertile plain of Messorie, extending from the Bay of Murpho to the Bay of Salamis.

The island, according to recent writers, is 140 miles in length, its extreme breadth 60 miles, and its minimum breadth 27 miles; having an area of 4,000 square miles, or about the size of Jamaica. It has hitherto been but little visited by travelers, owing to the erroneous statements regarding it. There is no reason, however, why *voyageurs* should not visit Cyprus with as great impunity as any other part of the Levant. The climate varies in different parts—the northern region is the most hilly and wooded, and the least fertile; the heat in this district being tempered by the winds from the Karamanian mountains, which preserve the frozen snows in the highest spots during the greater part of the year. In the plains in the southern districts the heat is excessive, but moderated by the sea breezes.

Summarizing the results of observations made at the Climatological Station established by the Scottish Meteorological Society, we learn that the annual rainfall is about 14 inches, nearly the whole of which falls from November to April, notably in November and December; that no rain falls in June, July, and August, and rarely in May and September. There are thus practically five rainless months in the year in Cyprus, a feature in its climate common to the climate of the Mediterranean regions south of latitude 42°.

Comparing it to the coasts of Syria opposite, its Winters are milder and its Summers cooler. The decidedly insular character of its climate is further apparent from the fact that the coldest month is February, with a mean temperature of 52° 8′ being about equal to that of London in the middle of May; and that the mean temperature of August is nearly as high as that of July, both being about 81°, which is approximately the Summer temperature of Algiers, Alexandria, Athens, and Constantinople.

During four years, 1866–1870, the highest recorded temperature of any of the months was 96°, except June, 1869, when, from the 21st to the 24th, the mean temperature at Alethriko, 3½ miles inland from Larnaca, reached 95° 5′, being about the average Summer temperature of the Punjaub, rising on one of those days to a maximum of 105°. On the same day the temperature rose to 103° 5′ at Jerusalem, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; the period being characterized as one of unparalleled heat and drought over the whole of the region bordering the Levant.

The worst month, according to Von Franz Loher, is September; a thick haze then hangs on the country, huts and groves shrink up, trees shed their leaves, and the rivers cease to run. But the mountains, rising to a height of 6,590 feet, and snow-clad during the greater part of the year, afford at all times a welcome retreat to the exhausted dwellers on the plain.

Some parts of the coast are unhealthy, and Larnaca, the chief commercial seaport of the island, more especially, is one of the most dreaded fever dens of the East. These unfavorable hygienic conditions, however, are wholly due to the thriftlessness of man, and there can be no doubt that suitable drainage-works would bring about a marvelous change for the better. With a little care and energy in the formation of tanks on the South India plan, to be filled by the torrents which now waste themselves down the hills, Cyprus would have all the natural advantages of Jamaica, a better climate, and a population now degraded,

indeed, but once amongst the most industrious and enterprising in the world.

France and Italy offer numerous instances of the good results to be achieved by a practical application of sanitary science. Not many years ago, the population of the French Marennes was annually decimated by fever, but since the brackish swamps have been drained, the mortality is no greater than in other parts of France; and there can be no doubt that similar measures would prove equally efficacious in Cyprus.

Apropos of the climate, we cannot do better than quote from the able and absorbing work of General Di Cesnola, our consul for ten years at Cyprus: "The great heat which prevails during the Summer months at Larnaca, notwithstanding the land and sea breezes which at times mitigate it to some extent, renders the city, during this period, almost uninhabitable by Europeans; and they, as well as the natives whose means permit, escape to some shady spot in the interior till the end of September. . . . I found that my wife and children had suffered intensely from the heat. I therefore determined to seek some secluded residence in the country, which might serve as a refuge during the trying months. On the occasion of a visit to Nicosia, the capital of the island, I passed a night in the village of Dali, which is about halfway between Nicosia and Larnaca, and remarked on its outskirts a grove of lemon and orange-trees, amid which nestled a small white cottage, connected with several outbuildings. I brought my wife to visit this spot, and we decided that it might be converted into a pleasant retreat, and soon induced the proprietor to cede it to us, for a small remuneration, for the hot season. This he did the more readily as the peasants live almost out-of-doors from June till September; it rarely happening that a drop of dew, and almost never a drop of rain, falls during these months. They place their beds under the trees, making the branches of the latter do duty as clothes-press, larder and pantry. They will frequently throw a handkerchief upon the ground and lay their infants to sleep upon it, satisfied that neither moisture nor creeping thing will harm the child—for Dali is wonderfully free from noxious reptiles. . . . We soon adopted the housekeeping system of the peasants, and hung our plate-baskets and table-linen among the trees."

Cyprus has an unrivaled position for commerce. It lies in the direct route of the old Phœnician traders, an easy sail from the great ports of the Mediterranean. Anciently celebrated for its harbors, Cyprus now has none. There are bays, where ships of war can lie, on all sides of the island, but no secure harbor for even small craft. The ports of Citium, Salamis and its medieval successor Famagosta, are filled with sand. Larnaca, the modern representative of Citium, is called the port of the island. It has a roadstead frequented by the little trading craft of the Levant, which sometimes fail to land a boat's crew over the disagreeable bar, and at others are blown out to sea by a change in the wind. It is considered by competent authorities that the ancient harbor of Citium may be cleared, and a malarious salt marsh abolished; but even if cleared, it would never hold anything beyond a coaster. Salamis and Famagosta are said to be better worth the labor of restoration, and since it will be one of Great Britain's first duties to construct a safe harbor for men-of-war and large steamers, it strikes us that a site will be found somewhere in the Bay of Larnaca, where an entirely new harbor should be instantly commenced.

Wine of Cyprus was once the choicest beverage of the Mediterranean, and when the vine was first established in Madeira it was from Cyprus that the plants were brought.

The best quality, known as "Commanderia" wine, received its name from the Commandatore of the Knights Templars, and is highly appreciated in France and Italy Mr. Lang mentions that, during his residence at Madeira, the American consul, in consequence of the ravages of the grape disease on that island, obtained fresh vine-shoots from Cyprus; and already are English wine drinkers discussing the question of imbibing Madeira manufactured upon an English possession.

Some old families have kept wine in their stores for 200, and even 400 years; and it is on record that, in 1859, a cask of Commanderia, fully 300 years old, was sent to Queen Victoria, "as a tribute of respect from the inhabitants of the island, which had once been under the sway of one of her predecessors, Richard Cœur de Lion."

Wine is still made in Cyprus, and its export amounts to 500,000 gallons annually; but the cultivation of the vine is checked by Turkish taxation, amounting to no less than 37 per cent., and the vessels in which the wine is fermented are smeared with tar, so that the common wine of the country has a most unpalatable flavor. The chief wine-producing districts are near Simard, southeast of Larnaca, and thence the principal exports are shipped; for the road of Simard enjoys the name of a port.

The main wealth of Cyprus is in its vegetable products and cattle. Agriculture is in a very low condition, yet the splendid alluvial plain of the Mesuria (between the mountains), stretching from Salamis, on the east coast, to the centre of the island, might be very remunerative. The agriculture of the Cypriotes is rude. There is scarcely any system in the rotation of crops; artificial manures are unknown, and if known would prove too costly for general use.

Wheat grows readily, but it is threshed in the primitive manner of Syria, unchanged since the days of Abraham. The grain becomes mixed with the small stones from the threshing-floor, and is unfit for use in modern mills. The grain trade in wheat and barley has been injured by an absurd scale of duties—1 per cent. on grain exported to Europe, against 8 per cent. on that exported to Syria; so that when the European market is dull there is no encouragement to trade with the opposite coast.

Our late Civil War gave a great impulse to cotton-growing in Cyprus, as in Egypt. There was a subsequent fluctuation, and ultimately the cotton crops were limited to favorable soils, the produce becoming stationary in quality and quantity. The statistics of the cotton trade between Cyprus and England for four years—1870 to 1873—tell an instructive tale. The exports to England were valued at $53,445, $25,125, $10,440 and $2,650, in each of these years respectively.

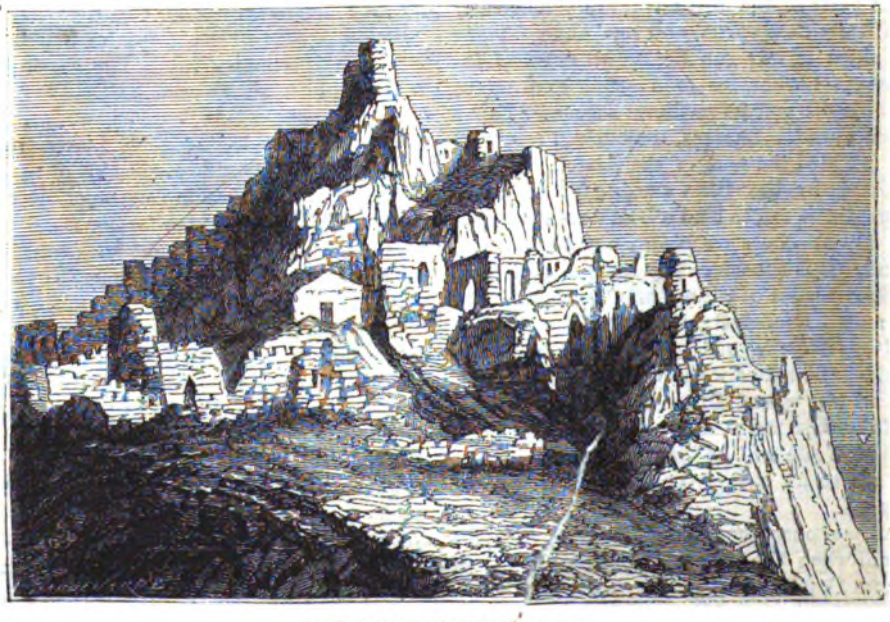
This remarkable decline is partly, no doubt, to be explained by unfavorable conditions of the weather, on which the success of the cotton crop so entirely depends; but the experience of Mr. Lang, a former English consul at Cyprus, whose authority is regarded with considerable favor, suggests another cause, to which some of the effect is doubtless due. The pod of the native cotton does not open at maturity, nor shed the cotton on the ground as is the case with American cotton. Mr. Lang introduced American seed, and his produce, when sent to Liverpool, was classified as only five per cent. less than "Middling Orleans." But, though the American cotton is better and more sure of success than the native, the local cultivators were unable to use it, on account of its peculiarity of shedding the cotton at maturity. The tax on cotton is collected in kind, and on the spot; and as the collector could not be in all places at once, he forbade the picking of the cotton until he found it convenient to attend; and thus it was shed on the ground as it ripened, and was spoiled before it was gathered. Even

if an enterprising and honest Pasha occasionally strove to apply a remedy for such a state of things, he was generally removed from his post before he had time to carry out his reforms.

Formerly, the annual devastation by the locusts interfered with the sowing, which was consequently deferred from early in May to the middle of June, when the earth had lost much of its moisture. In one year, about sixty-two tons of locust-eggs were destroyed; thus relieving Cyprus alone, according to Mr. Lang's estimate, of the germ of no less than *fifty thousand millions* of locusts! Since the time of Said Pasha, the ravages of the locusts have been kept within bounds, and it ought to be possible, with reasonable vigilance, to exterminate this most destructive pest.

M. Mattei, an Italian settler, devised an ingenious plan for destroying the locusts that were destroying him. The locusts, said to have come originally across the sea from Karamania, hatched a young brood every Spring, which immediately passed through the fields, destroying everything in their route. The peculiarity in their case was, that they appeared in the young state, going afoot, and not flying, and suddenly alighting, as in Egypt. Yet, like their Egyptian cousins, they traveled straight. M. Mattei observed that locusts were not able to creep up a smooth surface, nor to keep themselves suspended in the air for any considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for exterminating them. He excavated ditches at right angles to the direction of their flight, behind which he placed low screens of oilcloth, linen or wood. The locusts, unable to creep up these screens, fell back into the ditch, when they were immediately collected in sacks, or baskets, to be buried or covered over

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.—WINE JARS IN A VINEYARD.



CASTLE OF ST. HILARION, CYPRUS.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

with earth. Those among them who managed to fly over the first screen, were intercepted by a second or a third.

Mr. Lang introduced a cotton-mill at Larnaca, which has had some success; but it may be doubted whether Cyprus will ever become a manufacturing country, except on a limited scale.

VIEW NEAR THE CASTLE OF ST. HILARION.

Silk of excellent quality is made. It is a small item in the exports, and the best fabric is that manufactured at the capital, Nicosia.

Cyprus, according to Mr. Sandwith, is the only island in the Levant not producing olive oil sufficient for its own consumption. The country abounds in wild olive-trees, which only require

grafting, and the ground around plowing, to be productive; but the scarcity of the population in the parts of the country where the trees abound, and the want of encouragement on the part of the Government, contribute to retard the development of this branch of husbandry. Will English administration make Cyprus another Corfu?

Formerly, tobacco of a very fine quality was grown on the island, but a fifty per cent. tax has extinguished its cultivation. Only a few years ago the island produced more than a sufficiency for the wants of the population; now, four-fifths of the consumption is supplied by importation. Mr. Riddel, however, states that, although the production has almost ceased under the new taxation, the excise revenues on imported tobacco have enormously increased, and attributes the decline of local production more to less favorable conditions of soil or climate, than to any reduction of consumption through the action of the tax, which produced $40,000 in 1876, against half that sum in the year preceding.

Salt was a government monopoly of such profit, that the leasehold of the Larnaca Salt Lakes rose, in thirty years, from an annual value of $2,000 to one of $100,000. In 1872, the revenue from this source fell to $44,500, against $103,000 in the previous year, owing to the supply of the Syrian market from Benghazee, in Tripoli, at lower rates.

The number of sheep and goats has been estimated by 800,000, one-third being sheep. Goats subsist better in seasons of drought. The average export of wool is 450,000 pounds. Mules are numerous, the breed being specially good. Mr. Consul Sandwith says in his report: "A most lucrative trade in export of sheep, oxen, mules and donkeys, to Egypt and Assyria might be carried on, greatly to the advantage of those countries, and to the breeders of live stock in the island, did not the Government put absurd restrictions on the trade in order not to raise prices here; the consequence of so narrow a policy being that the flocks of sheep and goats increase so rapidly as to sell for only ten or twelve shillings per head, while in Egypt they can command three times these sums. It frequently happens during Winter, when the snows of Lebanon interupted the communication of Beyroot with the interior, that mutton in that town goes up to eight pence per pound, while there, at a distance of only twelve hours by steam, it sells at three pence per pound; and yet exportation is as strictly prohibited as if the two countries were in a state of war."

The revenue of the island is estimated at 20,000,000 piastres (one million dollars), and nearly the whole of this sum is forwarded to Constantinople, the cost of administration not amounting to more than two or three millions of piastres. The principal sources of revenue are the tithes (seven millions), the land tax (five millions), custom duties, a tax on sheep, the salt and tobacco monopolies. In reality, however, the inhabitants are called upon to pay a far larger amount, the excess finding its way into the pockets of Government officials and farmers of taxes.

The population of Cyprus, like that of the other provinces of the Turkish Empire, is not known with exactness. Mr. Poole estimates it at 120,000; Herr Von Loher at 200,000. From 40,000 to 60,000 are Mohammedans. Included amongst them are the Linopambagi, or "men of linen and wool," who outwardly conform to the tenets of Mohammed, whilst in their inmost hearts they still are Christians.

The Mohammedans are either Turkish or Neo-Muslim. The Turks are mainly confined to the towns. The Neo-Muslims are of Greek origin, speaking Greek, and similar in character to the native Christians. The Greek Christians are in manners, as in language, similar to their cousins, the Hellenes. Their dialect is marked by many peculiarities, which would make ordinary Romaic often of little use in the villages. Any one intending a lengthened stay in the island is advised to supplement a good, colloquial knowledge of Romaic by a careful study of Professor Mullach's "Grammatik der Griechischen Vulgarsprache."

In creed the Greeks of Cyprus are of the Orthodox Church, which is wealthy and has several convents. They have established elementary schools in all the larger villages, and superior ones in the towns of the island. The Greek bishops and many of the popes have been educated in the latter, or at Athens, and are men of some culture; but most of the village priests and monks are stated to be as ignorant as the peasants amongst whom their lot is cast.

From the earliest times, the Greek Church of Cyprus has enjoyed an especial degree of independence. In the fifth century of our era, the growing importance and restless ambition of the See of Antioch menaced the independence of the Church of Cyprus, but, by a fortunate coincidence, just when the bishops of Cyprus were struggling to prevent their subjection to the Patriarch of Antioch, a shepherd discovered at Salamis the body of St. Barnabas, who, according to tradition, had been murdered there; and with the body, a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written by the hand of the Cypriote saint.

In gratitude for this precious relic, which was sent to Constantinople, the Emperor Zeno confirmed the Church of Cyprus in its absolute independence, and conferred upon its head peculiar honors, which he still enjoys. Amongst these were the assumption by the Archbishop of Cyprus of purple silk robes, the insignium of a gold-headed sceptre, the title of Beatitude, and the privilege, only customary with emperors, of signing in red ink. The village priests are permitted to marry, and no impediment is put by the Greek Church upon the free distribution of the Scriptures.

Mr. Lang, after he had quitted the island, had occasion to recommend to the Archbishop of Cyprus the colporteur of an American Bible Society, and received in reply a most friendly letter, in which His Beatitude expressed the lively interest which he felt in the dissemination of the holy writings.

The Archbishop of Nicosia is the independent head of the Greek Church in the island; he is assisted by three bishops, whose Sees are respectively located at Larnaka, Kerinia and Bappo; and there are no fewer than 1,700 priests under his jurisdiction.

Freedom will, no doubt, stimulate the Cypriote Christians to rival the other great communities in the race for knowledge; and the Greeks, the Syrians, and the Armenians, have the future of the Levant in their own hands if they seize the present opportunity. *Kairon gnothi* should be their watchword.

"The Christian population," says Mr. Poole, "enjoying, in common with all Greeks, family life in its purest and most unselfish form, is sure to increase under a good government. The old Greek at whose house I lodged at Dali in 1869, had a son of forty. 'It is time,' he had said, 'the child should marry;' accordingly he gave him a house and land, and with his old wife lived in a corner."

The Muslims are, undoubtedly, diminishing. General Di Cesnola, in referring to this and to the deliberate destruction of unborn children, says: "In Cyprus the race of the Osmanlis is fast disappearing. This I had opportunities of remarking during my residence there, and I have been assured by competent persons, that only forty years ago, the capital of the island contained more Turks than Christians; at the present day, the latter are in a large majority. The crime of abortion is extremely practiced among the Turkish population, and the Turkish midwives flourish every-

where. I have spoken of this to Turks who were intelligent and upright enough to condemn the system, but they invariably added that the Turk was too poor to allow himself the expensive luxury of having children. If such a state of things exists also in the other provinces of Turkey, there is no need of anything but time to rid Europe of this degenerate race."

Slavery exists, but, owing to the increasing poverty of the diminishing Mohammedans, the number of slaves has fallen off considerably. The importation of free colored labor is urged; but it may be safely reckoned upon that England, Germany and Italy will people Cyprus as if by magic.

Unlike the Cretans the people of Cyprus are very easily governed. Anything like brigandage is unknown, and the Sublime Porte ruled it with scarcely any military force. As a proof of the general security that reigned, Mr. Lang states that he had occasion to send all over the island bags of money for various purposes, which were intrusted to native muleteers without escort, and who gave no receipt for the valuable property which they received.

During the Abyssinian War, he purchased for the British Government in the course of a month, over 2,000 mules, in all parts, even the most remote, of the island. The money went in English sovereigns into the interior by native hands before the animals came forward, but not a sovereign went astray; nor did one of the many agents to whom the purchases were intrusted defraud him of a single farthing.

The Cypriotes are tall and well made, and no one who looks at them with archæological eyes but sees before him frequently the type of the old sculptures—the round head, the large black eyes, set a little obliquely in the plane of the face; the marked, projecting nose, large and lightly hooked; the full lips, and the curling, black hair, with the strong, thick-set, short frame — characteristics marking a vigorous race, in which the Aryan most nearly approaches the Shemite.

In character the Cypriote is patient, frugal, hard-working, law-abiding—Greek Christians and Mussulman natives alike. The Greek has the domestic virtues, which are the glory of the Hellenic race, without the cunning which is its shame.

Mr. Lang, in his Report on the Industrial Classes of the island, divides them into three classes. The first includes tailors, shoemakers, capenters, masons, blacksmiths, cartwrights, and such like, whose earnings vary from 75 cents to a $1¼ per diem; the second class are town laborers, such as porters, boatmen, and domestic servants, who earn from 30 to 60 cents per diem; and the third and most numerous class consists of agricultural laborers, who, in harvest time, may get as much as 75 cents per diem, but the rest of the year only receive from 20 to 25 cents per diem. Their work, however, is rude and simple in the extreme, and their mode of life primitive and inexpensive.

The women are considered very handsome and graceful, though somewhat inclined to corpulency. A Cyprian damsel is a curious compound of fascinations and oddities. Seen at her best, on one of those innumerable saints' days when she does no work beyond tricking herself out in fine clothes and assisting her mother to dispense hospitality, she looks like a masquerade heroine, whatever be her station. She weaves up her hair with gold coins, twists it, plaits it, and contrives, with a red and yellow kerchief, a head-dress which looks like a turban, but is made top-heavy by being surmounted with an embroidered muffin-cap and tassel. She wears baggy breeches, sky-blue or pink, which descend to the knee, the rest of the legs and feet being bare, except when to honor company she reluctantly dons a pair of *pabouches*, in which she feels uncomfortable.

She is generally fat, and wears a short jacket profusely braided, which does not reach to her waist; she rouges and whitens her creamy complexion till it looks like the face of a wax image; she paints her eyebrows deep black, and by some cunning pencil-touches at the corners of her eyes, contrives to make them look twice their proper size. Then she feels happy, and giggles when complimented.

She cannot read or write, but she can sing, play on a triangular guitar, and spin round in a fantastic dance which takes her breath away, and makes her cry "Hoo!" while the stranger who watches her turns giddy from sympathy. Nor is she without religion; for during the long Lenten fast and on Fridays throughout the year, she lives on bread and olives, considering it a deadly sin to eat "anything that has breathed"—fish included. She sees less sin in telling fibs and discussing scandal.

It takes some time to familiarize oneself with a Cyprian girl; for some of the Mussulman practice of excluding women prevails among the Greeks, and a bevy of maidens will scurry off like frightened poultry if a man approaches them to talk; but once this shyness has worn off, the chief conversational topic of the bashful maiden will relate to her neighbors' shortcomings. She will tell you with smothered laughter things which she has learned in the most surreptitious manner; and her dark eyes will sparkle with the fun of mischief-making.

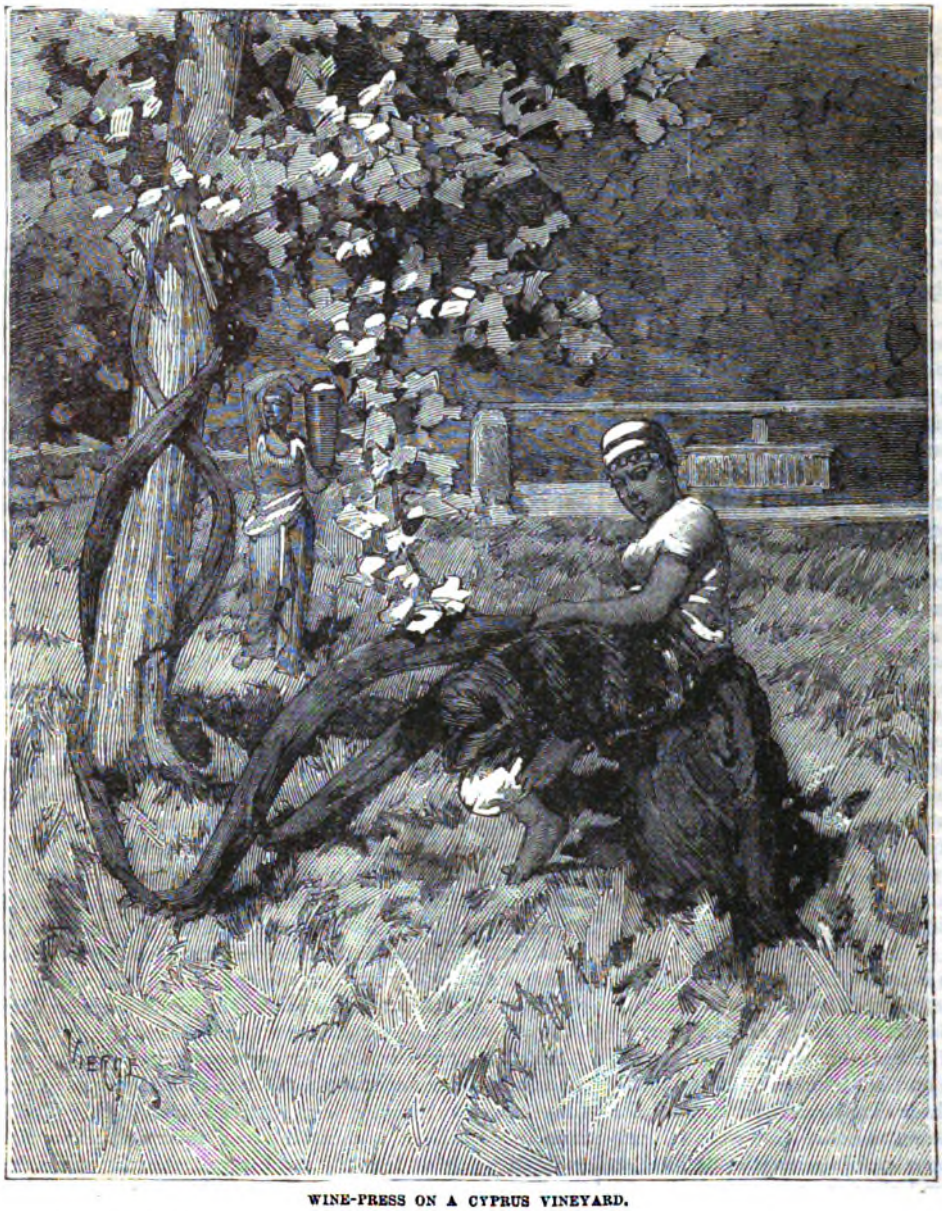
The countless feast-days in the Greek calendar afford an excuse for constant laziness, mixed with social festivity; and there is no hovel so poor but manages somehow on these occasions to put forth fruit-jellies, raw spirits, and coffee to entertain the stranger; while in fact, the fields are as deserted on these days as Scotch ones are on Sunday. In the morning the people troop to church, where the papas (priests) officiate in gorgeous vestments within churches mostly in ruins, but full of votive images in painted marble or in carved wood, dressed out like dolls. In the afternoon romping, gambling, athletic feats, and often shrieking quarrels ending by fights with knives, serve to while away the time until night comes on, when there is a great deal of dancing, singing, and carousing inside barns.

All this is gay enough, but soon palls upon the stranger, who finds the people more attractive on working days, when they have no frippery or gewgaws about them. The women are excellent housewives, and their daughters learn early to swab and scrub until they make the stone doorsteps of their cottages shine like alabaster. It might be wished that they were equally active in warring against the parasites which linger in the woodwork of their dwellings; but they seem to treat these creatures as honored guests, and never disturb them.

On working days the Cyprian girl dresses loosely in cotton breeches and chemise, and lets her hair fall down her back, tying it just below the neck with a string of beads. She is surprisingly active despite her plumpness, and races about after goats, pigs, and fowls, with a fleetness which would do credit to a boy.

If of marriageable age she will not beg, but at sight of a stranger halloos to her younger sisters to come forth and claim *backsheesh;* the which having been duly obtained (for those little Greek girls are wonderful coaxers), she levies her share, which is expended in buying finery of the peddlers.

The dream of the Greek girl is to be as sumptuous as those Mussulman ladies whom she occasionally sees driving about the island in carts drawn by oxen, and whom she envies with all her heart without being able to see their faces. In all the Greek isles the *setravret*, or vailing, of the Mussulman ladies is very close, and their pride is also immense; for, being in a minority, they hold altogether aloof



WINE-PRESS ON A CYPRUS VINEYARD.

from the Christian women. The wives of second-rate Turkish officials not rich enough to afford ox-carts walk out to the bazars attended by servants, and whenever they meet a man turn their faces, though vailed, right away from him. In lonely streets or country roads they stand still and turn their backs until he has passed.

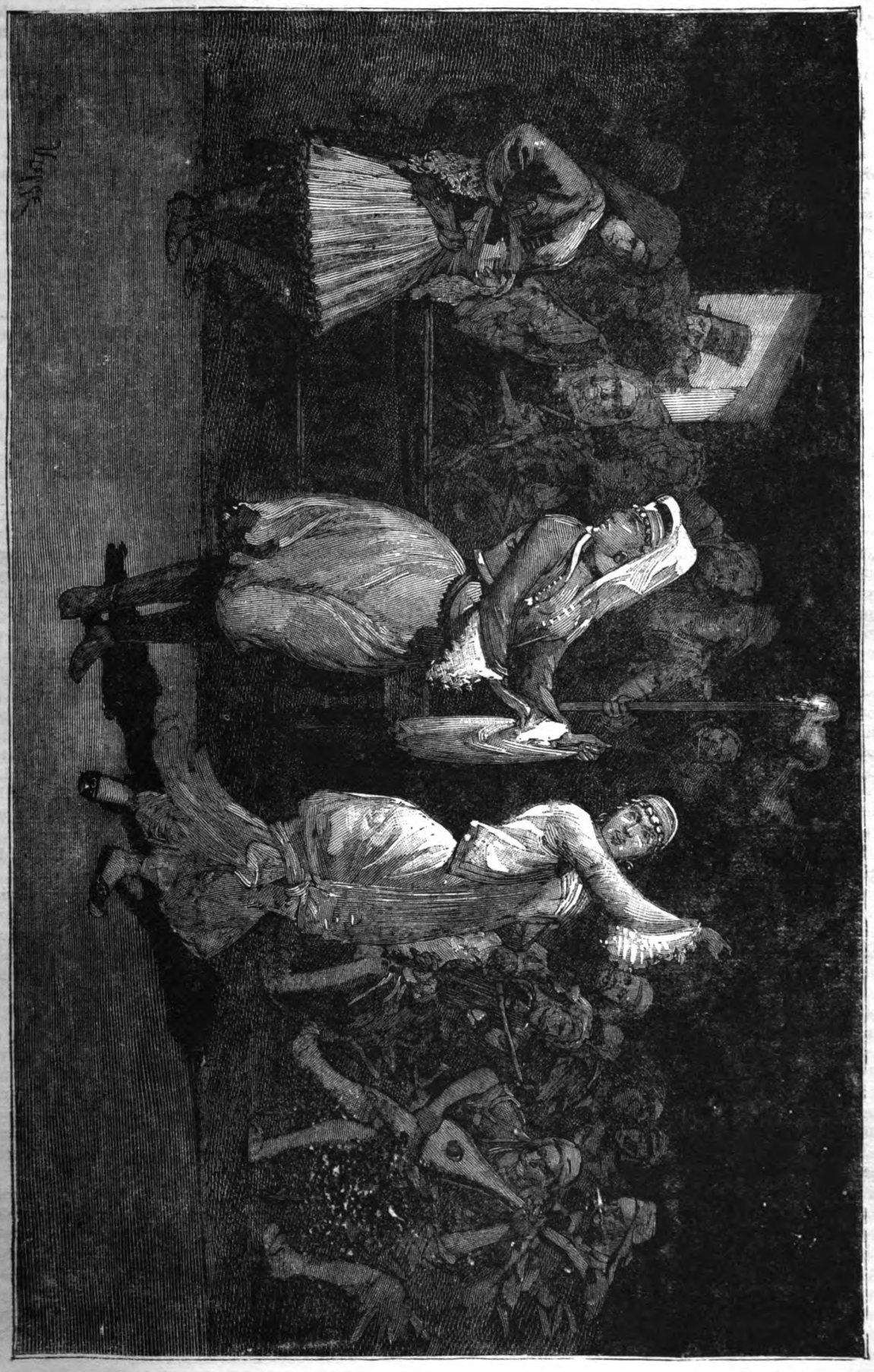
The Greek women, while laughing at these customs, secretly admire them, as enhancing the majesty of their sex; and one of the first purchases made by a Cyprian maiden when she has saved pocket-money is a vail, in which she tries to drape herself, not over-successfully, like the Mussulman dames. This article, however, she only dons in-doors; for in the open air it would excite the ire of the Greek boys, besides hiding that beauteous arrangement of rouging, blackening, and whitening above mentioned.

The ladies are said to be exceedingly indolent and voluptuous, and to retain their youthful appearance until between 40 and 50 years old; and they very frequently remarry after they have become great-grandmothers.

The ancient towns of Cyprus, according to Strabo, were Arsinoë and Soli, on the northern coast, east of Cape Acamas, which had harbors; Limenia, in the interior; Lapethus, to the east of Cape Crommyon, founded by the Spartans; then Agideus, Aphrodisium, and Carpasia, near to which last-named town was Mount Olympus (not the Olympus near Larnaca), on which was a temple dedicated to Venus, which men only were allowed to enter.

Passing round Cape Andreas, near to which are two small islands, called Kleiades, or Keys of Cyprus; and proceeding along the coast we come to Salamis, at the mouth of the Pediæus,

FAMAGOSTA.



A WEDDING DANCE AT CYPRUS.

said to have been built by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, when he migrated from his native place, the Grecian island of the same name.

Farther south was Ammochostos, of which it is said the modern name Famagosta is a corruption, a place of importance under the Lusignan dynasty, and chief port and fortress of the Venetians. It is now chiefly interesting for its ruined palaces and churches. General Di Cesnola thus describes Famagosta: "As you approach the massive walls of the city, which are nearly seventeen feet thick, and of solid stone, all taken from the ruins of Salamis, you see how impossible it was to take such a city except by famine or treachery. The walls stand now as impregnable and intact as when raised by the Lusignans. The old bronze guns of the Republic of Venice are still on the bastions in their original place, looking formidably toward the sea and the plain of Salamis, but spiked and out of service since 1571. . . . . The ruins of Famagosta are not grand and imposing . . . . Only two out of 300 churches that are said to have existed in Famagosta, were left standing. The principal one, formerly the Cathedral, and now used as a mosque, is paved with mortuary marble slabs, engraved with the names and arms of the Italian noblemen once buried beneath them, whose bones were exhumed and thrown into the sea, by order of the fanatical and ferocious Mustapha Pasha, the day after he captured the city. The other church, used as a granary and a stable by the Turks, contains also a few tombstones, now all worn out by the horses' hoofs. . . . Within the city wall resides the Caimakam of the Province of Caspass, with the Cadi of Famagosta and the usual mejilis. There is also a military governor of the fortress, and a company of artillery. This governor resides with his troops in a small fort overlooking the sea, and flanked by a large round tower, called by the natives 'Torre del Moro'—Tower of the Moor. Tradition asserts that in this tower were the headquarters of the Venetian Lord Lieutenant of Cyprus, Cristoforo Moro, during the years 1506–1508. On the 22d of October, 1508, Cristoforo Moro was recalled from Cyprus, and returned to Venice; and from documents which I have been allowed to peruse it would appear that this man was married four times, and that his married life was not very exemplary. This Cristoforo Moro was the Othello of Shakespeare."

The fortress of Famagosta contains some of the worst criminals of the Turkish Empire, and in one of them the wife of Di Cesnola discovered the celebrated Kattirdji Janni, the Robin Hood of the Levant, whose romantic history so interested the lady as to induce her to plead, through Azis Pasha, for a mitigation of his sentence, in which she was, happily for Janni, eminently successful.

Next to Famagosta came Leuculla, near Cape Pidalion, a lofty tract of country called the Table of Venus. To the west of Cape Pidalion, on the site of the modern town of Larnaca, was Citium, the Chittim of Scripture, which was the birthplace of Zeno the Stoic. It is now the chief port of the island, the seat of the British Consulate, and is connected by telegraph with Latakia, on the Syrian coast, through Nicosia, the capital.

Larnaca is about a quarter of a mile from the sea, and the consular body, together with most of the Europeans, reside at a suburb on the shore, called by the Italians the Marina, which is the chief depot of the commerce of the whole island. West of Citium was Amathus, and Palæa inland. To the westward of Cape Kurias (Gatto) was Curium, with a port built by the Argivi. Around the bend of the coast, which here trends toward the northwest, there were the towns of Treta, Boosura and Palæ Paphos (old Paphos), another Arsinoë, with a port, temple and sacred grove, and New Paphos.

Lefkosia, or, as it is commonly called, Nicosia (the ancient Ledra), is situated toward the centre of the island, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens. It is the capital, and was formerly the abode of the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus. Besides the churches, a description of which will be found further on, it has a market, a caravanserai, and the governor's palace, the gateway of which is still ornamented with the Venetian lion in stone. The Venetian walls are still standing, but the ancient mansions are fast falling into ruins, and the streets, like those of most Eastern towns, are narrow and dirty. The town has a small trade in raw cotton and wine, carpets, cotton prints and morocco leather. The leather dressers have a secret method of preparing it, which is said to make it more durable and more brilliant in color than that produced elsewhere.

The Church of St. Sophia, at Nicosia, is, next to the cathedral at Famagosta, the most important Christian edifice now existing in Cyprus.

The little church of St. Nicholas is a small Byzantine building of quite an Eastern type, and has a low central octagonal lantern, crowned with a flat dome, so common in Syrian churches, and also to be found in the early churches in the south of France, Spain, Greece and Armenia. There is a third church in Nicosia, originally dedicated to St. Catherine.

Before touching upon the vast archæological wealth of Cyprus, we shall say a few words upon its ancient history.

When the dawn of civilization was but commencing to shed its rosy light upon Greece, Cyprus was already, in common with Egypt and Assyria, in the noonday sun of advancement; and a glance at the checkered history of the island from that remote time when the metal-working Phœnicians sought copper on her shores, to the ghastly inauguration of Moslem rule, will not be without interest.

Cyprus holds a prominent place in mythological lore. It was at Paphos that Venus, or Aphrodite, who is also called Cypris, first landed after being born of the sea-foam. It was in the forests of Idalium, the modern Dali, that Adonis was slain by the wild boar; Mount Olympus, and not the Caucasus, is also alleged to be the scene of the terrible punishment of Prometheus; and it was a king of Cyprus who became enamored of the marble statue carven by his own hands, and afterward endowed with life by the Goddess of Love.

It has been established that Cyprus was the Chittim of the Old Testament. Chittim was a son of Javan, grandson of Japhet, and great-grandson of Noah. Josephus identifies Chittim with Cyprus; and the existence on the island of a town called Citium tends to corroborate the assertion. The early Phœnician settlers retained their connection with the mother country, and Di Cesnola cites a revolt against Tyre 1000 B.C. The island was known as Kypros, a name derived from the Hebrew *kopher*, or henna, a plant which flourishes in abundance, and which, in ancient times, was used in the concoction of oils and salves. Homer, in the "Iliad," describes the armor fabricated by the legendary hero of Cyprus, Cinyras, and presented to Agamemnon; who, if the legends speak truly, repaid this courtesy after a somewhat ill fashion.

The shape of the island was compared by the ancients to a deer's skin, or fleece, spread out. Mount Olympus stands 6,590 feet high; Mount Adelphi, 5,380 feet; Mount Santa Croce, 2,300 feet—formerly crowned by a temple to Jupiter. "This temple was in ruins," says Di Cesnola, "when the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, visited Cyprus; and a tradition, from which the hill derives its present name, asserts that Saint Helena caused a chapel to be erected on the spot, and deposited in it a piece of the

cross which she had brought from Jerusalem. An English traveler, John Locke, says he saw the relic in Cyprus in 1553. There is a ruined French convent now on the top of the hill, and on the eastern slope is another convent dedicated to Santa Barbara."

The river Pedios, or Pedaios, which joins the sea between Salamis and Famagosta, is the most important river. In 1330 it was so much swollen as to inundate Nicosia, causing terrible destruction to life, and turning the plain of Mesaoria into a lake.

The island is supposed to have been covered with timber, its cedars surpassing in dimensions even those of Lebanon. The supply of iron was considerable, while gold and silver were also found, but apparently not in large quantities.

The worship of Aphrodite, or the Goddess of Love, was carried on in a manner such as to render the morality of Cypriots more or less of a byword. Their monarchs, too, were sensual and effeminate, indulging in every excess, and studying the very inner refinement of luxury. A fragment of a comedy of Aristophanes shows us how the King of Neo Paphos lived. During dinner this potentate was kept cool by doves hovering around him. To allure them he was salved with Tyrian oil, made from a fruit which the birds were fond of, and whose odor they recognized; but as they approached to settle on his head, attendants warded them off, and the constant flutter of their wings produced the necessary cooling effect.

Solon passed the latter part of his life in Cyprus, dying there. Shipbuilding was largely carried on, and Demetrius Poliorcetes is stated to have had one built of cedar wood 130 feet long. Cyprus did not hold a high place in the fine arts; the name of one sculptor only—Styppax, a contemporary of Pericles—being handed down.

Of the Cyprus Iliad, the "Kypria," which consisted of eleven books, but the argument is preserved to us. The subject of the "Kypria" is the chain of events that led to the siege of Troy.

The fresh colonization of Cyprus, according to legend, began with the return of the heroes from Troy. 707 B.C., Sargon, the Assyrian monarch, conquered Cyprus. 594 B.C., Apries, King of Egypt—the Pharaoh Hophra of Scripture—despoiled the island. Herodotus tells us that during the reign of Psammetticus, the Cypriote rulers, tired of Egyptian control, surrendered themselves to Cambyses the Persian. 477 B.C. the Athenians and Lacedemonians conquered part of Cyprus from the Persians. When Alexander, 355 B.C., besieged Tyre, the kings of Cyprus voluntarily assisted him with 120 ships. The island, after being a considerable period under the sceptre of the Ptolemies, became independent of Egypt, 103 B.C. The last of the Ptolemaic family who ruled over Cyprus was an uncle of Cleopatra.

Cato took possession of the island, being well received by the inhabitants. He found immense treasure in the palace at Salamis, which he sold for 7,000 talents. In the year 52 B.C., Cicero superseded Appius as proconsul of Cyprus and Cilicia. Strabo states that the lovesick Antony gave the island to Cleopatra, and that Augustus revoked the gift, annexing Cyprus to the Empire. It was in the reign of Tiberius that Saint Paul visited the island, then under the proconsul Sergius Paulus, and performed in that officer's presence the miracle on Bar-jesus, the sorcerer (Acts xiii. 14). So badly treated was Paul at Paphos that he declared the citizens the worst in the world. "This description," writes General Di Cesnola, "is said, and with some truth, to be a just one to this day."

The Jews, unmindful of their defeats in Judea by Vespasian and Titus, resolved to attack the Romans elsewhere; and during the reign of Trajan, A.D. 115, worsted the Cypriots, slaying, it is alleged, over a quarter of a million of them. The Romans, in their turn, utterly defeated the Jews; passing a decree in Senate expelling them from the island. So rigidly was this law enforced that any Jew wrecked on the coast of Cyprus was instantly put to death.

Under Constantine this province was one of the most opulent in the Empire. The Arabs next came in for Cyprus; now holding, now having the island wrested from them. One of its Arab rulers was the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, A.D. 803. In the year 964 the Arabs were finally expelled by the Christians.

Cyprus was frequently visited by the Crusaders, Eric, the first King of Denmark, with several other notables, dying there. Richard I., King of England, *en route* to the Holy Land, visited Cyprus, A. D. 1191, for the purpose of avenging an insult offered to Berengaria, his betrothed bride, by the Duke of Cyprus. After a battle, the duke was defeated, loaded with silver chains, stripped of his dignities, and carried away into captivity, while his victorious opponent sold the island to the Knights Templars, whose oppression caused a revolt. Richard resumed the sovereignty, and gave it to Guy of Lusignan, the expelled King of Jerusalem, in 1192. The Lusignans retained it for nearly 300 years, which was a flourishing period for Cyprus.

John III., of Lusignan, died in 1451, leaving the kingdom to Charlotte, his only legitimate child, who married her cousin, Louis, Count of Geneva, second son of the Duke of Savoy and Anna, of Cyprus. Queen Charlotte, of Cyprus, returned to Rome, where she died in 1487, bequeathing her claim to Charles, Duke of Savoy, in consequence of which the sovereigns of that dynasty assume, to this day, the titles of Kings of Cyprus and Jerusalem.

The natural brother of James married Catherine Cornaro, the daughter of a Venetian merchant, who brought him 100,000 golden ducats. The Venetian Senate adopted Catherine Cornaro, on her marriage in 1471, as "Daughter of St. Mark."

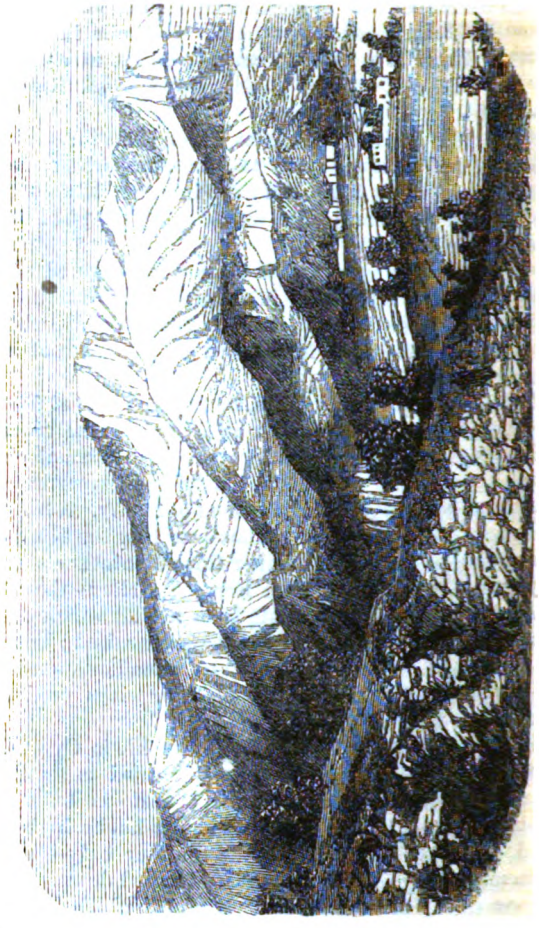
In 1473, James died, and Catherine was soon after delivered of a son, of whom the Republic of Venice assumed the guardianship, and Venetian troops were sent to garrison the towns of the island. The child died an infant, and, in 1489 the Venetian Senate persuaded Catherine to abdicate in favor of the Republic. She retired to Asola, near Treviso, where she lived the remainder of her days in princely style, and on a liberal pension.

The Venetians virtually kept possession of Cyprus for nearly 100 years—namely, from about 1490 to 1571, when it was taken by the Turks, under Mustapha, who had been dispatched there by the then Sultan Selim.

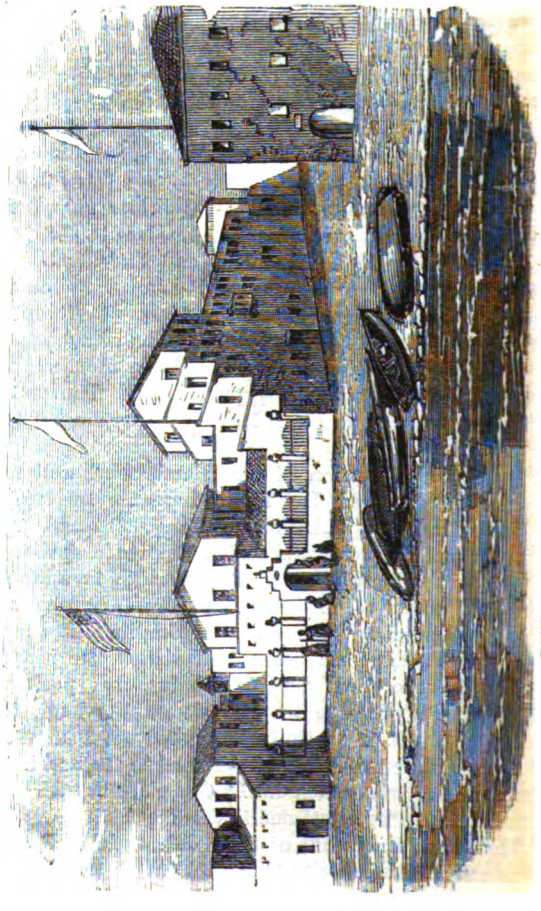
The details of the defeat of the Venetian Republic are minutely entered into in General Di Cesnola's valuable work. Venice, informed of Turkish piratical excursions, sent a staff of engineers to repair the fortresses of Cyprus. In 1570, Selim II. demanded the cession of the Island of Cyprus, which was refused. This news sent a thrill of apprehension through the Christian population along the shores of the Mediterranean. Pope Pius V. exhorted a crusade, and Venice, too much occupied in fortifying herself, omitted to garrison her recently repaired fortresses on the island.

The siege of Nicosia was commenced under Mustapha Pasha, who entered the city after seven weeks' siege and several assaults. For an entire week, the city was given up to the ferocity of the captors, and scenes of horror followed such as it is not in the power of pen to describe. Twenty thousand persons were mercilessly butchered, and 2,000 of the flower of the city's youth borne away into captivity. Famagosta still held out, hoping against hope

VIEW OF LARNACA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.



MOUNT OLYMPUS.

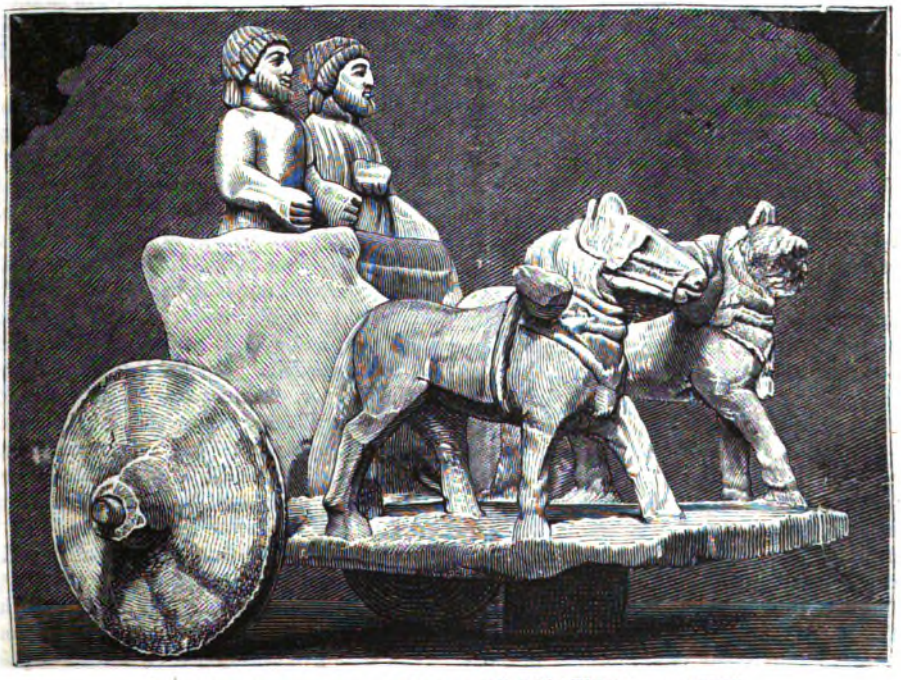


VIEW ON THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, LARNACA.

for assistance from Venice—held out for ten long months, and when everything save honor was gone, then did the heroic commander, General Bragadino, offer to surrender.

"On the 5th of August, General Bragadino, accompanied by his lieutenants, Baglioni, Martinengo, and Querini, went to the Turkish camp, and was politely received by Mustapha. After the delivering of the keys and when General Bragadino had risen to take leave, the vile Turk asked him for special hostages for the safe return from Candia of the Turkish vessels which were to convey him and his men thither. Bragadino refused this, as not having been stipulated in the accepted conditions of his surrender. . . . . The Pasha, becoming enraged, ordered the four Venetians to be put to death, and in a few minutes, Generals Baglioni, Martinengo, and Querini were executed in the presence of Bragadino, for whom a more terrible death was reserved. The executioner cut off his nose and ears; three times he was made to lay his head on the block, as if to be beheaded; then, being heavily chained, was thrown into a dark dungeon, and left for nine days in that miserable condition. On the tenth day, by order of Mustapha, Bragadino was brought out of prison, and compelled to carry earth for the repairs of the fortifications for several hours; after which, more dead than alive, the heroic soldier was tied to a stake, and in the presence of the ferocious Mustapha, was flayed alive. His skin, stuffed with hay, was sent, with the heads of the other three, as presents to the Sultan."

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF VENUS AT LARNACA.



CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES—A CHARIOT FROM THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

The archæological riches of Cyprus have been wellnigh exhausted by General Di Cesnola, and those who would gain the fullest knowledge on this most absorbing subject—since the island, like Assyria, is a land of buried

cities—should consult his unrivaled work, "Cyprus." It is estimated by Mr. Poole that Cypriotic antiquities range, probably, from the Trojan age—perhaps 1200 B.C.—to the close of the Greek dominion, in a series of monumental records unrivaled for continuous succession anywhere in the world save in Egypt; that they are in origin and characteristics Phœnician, bearing the impress of the art of the nations which ruled the Eastern Mediterranean—Greek art alone being but faintly represented. The character of Oriental taste was too firmly fixed for Hellenic art, late in arrival and never wholly welcome to the national instincts, to plant itself securely here. Had Cyprus enjoyed the good fortune of Rhodes, the next stepping-stone westward of Phœnician commerce and the last eastward of true Hellenic culture, we might anticipate dazzling results from excavations in the island. Not alone the national taste forbids this hope: the soft limestone of the island lends itself with a fatal facility to the production of inferior art, and thus Cypriote statues are little superior to the lower class of terra-cottas in force of execution and attention to detail.

The most interesting remains have been found in the ancient royal cities, capitals of the small kingdoms into which the island was divided for at least four centuries before it became part of the kingdom of the first Ptolemy. The Annals of Sargon, repeated in the Larnaca Stele, mention the submission of the seven kings of Cyprus (Records of the Past, vii. 51). Esarhaddon enumerates the ten kings of Cyprus as subjects (iii. 108). The capitals vary at different times, and the number of the kingdoms also. The minority of the kings were Phœnicians, the rest Cypriotes; the royal race of Salamis boasting of a Greek origin. When the kings were confederate, the ruler of Salamis seems to have taken the lead, and the famous Euagoras, in the middle of the fourth century, was virtually king of the whole island; waging for ten years a successful war with Persia, which left him independent. Paphos was the chief seat of the worship of the national goddess Aphrodite, whose cultus was originally Phœnician. Citium, from its position, was a great port of the island, only rivaled by Salamis. These three cities were the chief places under the rule of the Ptolemies, and we find the governor uniting the functions of high priest, admiral and general for Paphos, Salamis and Citium; though we do not yet know which of the two ports was the chief naval station.

Paphos has not yet yielded any very important results to the explorer, in spite of the efforts of General Di Cesnola. The great temple, as rebuilt by Vespasian, in the archaic form, after it had been destroyed by an earthquake—well portrayed, with its fish-pond, sacred doves, and strange conical stones, on the Roman coinage of Cyprus—is now only represented by shapeless ruins; owing, perhaps, to the effect of successive earthquakes, as General di Cesnola remarks. His explorations here were unproductive.

At Citium the harbor and the walls of the ancient city may still be traced southward of the modern town of Larnaca. Besides a remarkable tomb of Phœnician style, there is little above ground. Excavations have, however, been rewarded with some objects of interest. The Assyrian stele, bearing the figure and annals of Sargon, was found here, and is now in the Berlin Museum (Cesnola, p. 47). A low hill on the edge of the salt marsh which represents the old harbor has yielded an abundance of small terra-cottas of Greek style. Being of the Macedonian period, they are far inferior to the figures of Tanagra; but on the whole, they will be more interesting to the generality than anything else in the range of the antiquities. With them Cypriote figures are found, either older, or, as is more probable, preserving the traditions of hieratic art. Among these General Di Cesnola notices the cow-headed goddess (pp. 51, 52).

Salamis has been even less productive than Citium. Probably in both cases the remains have been used for building purposes by the medieval rulers of the island, and the Turks.

Idalium, Golgos, Curium and Amathus have been the scenes of the happiest explorations. It may be doubted whether more than one of these sites has not been worked out.

Nothing undoubtedly Egyptian has yet been discovered in Cyprus, except a little mummy-figure of the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty (664–525 B.C.), found in Carpás. But it is not at all impossible that some record of Egyptian conquest, like the Stele of Sargon, may yet be discovered. Egyptian objects anterior in date to the Assyrian age would be of the greatest interest.

More Assyrian remains may confidently be looked for, in the shape of tablets, documentary clay cylinders, and ornaments.

Coins will be the commonest of interesting antiquities brought to the traveler. The most important are those bearing Cypriote inscriptions, probably ranging from the sixth century to the middle of the fourth. The Phœnician coinages of the kings of Citium and Idalium, dating in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., deserve the next place. Both these illustrate the religion and history of the island. A few fine Greek coins of Paphos and Salamis have come to light, but they were evidently scantily issued. Under the Ptolemies the mints of Cyprus struck abundant money, and as the greater part of the silver coins are dated, the class is of unusual historical interest. The Roman coins of Paphos, with the representation of the great temple of Aphrodite, are not uncommon. Of subsequent currencies, the most interesting is that of the Lusignan kings of Cyprus, a complete representative series of which it is very hard to obtain.

A word may be added to travelers. They should not visit Cyprus unless they are prepared for rough traveling. In 1869 Mr. Poole passed a delightful fortnight there, without post, newspapers, gas, roads, carriages, milk, butter or drinking water; but this was in the great drought. Now that the "milordos" has come, the rate of living will soon rise, and the necessaries of life rapidly appear. Without a yacht, the best mode of reaching the island is from Beyroot to Larnaca. It may be doubted whether any but a powerful steam-yacht should risk the open roadsteads of Cyprus, particularly on the storm-beaten north coast. There is no inn deserving the name at Larnaca or any other town. The best plan is to engage servants at their own recommendation, and leave Larnaca as soon as may be.

The Marina, the port and European quarter, is malarious, and on no account should windows be left open at night in sleeping-rooms, nor is it wise to be out after sunset in the immediate neighborhood. Mules may be hired here. A good cook and a small canteen, to be carried by one mule, are indispensable. For the Summer, tents may be taken; in the Winter, quarters may be obtained for a small sum at the Greek villages, where the inhabitants readily give up their best rooms for hire. If possible, those chosen for sleeping-rooms should be above the ground-floor, and the servants should be sent in first to clean them out and spread the traveling mattresses.

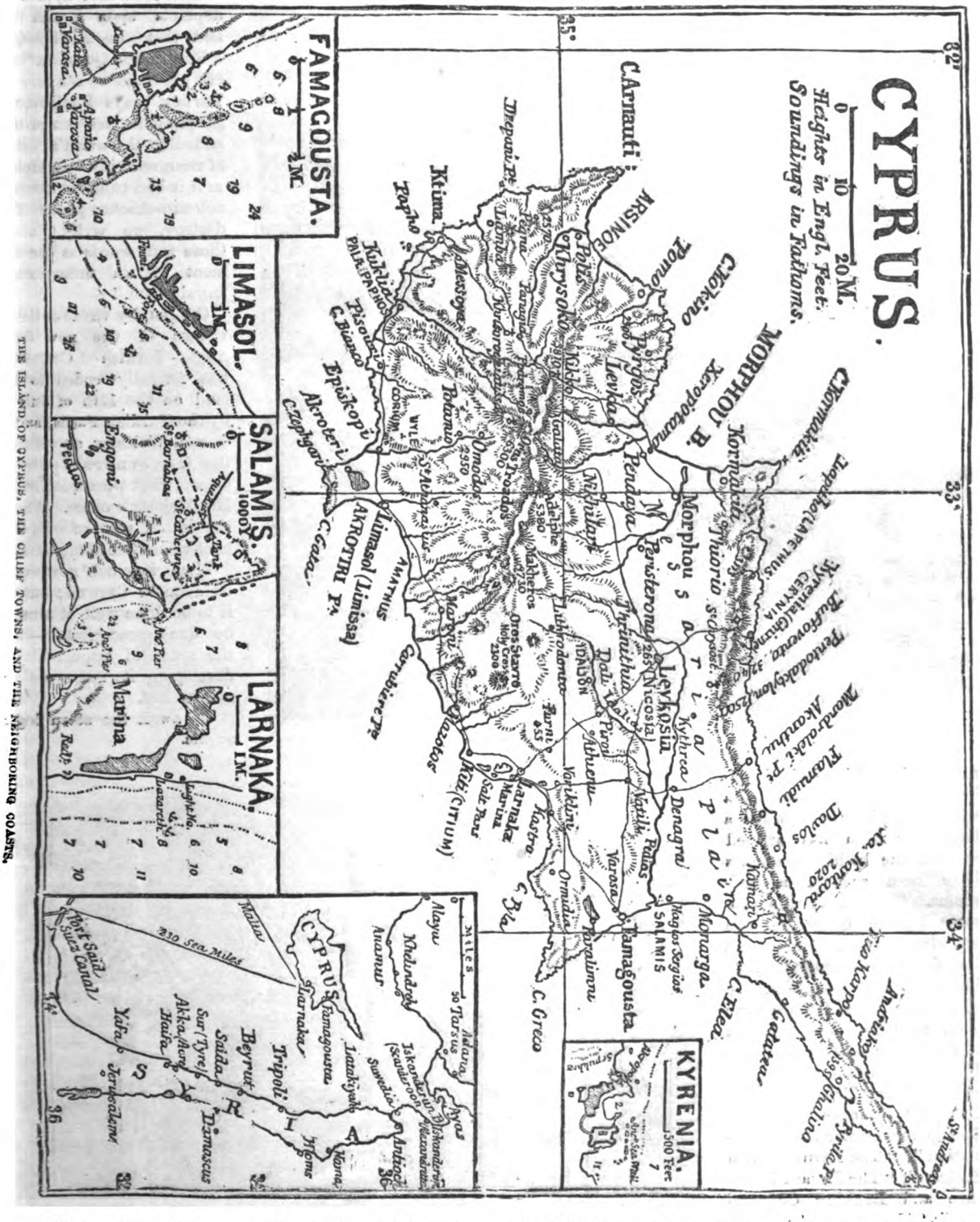
In the case of the towns, hospitality will be readily given by Greek merchants. In return, some acceptable present—a Greek Bible, of an edition authorized by the Church, a tract of St. Chrysostom, or a Homer, would be very welcome to an old-fashioned Cypriote. In all cases the servants of the host, should receive presents, on a scale

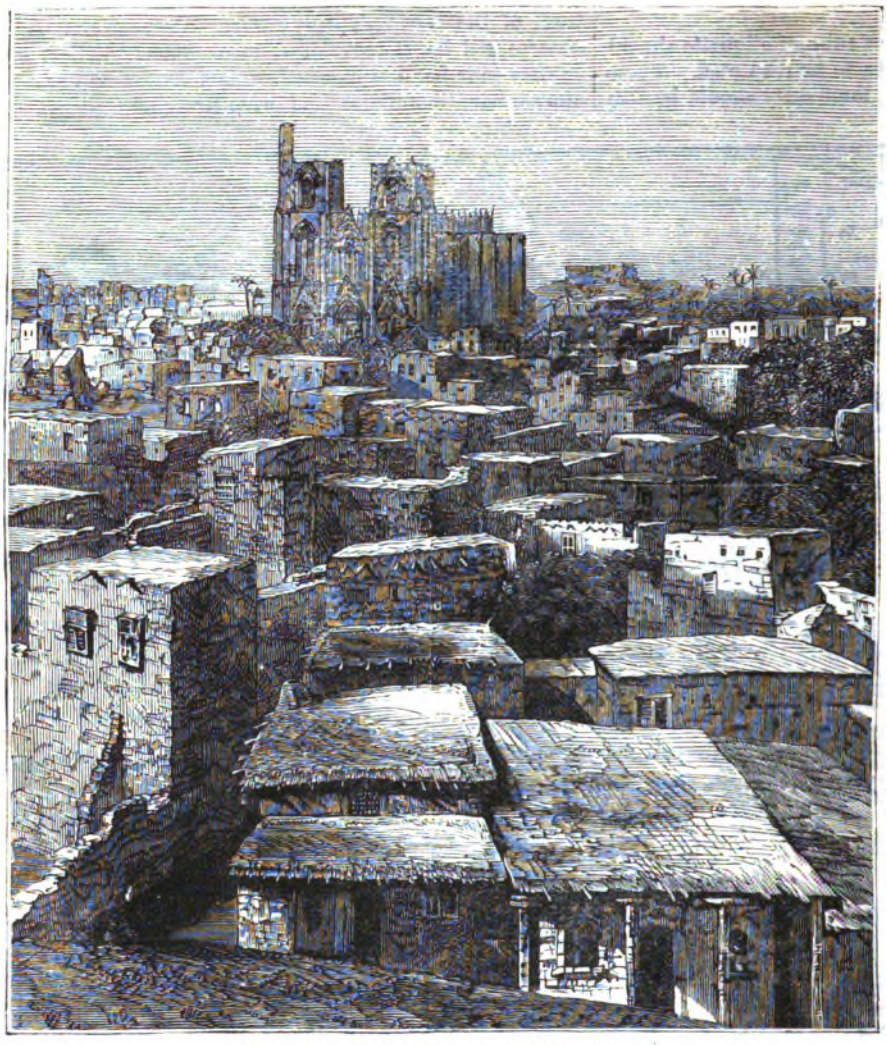
ascertained at Larnaca before starting, which in no case should be exceeded.

In associating with Turks, a few rules of etiquette should be observed, if the traveler wishes to be respected. These are easily learned. In all cases, familiarity should be discouraged by gravity of manner. Those who wish to understand the people would do wisely to spend a few week before starting in learning Romaic.

Larnaca is a good central point for excursions to Salamis, Dali, Nicosia, Paphos and Curium, as well as for the ascent of Mounts Olympus and Stavro. Other places are nearer to several of these points, but would be far less suitable as a basis of the traveler's operations. What he has most to observe will be stated almost immediately. The lover of scenery may be disappointed, unless he can see beauty in almost bare mountains and wide-stretching plains. The naturalist will, whether geologist, zoologist or botanist, find much to repay him, and it is to be hoped that the national love of destruction will not scare away or exterminate the rarer animals.

The childlike Cypriote seems to have developed a sudden turn for sharp dealing which would not compare


CYPRUS.
Heights in Engl. Feet.
Soundings in Fathoms.
FAMAGOUSTA.
LIMASOL.
SALAMIS.
LARNAKA.
KYRENIA.
Nicosia
Famagousta
Larnaka
Limasol (Limissa)
Paphos
Kitima
Morphou
Leukosia
Tamagousta
Salamis
Akrotiri
Kyrenia
Tripoli
Beyrut
Saida
Damascus
Jerusalem
Port Said
Suez Canal
330 Sea Miles
CYPRUS
Famagousta
Larnaka
Tripoli
Beyrut
Saida
Tyre
Akka
Haifa
Yafa
Jerusalem
Damascus
Hama
Homs
Latakiyah
Antioch
Tarsus
Adana
Alayia
Mahdrek
Anamur
Iskenderun
Alexandretta
Suweidia
Ayas
Mersina
Kastro
Ormidia
Varosa
Tamagousta
Morphou
Kythrea
Denagra
Nagos Sergios
SALAMIS
Moraga
Kashari
Tymbo
Tramali
Dorlos
Ida Mountains
Gedaure
Ayia Marina
Ayia Napa
Sphalion
Sphalion
Strabonos
Ayia Marina
Ayia Varvara
Ayia Varvara
Engomi
Pedios
Marina
Ayia Napa
Ayia Varvara
Ayia Varvara
Ayia Marina
Ayia Marina
Ayia Marina



THE CATHEDRAL AND TOWN OF FAMAGOSTA.

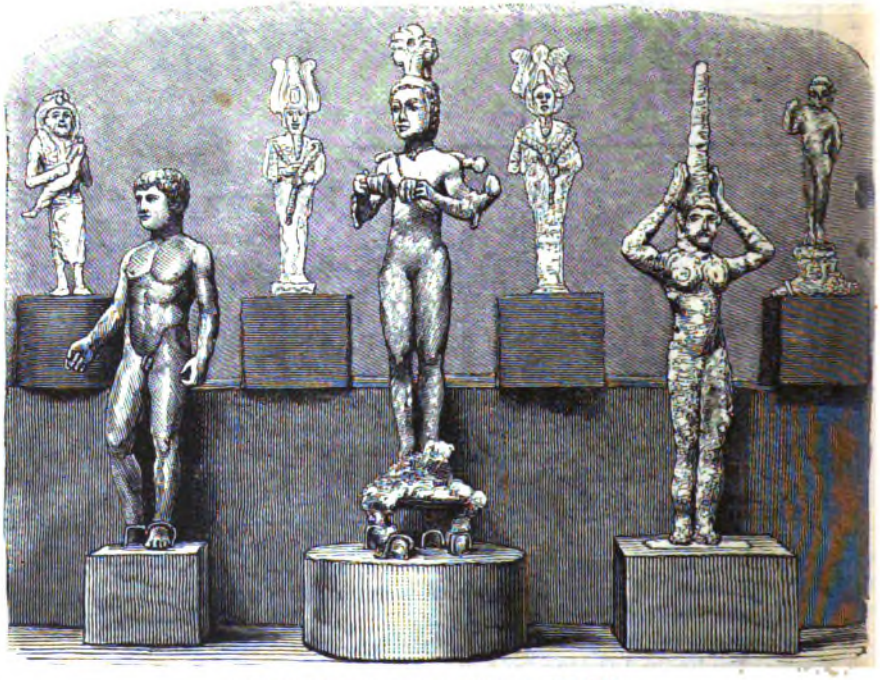
unfavorably with a Swiss hotel-keeper or the proprietor of a seaside lodging-house, when a large excursion has arrived and all the bathing-machines have been secured as bedrooms. The sharks who promote bubble companies are already busy with their schemes for the "development" of all kinds of trades in Cyprus. In the course of a few days we shall see "The Wheal Emma of Cyprus," worked out by the Phœnicians a thousand years ago; "The Potted Locust Company (Limited)"; "The Sponge and Oyster Diver Association"; "The Larnaca Loan Society"; "The Levant Insurance and Banking Corporation"; "The Nicosia Aquarium and Skating Rink Company," and many other healthy investments, all of which will, no doubt, be found duly quoted in the official list, by the side of the new Turkish Loan, which the Ottoman Bank has the impudence to suppose it can palm off on a too credulous public.

The future of Cyprus now depends upon British Rule and that prosaic phrase, the "Emigration Question." "Every province we can take from Turkey," says England, "and govern ourselves, is a premium added to the world's reservoir of resources, just as completely as if it had tumbled from some volcano-stricken planet. Turks destroy, we vivify; and in those four words is the statement of an unimpeachable moral claim."

Cyprus, by virtue of the provisions of the now famous Anglo-Turkish Convention, was formally ceded to England on the 11th of July last by the Turkish Pasha, and Sir Garnet Wolesley, appointed to the Governorship by the Queen, took possession of it in Her Majesty's name. Whether the island will be of permanent value time alone can show.

There is much new work to be done in Cyprus; but if it is to be done well, it must not be done precipitately—while the splendid opportunity for developing its resources must not be lost.

We await the stern logic of events.



ANTIQUITIES FROM THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

ROXIE.

By Etta W. Pierce.

She was standing ankle-deep in the pool below the saw-mill when young Trevor first saw her, both hands full of water-lilies, her hat swinging on her neck, her hair loose, her bare, white, dimpled feet shining in the water, and the glorious westering sun pouring all over her a flood of hot, red light.

Plympton folks used to say afterward that she knew the squire was out riding that afternoon, and so struck an attitude there in the mill-brook to be seen by him.

But I never believed it. The meeting was accidental enough. Roxie wouldn't have taken off shoes and stockings, and gone wading after lilies, if she'd once thought of meeting Philip Trevor. No; she'd have put on her Sunday best, and all the finery she could muster, and curled her chestnut hair, and tied it with her prettiest ribbon; for, though she was nobody but old Joe Blake's daughter, she had as much pride and vanity as any lady that ever stepped.

He came riding along by the brook, did Trevor, with his dogs at his heels, his blooded bay horse shining like satin, a soft whistle on his lips, his lazy gray eyes glancing curiously about the half-forgotten old place; for, though he was born in Plympton, he hadn't lived there since his father's death, years and years before.

At sight of Roxie the dogs began to bark, and one of them splashed into the water and leaped upon her. Trevor sprang out of his saddle, and beat the brute off with his riding-whip, and then doffed his hat; and, with a gleam in his gray eyes, says he: "I hope I have not frightened you? Tancred is an ill-trained beast. Shall I hold him under the water for punishment?"

ROXIE.—"HE NEVER MADE A SOUND, BUT JUST TOOK SANDY BLAKE BY THE THROAT AND PITCHED HIM HEADLONG INTO THE MILL-BROOK."

Roxie colored hot as fire, though she needn't have been ashamed of her feet, for they were as white as snow, and dimpled like a baby's.

"Certainly not," she answered.

"You are sure you are not harmed?"

"Very sure."

Then he begged for one of her lilies, and went slowly on down the road, and waited by the bridge till she came along, properly shod, and with her hat tied decorously over her lovely hair; and the end of the matter was that the squire threw his bridle over his arm and walked home with her.

There was not such a thriftless family in all the town as the Blakes; they were way down at the bottom of Plympton's social ladder—hadn't a bit of calculation, or what New England folks call faculty, about them.

They lived from hand to mouth in an old, tumble-down house that hadn't known any form of repairs for the last fifty years. Joe Blake worked in the saw-mill. I never thought he was over-bright, but maybe he did as well as he could with the wife he had—a lazy, slip-shod creature, who wouldn't wash her dishes or make her beds from sunrise to sunset. As for Roxie, I don't know where the girl got her good looks; they didn't run in the family. She had a skin like a lily—tan nor freckles never came nigh it—a lovely red mouth, a dimple in her chin, and eyes and hair that were enough in themselves to make any woman handsome.

There wasn't another girl in Plympton that could compare with her; and the Blakes, who hadn't anything else to boast of, were proud as peacocks of her beauty. Mrs. Joe might let the pig root in the best bedroom, and the chickens eat off the dinner-table, but she always kept Roxie's long curls brushed and her little gowns tidy.

"Roxie's face will make her fortune some day," she used to say, and she never drank a cup of tea after the girl's sixteenth year without turning up the grounds to look for some fine wooer who would be coming to lay riches and splendor at Roxie's feet.

I was the tailoress of Plympton, and used to go out by the day from house to house, making pants and jackets, coats and vests, for anybody that wanted me.

I happened to be at Joe Blake's, stitching away on some Sunday breeches for the poor man, the day Squire Trevor walked home from the mill-brook with Roxie. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I looked out and saw those two sauntering up through the lilac-bushes and hollyhocks that were the only pleasant things to be seen about the house.

"Mrs. Blake," said I, dropping the waistband I was sewing, "who's this man coming with Roxie?"

I hadn't seen him since he was a boy. He had been educated at some German university, and was a stranger, in fact, to all the Plympton folks. Mrs. Joe turned from the rickety dresser where she was stirring up a cake for supper, and cried she:

"Land of love! It's young Squire Trevor! As sure as I'm born, Roxie's fortune has found her at last!"

The young couple approached the door—Philip Trevor, handsome, fair-haired, sleepy-eyed, and Roxie, with the excited blood pulsing under her perfect skin, and all her lustrous brown-black hair curling loose in the sunset-wind.

"Will you come in?" I heard her say, with as much composure as if the place was a palace.

And in he came, to see the broken-backed chairs, the worn and not over-clean floor, the chickens running about my feet, and Mrs. Joe Blake in a soiled print dress, bursting out at the seams, and with a head like a brush-broom, —or was the man so dazzled by Roxie's face that he had no eyes for any of these minor things? Mrs. Blake swept a dish of dough and an armful of kindling-wood out of the nearest chair and set it before her visitor.

"How do you do, sir," said she—nothing ever put *her* out for many minutes at a time. "I'd have known you anywhere, you've got the real Trevor face. I'm glad to see you in Plympton. Lor', it must be all of fifteen years ago that you went away—Roxie was only a baby then. I hear you've come back to the old place for good, and your ma with you. I'm glad of it. The whole town will seem more lively with the squire at the Hall."

She said the "squire" as you and I would say the sun or the moon. There was a lurking smile in his gray eyes, but he answered, as polite as a prince.

"Yes; my mother and I are tired of wandering. We mean to settle down at Plympton and cultivate the acquaintance of our neighbors," and he gave Roxie a long look.

"Your father married when he wasn't as old as you," smirked Mrs. Joe. "I remember well the day when he brought home his bride."

I remembered it, too, and a dull pain stabbed through my heart. The old-maid tailoress stitching Joe Blake's trowsers there in the window had had her little romance—with a Trevor, too, for the hero of it.

"My father's excellent example ought not to be lost on his son!" said Philip Trevor, with a low, pleasant laugh, and then he sat talking to her and watching Roxie, till the cake in the oven burned to a cinder, and old Joe Blake and his nephew Sandy came up from the saw-mill for supper. The sight of these two men seemed to bring young Trevor to his senses. He arose to go.

"Now do be sure and come again," entreated Mrs. Joe, whose head by this time was about turned.

"I will," he answered, with a courage that astonished me, especially as he had just shaken one half-grown chicken from his knee and another off his shoulder.

"I used to know your ma when I was young—that is," she corrected, as he glanced at her in unfeigned surprise. "I was parlor-maid at the Hall the time she was married."

Roxie said not a word. She looked angry and restive, and thoroughly ashamed of mother and home alike.

"Good-by, till we meet again," murmured Philip Trevor in her ear. "It was a happy chance which led me by Millbrook this day." And with the water-lily she had given him, tied by its long stem to his button-hole, he mounted his horse and rode off down the sunset road.

Well, Squire Trevor's visit elated Mrs. Joe beyond all telling. You'd have thought from the way her tongue ran on that the man had already offered Roxie heart and hand. Never was there such a simpleton as that woman. Sandy Blake grew mad as fire listening to her. He had been sweet on his cousin for years—all to no purpose, though, for she held him as cheap as the dirt under her feet. Roxie knew the market value of her own good looks too well to stoop to Sandy Blake. He worked in the mill with old Joe, and he was a dark, surly fellow, with an appetite for drink and the temper of a savage. He loved the very ground Roxie walked upon; but I'll say this to her credit, she never encouraged him by word or look.

When supper was over, Mr. Joe began: "Let's take a look at your fortune, Roxie," and she made the girl twirl her teacup round and round, and turn it upside down into her saucer. Then she examined the little straggling black tracks made by the shaken-up grounds, and, says she, "Here's a lover at your right hand, rich and splendid—none of your common sort, none of the mill-hands, but one that'll make a lady of you, and give you silks and satins, and carriages and servants, Roxie."

"Stuff!" said Roxie, and Sandy Blake's face grew black as a thunder-cloud.

"Here's a wedding-ring at the bottom of the cup," went on Mrs. Joe. "He's a-going to put it on your finger. Didn't I always tell you your face would make your fortune, child? He's a young man, too, and handsome, with fair hair, white hands and none of the clownish Plympton ways—a live gentleman."

But there she stopped, for Sandy Blake started up and snatched the teacup from her hand. I thought he was going to throw it at her head, but instead of that he dashed it into a dozen pieces against the wall.

"No more of your cursed nonsense!" he cried, furiously. His dark face was white as a sheet with rage. "Your handsome gentleman, with white hands, had better keep away from this house, if he knows what's good for himself. His kind, I reckon, ain't much given to picking wives out of the gutter. Plympton folks say the squire's mother is as proud a woman as the sun ever shone upon. She'd as soon see her son admiring a kitchen-maid as your daughter. If you've any sense left in that uncombed head of yours, don't talk to Roxie of young Trevor, or anybody like him."

Mrs. Joe bristled up like an angry old hen.

"You're an ill-mannered fellow!" said she. "If you wasn't Joe's nephew, I'd never bear with you. Who cares for the squire's mother? Isn't he of age? Yes, that he is, long ago! You'd better mind your own business, Sandy, and let Roxie and her affairs alone. Everybody knows what *your* meddling means."

He gave her a wicked, black look.

"Some one ought to keep an eye on Roxie," he grinned, "and it might as well be me as anybody else."

Then he lighted his clay pipe, and stalked out of the house.

She was standing at the well the next day, was Roxie, drawing a bucket of water, when Philip Trevor rode by, and stopped his horse to speak to her again. The little gray shadows of a clump of apple-trees near at hand flickered over the girl's pearly face, and hid in her soft, mischievous eyes, and danced on the dimpled white arms with which she tugged at the old sweep. She wore a sprig of honeysuckle tucked behind one ear, and, Joe Blake's daughter or not, she was as handsome as a picture.

Philip Trevor jumped off his horse, and rushing to the well, took the sweep from her, drew up the water with his own hands, and carried it straight into the Blake kitchen.

"You were not made for work like this!" he said, indignantly. "It is cruel, barbarous! It is like turning Psyche into a scullery-maid."

I don't believe Roxie knew who Psyche was, but that didn't matter, for her lip was curled like a red-rose petal, and her great, chocolate-brown eyes shone with arch coquetry.

"You are very good," says she, as soft as silk, "and I am greatly obliged to you; but I don't mind drawing the water—I often have to do it, you know."

"Do you, indeed? How monstrous!" said Philip Trevor; and then he looked around and found the kitchen empty, for Mrs. Joe had gone out to gossip with a neighbor, and left Roxie to boil the pot for dinner, and down he sat there, in that dingy, disorderly place, and talked, and admired Roxie, till the fire went out, and the pot grew cold, and high noon was ready to strike from the Plympton clocks. As he was taking leave of her, he turned on the stoop, and, with a laugh in his gray eyes, said:

"Let me see, this is Wednesday, is it not? May I ask how you, as a usual thing, spend the evening of this day, Miss Blake?"

"I go to prayer-meeting always," answered Roxie, with a prim, Puritan look.

"Excellent!" said Philip Trevor; and he went to prayer-meeting, too, that night, and walked home from the church with Roxie Blake.

Well, the next day all the gossips' tongues in Plympton were wagging. Naturally enough, the first thing that occurred to everybody was, "What will his mother say?" for a prouder woman never stepped than Mrs. Trevor. The young squire was her only child, and she just idolized him. They owned a good half of all Plympton—every mill in the place belonged to them—and they lived in a great stone house called the Hall, surrounded by trees and gardens and fountains, and a stable full of blooded horses, and plenty of servants to run at their beck and call. It wasn't very likely that a girl like Roxie Blake was going to find favor in Mrs. Trevor's eyes.

One moonlit night I was hurrying home from my work, along the mill-brook road. As I approached the bridge I heard a voice, and presently saw two figures standing there in the shadow of the old willow-trees—a man and a woman. The man had hold of his companion's shawl, and was detaining her, as I thought, against her will—at least, I saw her twitch away from him angrily, and step back against the wooden railing.

"What are you doing here?" said a voice that I recognized as Sandy Blake's.

"Looking at the moon," answered Roxie.

"That means waiting for Philip Trevor—eh?"

"Let go my shawl, Sandy."

"Don't hurry. Everybody in town is talking of you and the squire. By the Lord! I've a good mind to throttle you where you stand, Roxie! You never had a sweet word nor a kind look for me in your life—you think I'm not fit to touch the tips of your fingers, and all the while I'm ready to die for you—fool that I am! Do you suppose I'm going to stand by and let that fellow, with his fine airs and his money, take you from me? I'll kill you first!"

She was a good deal scared, and she gave a little scream.

"Let me go, I say, or I will call for help!"

"Call. There's nobody by to hear you;" and he tried to take her roughly in his arms.

I ran toward the two, intent on helping Roxie; but before I could reach her a man appeared on the bridge—some one tall and fair, with a gray cloak swinging from his shoulders in the moonlight. He, too, had heard Roxie's cry.

He never made a sound, but just took Sandy Blake by the throat, and pitched him headlong right over the low railing of the bridge into the mill-brook.

I heard a great splash. The water wasn't deep enough to drown him. He waded under the bridge, and made off through the willow-trees into the darkness of the night.

Roxie and the squire hadn't noticed me, you see, so I drew back, reluctant to push myself upon them just then.

"Who was that fellow, Miss Blake?" demanded Philip Trevor. Of course, he couldn't be expected to recognize his mill-hands.

"My cousin," answered she, as if loath to confess the relationship.

"What claim has he upon you?"

"None at all."

"Don't deceive me; he is your lover, also, is he not?"

"He calls himself that, since you *must* know," faltered Roxie, and she began to move away.

He placed himself before her, tall, fair and imperative.

"Look me in the face. Do you care for him in the least—mind, *in the least?*"

She tossed her head.

"Do I look as if I cared?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. Then she leaned over the railing and stared down into the brook. "Hark! I hear him splashing through the water still. I wish he would drown!" Good-night, Squire Trevor—many thanks for your help. I am going home."

"Not alone—not without *me*!" he cried, his face all flushed and eager. "Will you not let me take care of you, Roxie? Heaven knows I would be glad to do it—not for this night only, but for ever!"

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I stood still as death in the shadow of the willows, and watched those two walk off over the bridge, and disappear in the direction of Joe Blake's cottage. It was plain that Philip Trevor's infatuation was assuming a serious look.

The next day a handsome carriage, with a driver in livery, and a pair of shiny horses in gold-mounted harness, stopped at the tumble-down Blake door.

From it alighted a woman in silk and velvet—a haughty, forbidding creature, with puffed, iron-gray hair and a high Roman nose—Mrs. Trevor herself.

She put up her eyeglass, and took a good, comprehensive look at the place; then opened the door without ceremony, and swept straight into the Blake kitchen.

Her sudden appearance there made a sensation for a few minutes. Mrs. Joe, a little more slipshod and unkempt than usual, was shelling beans at the dresser. Roxie sat sewing in the window. She grew as white as a ghost, but arose at once and made her best bow to the unexpected visitor.

"Dear me! what a pleasure! How kind of you, ma'am!" began Mrs. Joe.

But the squire's mother checked her with a freezing look. Gathering up her rich skirts from contact with the Blake floor, she seated herself gingerly on the cleanest chair in the room, put up her eye-glass again, and stared at Roxie.

ROXIE.—"THE SMELL OF THE PINES SCENTED THE DAMP WIND, THE BUZZ OF THE MILL FILLED HER EARS."

"Are you the Roxie Blake of whom I hear so much?" said she, smooth as cream.

"I am Roxie Blake," answered the girl, with a good deal of unconscious dignity.

"Ah! I felt it my duty to call upon you this morning. I trust I am never deaf to the voice of duty"—and here the great lady drew out her smelling-salts. "May I ask if you have ever been out to service?"

"Service!" cried Mrs. Joe, aghast. "My Roxie? No, ma'am; I hope not."

"And yet, one might naturally expect a well-grown girl in humble circumstances to turn her thoughts to something of the kind," said Mrs. Trevor, in a tone that defined Roxie's position most pitilessly. "I have the welfare of all the townspeople at heart, and am always glad to do anything to better their condition. I wish to offer you some advice and assistance, Roxie. I cannot think that any right-minded young person can be content to eat the bread of idleness in a place like this."

The red flamed into Roxie's cheek.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," she said, coldly.

Mrs. Trevor shook out a fold in her heavy silk.

"Like all New England girls," said she, "you object to going out to service. Very well. I have a large interest in the cotton-mills at Powhatan. The work of operatives is not heavy there, and the pay is good. Women like the employment because the stigma of servant is not attached to it. If you will make ready to leave Plympton to-day, I will send a person to conduct you to the mills, and also provide you with anything you may need on your journey. Here, too, is a letter of introduction to my agent at Powhatan"—she drew something from her pocket—"he will be sure to favor you in many ways. The opportunity is an excellent one. I hope, for your own sake, you will be wise enough to accept it."

Roxie wasn't wanting in brains—and, indeed, almost anybody could have seen through Mrs. Trevor's design. Powhatan Mills were a hundred miles away—a tolerably safe distance to put betwixt the squire and Joe Blake's handsome daughter.

Roxie, smarting with wounded pride and pain, stood up before Mrs. Trevor as scornful as any princess.

"You are very good," said she—"very disinterested. You seem to have wasted a good deal of thought upon me, and I am sorry I cannot feel more grateful. When I want a place in your mills, I will ask for it. There are girls in Plympton who would be glad to work there, no doubt; but I am not one of them."

"True," sniffed Mrs. Joe; "we ain't poor enough to put you to *that*, Roxie."

Mrs. Trevor arose with a mighty rustle.

"Very well. Of course you will do as you think best," said she. "I was confident you would be glad to leave Plympton for a while, for scandal is unpleasantly busy with your name here, as you must know. I felt it a personal duty to befriend you, because you owe this unfortunate notoriety to the attentions of my son. Philip is culpably thoughtless and selfish where his own amusement is concerned. But you will not accept my help, I see. However, this much I must say to you: For two years my son has been betrothed to a New York lady of his own station in life—a lady young, beautiful and high-bred. She is coming to Plympton shortly to be my guest, and the marriage will take place before the end of the Summer."

With this piece of information, Mrs. Trevor took her departure.

Poor Mrs. Joe fell into the nearest chair, and, flinging her apron over her head, cried with all her might at the total overthrow of her air-castles.

"What a tongue that woman has!" she sobbed. "I hadn't an idea she was such a vixen. In her youth she was like sugar. A betrothed wife coming from New York! Oh, men are deceivers, sure enough! I'll never believe a teacup again, Roxie!"

How Roxie herself felt, I can't say. She had a good deal of what Yankees call "grit." All that she said to her mother was:

"I ought to have known long ago that he was amusing himself at my expense."

And off she went to her own chamber under the eaves, and locked herself into it, and wasn't seen again till supper. Then she came forth in her Sunday gown, with a rose in her long curls, and not a trace of tears or trouble about her.

Sandy Blake gave her a wicked look across the table.

"There's a visitor at the Hall," says he—"one that came on the New York train this afternoon."

Mrs. Joe glared.

"What! *so soon!*" says she.

"Her name is Miss Clay," went on Sandy, carelessly. "Some of the mill-hands saw her at the station. She's going to marry Philip Trevor."

Roxie never moved an eyelash. She ate her supper as if nothing had happened, and then went over to the kitchen window. And as she stood there among the morning-glory vines, lo! who should flash past the house but Mrs. Trevor, grand and glittering in her open carriage, with a

young girl at her side—a regular wax-doll, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and dressed like a figure in a fashion-plate—a girl who might be high-bred and rich, but who couldn't compare for a minute with Roxie in point of good looks.

Sandy Blake crossed the room and touched his cousin's arm.

"That's his sweetheart," says he, with a wicked grin, "and a good mate she is for him, too! Come, Roxie, let's be friends. Surely you don't value a fickle heart more than a faithful one? It's his way, I hear, to make love to every pretty woman he meets. Let him go."

She flashed round on him in a minute.

"Friends!—with you!" she answered. "Not I! Will you never understand that I hate you, Sandy?'

He drew back a step.

"Be careful!" he warned.

"Yes, I hate you!" she stormed; "and I wish from my heart that you would never speak to me again so long as you live!"

"That's plain English," said he, slowly. "I'll try to keep it in mind. Look out that your sharp tongue don't bring you to grief some day."

And he turned away and left her.

The week that followed was a trying one for Roxie. The Hall was full of guests, and at all hours of the day fair ladies and elegant gentlemen clattered by Joe Blake's door, in carriages, on horses, laughing, talking, flirting, and dazling all the Plympton folks with their splendor. Sometimes Philip Trevor was with them, sometimes not. Once or twice Roxie saw him, attending the pink-and-white heiress from New York; but he never came nigh her again, never sent her any message, never so much as glanced at the old cottage as he rode by it. The town was full of gossip concerning him and his betrothed, and Roxie had to listen to it all. But she kept a bold front—she wasn't the girl to wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at; and I, for my part, respected her for it.

One day I was sent for to go up to the Hall and help Mrs. Trevor's seamstress finish off some *lingerie*—that was what the ladies called the beautiful belaced and embroidered work that was set before me. Of course I caught a glimpse of the visitors there, and heard from the servants no end of talk about them. I left the house at dark, and was trudging along the cool, dim road homeward, when a flying step and a panting breath sounded at my back, and Roxie ran up to me and grasped my shawl.

"May I walk with you a little way?" she asked.

"Why, to be sure," said I.

She looked as pretty as a pink, and so pale and out of spirits, poor child! that my heart ached for her.

"Where have you been working to-day?" said she, with an air of unconcern that didn't deceive me in the least.

"At the Hall," I answered.

She tried to hum a little song, but broke down in a few moments.

"Did you see that Miss Clay from New York?" she said.

"Yes, I did."

"Tell me something about her, will you? What was she doing?"

"Playing lawn-tennis with Philip Trevor. She isn't particularly pretty, but she's got fine airs, and she dresses like a princess. Take my advice, Roxie, and don't waste another thought on that man—don't remember one silly thing that he has ever said to you. He'd never seriously think for a moment of marrying anybody that wasn't his equal. Root and branch, the Trevors are as proud as Lucifer."

She paced thoughtfully on beside me.

"I know it," she answered, as if the words were wrung from her. "You need not fear for me—I understand it all."

ROXIE.—"WITH A SCREAM THAT RUNG THROUGH THE WOOD, SHE FLUNG HERSELF BEFORE PHILIP TREVOR, CRYING OUT WILDLY, 'FLY, PHILIP—HE WILL KILL YOU!'"

And Just at that moment we both espied the red gleam of a lighted cigar moving along the road, and Philip Trevor himself, tall, fair and debonair, grew suddenly out of the darkness before us.

I must say that Roxie behaved beautifully. She made him a cold bow, and said "Good-evening," just as she might have done to any of the mill-hands.

He seemed a little taken aback, but he fell into place beside her, and says he:

"It's a sight for sair een, as the Scotch say, to see you again. I never before knew how interminable one short week, under certain conditions, may be!"

She answered not a syllable. I filled up the awkward pause with a cough.

"Roxie," murmured Trevor, in a coaxing voice, "will you not speak to me? Good heaven! this is scarcely fair, you know! For seven days I have been hungering for one glimpse of your face. I am harassed and perplexed and bored to death by people I detest. I am altogether miserable: and will you treat me like this?"

"Does your betrothed wife bore you?" said Roxie, in a bold, scornful voice.

Dark as it was, I could see the blood leap into his face.

"Yes, decidedly," he answered, with a short laugh. "Confession is good for the soul, and I will not hesitate to make it. Send this woman away"—this was in a tone not intended for my ear—"I want to talk with you alone, Roxie."

She stopped short in the road, and said, quickly and firmly:

"You have nothing to say, Squire Trevor, to which I can or will listen. Leave me, and don't come near me again. Though I am nobody but Joe Blake's daughter, I can, perhaps, feel an insult as keenly, and resent it as quickly, as Miss Clay even. Good-night, and good-by—for ever!"

He stood as if petrified.

"Roxie, wait one moment—give me a hearing——"

But she grasped my hand tightly, and we scurried off, leaving him there in the dark road, fixed in his tracks, and staring blankly at us. He didn't attempt to follow, however, and in a few minutes Roxie and I stood alone and out of breath at Joe Blake's door.

The stars were shining bright and thick overhead, the garden was full of fire-flies, flashing in and out of the lilac bushes, and the scent of barberry blows and wild roses sweetened the air.

"Roxie," said I—she was leaning white and spirit-like against the rickety gate—"you'll get over it in time. I had an experience a little like yours once, but I outlived it. 'Twas years ago, when I was young, and the man I loved was Philip Trevor's own father, dead and gone now. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few weeks, and then he went away and married the woman who is Philip's mother—went without word or warning, and left me to fight out my battle with the pain and loss and misery as best I could. I've never put faith in a human being since that time, Roxie, least of all would I trust a Trevor."

And then I tramped away into the night without another word.

Well, time went on, and Sandy Blake sulked round the cottage a good deal, smoking his pipe and watching Roxie, and Squire Trevor's guests still made things merry at the Hall.

Finally, one afternoon, Roxie walked over to Plympton post-office to mail a letter to her brother Jim, who was mining somewhere out in Nevada. She turned straight homeward as soon as her errand was done. 'Twas about four o'clock, and the sky was covered with clouds, and a damp south wind blew over the fields of ripe Summer grass, and turned the lining of the willows and alders to the light. As she reached the bridge she heard a clatter of horse-hoofs, and directly two riders came dashing side by side along the dusty highroad—Philip Trevor and his betrothed wife, Miss Clay. The New York heiress was mounted on the squire's favorite white mare. She wore a lovely navy-blue riding-habit, and her fair hair and long vail fluttered together in the wind. They swept by so near Roxie that she heard Miss Clay say, "What a pretty face! Do many of your Plympton rustics look like that, Philip?"

Roxie did not catch his answer—they were gone like a flash round a bend in the road; and in a sudden panic, an overwhelming dread to meet them again, she sprang down the bank and fled along the mill-brook till she reached a clump of pine wood just below the sawmill. She sat there like a half dazed person. The smell of the pines scented the damp wind, the buzz of the mill filled her ears, the water of the brook rippled not far away, and, of a sudden, somebody started out from among the gummy tree-boles, and moved toward her with a stealthy, creeping sound—Sandy Blake, in his working clothes, with a gun on his shoulder. The sight made her start.

"What are you doing here?" said she.

He gave her one of his sidelong looks that always made her blood burn, and answered:

"Shooting crows. Have you seen any in the wood?"

"No!" said she, sharp and short, and turned her back upon him. When she looked up a few minutes after, he had vanished.

Roxie sat silently pulling up the long, green fringes of the squaw-vine that thrust its red berries through the brown, sweet-smelling pine-needles at her feet. I doubt if she didn't wish she had accepted Mrs. Trevor's offer, and gone to Powhatan Mills, just then. She was miserable enough to have thrown herself into the mill-brook and there made an end of the whole matter.

Presently an approaching step awoke Roxie from her meditation. A human shadow fell across the pine-roots on which she sat. She looked up and saw Philip Trevor standby her side. On his face was an odd, pale determination altogether new to it. He stretched out his hand.

"You need not be ashamed to take it," he said, quietly; "for all is over, Roxie."

"*What* is over?" said she.

"My struggle concerning you. I have told Miss Clay, and she has broken with me—Heaven bless her! As for my mother, she must, like all the rest of the world, yield to the inevitable. I will not fight against my own heart longer—I cannot—I am worn out! For days and weeks I have been in purgatory. I cannot live without you—pride, honor, my plighted word—all have gone down before you, Roxie. I love you with all my heart—I ask you to be my wife."

Straightforward and manly, was he not? The Trevor blood improves with time, I think. Roxie arose from the pine-knots, white with astonishment, and scarcely able to believe her ears.

"This is a strange jest for you to make," said she, bitterly.

He looked her full in her lovely face.

"It is no jest, but heaven's honest truth, Roxie! I love you—I will be only too glad to marry you to-morrow—to-day—as soon as you will give yourself to me."

He stretched out his arms to her, with a flush on his cheek and his sleepy eyes all aglow. And just then a bit of dry undergrowth near the two cracked sharply—something stirred in the wood; not a rabbit, nor partridge, nor squirrel. Something flashed out from behind a rough pinebole, at Philip Trevor's back—a dark, cruel face, the

glittering muzzle of a gun pointed straight at the young squire's breast. Roxie, turning quickly, saw the foul, jealous image, with black murder written plainly on the face of it, and, with a scream that rang far and wide through the wood, she flung herself before Philip Trevor, crying out wildly: "Fly, Philip—he will kill you!"

And the next moment there was a deafening report, a blue puff of smoke curling through the woods, and, with the blood streaming from that flower-face which had bewitched Squire Trevor into forgetting pride and name and station, Roxie fell like one dead to the earth.

The saw-mill was near at hand, and Trevor snatched her up and carried her there; a surgeon was sent for in hot haste, and in half an hour the whole town knew that Roxie Blake had been shot by a jealous lover in Millbrook Wood, and that her wonderful beauty was well-nigh ruined for ever.

They never found Sandy. Philip Trevor offered a thousand dollars reward for any clue that would lead to his apprehension, but without result. Nobody in Plympton ever saw his dark, ugly face more. Of course, the scoundrel didn't intend to harm Roxie—he loved her too well for that—she received the shot meant for Trevor, that was all.

At first the surgeon thought she would die, but she was young, and had a good constitution, and she pulled through the danger, and two months after Philip Trevor married her. I never would have believed one of his blood capable of such fidelity.

But in spite of his mother—in spite of all the Plympton folks, who declared her good looks gone for ever, sick and scarred as she was, he married her, and carried her away to some country over the sea, and I didn't see her again for two long years.

After all, Mrs. Joe's teacup told a true story. Yesterday I met Roxie's carriage rolling across the bridge, and she sat among its satin cushions, dressed in a costume straight from Worth's, and looking as handsome as a princess. To be sure, the mark of Sandy Blake's bullet is still to be seen on her face, but it doesn't seem to hurt her beauty. I hear the squire is very proud of that scar, because it is the price she paid for his life, he says.

Well, I always knew that Roxie had brains. She has put on all the airs and graces of a born lady—to look at her now no one would dream that she ever wore a calico dress or carried a pail of water in her life. She's had the good sense, you see, to fit herself for her position. Her husband adores her, And since the birth of that baby-boy, which a white-capped Swiss nurse parades through Plympton streets every fine day—even his haughty old mother is reconciled to the match.

Of course Roxie has made the fortune of the Blake family. You can't touch one of them now with a ten-foot pole. They live in that big house beyond the bridge, and old Joe is owner of the saw-mill, where he once worked as a common hand. Some people are born to good luck in this world, and no mistake. Gracious! here's Roxie's carriage coming now over the bridge, high-stepping horses, liveried driver, and all. Run to the window, do; and take a good look at her as she goes by.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

THE painting by E. M. Ward, a meritorious English artist, revives the memory of that wonderful period of stock-broking and mania in England known as the South Sea Bubble. It gave the pencil of Hogarth the subject of his first published work, and has been the object of wit and sarcasm.

Three of the figures in the painting are shown on a large scale, to give a better idea of the artist's handling of the costume and character of the time. The central figure is the rich young city widow, who comes in in the centre of the painting, followed by her footman. She is in the tip of the fashion, but sadly perplexed, as she listens to the foppish fellow, who is reading out the prospectus of a new company. But his chief auditor is the country gentleman to his right, whose daughter's face, shown larger on the right, above, is a charming picture of simplicity. The sweet, sad face on the left, above, is, in the original, the companion of the care-stricken warrior who is descending the steps on the right of the picture, apparently ruined. In an evil hour he has been tempted to embark his all, and already, as the bill on the door indicates, the wreck is total.

As some of our readers may not know what the South Sea Bubble was, we give a short history:

In the year 1711, Harley, Earl of Oxford, with the view of restoring public credit and discharging ten millions of the floating debt, agreed with a company of merchants that they should take the debt upon themselves for a certain time, at the interest of six per cent., to provide for which, amounting to six hundred thousand pounds per annum, the duties upon certain articles were rendered permanent.

At the same time was granted the monopoly of trade to the South Seas, and the merchants were incorporated as the South Sea Company; and so proud was the minister of his scheme that it was called by his flatterers "the Earl of Oxford's masterpiece."

In 1717 the company's stock of ten millions was authorized by Parliament to be increased to twelve millions, upon their advancing two millions to the Government toward reducing the national debt. The name of the Company was thus kept continually before the public; and though their trade with the South American States was not profitable, they continued to flourish as a monetary corporation.

Their stock was in high request; and the directors, determined to fly at high game, proposed to the Government a scheme for no less an object than the paying off of the national debt; this proposition being made just on the explosion in Paris of its counterpart, the Mississippi scheme of the celebrated John Law.

The first propounder of the South Sea project was Sir John Blount, who had been bred a scrivener, and was a bold and plausible speculator. The Company agreed to take upon themselves the debt, amounting to thirty million nine hundred and eighty-one thousand seven hundred and twelve pounds, at five per cent. per annum, secured until 1727, when the whole was to become redeemable at the pleasure of the Legislature, and the interest to be reduced to four per cent.

Upon the 22d of January, 1720, the House of Commons, in a committee, received the proposal with great favor. The Bank of England was, however, anxious to share in the scheme; but, after some delay, the proposal of the Company was accepted, and leave given to bring in the necessary Bill.

At this crisis an infatuation regarding the South Sea speculation began to take possession of the public mind. The Company's stock rose from one hundred and thirty to three hundred, and continued to rise while the Bill was in progress. Mr. Walpole was almost the only statesman in the House who denounced the absurdity of the measure, and warned the country of the evils that must ensue; but his admonition was entirely disregarded.

Meanwhile the South Sea directors and their friends, and especially the chairman of the Company, Blount, employed every stratagem to raise the price of the stock. It was rumored that Spain would, by treaty with England, grant

a free trade to all her colonies, and that silver would thus be brought from Potosi until it would be almost as plentiful as iron; also, that for the latter's cotton and woolen goods the gold mines of Mexico were to be exhausted.

The South Sea Company was to become the richest the world ever saw, and each hundred pounds of their stock would produce hundreds per annum to the holder. By this means the stock was raised to near four hundred; it then fluctuated, and settled at three hundred and thirty, when the Bill was passed, though not without opposition.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever; it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Streets with carriages.

Within five days after the Bill had become law, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of three hundred pounds for every one hundred pound capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to three hundred and forty, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a midsummer dividend of ten per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of a million at four hundred per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours a million and a half was subscribed for.

Meanwhile, innumerable bubble companies started up under the very highest patronage.

The absurdity of the schemes was palpable: the only policy of the projectors was to raise the shares in the market, and then to sell out, leaving the bubble to burst, perhaps, next morning. One of the schemes was "A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"; each subscriber for two pounds deposit to be entitled to one hundred pounds per annum per share; of this precious scheme, one thousand shares were taken in six hours, and the deposits paid.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. M. WARD.

In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged; the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and such was the crowd and confusion in Exchange Alley that shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than at the other.

In the face of exposures, the fluctuations of the South Sea stock grew more alarming. On May 28th, it was quoted at five hundred and fifty, and in four days it rose to eight hundred and ninety. Then came a tremendous rush of holders to sell out; and on June 3d, so few buyers appeared in the Alley that stock fell at once from eight hundred and ninety to six hundred and forty. By various arts of the directors to keep up the price of stock, it finally rose to one thousand per cent. It then became known that Sir John Blount, the chairman, and others, had sold out; and the stock fell throughout the month of August, and on September 2d, it was quoted at seven hundred only.

The alarm now greatly increased. The South Sea Company met in Merchant Taylors' Hall, and endeavored to appease the unfortunate holders of stock, but in vain. In a few days the price fell to four hundred.

The ministers grew more alarmed, the directors were insulted in the streets, and riots were apprehended. Dispatches were sent to the King at Hanover, praying his immediate return. Walpole was implored to exercise his influence with the Bank of England, to induce them to relieve the Company by circulating a number of South Sea bonds. To this the bank reluctantly consented, but the remedy failed; the South Sea stock fell rapidly; a run commenced upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom, having lent large sums upon South Sea stock, were obliged to abscond. This occasioned a great run upon the bank, but the intervention of a holiday gave them time, and they weathered the storm. The South Sea Company were, however, wrecked, and their stock fell ultimately to one hundred and fifty; when the bank, finding its efforts unavailing to stem the tide of ruin, contrived to evade the loosely-made agreement into which it had partially entered.

Investigation showed the whole scheme fraudulent, and thousands were utterly ruined.

BALANCING ROCK.

THE BAJJERKEIT (MANIS PENTEDACTYLA).

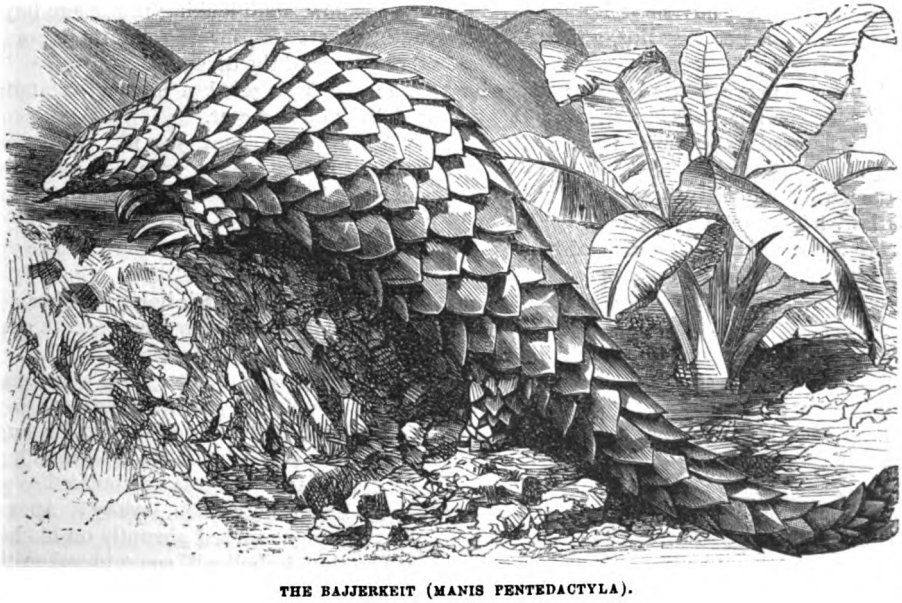
THE Bajjerkeit, or Short-tailed Manis, is a native of various parts of India, and is also found in Ceylon. Of this species Sir Emerson Tennent gives the following short account:

"Of the Edentates, the only example in Ceylon is the scaly ant-eater, called by the Cingalese, *Caballaya*, but usually known by its Malay name of Pengolin—a word indicative of its faculty of "rolling itself up" into a compact ball, by bending its head toward its stomach, arching its back into a circle, and securing all by a powerful hold of its mail-covered tail.

"When at liberty, they burrow in the dry ground to a depth of seven or eight feet, where they reside in pairs, and produce annually two or three young.

"Of two specimens which I kept alive at different times, one from the vicinity of Kandy, about two feet in length, was a gentle and affectionate creature, which, after wandering over the house in search of ants, would attract attention to its wants by climbing up my knee, and laying hold of my leg by its prehensile tail. The other, more than double that length, was caught in the jungle near Chilaw, and brought to me in Colombo.

"I had always understood that the pengolin was unable to climb trees, but the one last mentioned frequently ascended a tree in my garden in search of ants, and this it effected by means of its hooked feet, aided by an oblique grasp of the tail. The ants it seized by extending its round and glutinous tongue along their tracks. Generally speaking, they were quiet during the day, and grew restless as evening and night approached."



THE BAJJERKEIT (MANIS PENTEDACTYLA).

BALANCING ROCK.

THE Garden of the Gods is situated within three or four miles of Colorado City, Col., and contains many detached spires, pinnacles and gorges that amply repay a day's examination. From the Gateway to the Garden, through which may be had a view of Pike's Peak, to the Cathedral Rock, the Cathedral Spires, Needle Rock and fantastic carvings in Glen Aerie, to the Balancing Rock, on the road leading from Manitou to the Garden, all nature appears exposed in the most eccentric garb. Throughout Colorado the traveler meets with countless specimens of balancing rocks, but the one shown in our engraving is the most noticeable.

THE friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing, and you may lose much, by it.

THE PET CANARY.

Bird of the household! songster of home,
Whose notes in a wild burst of harmony come,
Like a voice from the woods or a song by the stream,
Of youth's early May-time and Love's early dream.
Thy cage is no prison, no captive thus sings,
And free in the sun flies the gold of thy wings.
"Pretty Dick!" let thy mistress, sweet, whisper a word—
Her heart is a captive more than her bird.

Oh, would thou couldst utter her thoughts in thy lay,
Then free shouldst thou fly to the one far away,
And tell him how oft with her bird in the cage
She has talked of the absent and looked at his gage.
Thou shouldst give him the kiss I am giving to thee,
And say it was sent as a token from me.
"Pretty Dick!" if he told you no more we should part,
Thy wings could not flutter much more than my heart.

A COUNTESS'S HATRED.

By M. T. Caldor, Author of "The Three Rings," Etc.

A LITTLE stir of pleasing expectancy broke up the sleepy monotony of the great drawing-room, about which the ladies were distributed in groups of twos and threes. The hum of approaching voices and the swinging-to of the heavy doors proclaimed that the gentlemen were finally leaving the dining-room.

"Oh, let us pray they have not been discussing those odious political changes," said one sweet, clear voice, "else they will bring their clouds and fogs with them, and our evening will be spoilt. Dear Lady Heathcote, could you not sing that lovely carol for us, as a sort of invocation to better themes?"

The lady addressed smiled benignantly back to the saucy blue eyes of the fair young speaker, and, advancing swiftly toward the curtained recess whose silken drapery concealed a harpsichord, sat there and ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

To the jubilant measures of the lively strain advanced the laggard steps of some dozen gentlemen. The two foremost were still eagerly carrying on some earnest discussion, and a frown yet knit the forehead of the taller and handsomer, when the blue-eyed sylph advanced lightly, with a white finger laid warningly on her rosy lips, and a roguish defiance shining in her eyes.

"Forbear, gentlemen! Leave behind you your grim looks and your grave discussions. Bring nothing that is not gay and gladsome across this charmed threshold," she said, authoritatively.

One of the gentlemen bowed gallantly.

"Your word is law, fair countess," he said. "No one will venture to brave the unbearable penalty of your displeasure. Shall I discuss the shades of the rose that nods so gracefully in your curls, or will you have us plan a new *fête?*"

"The latter, by all means," responded the fair countess, glancing up questioningly into his companion's face. "But see! my worthy guardian does not obey. He defies my commands. I can read in his darkening eye that he means to pursue his own way."

"Very properly, too, I must declare," interposed a stately dame, smiling blandly into the grave face of the foremost gentleman. "We should all be sorry to see Count Edouard vacillating to and fro like a weather-vane. We are thankful to have some one firm and self-reliant—a safe rock to rest against in these troublous times, when every wave sweeps the majority from their feet."

The fair head was tossed in willful caprice; the white, lace-vailed shoulders shrugged most ungracefully, it must be admitted.

"A rock! Excellent, my dear Madame Pauline. Nothing could be better than the simile. Ah, well, wise and staid guardian mine, if you are to be a rock, I must withdraw my prohibition. I must be weak enough to enjoy flowers and brightness. Let me fly to a lighter and more congenial clime."

She flung out the white, gem-flashing hands in a pretty gesture of mock dismay, shot one saucy, defiant glance from her sunny blue eyes into the grave, handsome face beyond her, and glided away.

Madame Pauline laid her hand upon the host's arm, and he, perceiving that the count had turned abruptly away, escorted her across the room to a stately divan of crimson satin.

"The poor Count Edouard—how I pity him!" said Madame Pauline.

"For what, pray? I thought he was fortunate enough to hold your highest esteem?" asked the gentleman.

"Certainly; but one can see what a thorn in the flesh it is for him—the grand, sedate man of thought—to be tormented by this silly, childish creature whom his cousin's will has thrown upon his care. She has not a noble thought in her giddy head. All she asks is plenty of flattery and continual amusement. Such a contrast to my Ermengarde!"

"She is a pretty creature. I cannot imagine her a very disagreeable addition to any house," he said, deprecatingly.

"A pink-and-white doll, with a doll's flaxy curls. Some people might call her pretty. But I am speaking about a suitable companion for our noble and gifted friend. You heard her bitter speech—her unwomanly innuendoes. She dislikes him as heartily as he must despise her. Isn't it hard that he must endure her there in his home, just because her father's will left her to his sister's care and his guardianship?"

"I really never looked at it in this light. I fancy any of these young fellows would gladly take her off his hands," persisted the gentleman.

Madame Pauline tossed her head, and beckoned to the Count Edouard to take a seat beside her, calling her daughter—a sallow, staid-looking personage beyond the flower of youth, or, at least, far beyond its bloom—to occupy the other corner of the divan.

The count lingered a moment, standing, but did not accept the offered seat.

"Ah, my dear count, you must find time this evening to explain to dear Ermengarde the political situation about which she is so anxious and alarmed. I cannot coax her to be gay and unconcerned like other girls. I tell her there is no real cause for alarm while we have your alert eye and ready brain at the front."

"You do me too much honor, madame. I would I could share your faith. For my own part, I am filled with grave concern."

Just here a peal of silvery laughter came from the group gathered about the youthful countess.

"Some people have no thought for aught but the moment's giddy pleasures," said Madame Pauline, shaking her head tragically. "Those idle butterflies yonder, what care they for honor, patriotism, loyalty! Ah, count——"

But the count turned abruptly on his heel, muttering:

"The thunderbolt will come to waken the most indifferent, if something does not openly avert the storm."

And he went over to the gray-haired general, and drew him aside.

While they were conversing, a servant brought a slip of paper and laid it in the count's hand. He read it through with a swift, flaming glance, and turning deadly pale, laid it within the general's hand.

"What tragic looks!" cried out the countess, with a tinkling laugh, that was as sweet as the jingle of silver bells. "What grim phantom is Count Edouard invoking now?"

"Hush, Clarice!" he said, impatiently; "you don't know what you jest about. You make me think—" and here he broke off abruptly.

"Finish the sentence, I pray you. Of what silly, idle, worthless thing do I remind you? What is the simile?—speak, though it be not trite or novel. A giddy butterfly, an idle moth or a silly child, it is one or the other, I'll wager this pearl bracelet."

"The trinket is safe," returned the count. "You seem to speak to me of all three, and they are sporting wantonly over a mine that lies against a burning fuse."

She laughed, but the color fled from her face.

The general beckoned two or three of the elder gentlemen to his side, and thus prevented any further banter, for the count was called for promptly.

Gradually, one by one, the gentlemen augmented the central group of vehement talkers.

"Surely, gentlemen, this untimely discussion can bear postponement till to-morrow," said the hostess, reproachfully. "Don't you see what a dismal plight you leave us in?"

"Nay," retorted the count; "we are following our bounden duty. A spoiled party is of little account, when ruin threaten alike our people and our city."

"Suppose we gentlemen adjourn to the library, and wait there the answer to the count's dispatches," proposed the host. "It will perhaps save the ladies from alarm."

The Countess Clarice lifted a white hand commandingly. There were no smiles now on her fresh, young lips. The blue eyes shone clear and steady.

"Stay, gentlemen; let me tell you an unasked opinion of the wisest course. Stay with us and discuss the matter openly. Tell us what the danger is that menaces. Treat us like natural beings, and not like dolls or playthings. Let us be made proud and glad, even in the midst of danger, by sharing your anxieties, and possibly by helping you out of your difficulties."

The speech made an impression. The general gave her a glance of respectful sympathy, rather than idle admiration.

He turned his eye upon Count Edouard, who had been slowly sifting over the expectant faces of the group of richly dressed ladies.

"I think," said the count, slowly, "we are all to be trusted here. The truth is, I have received startling intelligence of the enemy's movements. There has been a new alliance, and the army is moving cautiously to surround us. It is what I have all along predicted; but no one would listen to me, not even the prince."

"And what will be the result?" demanded Madame Pauline, tremulously.

"Capitulation for our city. Dishonorable capitulation, unless we can get word across the forest before to-morrow night, and receive reinforcements."

A little murmur of horror and indignation arose.

"No, no, count; do you credit nothing to our brave soldiers?" cried one of the former.

"Have I failed in my predictions hitherto?" cried the count, fiercely. The prince has at last discovered the danger. He consents to the measure I urged so vehemently a month ago. He has started his secret messengers, and lo! the armed men of the enemy are all around us like a steel cordon. Not one of them but what has fallen into the enemy's hands. And here to-night I learn that my own man, secretly dispatched to make his way across the Black Forest, has been turned back. That outlaw ruler of the forest has promised to beat back all attempts to cross for a week longer, and by that time we shall be completely in their toils."

A light hand was presently laid upon his arm.

"If you please, Count Edouard, will you state the matter more clearly. What is wanted is a messenger to cross over to the other town before to-morrow night? If one can go, can take a secret message to some particular place, you think the danger is averted?"

"Yes, Clarice, child; but don't worry your poor brain over it," he answered, hastily. "I am sorry to have you know it."

The graceful head was thrown back haughtily.

"It is not a child who asks, sir. It is a woman—a woman who loves her native city, and is ready to do and dare for it. Can you provide a safe and trusty messenger?"

How clear and cold the sweetness of the silvery voice!

Count Edouard sighed drearily as he returned:

"Certainly; it is the safe passage that is doubtful."

"Very well. Get him ready, and send him promptly to put on my livery. I will take him over to the town through the Black Forest."

"Clarice!"

"Count Edouard!" still more haughtily.

"What is the child talking about?" asked Madame Von Armberg, his sister.

"Some jest, I fancy; but it is ill-timed and unkind," returned Count Edouard.

"I was never further from jesting. I mean to cross the forest in my carriage. I shall leave at daybreak. My maid, Therese, will accompany me. If you wish this messenger to go, send him to me."

"What is all this?" inquired the general; and Franz Von Armberg, the gay young fellow who worshiped the very ground on which the Countess Clarice trod, uttered a cry of dismay and horror when the wild project was repeated.

"Uncle Edouard will never consent to such a mad escapade," said Franz.

"What will the high and mighty Count Edouard reck if the butterfly flits away out of his path, and vanishes? It would be a glad relief, at the best."

The count's face, stern and impassive, was turned to hers all the time she spoke.

"If you are in earnest, countess, tell us upon what hope you build an expectation. Why will you be able to pass where others are turned back?"

"Now you speak as to a reasonable creature, and I will tell you the truth," she answered, promptly. "Therese, my maid, has a lover in the band of this romantic forest chieftain. Once I expressed a wish to see this chief; and Therese, adoring her mistress, told her lover of it, and he promised if we would ride at such an hour, and by an appointed route on the forest road, that we should have safe conduct, and our curiosity be gratified. Well, I went bribing my coachman to keep the hoyden prank from my grave guardian's knowledge, and I saw the Black Chieftain, and was marvelously well pleased with his gallant bearing, albeit a little frightened at my own temerity. And he gave me an ivory ring, quaintly carved, which was to be my safe pass in case I came on another visit. What I mean to do is to try the virtue of the ring. At worst, it can only

fail, and if they only bring me to the chieftain's presence, I will risk a woman's wits but I shall accomplish my purpose."

She paused, a little breathless, but looked triumphantly to the count.

"But the danger to you, Countess Clarice! Oh, it is horrible to contemplate! It is preposterous to think of such a thing—is it not, Uncle Edouard?" cried out Franz Von Armberg.

"It is a bold plan, but it is the only chance," spoke the count, slowly.

"You are not going to consent?" cried his nephew.

"I think I must, if the countess holds to her mind."

"There is no fear of my failing you," answered the youthful countess, proudly.

"Then there is no time to be lost. I must see the prince and obtain the necessary document; and you will need to prepare Therese and to rest and refresh yourself. It will be no light ordeal."

And the count was already moving away.

"Clarice! oh, Clarice! you must not go—you shall not go!" cried out young Franz, in an impassioned voice, stretching out his hand to seize hers.

But, with an impatient movement, quite heedless of his affection and his anxiety, she tore them away, and swept on to the dressing-room.

By the first beams of sunlight, the traveling-carriage of the countess was slowly wending its way out of the city gates, and toward the Black Forest.

Therese, bright and sparkling under the expectation of a speedy meeting with her lover, was looking forth eagerly, but her mistress leaned against the luxurious cushions, pale and languid. In the other corner of the large carriage, wrapped in a coarse gray cloak, was the stranger who had so suddenly adopted her livery. The countess had given one careless glance, and turned away impatiently. For Count Edouard's sake, even his messenger was disagreeable.

"Oh, my lady, how much sport we shall have!" cried out the petted maid. "It is marvelous to me that the count should have consented. I expected to see him appear at the last moment to countermand his permission. And I fancied you, too, were looking for him."

"If I was ridiculous enough to fancy he would have heart enough to say 'God speed' to me, I am punished for the folly," murmured the Countess Clarice. "Hard, cruel, pitiless *rock!* How I detest him!"

And so violent, indeed, was this dislike, that the tears fell swiftly over the pale cheeks.

"Weeping! Oh, my lady, I know why. The hard-hearted count has said something to wound your sensitive heart. The monster! How often and how bitterly his conduct has grieved you!"

"Hush! the man yonder. Speak French, Therese. How fortunate that you were taught! Did you see anything of Count Edouard this morning?

"No, my lady; not a lisp, not a sign. I asked his valet, and he shrugged his shoulders and said his master gave orders not to be disturbed on any account. He had lost his night's sleep, and must make it up. Flint! Adamant! How I should like to shake him!"

The fair Clarice bit her lip to keep back another flood of tears. Therese filliped against the window with her rosy fingers, as energetically as if it were the count's cheek.

THE PET CANARY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 410.

"Ah, my lady, I am so angry with him! He is so detestable! I would not waste a thought upon the unfeeling monster——"

"But he is as tender-hearted to others as one could wish," broke in the countess. "Do you forget how he risked his own life to save the gardener's boy? And he is very thoughtful and generous to the poor. You must not call him unfeeling, Therese."

"But there never was a skull so thick and stupid," persisted Therese.

"What do you mean, you silly girl?" broke in the mistress, indignantly. "Stupid! That is the last attribute to be imputed to him. Oh, no! Count Edouard is not stupid."

Therese hid a little smile behind the hand that adjusted her vail.

"Ah, my lady! Still I must detest him — because you—hate him so."

The countess sighed.

"We are always quarreling—that is notorious. Yes, of course — I — dislike him ever so much. Heigho! I've half a mind to hide myself in the Black Forest for weeks and months—as long as the Black Chieftain will keep me. I wonder if the count would care—if he would miss me a single instant? Who would have believed he could let me come to-day without a single parting word!"

"The poor Franz was anxious enough, my lady. He was nearly frantic; one would have thought he feared some danger."

"That silly boy—pshaw! And Count Edouard actually recommended me to marry Franz. Oh, what a child he thinks me!"

And then she flung back her graceful head proudly.

"He shall see—he shall see that I am capable of heroism as well as he!"

"Therese, I am a hapless creature," she said, tragically.

A COUNTESS'S HATRED.—"THE BLACK CHIEFTAIN RODE FORWARD, GALLANTLY DOFFING HIS HAT. 'YOU WILL ADMIT I HAVE KEPT MY WORD TO YOU, FAIR COUNTESS. NOW I SHALL DISMISS YOUR GUARDS, AND WISH YOU GOOD-DAY.'"—SEE PAGE 410.

"Alas! I have only my maid, to whom I can venture to hint my deepest thoughts. Oh, unhappy orphan! how I miss my mother—my father! If I had but a sister—a brother!"

"There is Madame Van Armberg; she loves you sincerely," ventured Therese.

"Oh, to be sure; but I cannot breathe a word to her. Oh, no, indeed—I never could."

"The cruel count ought to take a brother's place."

"I don't want him for a brother," with a willful shake of her fair head.

"My lady!" exclaimed Therese, as if struck by a new thought, "how nice it would be if you should take him for a—husband!"

"I think you have lost your senses, Therese. How can you think of such a thing, when we dislike each other so much?"

Therese coughed, and was discreetly silent.

"I am very angry with you for such a suggestion."

"I beg your pardon, my lady, for being so bold. I only thought—I—sometimes I've seen the count watching you, and I couldn't help thinking there was passionate devotion in his look."

"For me? Oh, Therese, tell me quickly what should make you think that?"

How bright the eyes shone!—what tender joy broke over the sweet young face! Therese hid another smile, beholding how very angry she had made the countess.

But here the interruption she had dreaded, and yet hoped for, came. A party of mounted horsemen dashed up to the carriage.

The countess showed the heroic spirit of which she had boasted. She threw up the window, and leaned out with a face radiant in smile.

"Good-morning, gentlemen. I am out early in your vicinity," she said. "The Black Chieftain gave me a safe pass through his dominions. I trust it will be respected."

She held up the carved ivory trinket, and it was evidently promptly recognized.

But the men looked at each other doubtfully.

"There was to be no exception at all," said one.

"Where is the chieftain himself?" asked the countess.

"And where is Seippel Trent?" questioned Therese.

"We might ride on before the carriage, and bring the chieftain himself to decide," suggested another.

"By all means. I should be disappointed to miss seeing the gallant Max," observed the lady, very composedly. "You see I put full reliance upon his promise. I only brought my coachman, and courier, and maid. We are going over to the town and back again, as speedily as may be, in fulfillment of a wager. I am to bring them proof of my visit to a certain shop. I don't know why they supposed I could not make the journey; but they would not one of them believe I should accomplish it."

"We must see the chieftain," declared the leader, eying the potent bit of ivory doubtfully.

And part of them galloped off at a furious pace, and the rest followed in the rear of the carriage.

Scarcely an hour afterward the stalwart figure of the Black Chieftain came dashing through a narrow pathway.

The Countess Clarice waved her lace handkerchief with inimitable grace. Even the stolid courier was charmed by the bewitching way with which she leaned out to welcome the outlaw.

"What is the matter with everybody?" she asked, with a childish *naïveté*. "Just when I was so delighted to prove the virtue of your little talisman, most potent chieftain, its power seems doubtful. Can I not cross the forest to——? I shall be crestfallen enough to lose my wager—and the pearl bracelet, too. What mysterious conspiracy is on foot, I pray you?"

His piercing eye was fixed earnestly upon her face, but not a feature quailed, and no wave of fluctuating color drifted across her cheek.

"Is this Therese?" he asked, courteously, beckoning to the maid. "Seippel is out yonder, and he wishes for a word with her."

Therese was only too ready to comply. She sprang out promptly, and the chieftain, leaping lightly from his horse, took her place in the carriage.

"Now, my fair countess, tell me the story. I marvel a little that the grim Count Edouard allowed you to try this expedition."

"Ah, how could he prevent it? Don't you know I defy his commands continually? But I assure you it has all to do with my own planning. I heard them say the Black Forest could not be crossed this week, and I thought I would show them better—thanks to this bit of carving."

She laughed gleefully, and turned upon him the wile, innocent blue eyes in such trustful confidence that the Black Chieftain felt ashamed of his hesitation.

He left the coach, and sought out Seippel.

"Therese knows nothing of the trouble," said the latter. "She declares it is only a freak of her pretty mistress."

"A most untimely one. But I am ashamed to break my word to her. I have decided to send her over under escort of ours."

And he returned to the coach.

"I acknowledge, when I gave you the signet, that I did not anticipate its appearance at this time, my fair lady. But the Black Chieftain's word shall be kept. You say you only require to obtain a proof of your visit to the town? If I provide you with escort and fresh horses, are you able to bear the fatigue of a journey without any rest between?"

"Certainly. And if I am too much fatigued, would you not invite me to rest in some of your sylvan palaces?" she answered, promptly.

"Nothing would please me better than to entertain your ladyship. But these are days of close and hard work. I will see you safely to and from the town, if such be your wish, and if you will comply with my rules. You are only to leave the carriage long enough to visit the shop in my company to obtain the required proof. You are to speak to no one out of my hearing, nor leave my presence while in the town. Will that content you?"

"That is easily promised, I am sure," replied the countess, in the gayest tone, though secretly her heart sank.

"So be it, then. We will have the swiftest horses, and frequent refreshment. Adieu, then, for a little time. I must ride off to give my orders, but I shall speedily overtake you."

The countess laid her hand upon the courier's arm, just as Therese returned, in gay spirits and with blushing cheeks.

"Speak quickly. Can you give me the papers, if I can make no excuse for your visit to the shop? And are they addressed so it will be safe to simply hand them to one of the clerks?"

"They are concealed in the lining of my sleeve. I will have them ready," he answered, in a gruff, disagreeable voice. "The count took care to prepare for any exigency, and they are written in a secret character."

"How pale you are, my lady!" exclaimed Therese. "Will you believe it, they almost believed we were trying to cheat them in some way! Seippel was so very quizzing about our reasons for coming, I could but laugh. I really believe if it were not so well known how unfriendly you and Count Edouard are, they would have sent us back. I

don't believe the count's life would be safe here, my lady. One would think they fear him more than all the garrison of soldiers."

Her ladyship smiled proudly, and then sighed dismally.

"I wish we were thus far on our way back," she said. "I wonder if he has given a thought to us?"

Two hours afterward they were joined by the Black Forest Chieftain, and fresh horses, and a luxurious repast relieved the monotony. The journey to the other town was safely made. Her ladyship was a little stiff in her movements, but bright and gay in spirits, when they reached the door of the designated shop.

"If it is all the same to you I would prefer to walk up and down the street for a little exercise to my wearied limbs, and send this servant of mine and Therese in for the two scarfs I promised to bring," she said. "You shall choose your own part: to go with them and see that they work no mischief, or to give me escort."

"I could have no question. My duty compels me to say that I must not lose sight of any of you."

She laughed more carelessly still.

"We will all go in for the purchase, and all have a moment or two for promenade. It is plain our cramped limbs need it before the return journey."

"So be it."

And, sauntering carelessly into the shop, the countess chose her scarfs, and had the date of the purchase duly inscribed in the proprietor's own handwriting.

The Black Chieftain stood by, and kept open eyes and ears, and no word from one of the party escaped him.

Nevertheless, when the courier purchased a silk handkerchief, his adroit hand slipped into the box from which he selected it a bit of paper, on which was written some cabalistic word, which made the shopman start nervously, and as quickly hide his trepidation by bringing out a new assortment to exhibit to the ladies. He did not seem to pay any further attention to the courier. Nevertheless, when he handed the mistress's package for the courier's transmission to the carriage, a letter was slipped from one sleeve to the other, and Black Max was none the wiser.

"Have you brought my scarfs?" asked the countess, a little sharply, when they were again settled in the carriage.

"It is all right," replied the courier's gruff voice.

And Therese wondered at the bright flash that crossed the lady's face.

Her ladyship was pleased at the courier's anxiety that her cushions should be comfortably placed, so she might sleep a little through the trying night journey.

"It is ridiculous, I declare. How pleased I feel!" she said, softly. "One would think I had been absent a long time. I am so glad to be going home to——"

"Not the Count Edouard, surely?" ventured Therese.

"Certainly not," responded my lady, dryly.

Another morning saw them on the outskirts of the forest. The Black Chieftain rode forward, gallantly doffing his hat.

"You will admit I have kept my word, fair countess, in the face of some difficulties. Now, I shall dismiss your guards, and wish you good-day, and a cheery welcome home."

"I owe you many thanks," returned the countess, earnestly. "I trust if the time comes that any such favor lies in my power to grant, you will as fearlessly and trustfully ask for it."

"Thanks. It is true, you might help me. A grand reward is offered me to obtain possession of the person of your churlish guardian, who is obnoxious enough to the allied forces for his vigorous and irrepressible patriotism. If you could put me in the way of tracking him, I would soon rid you of his distasteful presence."

"As it is, you will send him all the torment possible in my speedy return," she retorted. "I don't think, indeed, I should be of any use as a decoy to procure Count Edouard's company. Good-day and good-by."

She sat erect and smiling, until the last bandit had disappeared, when she turned, with a cry, to Therese.

"Oh, di . you hear? Count Edouard's liberty threatened! A price set upon his life! Is it not too frightful? What if we should be too late to warn him? Oh, if anything has happened to him!"

"And why should you care? Why need you be troubled, my lady? Surely he deserves nothing at your hands!" said Therese, soothingly.

"Ah, but I do care—I do care!" cried out her ladyship, while the tears slowly slipped down the pallid cheek.

"And so do I!" cried out a new though well-known voice, that made them both start and look wildly toward the courier's corner.

He was swiftly divesting himself of slouched hat and flaxen wig, and mopping off furiously the red paint which gave the florid hue to his face. Now, for the first time, they saw his eyes. How they shone and sparkled!

Countess Clarice gave a little cry of mingling terror and delight.

"Edouard! Count Edouard here——"

"Did you think I would risk my treasure where my own hand could not guard it?" cried he. "Clarice! Clarice! my darling! I have had to wear a mask of icy pride because I loved you so, and because I dared not reveal it, lest the cruel world should say I sought to take advantage of my guardian's position, and win a wealthy bride! I, who am plain and stern, and lacking so much that adorns many a younger and nobler suitor, dare I trust these wild hopes that this romantic episode has forced upon me? Speak but a little word—tell me that you do not really *hate* me!"

What blissful content was in the silver voice—how the blue eyes shone, and what happy blushes swept off the pallor of the night's fatigue!

"Oh, Edouard, how dared you risk so much? What if the Black Chieftain had discovered you? You heard what he said. Edouard—*my* Edouard—you must not venture so much again!"

"Not for your sake, Clarice—for yours, who have saved the city, and made my whole life glad and bright?"

He had both fair hands in his—he bent toward the dewy, smiling mouth. Therese discreetly turned her face to the window, and tried not to smile, remembering all the talk about the senseless rock, and the bitter antagonism of guardian and ward.

And here there came the sound of hurrying hoofs.

"It is Franz Von Armberg," quietly commented Therese, while her mistress, with a cry of terror, threw both arms about the count to protect him from the Black Chieftain's deadly shaft.

"Are you safe, Lady Clarice?" he cried, breathlessly—this poor young Franz, while he dashed forward to the carriage. "Oh, we have had such a night of anxiety! The city is full of wild rumors, and Count Edouard is missing. My mother fears——"

But here he paused abruptly.

Two happy, guilty faces told the story eloquently.

"Count Edouard here!" stammered poor Franz.

"Ay, you did not suppose I would allow her ladyship to venture where I was not at hand to share the danger, if I failed to protect her from it! Here I am, Franz, minus that long beard that your mother declared befitted a hermit rather than a man of fashion. You shall teach me a

more graceful style presently. Say to the prince that all is well. The message has gone forward safely. And ride forward and bid them prepare the countess a strengthening cordial. She will need its reviving strength, and a long sleep, before any one must molest her."

Franz wheeled about his horse, and rode off at a still more furious pace. And the heartless little countess, entirely oblivious of the other's chagrin and grief, slipped her hand again into the count's tender clasp, and leaning against his shoulder, whispered: "Oh, Edouard, how thankful I am I went upon your errand! And—how they will laugh at us!"

THE VISIT TO GRANDMOTHER.

SCENES IN SUNLANDS.— ON THE ROAD TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

CUBA—A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE.

To visit Cuba and not see a sugar estate, is to read Hamlet, leaving out the Prince of Denmark's speeches, and few travelers would have the temerity to return home and face their friends with the confession that they had committed this solecism—certainly not we.

One bright morning the relative of a dear old friend came, most opportunely; assured us that one's friends' friends are one's own friends; and invited us to visit his wife and himself at their sugar estate of Las Cañas, the largest and finest *ingenio* upon the island, and distant about sixty or seventy miles from Havana.

The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was given, and a few days afterward our party of three drowsily obeyed the summons of the *camarero* to rise at four, dress by candle-light, and, after a cup of bitter, black coffee, set forth for the station.

Sorrow and perplexity here awaited us, for the ticket-seller blandly refused a twenty-dollar U. S. Greenback—accepted elsewhere with the greatest alacrity—and the resources of the party, collectively, would not otherwise make up the fifteen dollars gold required. Much argument, a card and address, and finally a little feminine coaxing, however, carried the day, and the magnanimous consent of the official to intrust us with the three tickets, he retaining the twenty-dollar note until redeemed in coin.

This negotiation was barely over, when somebody strolled along the platform, ringing a tea-bell, the signal for the departure of the train, which, somewhat to our surprise, actually started very near the advertised hour of 5:30—just as the first pink blushes of the eastern clouds showed that they saw the sun coming up from the under world.

Cuban cars are not uncomfortable, the seats and backs of the benches being of openwork cane, the floors bare, and therefore unfavorable for fleas, and the windows practicable. Speed is not great, but who wishes to hurry in Cuba? And if the pauses are frequent, and of uncertain duration, one has the more time to contemplate the lovely scenery and those thousand *cosas de Cuba*, which active eyes discover at every turn, whether in town or country.

I was sorry, or not sorry, as you please, to find that since my first girlish experience of this road, some years since, the spirit of improvement and innovation had crept in to destroy several of its most distinctive features. On that occasion, for instance, the engine was attended by two negroes, one of whom, at each station, languidly split wood and threw it to the other, who as languidly thrust it into the fire under the boiler, the passengers having ample time to get off, watch the operation, stroll around and make acquaintance with the country during each interval. Now, alas! the wood was carried in a tender, quite in the usual fashion, and the train barely waited long enough for the passengers to drink the milk of a cocoanut or two, eat a few sapotes, or exchange the news with the acquaintance they chance to meet.

The railway trip was accomplished in three hours, and gave us an excellent opportunity for studying the rural scenery of Cuba, which, except for the abundance of palm trees and occasional hedges of maguey or cactus, is not at all unlike that of our own Middle States. The land is divided into great fields, where prosperous cattle feed or ruminate knee-deep in herbage, or shelter beneath chestnuts, oak, beech and other familiar trees, growing in groups or isolated specimens, exactly as with us.

Arrived at Union, the nearest station to Las Cañas, we were met by Don Frederico, our amiable host, who, with all the courtesy of a Spanish caballero, and the cordial hospitality of a Cubano, welcomed us as his guests, and led the way to a shady nook, where waited saddle-horses for the gentlemen of the party, and a *volante* for the Sister of my soul and myself.

It is certainly a pity that this vehicle is so fast disappearing from Havana, where it was once the universal conveyance, that a few years more will make it purely traditional, although it must linger for a long while in the rural districts, to whose deep and uncertain roads its peculiar construction is so well adapted. Those of our readers who have, in their country-visits, seen an old-fashioned chaise—a "one-hoss-shay"—have nearly seen a *volante*, and have only to imagine the shafts carried out to an indefinite length at the back, and the body swung between them by leathern straps, at once support and springs.

Nothing can be more comfortable, nothing safer, since there is no legend of a *volante* being upset, although often

apparently on the utmost verge of that catastrophe; and there is an easy, cradle-like movement to the vehicle quite fascinating, especially when intensified by the jolts and jerks incident to the primitive roads; strictly speaking, however, there are no roads in this part of the country, but simply tracks, through and between the different plantations, sometimes cut deep into the clayey soil, sometimes lightly printed upon the grass and wild flowers of an uncultivated field.

The *volante* is usually drawn by a sturdy, commonplace horse between the shafts, while a more graceful and less industrious one is attached to the whiffle-tree by loose traces, which allow him to precede his humble companion by a head or so; upon this latter animal rides the *calesero*, holding the guiding-rein of the draught horse in one hand and the bridle of his own in the other, while a savage little whip dangles from his wrist.

And here let me pause to celebrate the especial *calesero* who conducted our *volante* on this occasion—jet black, tall, and of splendid muscular development, he sat his horse precisely as if the two animals had been one; his slippered toes just lightly touching the stirrups; his shoulders broad and back flat as a board; his whole body swaying lightly with every step of the horse—the very perfection of unconscious art rising to the excellence of nature. A suit of snowy linen bound with scarlet, and a Panama hat, the fineness of which would have made many a Fifth Avenue exquisite die of envy, constituted his livery.

Of different style, yet not more admirable, was the horsemanship of Don Frederico and the gentlemen who accompanied him; for they rode their spirited and "managed" horses, as nearly all Cuban gentlemen do, with the fearless grace and abandon of veritable cavaliers. And the horses—pretty creatures!—seemed to enjoy as much as their riders this delightful excursion; for the day was yet young enough to be cool and fresh, the dew still glistened in the thick canebrakes, and a light morning breeze stirred the crests of the royal palms, whose great leaves clashed softly a song of welcome to the strangers who drove beneath.

Passing through the little town of Alacranes (Scorpions), whose drowsy idlers paused in their first cigar to stare as we drove through the quiet *plaza*, our *volante*, courtesying gracefully as it bounced over the uneven stones paving it. Soon after this we suddenly swept out of a cool, verdant road around the high wall of a garden, and out upon a lawn of the Casa di Vivienda, or dwelling-house of Las Cañas. This mansion, like most planters' houses in Cuba, is a large, low building, the roof sweeping down both in front and rear to form those wide verandas which, in a sultry climate, are so important a part of the house. Upon the front veranda opens, by wide doors and numerous windows, the *sala*, or drawing-room—a spacious, cool apartment, its ceiling the polished rafters of the roof, its floor ornamental hard woods, relieved at one end by a great Turkish rug, at either side of which were ranged the usual two rows of rocking-chairs for the reception of visitors.

Some bookcases, well filled with French, Spanish and English volumes, large mirrors, a table or two, plenty of chairs, some *objets d'art* and vases of splendid flowers, amply furnished this cool and charming tropical *salon*, from which opened, at either end, suites of sleeping and retiring-rooms; while behind it, and occupying the covered veranda in the rear, was the dining-room, through whose wide windows we caught glimpses of the garden and greenery beyond.

One noticeable feature of this charming house was a strong barricade of sand-bags at one end of the front veranda, and some regular fortifications at the back, pierced with loopholes for musketry. These, we were informed, had been prepared several years since, in view of a possible visit from the insurgents hiding in the neighboring woods, but, fortunately, had never been needed.

At the top of the steps stood our fair young hostess, accompanied by two pretty cousins, the little group suiting so well with the tropical surroundings that one longed to stop awhile and admire the picture, instead of disturbing it by approaching. Nothing could be more charming, however, than the welcome of Doña Teresa, who presently escorted us to two great, cool, airy bedrooms, daintily furnished, where we were left to refresh ourselves after the dusty journey in the cars, and to prepare for breakfast, served at eleven—and such a breakfast!

Without wishing to pass as a *gourmande*, let me say that if I could imagine the gods on Olympus to habitually feast on first-class Cuban fare, I am a heathen from this day henceforth! And it is only in the country that one meets with it, since Havana is given over to French cooks and foreign ways, and one seldom eats better there than at the Trois Frères or Delmonico's; but fifty miles out of town, where the *cosas de Cuba* still hold sway, one finds the table of the wealthy planter spread with those national dishes which, for flavor, variety and tempting look and odor, excel anything I have tasted in any other part of the world.

A great basket of flowers occupied the middle of the table, and the meal was served *à la Russe;* several admirably trained servants waiting upon the guests with a quiet efficiency admirably contrasting with the "Tenor's" languid inattention.

Coffee was served in the *sala*, and after enjoying it, and chatting a while, all dispersed for the siesta, which, in the middle of a Cuban day, is more a necessity than a luxury. About four o'clock a formidable chambermaid, whose native African accent made quite a new language of her Spanish, came to invite us to the bath-house; and, following her lead, we were shown into a pretty little isolated building, its centre occupied by a great white-marble tank, at least fifteen feet across, and filled to a depth of three or four feet with deliciously cool, fresh spring-water.

The bath was so refreshing that after it one really enjoyed the task which, earlier, had seemed quite a hopeless one—viz., making a toilet for dinner. Descending from our bowers, we found our fair hostess and the other guests assembled, and a stroll was proposed through the sugar-house, the principal and most extensive of the buildings, forming a large, irregular square, facing the mansion; the others being negro quarters, an infirmary, storehouses, a brick-kiln, where tiles of excellent quality are also manufactured, and various offices for carrying on the operations of this great self-sustaining establishment.

In approaching the sugar-house, we paused to notice the procession of large, light cars, each drawn by four oxen, which, traveling upon a tramway laid to the cane-fields, brought thence the ripe, juicy stalks, trimmed and cut to a proper length; and first passing over a scale where each load is weighed and registered, carries it to the foot of an endless revolving belt, upon which the cane is piled by the drivers of the oxen, while numerous half-grown boys and girls stand ready to catch and toss back any stalks falling from the belt to the ground.

Defeated of escape, the unfortunate stalks find themselves carried slowly and relentlessly upward, until they fall into the jaws of three great iron rollers, which, revolving upon each other, crush the cane so completely that the fragments issue at the other side—mere dry, sapless chips, which are carried on by another revolving belt, and shot into the ox-carts which stand waiting below—each, as it is filled, starting on to make room for another.

The rich saccharine juice meantime falls from behind the

rollers into a conducting trough, which takes it first into copper receptacles, pierced with holes like a colander, where the bits of cane and refuse floating through it are strained out. It is then forced by a steam pump to the highest part of the building, where, in a sort of upper gallery, it runs into vats, and is treated with a certain amount of lime to help the clarifying process immediately necessary, as this crude juice or *guarapo* ferments almost instantly if left to itself.

The amount of correction to the acidity of the *guarapo* is determined by a test paper (*lorna sol*), chemically prepared, of blue color, which turns to red more or less vivid, according to the acidity of the liquid in which it is immersed. After clarifying, the syrup is filtered through vats nearly filled with burned and powdered bone, called animal carbon, prepared and exported from the United States; and we were assured that nothing is more fatal to the clearness and purity of sugar than carelessness in regard to changing this carbon, which, in eight or ten hours, becomes so impregnated with the impurities of the sap, as to be no longer efficient; although, in some mills, it is allowed to remain two or three days.

Later on, we were taken to another building, where such bone-charcoal as is made on the estate is prepared, and also where the carbon already used goes through a purifying process, fitting it again for duty, in the deep ovens with fierce fires beneath, which almost naked negroes were feeding and stirring, while the lurid light half revealed and half hid the blackened rafters and walls of the place, and the masses of charred bone lying about in a very Doré-ish style.

Returning to our cane-juice we find it, after passing through the filtering vats, of which there are a great number, pumped into the first boiler, no longer the open shallow pans of the olden time, whose surface was skimmed by negroes with long ladles, and in whose depths stray negro babies were occasionally found conserved—but a gigantic horizontal tubular boiler, like that on a locomotive, with a little glass window inserted near the top at one end, through which one may watch the seething mass within, while a thermometer, just above, marks the degree of heat it has attained.

The Chinaman attendant upon this engine showed us the delicate attention of drawing out a little of the syrup upon a bit of glass, and inviting us to test its sweetness and richness by the primitive process of a finger dipped into the syrup and then inserted in the mouth. Of course, all accepted the hospitality, and numerous fingers and mouths certified that the *guarapo* had certainly become syrup.

In the next and similar boiler, a process analogous to what maple-sugar boilers call "sugaring-off" is accomplished, and as the syrup falls from this, it is so thick and granulated, as to be more sugar than molasses, and from the greenish-gray of its original color has become of a rich dark-brown.

Drawn by a faucet from this boiler, the liquid sugar falls into shallow copper pans, constantly changed by a set of stalwart, sleek-skinned negroes and Chinese, whose dripping brows and scant clothing testify to the warm and arduous nature of their employment.

These pans, piled upon a truck, are wheeled upon a narrow tramway into an adjoining room devoted to long rows of vacuum pans, so called, although they are really closed copper vessels, air-tight and cylindrical in shape, wherein the sugar is subjected to heat and centrifugal motion, which, after a surprisingly short space of time, changes the semi-fluid dark mass conducted into the vacuum pan by one pipe to dry crystallized sugar, brown, yellowish-white, or perfectly white, according to the time it remains in the pan.

Such as is intended for first-class table-sugar is finally placed in a heated revolving cylinder, from which it issues dry and distinct as sand, and of the purest sparkling white color. Another quality is allowed to cool in mass, and is then broken fine before packing; while the brown does not harden sufficiently to require any care except packing. This is done in hogsheads for the third grade and boxes for the first two; both hogsheads and boxes being manufactured upon the place, although the staves, hoops and boards are brought from the United States.

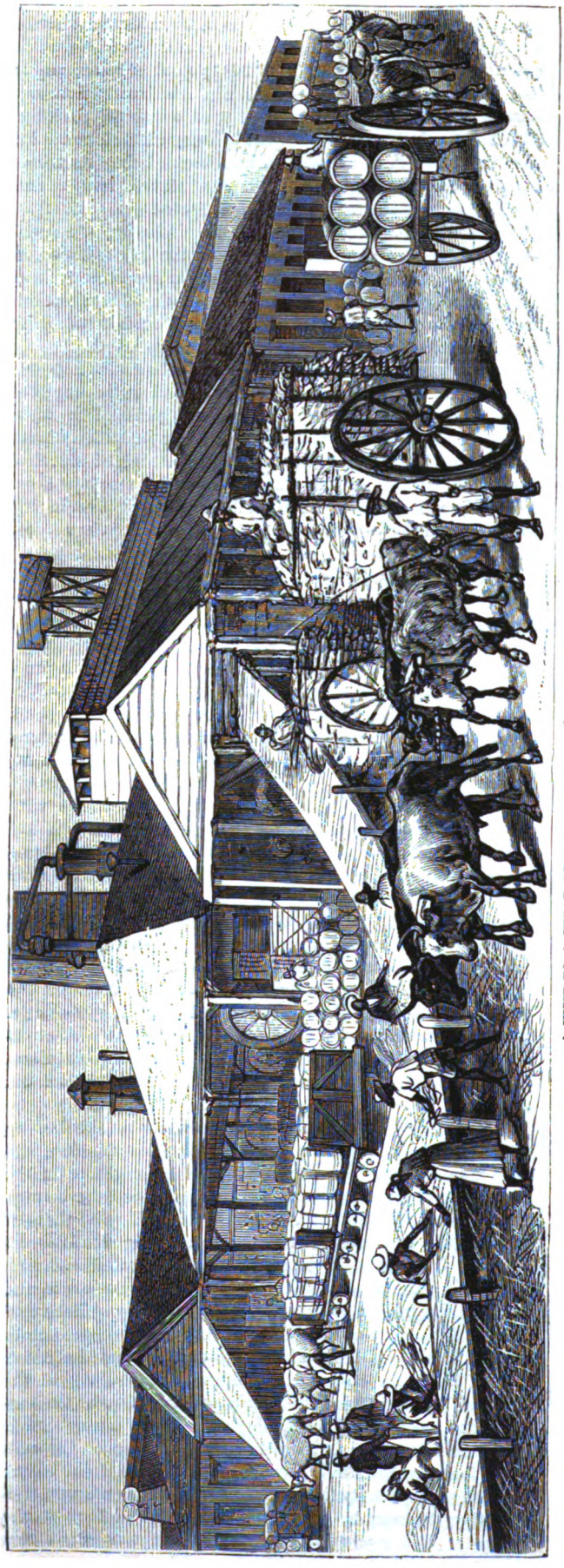
To accommodate this portion of the industry, a carpenter's and cooper's shop is attached to the sugar-house, as well as a machine shop, where the forges are in active and constant operation, and all the iron-work of the various machines is repaired and supplied, and such blacksmith work as is needed upon the estate is accomplished.

The number of boxes shipped from Las Cañas last year was 17,000, each box worth $30.00; and it is expected that the yield this year will be equally great. The sugar season lasts about four months, beginning just after Christmas; and while it continues, the eight hundred slaves of the estate, as well as the Chinese laborers employed, are kept very closely at work; labor beginning at five in the morning and lasting until nine at night, with intervals for food and rest, especially in the hottest part of the day.

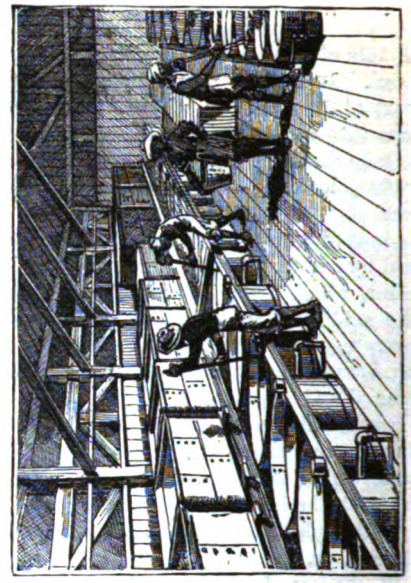
In former times there was much inhumanity practiced upon many sugar estates in Cuba, the negroes being sometimes literally worked to death in order to secure as large a crop as possible while the season lasted; but the protective laws are now so stringent and the consciousness of impending emancipation so strong that there is now very little hardship anywhere—and certainly at Las Cañas none at all, for a healthier, merrier and more robust set of creatures than the negroes swarming at every turn it would be impossible to find.

By the time we had gone through the sugar-house, with its various appurtenances, the sudden tropical night had fallen, and we returned to the house under a solemn purple-blue sky, through which burned the great stars one only sees in these beloved latitudes. The transition from the grand, almost awful, beauty of the night to the soft candlelight of the dining-room, with its cheerful sparkle of silver and glass, and its freshly gathered epergne of flowers, was, after all, an agreeable one; and the next two hours passed very pleasantly, if not very sentimentally. Then came coffee and chat in the opposing rows of rocking-chairs, and, at an early hour, bed; for on plantations people keep good hours, and bear up under a great amount of rest.

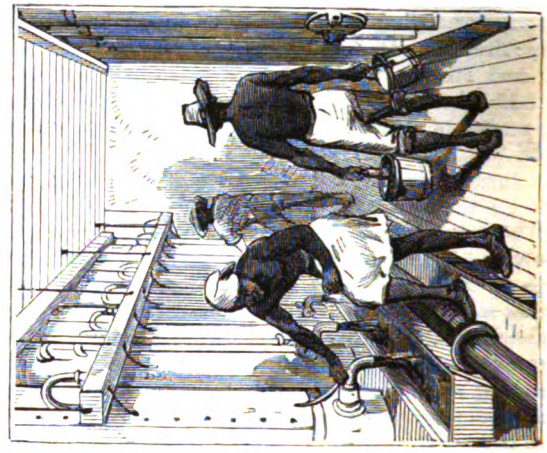
Extinguishing our candles as soon as might be, we opened the blinds of our great, windowless windows, and once more looked upon the wonders of the night, with the millions of great stars shining down in their calm beauty, so careless of whether poor humanity looked up at them or down upon the earth; the dewy, rustling foliage and flowers of the garden sending up a subtle, delicious perfume, and the great, black forms of the sugar-house and its attendant buildings looming against the sky. Here and there a lantern, shining in the depths of the great mill, showed that the chances of the night were guarded against, and in the open *vigia*, or watchtower, at the top of the building, one could see the slowly moving form of the sentinel who keeps vigil there day and night, never sitting down, never resting, but watching, not only over the mill at his feet, but the whole great plantation spread out before him—more especially the acres of thick-set sugar-cane, representing thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars to the owners. And against what enemy does the watchman chiefly keep this vigil? Fire!



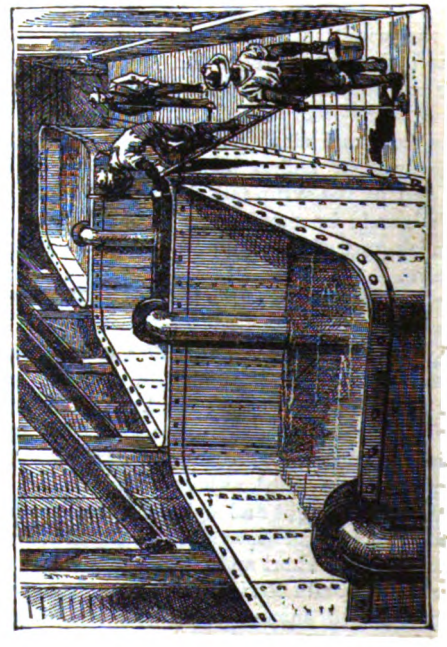
A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE IN CUBA.—SCENE IN FRONT OF FACTORY.



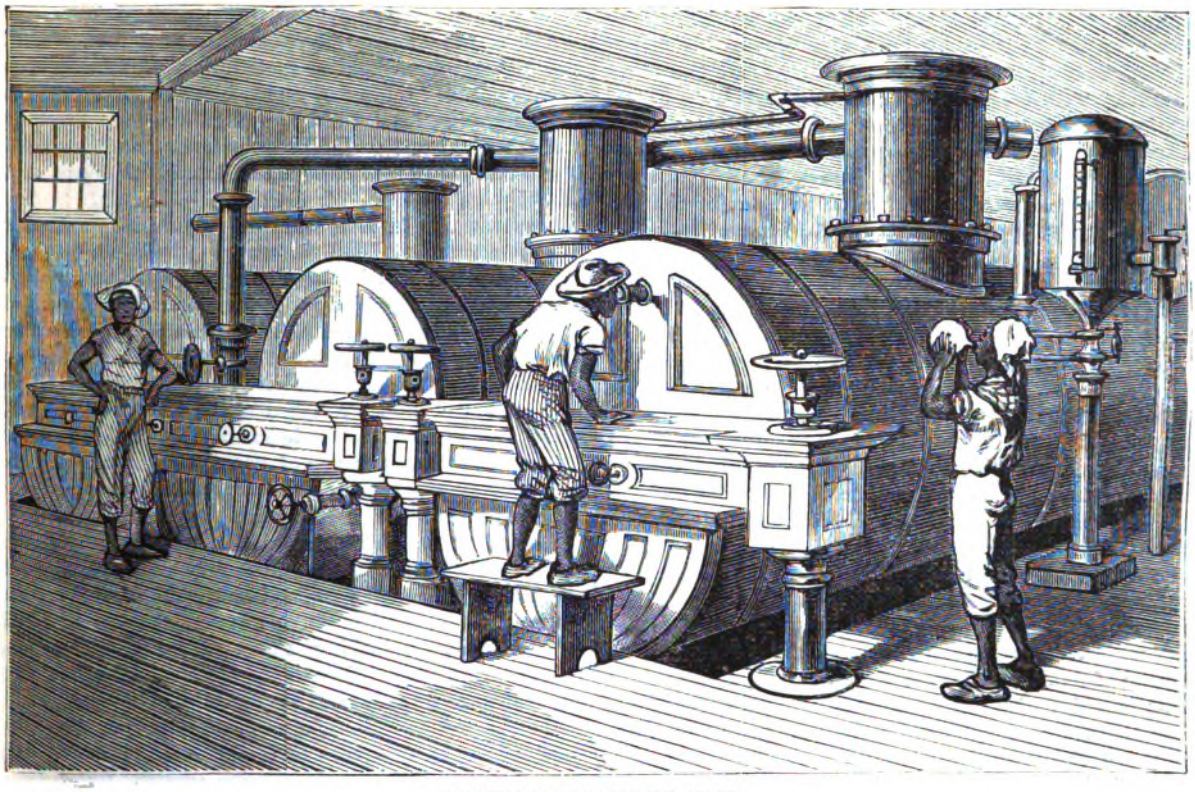
THE FILTERS ABOVE THE FLOOR.



RUNNING OFF THE SYRUP.



COLD JUICE TANKS.

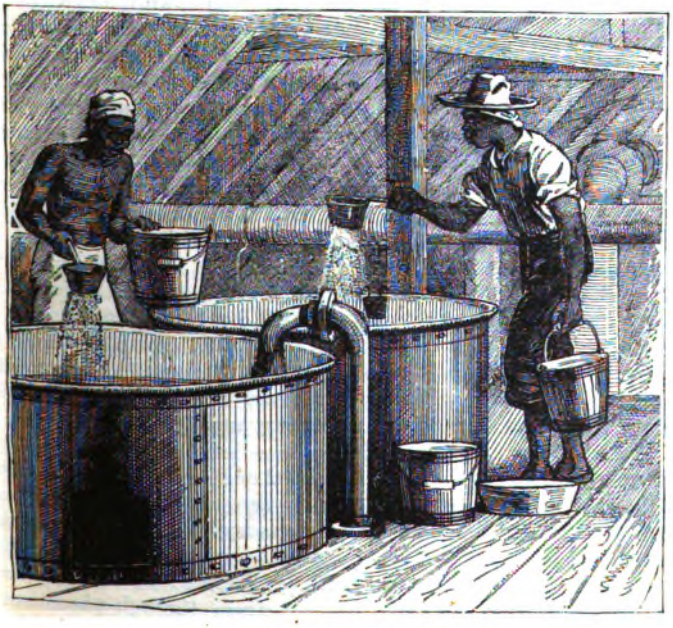


VACUUM PANS FOR BOILING SYRUP.

The careless throwing aside of a yet burning cigar or match, or the willful incendiarism of a rival or an enemy, or some one of those thousand chances which no one has foreseen or guarded against, may light the flame, and, once lighted, no human power within reach can arrest the conflagration; for water is scarce, fire engines are not to be had, the material of the buildings is so light and dry, and their extent so great, that fire-engines would be almost useless if present on the spot.

The greatest loss in case of fire would arise, first, from the destruction of the machinery, which is imported at great expense—one of the principal machines at Las Cañas alone costing $50,000—and then from the impossibility of carrying on the works before the season ends; for, after April, the cane is too dry and sapless to cut.

Four men are detailed for this position of general watchman, and relieve each other every four hours, just like the watch at sea, so that the *vigia* is never unoccupied for a moment.



PUTTING LIME IN THE JUICE.

KEEPING THE STRAINER CLEAR FOR JUICE FROM PRESS.

Besides these, regular patrols keep their rounds through the night on all parts of the estate; each man, as he draws near the limit of his beat, shouting to his neighbor, "*Alerta?*" ("Are you on guard?"), and the other responding, "*Alerta estoy!*" ("I am on guard!") And this faint, far-away, yet musical note of activity and security, is indescribably soothing, as well as a little mournful, to the lonely watcher of midnight stars.

It is not wise, however, to devote too many of the wee small hours to star-gazing in Cuba, for the world awakes very early there, and about six o'clock our stately ebony Diana appeared at our bedside, bearing a tray with coffee and some light refreshment, to strengthen us for the labors of the toilet.

Descending an hour later, we found our dainty little hostess, with her pretty cousins, upon the veranda, waiting to take us into the garden, just in the perfection of its beauty at this time of the day, while the dew still hung, diamond-like, upon every leaf and petal, and the colors of every flower seemed deepened and freshened by the night of rest and refreshment after the glowing heat of the day.

The garden was the finest by far that we saw in Cuba, public or private; for the late proprietor, Doña Teresa's father, was a floriculturist, and having both means and time to indulge his taste, he collected, from every part of the world, whatever is rare and curious, as well as beautiful, in the realm of flowers, and upon the rich soil and under the beneficent skies of the tropics, with plenteous irrigation and abundant labor, he created a little Eden such as Adam and Eve never knew!

We walked in the cool and sheltered alleys for a while, gathered here and there a blossom such as one never sees in the forced growth of hothouses, and breathed the rich, strong perfumes, so delicious when they are the living sighs of flowers, so intolerable when imitated by the chemist; and then we returned to the veranda, before which now stood a couple of *volantes* and several saddle-horses, for we were to make a morning expedition to "the Caves," and to some outlying portions of the estate, differing in their wild and picturesque scenery from the flat and fertile cane-lands directly around the house.

And here it may be well to mention that the title *ingenio* is applied to a sugar plantation, a coffee estate being called a *caffetal*, while a tobacco estate is a *vega*, a market-garden is an *estancia*, a cattle estate is an *hacienda* or *sitio*, a countryman is a *guajiro*, and his wife a *guajira;* the two differing as much from a *Habanero* and *Habanera* as from the inhabitants of another country.

This much I learned from Doña Teresa as we swung along in her *volante* over the turfy road, the ideal *calesero* carefully guiding the draught horse away from the deepest holes and biggest rocks—now turning out of the track altogether and making a detour among the shrubs to avoid some impediment, and now coasting skillfully upon its very verge, occasionally, where no escape was possible, administering one decisive cut of his short whip to each horse, and taking the *volante* through or over the trouble by main force; while the señorita sitting upon the little seat in the middle clung to our knees, murmuring "Ave Maria, purissima!" Doña Teresa raised her great, dark eyes to the light, agile figure of her husband riding just in front, and I, who have met real danger too often to be frightened, laughed at the elastic bands of the *volante* as it pitched and tossed and righted itself; while the ebony creature in front never swerved in his saddle or showed the faintest emotion in the sable profile thoughtfully turned upon the horse between the shafts.

A few miles of this amusing drive brought us to the *estancia*, where the vegetables and fruit—principally plantains—for the thousand or more mouths of Las Cañas are mostly raised, as well as the fodder for the many oxen and horses.

A low, rambling farmhouse, with tiled roof, veranda, and plenty of outhouses, including a whole row of pigsties, was the dwelling of the *haciendero* in charge; and the cows, pigs, hens, turkeys and guinea-fowls strolling in and out of the various buildings looked as much as possible like a farmyard scene at home, or in any other part of the world.

A mile or two further, and the *volantes* stopped on the edge of a bit of wild and picturesque woodland.

"The cave! this is the *Ojo de Agua*," announced Don Frederico, waiting to help us to dismount from the *volante*. The Sister and the Señorita at the same time appeared from the second *volante*, a little tossed and tumbled, but none the worse for their dancing drive; and all five of us confidingly followed Don Frederico as he led the way toward what appeared the veritable entrance of Hades, being a steep descent into a chasm of unknown depth, while from out those depths came the whirring sound of many wings, and the dim, indefinite murmur of imprisoned waters.

As we lingered shivering on the brink, a negro, armed with a *machete*, passed up and slowly made his way down what might be called a path, slashing the bushes and rank weeds at either hand to drive away any snakes or reptiles which might be lurking there—although, indeed, such creatures are almost invariably harmless in Cuba, except the scorpion, whose bite is very painful.

Encouraged by this safeguard, and by Don Frederico's pleasant words, five pairs of feminine feet, covered by the least useful shoes possible for such a purpose, tottered down the pathway, and, passing under a low roof of rock, walked out upon a natural plateau extending deep into a cave whose rocky walls and ceiling dripped with moisture; while far below lay a pool of bright water, whose shape and brilliancy probably suggested its name, "*El Ojo de Agua*"—The Eye of Water.

At the further end one could dimly perceive a low, irregular natural arch, beneath which the waters disappeared, flowing no one knows whither, as the arch is too low to admit a boat, should any one be hardy enough to wish to explore the dark channel.

Above the rocky roof of the cavern, in the light and warmth of the upper air, grew a great banyan-tree, and this had sent its piercing, fibrous roots down the crevices of the limestone in thousands, most of them mere white threads, swaying hither and yon in the fresh breeze that eddied through the place, but some of them well grown, and two or three inches in diameter, and covered with tough bark. One of these had crawled along the roof of the cavern for a long distance, and finally, finding an opening in the rock, had crept back to seek a more nourishing soil. Another hung in a great loop, until it finally caught hold of the side of the plateau and grappled with the rocky soil composing it.

The wild whirr of wings which we had noticed before entering was now explained by the flitting around our heads of a frightened flock of swallows, whose home is in the clefts of the rock, close to the water's edge, and who, terrified by the rare presence of strangers, dashed wildly about the cavern, twittering angrily, and finally fled out into the open air.

The spot was a delightful one, and we might not linger as there was still more to see, and the heat of the day would be upon us before many hours; so with one long, lingering look into the placid depths of El Ojo de Agua, we climbed the rocky pathway, disposed ourselves in the *volantes* and swung forward again through plantations of fruit-trees, plantains, divided into six or eight different

varieties; *mameys*, *aguacates* or alligator pears, *sapotes* and several other kinds of tropical fruits, scarcely known to foreigners even by name, but forming an important item in the year's provision of the Cuban.

Speaking of plantains, a botanical friend informed us that the name of the species called by us the banana is *musa paradisiaca*, the veritable "forbidden fruit" which Eve so unfortunately coveted, and bought at so high a price!

Again the *volantes* stopped, this time at the entrance to a lovely woodland path close to another little cottage, the dwelling of the *guajiro* in charge of this part of the estate.

Proceeding in Indian file through this cool and shaded path, we presently emerge upon the wildest and loveliest mountain glen imaginable; the opposite side clothed with the lush, luxuriant tropical verdure; graceful palm-trees rising royally from among the lower growths, and great riotous vines flinging their arms from trunk to trunk, embracing everything within reach, and like beautiful Sin clinging closer and closer, until Death comes—twin sister of Sin—and the poor tree dies in the double embrace.

From the edge of the wood the path made a sudden downward slope, and up this slope bounded a great hound to meet us—a hound one would have hated to meet as an enemy, but who made himself very agreeable as a friend, and politely conducted us down the gorge, where a gang of negro women in scanty garments, were clearing the path of underbrush and weeds by the help of heavy knives and their own horny fingers.

The *guajiro* was overlooking the work, undertaken since the previous night in preparation for our visit, and only one instance of the magnificent hospitality which marked our stay at Las Cañas.

It was pleasant to see how these poor creatures, more resembling beasts of burden than women, straightened their bowed backs, and pushed away their matted hair to look into the face of the young mistress, who, with her tiny figure and pure, pale face, moved among these Amazons like a fairy among gnomes, and never failed to respond to the "Dios te bendiga Patrona!" with a kind "Buenos dias!" and on this occasion with a more substantial proof of goodwill, for this was Doña Teresa's first return to the home of her childhood after seven years of marriage spent abroad, and she had announced that it should be marked by the gift of a dollar each to the eight hundred slaves, most of whom had known her as a child, and who all, with patriarchal simplicity, addressed her as "Terecita," and nothing could be prettier than to see, whenever she stirred from the house, or in the evening, when she sat upon the veranda, how these poor people flocked about her, not all of them attracted by the promised dollar, for after they had received it, they came again and again, sometimes bringing little presents of fruit and flowers, eggs, chickens, even and sea-beans—almost anything, in short, to show their feathers, love and fealty to their fair young mistress, who, though weary and feeble, always received each one graciously, replying courteously; remembering to ask for absent relatives, and showing all those charms which mark the gracious sovereign of large or little realms.

If all owners were like "Terecita," and all slaves happy as those of Las Cañas, then might we indeed consider emancipation a huge mistake, and freedom indivisible from straight hair!

Leaving the negro women happy over their dollars, so quietly given that I only saw the gift by chance, we descended into a cave still more lovely than the "*Ojo de Agua*," for at its furthest extremity a natural fissure in the rock, its shape and size suggesting its name of the Cathedral window, admitted a stream of morning sunlight which, piercing the gloom of the cavern, fell full upon the water, lighting it to wonderful effects of shimmering blue and green, and flashing diamond lights.

At the other end stood two graceful stalagmites, the one very like the vailed statue of a woman, called the Virgin, and the shorter one, leaning against it, the little St. John. In this cave also wound the fibrous roots of the water-loving trees growing overhead, and we pulled some of them down to carry away, fondly hoping they might be induced to grow elsewhere—a hope proving as fallacious as it was unreasonable.

From this our little procession wound along a lovely path cut for us upon the opposite side of the glen, passing several more negresses and one or two old men upon the way, and so came to a third cave, whose waters are supposed to connect themselves subterraneously with the first.

Being now thoroughly tired and very warm, we were glad to get back to the *volantes* and return to the house with no further detours.

Plenty of water, a shaded room and some slight change of dress soon repaired all damages, and at eleven we were ready for breakfast.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows of coming night made the outer air endurable, we again ventured forth, and this time drove to the cornfield, where we found the large gang of laborers, negro and Chinese, resting and eating, while the patient oxen munched the sweet tops and leaves of the sugarcane scattered kneedeep over all that part of the field which had been cut; while beyond, the serried ranks of stalks stood, tall and close and strong, their rich green leaves rustling defiance to the enemy who, in a few moments, would be upon them.

Tiffin over, the men resumed their labors, cutting away at the stout stalks just above the earth, with the short, sharp *machetes*, which one could not but think would make such terrible weapons in insurrectionary hands. With one blow the stalk is severed; with two or three more the leaves and top are separated and left lying as they fall, while the bare cane is thrown upon a heap, presently loaded by other hands into the oxcart, creaking and groaning along the line.

Don Frederico gallantly cut and trimmed a section of sugarcane for each of the ladies, and certainly this fresh, sweet draught was very refreshing, if not easy to consume elegantly.

The cane is propagated from lengths of one or two joints laid longitudinally in a trench about a foot in depth, and covered lightly until the sprout appears, generally in about a fortnight, when a little more earth is added, and so on until, in about four or five months, the trench is filled, and the cane firmly established.

Planting is done in the rainy season, which begins in June and lasts until November, and the first cane is cut directly after Christmas. It is usual to raise several crops from the same planting, the ground being turned over about once in three years, one-third of the estate each year.

After driving around the plantation for a little, and admiring the activity and method everywhere displayed, we returned to the quadrangle of the home buildings, and visited the negro quarters.

These are in a great edifice built around an interior courtyard, upon which opens the doors of the little dwellings of two or three rooms, apportioned to each family. We looked into several, and in spite of the heat, found always a good fire blazing upon the open hearth, with one or more saucepans simmering pleasantly over it, in anticipation of the evening meal.

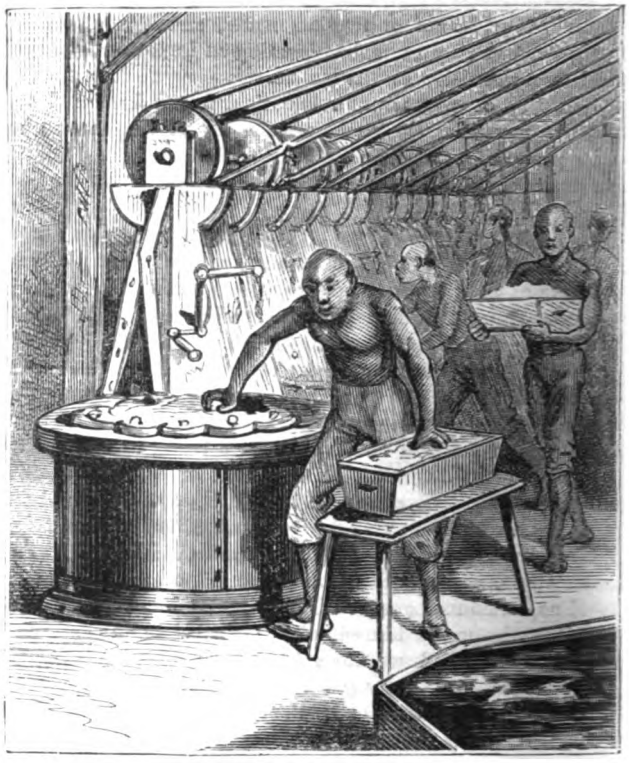
This cooking, however, is of an accidental nature, so to

A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.— IN THE WATCH-TOWER.

speak; the general rations being cooked and served in a great kitchen, fitted with several caldrons, and with picturesque heaps of yams, corn, vegetables, etc., lying about the floor, while a warlike-looking negress stood flourishing an enormous ladle during our visit, and apparently quite ready to roast, toast, or broil us, should occasion offer.

Sometimes, however, the rations are served raw to such as are capable of cooking them, and the *gastronomes* really make very nice dishes, by adding to the pork, *tasajo*, or

FILLING BOXES WITH SUGAR.

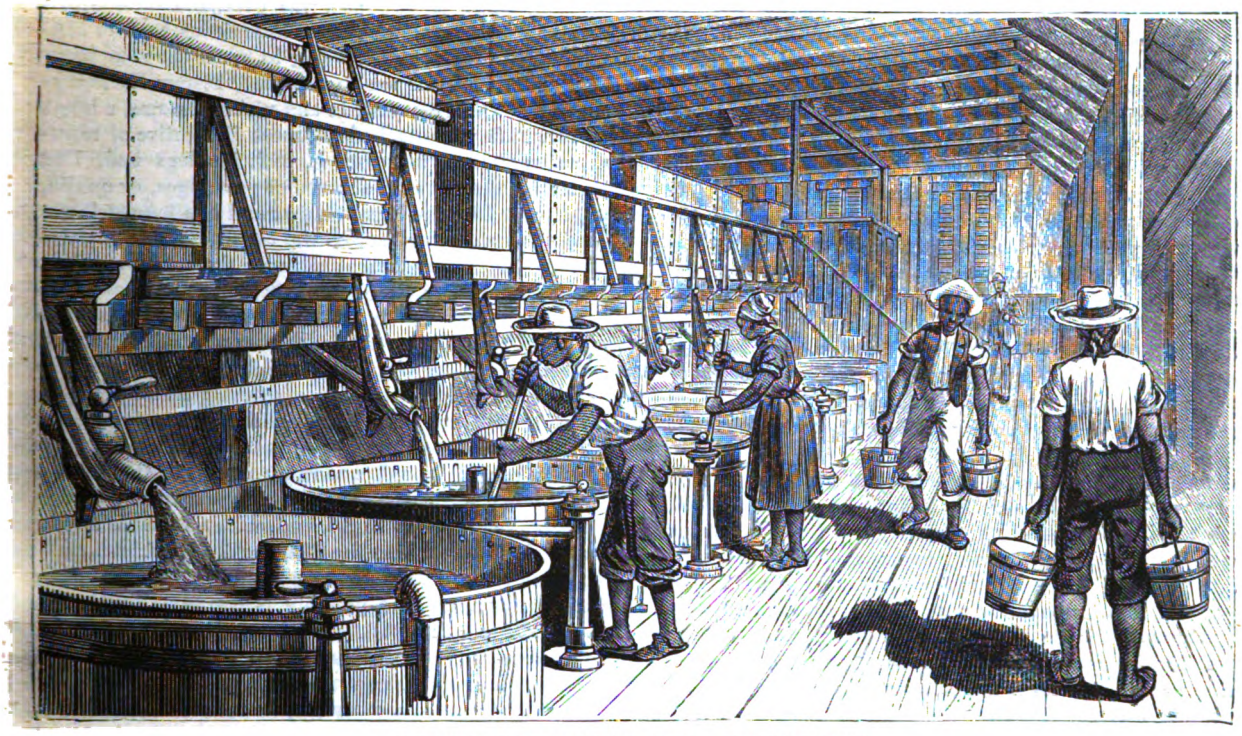


CENTRIFUGAL FOR REFINING.

jerked beef, rice, sweet potatoes, and maize of the rations, the product of the poultry-yards and gardens cultivated by the old men, children and invalids, left as housekeepers, while the able-bodied hands are in the field or mill.

An arched passage, closed at night by iron gates, gives admittance to the courtyard of the *barracon*, and in this cool and shaded spot we found the piccaninnies of the establishment collected under charge of an old crone or two,

PACKING SUGAR IN BOXES.



A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.— THE DEFECATORS.

who tried to look amiable and pleasant, but did not very well succeed.

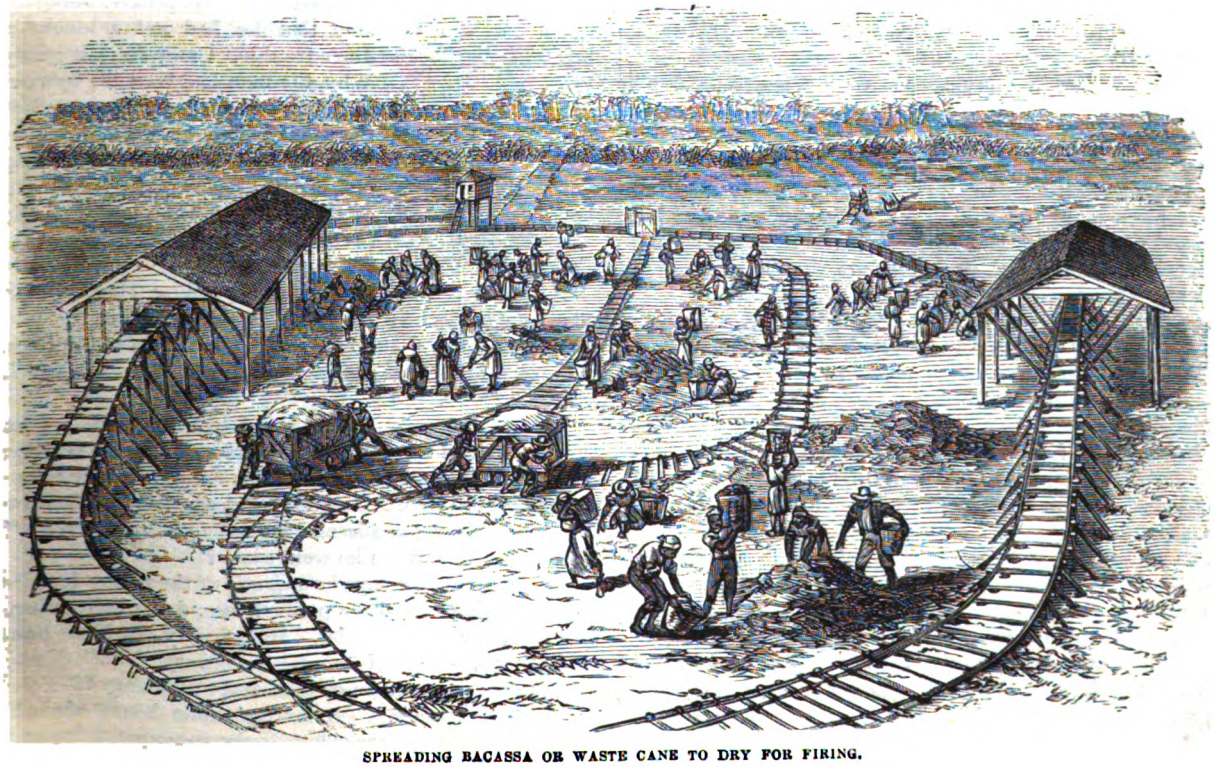
The little, half-naked, black wretches seemed happy enough, however, and tumbled pell-mell over each other to kiss the visitors' hands, especially those of Doña Teresa, of whom perhaps they would have said, had they read Browning:

"Little hand holds mickle gold"

The Chinese laborers have quarters to themselves, and prepare their own food. They are said to be, here, as in California, very satisfactory workmen — more intelligent than the negroes, and quite as industrious.

From the *barracon* we went to visit the infirmary, built upon the same fashion, except that the inner courtyard was laid out in a pretty garden, surrounded by a wide veranda, where the poor convalescents might lie and enjoy the air and sight of the flowers.

Upon this opened the rooms—a pharmacy, well stocked with drugs and instruments; several dormitories, one



SPREADING BACASSA OR WASTE CANE TO DRY FOR FIRING.

especially for children; a kitchen; and, finally, a little room devoted to a machine for manufacturing ice—a powerful agent in some of the diseases of this climate.

Nor was the ice entirely devoted to medical service; for while we watched, three *caraffes* were attached to its three tubes, and in a few moments the water within was *frappé*, and finally solidly congealed, ready for the dinner-table, where it formed a most refreshing feature.

In the outer halls of these buildings are constructed the apartments of the machinists, engineers and other white employés of the estate; while the *mayoral*, or overseer, had a pretty little house, with veranda, rocking-chair and wife, all to himself.

After this we glanced into the mill, where Indian corn or maize is ground for the rations, and contemplated respectively the great storehouses filled with hogsheads and barrels of sugar—enough, one would say, to sweeten all the ills that flesh is heir to.

As we returned to the house, the bell above the slave quarters rang solemnly, and the Señorita at my side said, simply: "It is the Angelus, Señora; but the poor black people do not know, more than the oxen, what it means."

Late in the evening we strolled out once more to the sugarhouse, in active operation until nine o'clock, and after going through it again, emerged at the back, just in time to meet a flitting group of white-clad, barefooted women, each bearing upon her head a basket of the dried corn-trash to feed the furnaces.

They glided along so noiselessly, like a company of sheeted ghosts, that we did not see them until they were close upon us, and suddenly struck up a wild, barbaric chant, pathetic, like all untutored melody, and yet probably intended as a joyous utterance, for as each deposited her load upon a great heap near the furnaces, she broke off in laughter or exclamations of pleasure, or mingled in a game of romps, intended, perhaps, for the visitors' amusement.

The furnaces are fed almost entirely with this dried corn-trash, and of course require constant attention. They are set in a semi-cellar, and, standing upon the brink of this pit, and looking down at the negroes thrusting in great masses of fuel, while the light fell luridly upon them and the surroundings, we were startled by a voice remarking in English, with a very strong Spanish accent:

"He looks like a reminiscence of the old place, don't he?"

Who the speaker may have been, and with what "old place," characterized by fiery furnaces and attendant imps, he may have been familiar, I am quite unable to say; all that I know is, he was tall, dark, handsome, with flashing eyes and a mysterious manner. I did not notice the shape of his shoes, or ask him if it was true that the forbidden fruit was a banana!

Leaving the troop of white ghosts flitting away again in the moonlight, we slowly returned to the house, and finished the evening upon the veranda; retiring early to prepare for next day's journey homeward.

Diana appeared with the dawn, and after a sleepy toilet we descended to find our kind hosts awaiting us, with some substantial additions to the matutinal cup of coffee, and the kindest and most graceful expressions of regret at our departure.

The *volante* was at the door, the *calesero* in the saddle, Don Frederico's horse, and one for the artist of our party behind, and presently, with real regret, we said good-by to the three charming cousins, who again stood at the top of the veranda steps to say *adios* as heartily as they had said welcome; and with a sigh and a pang we turned our backs upon Las Cañas and its hospitalities, and set our minds to enjoy the fresh morning drive to La Union.

Too soon, however, this also was over, and three hours of heat, and dust, and weariness, brought us back to Havana; only one incident occurring to break the monotony of the journey, and this was the entrance at some little way-station of a *guajiro*, carrying in and under his arms, a large valise, to which was attached the most diminutive of monkeys, an enormous turkey-cock, with his legs tied, but otherwise at liberty; and a brace of partridges, or quails, rather, also tied by the legs at either end of a long string.

He selected a seat just across the car from ourselves, deposited the turkey underneath it, and the valise, monkey and quails, upon it; seating himself in the modicum of space left. Scarcely were these arrangements made when the train started, and the motion alarming the menagerie, it manifested itself accordingly—the turkey beginning to flop and squirm around upon the floor, uttering feeble gobbles, whereat the monkey, with an expression of great concern, leaned over the edge of the valise, sustaining himself on his two hands, and chattered a warning or consolation in his shrillest tones; while the quails, tied legs and long string notwithstanding, took to flight, and, with a horrible flutter and whirr, landed between the Sister and myself.

The owner, who ought to have been a German rather than a Spaniard, or, who possibly is connected with the diner-out who slid the roast goose into his neighbor's lap, and only remarked: "Madame, I will thank you for that goose," rose languidly, captured one quail, and thereby tore the other from among our draperies, and carried them back, without a word of apology.

We hoped, *en revanche*, that the turkey and quails proved tough, and that the climate did not agree with the monkey!

CRAZY JIM'S TREASURE.

"O you know, my dear," said my husband, as we sat before the sitting-room grate, one evening in December, "I am not so sure that Jim's crazy is all insanity, after all?"

I looked at the speaker, not quite sure that he had not a touch of Jim's trouble. Crazy Jim not crazy! Why, the man had been the byword in Ellston since I was a mere baby; the whole village knew that he was a poor, demented creature, only kept out of the almshouse by the charity of the villagers, who employed him in light jobs suited to his age and feebleness.

"Not crazy!" I said, after a pause. "Why, Harry, he has been crazy for years!"

"Tell me what you know about him; I am not quite so well posted in Ellston gossip as you are. Was he ever in California?"

"I believe he was. I have heard older folks than I am say that he went out in '48, when the gold was first discovered. Nobody kept any note of his doings, I think; for I never heard any more than that he came back to Ellston, after five or six years' absence, ragged, forlorn and crazy."

Was he crazy when he went away?'

Oh, no! Father says he was one of the village loafers, always hanging round the public-house, doing little chores—a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He is handy yet, if he has a mind to work—which does not happen very often."

"Did anybody ever know what drove him crazy?"

"He told himself, when he first came home, about a fever he had in the mines; but, Harry, the especial insanity

he has now, telling about the piles of gold he has hidden away somewhere, is new. He did not talk of that until within the last two or three years."

"How did he act before?"

"He wandered about in a stupid, dazed way, more like an idiot than a lunatic. Sometimes, if he had sufficient food, he would stay in his miserable hovel for days together."

Harry, or Dr. Henry Sunderland, my worthy lord and master, sank into a reverie, which lasted till I meekly suggested that I had known him to be better company—before we were married, for instance. Then he roused up, telling me he was horribly tired, and he was afraid Mrs. Potter's baby was going to die; after which cheerful items of news he added that he guessed he would get what sleep he could, and went up-stairs to bed.

We were having a sickly Winter in Ellston, and old Dr. Newton, who had dosed and blistered the Ellstonians for forty years or more, was obliged to allow "that upstart"—as he contemptuously termed my husband—a share in the village practice. Old age and its infirmities were pressing heavily upon the old doctor, while Harry was under thirty, and an enthusiast in his profession.

We were very glad that some footing was gained in Ellston, for we had married upon the slenderest of incomes, six months before, Harry being a resident of the village only a year, though I was born there, and my father was the pastor of the Episcopal Church, with nine olive-branches beside myself to call him father.

Somehow, after Henry went up-stairs, with a slow, weary step, the little talk we had had made me uncomfortable. Poverty was an old friend of mine, and our little home seemed to me the perfection of comfort, after the many pinching economies of my maiden life; but my husband had once lived in luxury, having expectations from a wealthy aunt, who quarreled with him when actually on her deathbed, and willed her property to an asylum. Harry declared solemnly that had she followed his directions, and allowed him to exercise the judgment and professional knowledge she combated, she might have lived. But she sent him away, summoned a physician more accommodating to patients' whims, and died, happy in having gained her point and been treated according to her own desire.

Thrown then upon his own resources, Harry came to Ellston, and meeting me several times, found me a place in his heart, and asked me to share his home and fortunes.

But in a very few weeks I knew the rankling pain in my husband's life was the loss of that fortune he felt should have been his. The slow, tedious process of gaining wealth by his profession seemed to him a positive slavery, and he talked often of those more fortunate men who conquered fortune at one blow—acquired wealth in one successful venture.

This was why it made me uneasy when he talked of Jim's craze having any foundation in reality. For Jim had roused from his state of almost idiotic stupor, to brag of a hoard of wealth hidden cunningly away, to which he alone had access. Yet those who had questioned him closely on the subject declared he wandered off into the wildest vagaries, when he tried to describe either the fortune or the hiding-place.

From the day when Harry first put out his sign in Ellston, Jim had been one of his most constant patients. He had taken a violent dislike to Dr. Newton since the time when that gentleman gave him an emetic, which, Jim declared, instead of curing him, made him as sick as death. Yet the poor old man had all sorts of aches and pains, and an unbounded faith in doctors' stuff, so he fairly haunted Harry's office, and, after our marriage, my kitchen.

Harry was always gentle with the poor old fellow, and I had ever a cup of hot coffee and a meal for him, while we gave him all our odd jobs of work to do, paying him fairly.

The day after the conversation already recorded, I was busily clearing away the breakfast-dishes, for we kept no girl, when Jim hobbled into the kitchen. He had been presented by Harry with a long, heavy overcoat, somewhat worn, of which he was very proud, and he was wrapped in that, his small, shrunken limbs looking smaller than ever in the coat that had fitted Harry's tall, stalwart figure. Upon his scanty white hair was a battered old hat, and he carried in his hand a dismal old umbrella he used for a walking-stick, in fair weather or foul; for the days were long past when it could be raised.

"Morning, Miss Sunderland," Jim said; "doctor says the best thing for my rheumatiz this day is some of them sassidges an' a cup o' hot coffee."

"You like that better than medicine, don't you, Jim?" I asked, clearing a place for his bowl and plate at table.

"Well," he answered, "vittles is good, there's no denyin'; but a little doctors' stuff ain't bad. Rubbin' now," he added, with a solemn expression, "seems to require doctors' stuff. Leastwise I never tried sassidges and coffee," with a doubtful air, as if, after all, there might be a virtue in these dainties for external application.

"Oh, no; the doctor meant you to eat these!" I said; "and here are some hot buckwheats."

"Jest as you say, miss," said Jim, who never would give me my married title. Indeed, upon one occasion, when Harry had suggested to him the propriety of so doing, he had shuffled his feet, rubbed his head, and finally broke out with:

"Wa'al, doctor, seein's I knowed Miss May sence she was in long clothes, heapin' sight longer'n you have, I got the name puty well sot'n my head, if 'tis cracked. No 'fense, doctor; but I knowed her 'fore you did, long enough."

So we let Jim have his way.

As he sat by my fire, warming himself and munching his breakfast, the memory of Harry's words the night before tempted me to say:

"Jim, they tell me you've got a fortune?"

"Miss May," he said, in a solemn whisper, "don't—don't get that into your pretty head. Don't you, now! See what it's done for me! Such a heap o' gold in one's brain turns it. It does, indeed, Miss May — it does, surely!"

"But, Jim, is it here?" I persisted.

He got up hastily, swallowing the last of his coffee.

"I'll jest shovel the snow off them paths to-day," he said, "an' split you some kindlings. Oh, Miss May, sich heaps o' gold, all shining like the sun. All shining!"

And seizing the shovel, he shuffled off, leaving me more than ever convinced of his insanity.

It was two weeks later, when one morning, Jim, after eating his breakfast, fell into a deep sleep beside the kitchen fire. This was an unusual thing, for the poor old man was very careful to observe all respectful forms, and such an act of rudeness was most unlike him. As I looked into his face, his head resting uneasily upon the back of the chair, I saw that he was deeply flushed, and his breathing greatly oppressed. Knowing that he held liquor in abhorrence, I became alarmed at his appearance, and went hastily to the office, hoping Harry had not gone.

There had been a bad fever raging in Ellston for several weeks, more of an epidemic than actually contagious, and as soon as Harry looked at Jim, he said he had it.

"Couldn't we fix him up here, somehow?" Harry asked. "He will surely die in that miserable hole he lives in."

"There's nowhere but the spare room," I said, rather

A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE, CUBA.— IN THE NEGRO QUARTER.

CARRYING BACASSA OR DRIED CANE TO THE MILL.

VISIT TO THE NEGRO QUARTER—THE WELCOME.

reluctantly; for visions of Jim's rags in my dainty apartment scarcely pleased me.

I was rather ashamed, a moment later, when Harry said, heartily:

"Of course, I forgot that," and lifted Jim in his strong, young arms. "Poor fellow, he's more skin than bone. You go first, May, and get the bed ready. Lay out one of my night-shirts, and I'll make him comfortable."

And when he called me in, a little later, he had the old man, still in the stupor I called sleep, lying on the white pillows, with his hands spread out on the white counterpane.

"You had better sprinkle some vinegar over those, May, or burn them," Harry said, pointing to Jim's ragged garments, "and get me some ice-cold water, dear."

The fever raged for nine long days, and we nursed Jim as if he had been a father. His perfect patience, his meek gratitude, his astonishment at the quarters he was in, were all touching to see; and when the fever turned, and Harry told me the old man must die, I wept tears of real sorrow.

A NEGRO CABIN.

We were sitting beside him when his life was nearly at its close, and Harry had spoken some words of the eternal rest and home, when Jim spoke, in a clear, distinct tone, with eyes as calm as Harry's own.

"Doctor," he said, "you and Miss May's been dreadful good to a poor old beggar. 'Tain't everybody'd put such as me into their nice room, an' tend him like you's did. But, doctor, look at me. Ain't I clear o' the maze I've had so long?"

"I think you are, Jim."

"It's a queer story. I'll tell you, and you can sort it out. But it's there—the gold, I mean. We found it—two great nuggets, and a heap of smaller ones; and we buried it, Tom and I, for fear we'd be murdered for it. Tom had the fever and died, and I was scared to death, a'most, for fear the rest would know we'd hid it. Some o' them got an inkling of it somehow, and thought

it was in the hut. Five or six came one night, and beat me over the head, and threw me down an old pit. I was afraid o' my life to go back. Then I guess I got off my head. I can't recollect getting home, but I came somehow. But, doctor, the gold's there, and it's your'n. I gives it to you. You look in my coat—the one you gave me—and you'll find the chart Tom drew when we hid it. It's easy tracked from San Francisco—nearly two days' tramp. Tom's marked it all. I saved it. Jest where it's hid there's a red cross on the picter. I tell you it's there, doctor, and it's your'n—all your'n, mind. I ain't got no one b'longin' to me, and no one was ever so good to me as you 'n Miss May. You'll go and get it, doctor, an' take a little for a white stun with 'Jim' on it. I allers calkilated on a white stun over me, with 'Jim' on it, an' a broken lily or something 'nuther under it. You'll mind the stun when you git the gold ?"

"Yes, Jim ; I'll not forget the stone."

"Say the good words again, sir—them you was sayin' this mor: in'. I'm goin' fast—goin' fast !"

Harry said a simple prayer, and the dying lips moved as if Jim whispered the words after him. Fainter and fainter, for Jim was "going fast." He spoke no more, and when Harry bent over him again, he gently drew the sheet over his face.

We buried him in the village churchyard, and Harry told me he should have a headstone as soon as he could possibly afford the expense. But he spoke no word of that dying speech till Jim had been dead more than two months. Then, when we were sitting together one evening, he said to me, with a sigh :

"It was almost a pity you burned poor Jim's rags, May. The chart may have been there, after all."

"I did not burn them. They are all in the closet of the spare-room, covered with camphor."

"May !"

Never had I heard Harry's voice ring out with such a trumpet-like tone as it did when he shouted out my name then. Never had I seen his face so full of wild excitement, his eyes flash with such fire, his cheeks flush such vivid crimson, as when he sprang then to his feet. Without another word he rushed up-stairs, and I heard his hurried footsteps crossing the room we had seldom entered since poor Jim was carried out from it to the village cemetery.

In a few minutes, that seemed to me like hours, I heard the hasty footsteps recross the room and come quickly down-stairs again. The door of the room where I waited was flung wide open, and my husband stood before me with a large open sheet of coarse paper in the hand that shook as if with an ague-fit.

"May !" he cried, in a strange, hoarse voice, most unlike his usually clear tone, "I have found it ! I have found the chart !"

A chill like death seized my heart, looking at Harry, and thinking of the poor old man who had died a little time before.

"It may be mere waste paper," I said, knowing as I spoke how feeble my words were to calm his tempest of excitement.

"Get a light, darling ! Quick ! quick ! It is getting too dark to trace this network of fine lines. Oh, if the gold should really be there, May !"

I brought the light, and Harry spread the paper on the table before him, while I went to prepare supper. But it was untasted. Until a late hour my husband pored over the chart ; and this was but the first of many such nights. Every leisure hour for weeks following, Harry studied the map drawn by poor Jim's dead friend ; neglecting his meals, his rest, his books—everything, in fact, but his professional duty. That alone, of all his old pursuits, still kept its hold upon him.

But he grew pale and thin, absent-minded, and so unlike himself, that I trembled for both his life and his reason. I tried, by every gentle art within my knowledge, to win him from what I believed to be a mere chimera, a vagary of a poor lunatic's dream ; but I found to my dismay that the resolve to find Jim's treasure had taken complete possession of his mind.

"Only one consideration holds me back, May," he said to me ; "I hate to leave you."

"I believe it would kill me," I sobbed.

"And yet," he said, "if after a few months I could return to you a rich man ; if I could take you from this dull little village to my old home in Philadelphia ; if I could wrap you in fine shawls, clothe you in velvet and silk, give you rich jewelry ! Would not all this reconcile you to a few months of separation ?"

"But, Harry," I urged, "Jim was crazy."

"Not when he was dying. The mind was clear then as yours or mine ; nay, such cases often occur. Death seems to lift the clouds from many long-dimmed intellects. The chart, too, is no crazy man's work, May. It seems as if I must go !"

"But if the gold is not there ? It may have been removed since. Think how many years have passed. I cannot let you go ; you might be ill ; you might die out there, away from me !"

Then I would cling to him, sobbing, for I knew if he went, he must go alone—another little life, not yet commenced, held me fast at home. Seeing me so distressed, Harry promised to say no more about the gold until our baby came.

But I saw him growing pale and moody, evidently dwelling upon this glittering prize he believed lay within his grasp. Believing, as he did, that Jim's mind was unclouded on his deathbed, he also believed in the reliability of the chart.

It was very carefully drawn out, and evidently the work of a more educated head and hand than poor Jim's ; and even my doubts were staggering as I looked at it, and read upon the back the clearly written directions and the memoranda of the hidden gold.

So, seeing there was no happiness for my husband till he had solved the vexed question, when baby May was two months old I bade him go. It was a sore parting, and my heart seemed breaking as he bade me farewell. The pang was intensified by the fact that I had been bound to secrecy from the first.

"I don't care to be the village laughing-stock in case I do fail," Harry said ; and I, thinking this would be the end of his hopes, could only promise perfect silence.

It was hard to have my father look at me with a grieved expression of surprise when I told him only that Harry had business of a strictly private nature in California. It was hard to see my dear, gentle mother draw away from me at my reserve, when I would tell her nothing of my husband's errand in his long, mysterious journey.

I bore it all as well as I could, turning for comfort to my baby, my little precious sunbeam, who was my constant care and pleasure. And I cherished strong hope, not so much of Harry's success as of his speedy return to me. I had convinced myself that he would know no happiness until he had tested the truth of Crazy Jim's dying revelation. Yet could he but prove the chart a delusion, the golden treasure a vain chimera of Jim's disordered imagination, I hoped he would give his heart once more to his chosen profession and his home, and be contented to remain with me and at Elkston.

It was Spring when he left me—the last days of May—only a week after the anniversary of our quiet wedding, and I knew there must be a long, weary waiting for letters. The Pacific Railroad had no existence in those days, and it was many weeks before I had tidings of Harry's arrival in San Francisco. The next steamer brought me another letter. Harry was still in the city, trying to decide in what direction to start upon his journey to the mining districts. He wrote that everything was so changed since the chart was drawn, that it was confusing work to try to follow it. Still he was hopeful. A third letter, received after an interval of six weeks, informed me that he had determined his course, and was about to leave the city. Then followed months of total silence, during which two steamers coming from San Francisco were lost. Had my husband met his death on one of them? Had Jim's treasure made me a widow?

Mother spoke to me once of wearing weeds, but the possibility of death was not yet a certainty, and I clung yet to hope. Poverty showed me an uglier face than ever before, for I would not return to be a burden upon my father's hands, and sewing was hard to obtain, and very poorly paid in the little village, where every woman prided herself upon the amount of work she was able to accomplish.

Baby throve, and was ever my great comfort; but many, many nights, after she slept peacefully in her little cradle, I ceased weeping and praying only when daylight broke. How often I regretted the instinct of saving that led me to snatch Jim's rags from destruction! How often I prayed for death to take baby and me again to Harry, I can never tell.

But one evening in May, after my husband had been away a year, when I was sitting with my baby in the little room where Harry and I had passed so many happy hours, May pointed over my shoulder, and then hid her face in terror. I sprang to my feet, to face a pale, wasted shadow of my husband, so white and wan that I screamed out, thinking it was indeed a spirit.

But the dear voice I loved spoke in feeble accents:

"May, I have come home to die, darling."

In a moment May was on the floor and I was clinging to Harry. Seeing how very weak he was, I put him in his own easy-chair, brought him some wine, and petted him back to some appearance of life. I would not let him speak—it was happiness enough to know he was once more at home, alive; and I could wait very patiently for the story of his wanderings and sufferings. That he had suffered deeply was written upon his face.

I can assert truly that the thought of the gold that had separated us for a whole year never once crossed my mind. But the next day, when Harry was rested and looked more like himself, he drew me down beside him to say:

"I cannot really rest, May, till I tell you the story of my adventures. After I left San Francisco, with a good horse and two stout saddle-bags well filled with provisions, I followed the path I thought indicated by the chart, until I reached a point where I thought I might commence to search for the hiding-place of Jim's treasure. For two weeks I wandered about, never going far from my stopping-place, returning at night to a small, deserted hut, probably the old home of some miner.

"The third week, in one of my wandering journeys, I met a small band of men driving sheep to San Francisco from the mountains, who told me one of their number lay, two miles back, dying of fever, and they were seeking some shelter and assistance for him. I followed their directions, and found the man with a comrade on the roadside. Together his companion and myself lifted the sick man, and we carried him to my hut. Finding I was willing to care for the sufferer, the others left him in my care. Two days later, May, my professional experience told me my charge had smallpox of the most virulent nature. I will not tell you the details of those days. My patient recovered, and I took the disease. As faithfully as I had tended him, my companion now nursed me; sharing with me the medicines and supplies his comrades had brought us as they passed again, returning to the mountains.

"I was very dangerously ill, and Winter had set in—the mild Winter of that climate—before I could resume my search. Again I was left alone, and again, day after day, I looked for the little mound on Jim's chart, and the red cross above it.

"Never can I forget, May, the day when my long, faithful search was rewarded. In a little clearing, surrounded by giant trees, I found a spot exactly answering the description given on the back of the chart. It was nearly nightfall, and I spent the night beside the spot, fearing to lose it if I returned home. Early in the morning I went to the hut for the pick and shovel I had provided, and late that day I commenced to dig. Night came upon me again before any result was obtained; but the first streak of dawn found me at work again. May!"

Here Harry sat erect, with flaming eyes and crimson cheeks.

"May," he shouted, "I found it!"

He sank back exhausted, while I sat breathless and bewildered.

"I found it!" he cried again. "It took me several days, in long, tiresome journeys, to carry it to the hut and hide it there; for I could not use my horse in the tangled forest road leading to the hole. It was cunningly hidden, May. No chance could ever have unearthed it. Sometimes it fairly crazed me to think of the millions probably hidden in the same way, never to be found."

"But your own!" I said, soothingly, for he was trembling with excitement—"tell me of that."

"When it was all in the hut I packed the strong leather saddle-bags once more, securely hiding my treasure under the articles of clothing I had brought with me from the city, and again returned to San Francisco.

"I had sold the gold, realized a fortune sufficient to make us rich for life, May, and was preparing to return home, when I was again stricken down with illness. For long weeks I lay in the hotel, hovering between life and death, unconscious of all around me. As soon as I was able to stand upon my feet, I again made preparations to return home, and I am here, darling. The money is safe in New York, and my will in the hands of a lawyer there."

But Harry did not die. Slowly he regained his strength and health, while we still kept our secret. Ellston believes that our house in Philadelphia, our country-seat at Ellston, are the result of a legacy to my husband; and we got far more credit than we deserved for the handsome white stone we put over the grave of poor Crazy Jim.

ERROR.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

AS THE blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so likewise, but for disinterestedness, we should know nothing of selfishness. There are, perhaps, in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

CRAZY JIM'S TREASURE.—"'MAY!' HE CRIED, IN A STRANGE, HARSH VOICE, MOST UNLIKE HIS USUALLY CLEAR TONE. 'I HAVE FOUND IT! I HAVE FOUND THE CHART.'"—SEE PAGE 426.

EARL RUSSELL.

By Richard B. Kimball.

Those familiar with the London *Punch* prior to 1865 will recall, through a series of many years, in the political cartoons of that inimitable journal, the face of a puny, diminutive individual, marked by features not easy to forget. He was made to appear in almost every conceivable *rôle;* but it was the special delight of *Punch* to represent him in the capacity of groom, surrounded by other grooms and stable-boys (all public characters), or as footman in the Queen's establishment, or as jockey in charge of a favorite horse on the race-course. Wherever he was placed, and whatever character he was made to assume, he was invariably surrounded by others of his stamp who were larger, better-looking and more presentable than he, and who seemed disposed generally to jeer or poke fun at him; but which did not in the least disturb the confident bearing and the look of imperturbable self-complacency which stamped his whole demeanor.

EARL RUSSELL.

This little, puny, hatchet-faced fellow was Lord John Russell, known for short always as "Lord John"; called, familiarly, by his admirers, "Johnny"; by his opponents, "Finality John," and who, in the later years of his life, was created a peer of the realm, with the title of Earl Russell. He was born on the 18th of August, 1792, and he died on the 28th of May, 1878, at the age of nearly eighty-six.

The great Dramatist tells us that "some are born great,

some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Each of these three contingencies can be applied to the late Earl. Furthermore, the period when he came upon the stage of action was specially favorable to his career, so that the history of England for nearly sixty years is illustrated by it. Yet this man was not a brilliant intellect; nor a first-class debater; nor an orator; nor a good party leader; nor a statesman of a high order; nor a successful diplomatist. Neither had he the least degree of magnetism in his composition, whether to move the masses or act on his associates. He was not a man of any genius in any direction; his natural intelligence and his means of adaptation were common-place; he had neither wit, humor nor quickness of parts; he was impracticable in council, and not to be relied on in his party affiliations; and further, he was cold, unsympathetic and ungracious. What, then, was he, and how, with such adverse elements, did he come to occupy so large a space in the history of his country?

This is what we propose to explain, and to do so we must go back a little.

The ultimate success of the revolt of the American Colonies in 1776, which led, seven years afterward, to the recognition of their independence, greatly strengthened the cause of the Whig party in England. The Tories began to show signs of weakness under the assaults of their opponents, whose watchword was "Reform."

In the midst of these bitter political contests the French Revolution burst over the world, and the terrible excesses which followed are known to all. The Tory party of England seized eagerly on the events which were daily taking place in Paris and turned them to efficient account against the Whigs. "Behold," they exclaimed, "what you would bring upon us! Look across the Channel and witness the result of your doctrines!" This was sufficient to keep the Tory party in power.

The wars of Napoleon followed, in which England, under Wellington, in Portugal and Spain, retrieved her previous disasters, till the Bourbon (Louis XVIII.) was replaced on the throne, Napoleon was sent to Elba, and Europe was at peace.

It was at this juncture that Lord John Russell, then twenty-one years old, took his seat in Parliament as member from Tavistock, a borough then, and indeed now, under the complete control of the House of Bedford, an ancient and aristocratic family of enormous wealth. Lord John was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, which house had been, for at least a hundred years, the pride, and, if not the chief support, of the Whig party, at least, the most powerful of its supporters. He was nurtured and educated and carefully trained in accordance with the traditions of his family. He was not even permitted to enter either of the English universities, because of their Tory principles, but was sent to Edinburgh, and placed under the special charge of the famous Dugald Stewart. Edinburgh University could then boast of great names, such as David Hume, Dr. Ferguson, Lord Kaimes, Dr. Robertson, Adam Smith, and the like. Brougham and Jeffrey and Horner had lately finished their studies, and, with Sidney Smith, were already belaboring the Tories with might and main. It was under such influences that the political faith in which he was born was strengthened, educated and turned into a practical direction. And in this faith he lived and labored and died.

It is almost impossible now for us to measure the force of the political passions already fully awakened by the social state and laws of England and the general condition of the country when Lord John first took his seat in Parliament.

England was staggering under the tremendous load of debt incurred by a long period of war with France. Corruption was rank in every quarter, from the army contractor to the poor of the realm. There was nothing in the smallest degree connected with political affairs which did not reek with venality. The finances were disordered, trade depressed, so that the heavy taxation became unendurable. There was no honest representation for the people in consequence of the system of "Rotten Boroughs," which placed the power of Parliament in the hands of a few.

No Catholic or Jew was eligible to office, and a most unjust discrimination existed against Dissenters. The excesses which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution, as we have said, silenced the party of Reform during all the years of war; but when that was over, the smothered fires broke forth with a fiercer flame, threatening the safety of the kingdom. And it is no wonder. The Prince Regent, who, at one time, favored the Whigs, had alienated his old associates, and by his conduct toward Queen Caroline and his disgraceful course of life had put new arguments into the mouths of such radicals and revolutionists as Cobbett and his set.

A plot was formed to seize the members of Government, and set up a Committee of Public Safety. The outbreak of two or three small conspiracies showed what fierce and vindictive passions were seething beneath the surface. Amid all this political commotion, trade was suffering, the country banks were breaking, and the Bank of England suspended specie payments by authority of Parliament. Corn was wickedly dear, by reason of unrighteous restrictions; while the legitimate attempts at reform by the Whigs had been successfully resisted.

Here, indeed, was the opportunity for young Lord John. As a son of the great "Whig Duke," trained in a political faith which was to him a part of his religion, he was naturally looked to as the representative of the Reform movement in Parliament, and he accepted the trust with alacrity. He had greatness thrust upon him. How far did he achieve greatness?

His first efforts in Parliament were like those of most young men, almost on the side of radicalism. He voted with a "mere handful" after Napoleon's abdication against the treaty which rewarded the treason of Bernadotte with the crown of Sweden. And later, when the great Emperor, escaping from Elba, burst like a volcano over Europe, Lord John was one of a petty minority of seventy-three who voted *not* to declare war against him! After one hundred days came Waterloo, and from that period commenced his career.

The stubborn attitude of the Tories had provoked the most deplorable popular excesses, which were exhibited in the bread riots, incendiarism, and organized destruction of machinery. These elements were so potent that the cause of Parliamentary Reform was passing out of the hands of the Whigs, and had become the property of the mob-leaders, Burdett, Cobbett, "Orator" Hunt, and Major Cartwright. This alarmed the Whigs, and for a time deprived them of any great power. And it was this situation which gave Lord John, as an aristocrat and radical reformer, a remarkable advantage.

He improved the occasion, so that he soon became the acknowledged leader of the Reform party in the House of Commons. He commenced a vigorous attack on the system of rotten boroughs. He proposed to transfer their rights to great unrepresented towns and large counties. It was three years before the least gleam of good fortune came, and that in the disfranchisement of a single borough only. Canning was still all-powerful, and while adroitly exhibiting many liberal tendencies, he had the force and the influence mainly to stifle all reform.

Canning died. Wellington succeeded, with Peel, to

power. Essentially a military leader, having no sympathies with the masses, he proposed to stamp out violently the reform agitation. It was too late. Lord John boldly assailed the Test Acts which were leveled against Dissenters, and carried their repeal. This was succeeded by the passage of the Catholic Relief Bill, and Daniel O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons.

It was the writer's good fortune, many years afterward, to be present in the "Grass Market," near Dublin, on the occasion of a speech by the great "Agitator." He was, as usual, notably bitter against Wellington and Peel. Referring to their long and determined opposition to the Catholic Emancipation Bill, he exclaimed, "Why, there is Wellington, who has won a hundred battles, and there is Peel, who has practised a hundred rogueries, and I have beaten them both!" To "Johnny," O'Connell awarded the full meed of praise.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1830 was almost simultaneous with the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, and the advent to power of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King. Its effect upon the English elections was magnetic. The ministerialists were routed in almost every quarter; so that when, on Parliament's assembling, the Duke of Wellington announced, with dogged obstinacy, that no Reform Bill would be entertained, the disgust was so great that Ministers were ignominiously defeated on an ordinary motion touching the Civil List, and made haste to resign.

The Whigs came into power, and Earl Grey was called to form a Cabinet. It has never been satisfactorily explained why Lord John was not one of its members. He was made Paymaster of the Forces, but this gave him no seat in the Cabinet. Perhaps Earl Grey already began to comprehend the intractable nature with which he had to deal; perhaps he thought there was quite enough opportunity for so young a man [in England, thirty-eight is an immature age for a statesman] in the future which awaited him. At all events, the slight, if slight it was, had no effect on Lord John.

With the advent of his party to power, after eighteen years of stubborn persistence in the minority, his time had come. With the advent of his party to power, he who had led the forlorn hope with such unflinching courage, prepared with great care the "Reform Bill," with which his name will always be identified. It was the initiatory of a series of measures adopted since that period, having for their object reform in every department of English polity.

It was on the first day of March, 1831, that he came down to the House of Commons prepared to move his Bill. The House was crowded beyond all experience. Lord John's speech on that memorable occasion was marked by great moderation, but the Bill which he proceeded to unfold, it is said, "took men's breaths away." When he came to read the long list of condemned boroughs, the Tories, now the "Opposition," assailed him with ironical cheers, and with shouts of derision. "Can such a Bill pass?" asked many old Conservatives.

We wonder now that reform could have been so long delayed—that large cities like Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and others, should be so many years without representation, while a great number of boroughs literally without voters returned their members to Parliament under the arbitrary direction of the proprietors.

Lord John, in advocating the Bill, took for his text the memorable watchword of his father, adopted, singular to say, the very year he was born: "We wish to reform the Constitution because we wish to preserve it."

While the Tories derided and the Conservatives trembled, and even many Whigs doubted, the nation seized upon the measure with an enthusiasm which showed it had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. According to one writer, "Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His personality was identified, and justly so, with the national cry—The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

It is almost impossible to give now an adequate idea of the great excitement. Late sessions were in order, and when the House adjourned, morning after morning, at sunrise, throngs surrounded the entrance, eager to learn the progress of the Bill. In the country, especially northward, in the neighborhood of the great manufacturing cities, multitudes assembled to meet the mails from London which told how the battle sped.

It was at this period that "Johnny," as he was now familiarly called, became the favorite of the great middle class of England, and here, at the beginning of the year 1832, at the age of forty, his popularity and his influence culminated. It was this year, after the general elections, that he became a member of the Cabinet, only to quarrel with his colleague Stanley; and from this time forward Lord John, in all the years of political life and strife, years of success and disaster, up to his retirement at the age of seventy-five—in the times when, more than once Prime Minister, he attempted the direction of affairs; or when, as member of the Cabinet, under other Prime Ministers; or when figuring as one of the Opposition—we say, from this time onward he displayed such unhappy traits of character and temper as made him, as a Prime Minister, unfit; as a member of any Cabinet, impracticable; and as an associate in Opposition, not to be relied upon. This may seem a severe judgment, but we believe it to be correct.

We have already made a pretty full statement of the qualities which Lord John did not possess. We now will mention the characteristics which were both the cause of his prime success and of his ultimate failure. He had the element of a born and thoroughbred aristocrat—a personage dear to the sturdy-natured Englishman, explain it as we may. He had the cold dignity and the disagreeable assurance of his caste. He was infused with a complete contempt for those who did not hold the Whig faith, which made him illiberal toward all who differed from him. He had an utter ignorance of all moral fear, and a self-confidence so extraordinary that no squib, joke, or pasquinade could affect him, nor could any satire or sarcasm, however well leveled, disturb the conceited serenity of his nature. Sydney Smith, albeit his coadjutor, did not spare him. "Give Johnny the command of the Channel Fleet, and he would accept it without hesitation," was one of his witticisms. "The Russells," he said, at another time, "never alter their opinions; they must be trepanned before they can be convinced." And when, after a vain attempt at reconciling the schism on the Irish tithe question, the Cabinet was broken up, Stanley announced the result in the often-quoted phrase, "Johnny's upset the coach."

His persistence, added to his honesty of purpose, his vein of sound, common sense, which never took too high a flight, but which was always understood and appreciated by the people, gave him, in the earlier part of his career, while he was still the people's advocate, and not a member of the Government, an influence and a popularity almost unbounded. But in co-operation with others—either governing, planning, or resisting, his imperturbable assumption, his never-to-be-disturbed conceit, his dogged obstinacy made it impossible for him to remain long in any combination.

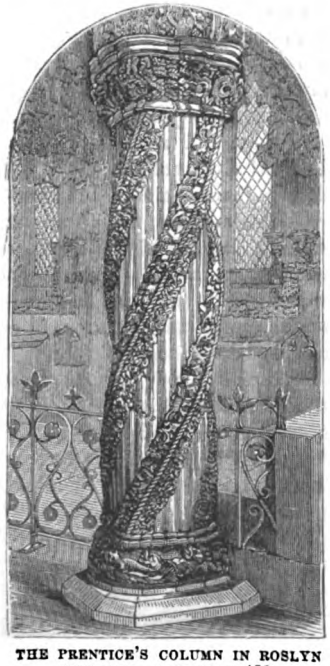
Besides, other men, abler than he, were prepared to

dispute his claims, and to bear off his laurels. Of his more memorable rivals, which at different periods included Stanley, Sir James Graham, Peel, Lord Palmerston, O'Connell, and later, Gladstone, we mention especially Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston. Peel's first great triumph was in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord John, in order to do away with the odious sliding scale, proposed a moderate fixed duty. At the next session Peel, abandoning his Tory affiliations, boldly moved the repeal of the Corn Laws altogether; thus taking the wind out of "Johnny's" sail, at the same time forcing the latter to sustain the Bill. In fact, it was not long before the more advanced of his party began to clamor against him because he would not support the Ballot and Universal Suffrage. So that, like our own Seward, he who had been abused as a Radical was now called a Reactionist.

The man who most worried and annoyed him, with whom he was most at war, and oftenest in accord, was Palmerston—"naughty, jaunty, wicked Pam." They were half the time tugging at each other's throats, and the other half they were in the most loving state of reconciliation. Now "Pam" would be Prime Minister, and "Johnny" one of the happy family in the Cabinet; then "Johnny" would be Prime Minister, with "Pam" a subordinate member. Next "Pam" would kick "Johnny" out altogether, and then "Johnny" would eject "Pam," and so forward during a long course of Parliamentary sessions.

We do not propose to give a history of British politics during the many years in which Lord John was prominent. The object of this article is to show, in a way which shall not be wearisome to our readers, how the name of this man became associated with the first great step of England toward *honesty in representation*, and how he subsequently figured.

At forty he had achieved what he of all persons could best achieve. From that time, abler men stepped in. After his great triumph, his personal triumphs were ended, with one noteworthy exception. In 1857, he carried the Bill which he had so long championed, to enable Jews to sit in Parliament, and introduced Baron Rothschild to his seat, as his colleague from London. But mainly his influence had gone. His position, which continued always prominent, was subject to mortifying circumstances and unfortunate defeats. When Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, Lord John—who had been created four years previous Earl Russell—became again Premier. He had notably failed in 1854 and in 1860 in carrying another Reform Bill. He attempted it now, was defeated, and the Ministry resigned. Lord John never made an attempt to return to public life. He had deserved well of his day and generation, and when he retired, his services were remembered, and his failings and his faults were measurably forgotten. For the remaining ten years of his life he retained in his retirement all his former interest in political events, which was exhibited by numerous speeches, letters and pamphlets, on almost every topic. These added nothing to his reputation.



THE PRENTICE'S COLUMN IN ROSLYN CHURCH.— SEE PAGE 438.

LIZARD IMPRISONED IN A FRAGMENT OF AMBER.

It is generally conceded that in our late war Lord John (then created Earl Russell), as Foreign Minister under Palmerston, sympathized with the North. But he was too thorough an Englishman, and his nature was too frigid, to permit any exhibition of partiality. We remember his correspondence with Mr. Seward in the *Trent* affair with not very pleasing emotions; and in this connection it is agreeable to recall a speech made not very long ago by the Earl on the occasion of the unvailing of the Albert statue. He stated at that time that the last act of the late Prince Consort referring to public affairs was the reading and criticising of the letter which he, Earl Russell, submitted to him, demanding from our Government the surrender of Mason and Slidell, who had been forcibly taken from the British steamer *Trent*. "The Prince Consort, on that occasion," said the Earl, "objected to some expressions in the letter as unnecessarily blunt, and suggested they should be softened; that while the demand must perforce be a peremptory one, he hoped it would be conveyed in the least offensive way." In accordance with this advice, the Earl said that he did change the phraseology of the paragraphs objected to, so as to meet the views of the Prince Consort.

In his correspondence with Mr. Adams about the Confederate cruisers, Earl Russell did not appear to advantage, and it is referred to by Englishmen always with a wry face. So is also his management of the negotiation in relation to the Danish Duchies, with which the nation was so little satisfied. In fact, his foreign negotiations were never skillfully conducted, and at the famous Vienna Conference his course was so unpopular that he was compelled to retire from the Cabinet.

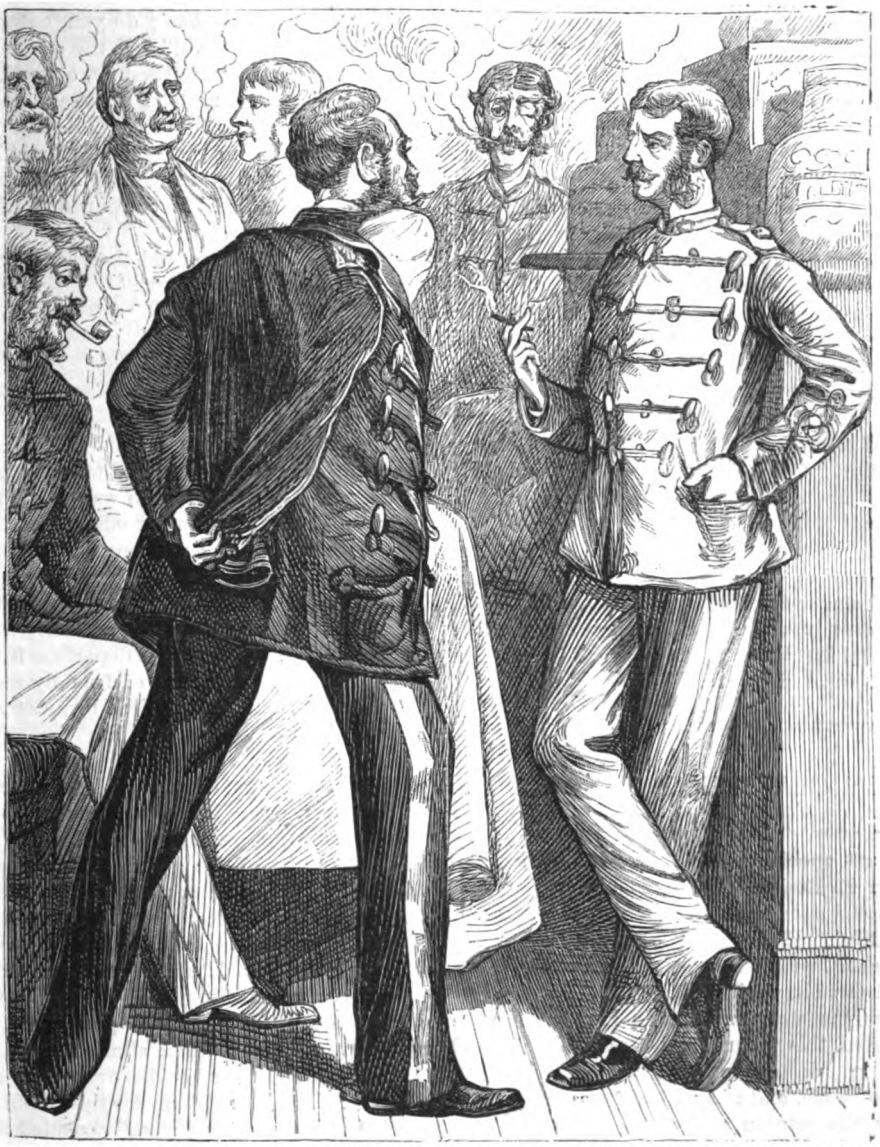
The writer, on three several occasions, was present in the House of Commons when Lord John was called on to meet a crisis. The first was in 1842, when Sir Robert Peel carried his motion of "No confidence," which forced Lord John to announce the dissolution of Parliament. We perfectly recall that memorable night. Lord John was at bay, and appeared really at his best. He had for his opponent the ablest man in the kingdom. In the mind's eye we can see him now, looking even more diminutive than he really was, as he sat cross-legged on his bench, his hat pulled clear over his brows, according to his fashion, looking neither to the right nor left, but rather downward; displaying only his

nose and his lean cheeks, and his square, solid chin. When he rose, taking off his hat in a manner most deliberate, he spoke in a quiet, determined way, mincing his words somewhat, which gave them in force something incisive. He talked straight along, not replying to the sarcasms which had been heaped on him—for just before the Ministers had been ignominiously defeated on a prominent measure—while he repeated the old Whig platitudes and postulates, and the old Whig ideas of political faith, as if they were fresh that morning, and with the native assumption of a man "born in the purple." When Sir Robert Peel arose again to confront him, an American youth, as the writer then was, could scarcely make himself believe that it was Lord John who was son of the great Duke of Bedford, and that it was Sir Robert who was son of the Manchester cotton-spinner. As all know, Peel's triumph was complete, and Lord John, having been forced to resign, became Peel's supporter in an important measure in the next Parliament.

Many years thereafter, in 1852, we were present at a very different crisis, when Palmerston, by his too speedy recognition of Louis Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat*, was, with almost incredible swiftness, driven from power. On this occasion Lord John exhibited the same cold, phlegmatic impersonation of the sensible, commonplace English character he had always proved himself to be. He manifested no feeling of triumph; in fact, he exhibited no feeling of any kind.

"Jaunty Pam" took leave of the Government, only to reappear dominant at the next election. It was then we saw another passage of arms between these two. On the side of Palmerston it was conducted in that free and easy way, half-comic, half-serious, but always with an air of conscious superiority; which, while it greatly impressed everybody else, failed entirely to reach the self-sufficiency of his antagonist. No one present on that occasion can forget how Palmerston triumphed, while he left on the minds of all the conviction that, while triumphing, he was dealing kindly with a defeated friend.

Another word, and we have done. Lord John, singular to say, was ambitious of literary fame. But, though he wrote much, he achieved little. He undertook, as a youth, with his usual self-conceit, the drama of "Don Carlos," in rivalry of Schiller. He published, during his life, a dozen works which we will not now take the space to mention, except the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," a thoroughly indigested and unsatisfactory life of the poet, who was an early friend, and his consistent flatterer.



BROWN, THE BETTOR.—"THE COLONEL, IN HIS RAGE AND DESIRE TO PROVE HIS NEW CAPTAIN TO BE A HUMBUG, PROCEEDED TO DIVEST HIMSELF OF HIS UPPER GARMENTS!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AMBER.

AMBER has been known from earliest antiquity. The celebrated founder of the Ionian school of philosophy, Thales, who lived 600 years before our era, speaks of the property which, above all, contributed to render it celebrated — that of attracting light bodies when it was rubbed. It is from the Greek name of amber, *electron*, that our modern term electricity is derived.

To explain the origin of amber, the Greeks had one of those graceful traditions characteristic of the young and marvelous genius of that people. They said that the sisters of Phaethon, weeping for the death of their brother, were changed into poplar-trees upon the banks of the Eridanus (Po), and that their tears were transformed into amber.

Chemical analysis shows that there are in 100 grammes of amber 81 grammes of carbon, 7.30 of hydrogen, 6.75 of oxygen, and some traces of clay, alumina and silica, amounting altogether to about 3 grammes. This is exactly the composition of resin; indeed, amber is itself a resin.

"Amber," said Pliny, "trickles from the pith of certain trees resembling pines." This quotation proves that the Roman naturalist considered amber as a contemporary

production. He was right so far—amber is a resin; but it is a *fossil resin.*

The places most rich in amber are the borders of the Baltic Sea, between Dantzic and Memel; it is found also in Denmark, in Norway and Sweden, in Poland, France and England, and in different parts of Asia and America.

Wherever amber is found, it is associated with lignites. It is nearly certain that the resinous trees which produced these combustibles secreted amber, since it is not rare to find fragments of amber lodged in the midst of beds of lignite.

The presence of organized bodies, and particularly insects, imprisoned in amber, was well known to the ancients, and is mentioned by the poet Martial, in particular.

The illustration given here shows a lizard imbedded in a piece of amber. The original fragment of amber belonged to the collection of the Jesuit Father Kircher, and was presented to him by the Duke of Brunswick.

The amber which is most esteemed is translucid, and of a beautiful lemon-yellow; but there are also varieties semi-opaque, and one of a pale yellow, with veins and spots of dead-white, that is much esteemed.

Amber is worn as an ornament principally in the East, where it is cut into beads, and threaded as necklaces. In western countries it is prized merely as serving to fabricate small objects of art, especially the mouthpieces of pipes and cigars. This latter usage in the East is justified by the prevalent belief that amber never will allow the transmission of any infection. This, of course, would be a highly valuable quality, but unfortunately there is nothing to prove its existence.

Lumps of amber are generally very small, but occasionally a piece is obtained of considerable size; as, for example, a specimen of amber in the Royal Museum at Berlin, which weighs eighteen pounds. Amber is wrought on the turner's lathe by steel instruments, and polished on a leaden wheel with pumice-stone and water.

THE PRENTICE'S COLUMN IN ROSLYN CHAPEL, NEAR EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Few more elegant specimens of Gothic exist than the Prentice's Column in Roslyn Church, as our readers will admit. It stands out conspicuously, even in that church, where all is beautiful. Its beauty is so great that it has given rise to a legend, which the old guide used to relate with singular gusto and implicit faith.

The architect, as the story runs, made his plan for the church, and reserved this pillar for mature thought and study. To improve his taste and gather new ideas of beauty, he went to Rome, and after a long stay came back with drawings for the column, surpassing in beauty anything yet accomplished; but what was his dismay to see, not the bare, unchiseled pillar, but a creation of such rare grace and beauty that all the gems of continental architecture on which he had feasted his eyes faded from his memory, cast into oblivion by the charming work before him. When thought came, he felt that his fame was gone; some mightier architect had borne away the palm. His apprentice entered to welcome his master, and had no sooner alluded to it as his work, than the architect, in an ungovernable fit of anger, seized a hammer and killed him with a single blow.

This beautiful chapel, long since desecrated, and tottering to ruin, has been, in our day, restored to art and religion.

BROWN THE BETTOR.

"I NEVER knew such a fellow as you are to win, Brown," said a fellow-officer to Captain Brown of the Lancers. "It's of no use to bet with you; one might just as well give you the money out and out. It's sheer luck."

"It's nothing of the kind, my dear fellow," said the captain, "but a matter of calculation."

"Ah, well," said the other, "I don't calculate; do you, colonel?"

"No," said the colonel, "I only bet."

"By-the-way, colonel," said the captain, "as this is my last night, I'll make a wager with you."

"Good," said the colonel; "I'll take you. By-the-way, you'll find your new colonel a Tartar. Rollins is not such an easy-going fellow as you've found me. What do you think of my wager?" he continued, to the other officers of the mess.

"Oh," cried first one and then another, "I'll take him at that—an even pony, Brown."

"Done—I'll take you."

"And I."

"Done."

"And I."

"Done—done—done—done—done."

Captain Brown entered his bets in his book, and then the wine was passed round, all talk of wagers was set aside, and a most convivial evening was spent, by way of farewell to one of the most popular officers in the regiment, who had exchanged into the Hussars for the sake of going on foreign service.

A few days after, and Captain Brown had joined his new regiment, where he was most cordially received; and as a dinner had been given at his departure from the old, he had come with so good a series of friendly recommendations to the new regiment, that a little banquet was got up in his honor.

Now, Brown was a modest man, and he never aired his successes. In fact, though he intended to line his pockets at the expense of his new comrades, he wished to do it quietly and as opportunity served.

He would have been glad if nothing had been said about his betting propensities; but as the evening went on, and the conversation grew more free, the colonel began, in a bantering strain, to touch upon the reputation Captain Brown had obtained, and did not scruple to keep up a running fire of comment.

"Button up your pockets, gentlemen," he said, at last, after a variety of pointed allusions; "no betting with our new captain. I hear he wins every wager he lays."

"Then I shall go to him for tips," said one.

"Mind he don't have you," chuckled the colonel. "I'm told he never fails to win."

"But that's impossible," said one.

"I don't believe it," said another.

"I tell you it's a fact," said the colonel; "he wins every bet."

And so the conversation went on, every effort being good-humoredly made to draw Brown out; but for some time he refused to be drawn, but sat calmly thinking, smoking, with his eyes half-closed, till he could keep quiet no longer; for the colonel, dropping the indirect, assumed the direct attack.

"I say, Brown, my dear fellow," he began, "tell us, is it true? They say you win every bet you make."

"Yes, colonel," said the captain, "it is quite true."

"Nonesnse!" chorused a dozen voices.

"It isn't nonsense," said the colonel, "for I'm told on very good authority—namely, his old colonel, a dear friend of mine—that it is true. He told me when it was first settled that Brown was to exchange; and now, you hear, he attests it himself."

"Proof, proof!" cried the others.

"Ah!" said the colonel; "proof. Come, Brown, how is it you manage it? You won't mind telling, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no," said Brown, smiling; "I don't mind telling. You see, the fact is, I am a physiognomist."

"A physiognomist?"

"Yes; I study the countenance of the man I bet with, and know beforehand how matters will be. It may seem unfair, but it is my power, and I think I have a right to use it."

"Well, that's curious," said the colonel; "but do you mean to tell me you can read a man's face and tell what he is thinking?"

"I did not say that," said the captain; "but I can read a man's face enough for the purpose of a wager."

"You can read mine, then?" said the colonel, chuckling.

"Oh, yes," was the calm reply.

And the officers round the table grew interested.

"What can you read there, then?"

Captain Brown looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, for one thing, I can read that the old wound on your back has broken out afresh."

"Nonsense!" roared the colonel. "I never had a wound on my back!"

"Indeed?" said the captain, smiling. "But there—let it pass."

"No, confound it, sir!" cried Colonel Rollins, showing by his choleric visage that he really was the Tartar described, "I won't let it rest. I tell you I never had a wound on my back, though I can show four where I *faced* the enemy."

The younger officers exchanged glances, and the colonel saw it, and it made him more angry.

"You do not like the subject touched," said Captain Brown, gravely—"a retreat, a duel; then we will pass it over. I beg your pardon for touching so tender a place."

"But, confound it all, sir!" roared the colonel, "I have no wound on my back to break out afresh!"

The captain smiled.

"Come, then," said the colonel, fighting hard to keep down his anger. "You are a betting man. I'll bet you—I'll bet you two ten-pound notes to one that I have not got a wound, nor yet even the scar of a wound—even a scratch—upon my back. Will you bet?"

"With pleasure, if it pleases you, colonel."

"Damme, sir, it does please me! I want this cleared up. A wound on my back! Damme, sir, I never turned my back to the enemy in my life! Now, sir, will you bet?"

"I will," said the captain, speaking reluctantly, and as if he were forced into it; while the colonel was evidently growing purple from suppressed rage.

"Good, then," said the colonel; "twenty pounds to ten. The mess here are witnesses. Smith, lock that door."

A young cornet obeyed; and, heated by wine, the colonel, in his rage and desire to prove his new captain to be what he mentally called a humbug, proceeded to divest himself of all his upper garments, revealing several bullet-scars and sword-cuts upon his chest and arms; but there was not the vestige of a scratch upon his back.

"Come, look all of you!" cried the colonel—"I'm not ashamed. You'll find no wound upon my back."

One and all inspected the old gentleman, and declared that there was no scar,

"Not a trace," they exclaimed.

"Now, Captain Brown," said the colonel, "perhaps you will come and look, sir, and satisfy yourself!"

"I'll take the word of these gentlemen, colonel," said Brown.

"No, no, sir. You would not believe me, so I don't see why you should them."

"But I am satisfied, indeed," said Brown. "I have lost. I was mistaken."

"Humph! I'm glad of that," said the colonel, snatching himself back into his clothes, and, at last, buttoning up his coat. "I'm afraid, sir, you could not read my countenance."

"No, sir; I confess I could not; I am beaten. There are your ten pounds."

The colonel chuckled and looked delighted as he pocketed the money; for this, and the feeling that he had been too much for his new captain, put him in the best of humors. So jolly was he that he patted Brown affectionately on the back when they parted.

"You couldn't read me, my lad, eh? No, no; rather too deep for you, eh—eh?"

"Much too deep, colonel. I was beaten," said Brown.

And from that day, for a whole fortnight, Brown's glory as a bettor was under eclipse. At the end of that fortnight there was a change.

The reason was this:

Colonel Rollins was so delighted at having, as he said, beaten the betting man, that he wrote to his friend, the colonel of the Lancers regiment:

"DEAR WARREN: That was all gammon about Brown's luck at betting. He said he could read people's faces, and so won in that way; and, hang me, if the first night he was here he didn't bet me that I had a reopened wound on my back. I bet him, of course—two to one—proved to him that I had not, and pocketed his ten pounds. It will be a lesson for him. He's a nice fellow, though, and we all like him very much.

"Yours, very truly, JOHN ROLLINS."

An answer came back in the course of a post or two.

"DEAR ROLLINS: Glad you like Brown. Hang him! we don't. He has bitten us too often, and has just bitten us again. Confound him! The night before he left us I was talking about what a sharp officer you were—quite a Tartar—and he laid a wager with me, that was taken, too, by half the officers in the mess, that he'd do as he liked with you; in fact, that the very first time you dined together, he'd make you take off your shirt before the whole mess, and that you would write and tell me. It seems he has done it, and we've all got to pay. You may keep Brown. We don't want him back.

"Faithfully yours, FRANK WARREN."

"Well," exclaimed the colonel, "of all the tricks—but, hang it all, how dare they say that I was a Tartar!"

THE WIFE-BEATER.—Of all the contemptible creatures in the world, the man who beats his wife is certainly the most contemptible. The bully at home is always a coward abroad. He always revenges himself upon his wife and children for the contumely that his lack of courage submits him to in the street. Such men are not to be brought to a complete sense of their baseness by any process of reasoning. Kindness has no effect upon them. Generosity only fills them with contempt for the generous; and they are certain to hate the manliness they cannot imitate. The mode of treating them effectually is, to punish them severely.

FORTUNE-TELLING.— A STREET-SCENE IN JAPAN.

COMBAT BETWEEN A TOAD AND SPIDER.

Our pretty white schoolhouse stood just on the edge of the woodland, while between it and the old homestead stretched, for a full half-mile or more, the broad, rich fields of the Clifton estate. At the time of which I write, the crops had been gathered into the barn, and partridge-pea and other wild-flowers reared their tiny, richly tinted heads as far as the eye could reach, and filled the Springtide air with delicate perfumes.

It was on a Saturday, and as Wirt and I sauntered lazily along the thread-like path over which we had "so often crept unwillingly to school," our steps were suddenly arrested by a sign from him. His quick eye had detected a mysterious movement amongst the tiny plants. Breathlessly we watched the indicated spot, and soon a toad, cutting fantastic antics, hopped into the path before us. From his wild capers, it was evident that he labored under unusual excitement. For some moments he continued rapidly hopping from the path amidst the flowers, and back again. This performance was kept up for fifteen minutes, perhaps, when suddenly an enormous spider appeared upon the scene, and the mystery was explained. They were engaged in deadly combat, and furiously the battle raged without either appearing to gain advantage.

The toad seemed to act on the offensive, and fiercely he dashed upon his wary foe, who, always ready, bravely held his ground. It was observed that after each repulse the toad hopped off in the same direction, and was lost to sight amongst the shrubbery, but in a few moments he would return, only to resume the fight with greater fury.

"What can he be up to? Let us see," whispered Wirt; and we stealthily moved to a position from which we could the better watch his movements. Soon we espied Mr. Toad nipping the leaves of a strange-looking weed. In a moment he had sprung back into the path to renew the attack. Again discomfited, he returned to the shrub. Thus again and again did he charge the foe, and as often return to nip the strange plant. At last Wirt impatiently plucked up the shrub by its roots and cast it far away. As usual the toad returned from the struggle, but the plant was no longer there. Unable to find it, he hopped violently about in the vain search, and seemed to grow weak and weaker, until, finally, rolling over on his back, he lay quiet. He was dead. The spider nimbly betook himself to the bushes at our approach, and escaped. The poison had done its work.

How often have I since regretted that we had not carefully noticed that little shrub, whose tiny leaves proved so ready and powerful an antidote to the spider's deadly bite; for who knows what sufferings might have been relieved had we profited by the knowledge imparted to us by the unfortunate toad, but which we thoughtlessly disregarded!

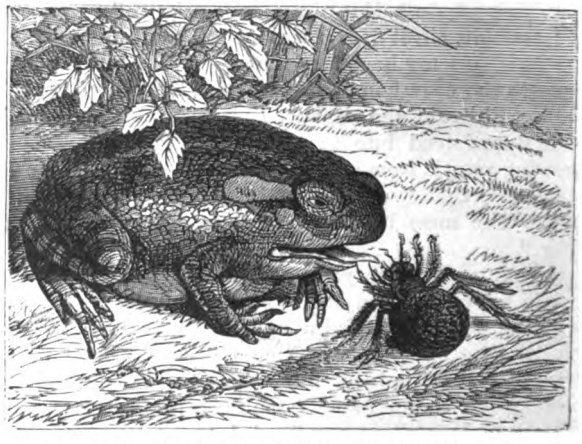
FORTUNE-TELLING IN JAPAN.

Street scenes in Japan are lively enough — so much buying and selling in the open air; barbers, and other minor trades, busy at work. Even many operations which with us seek the cover of darkness are here paraded in the full light of day. While our fortune-tellers seek mystery, and fly the light, their Japanese fellow-tradesmen (we cannot say sisters, for Japanese fortune-tellers are men) set up their stand in the broad light of day.

His pile of sibylline leaves is ready for every purchaser; and should their inquisitive nature tempt them to seek more profound or more direct answers from the prodigious rascals whom popular ignorance supposes heaven to have made its special confidants, they have but to ask. The wizard puts the query, in his own terms, to a little metal imp, fiery red and horned, which complacently raps out on a gong the required answer.

There are fools even in Japan, so our fortune-teller drives a pretty fair trade, on the sure capital of human credulity and personal impudence.

Those who have become addicted to evil habits must conquer them as they can—and they must be conquered, or they will conquer us, and destroy our peace and happiness. And those who have not yet yielded to bad habits, must be on their guard lest they be unexpectedly assaulted and subdued.



COMBAT BETWEEN A TOAD AND A SPIDER.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

THE name of the amiable, cruelly sacrificed Josephine seldom fails to awaken emotions of respectful sympathy and regret. The brilliant moon of that meteoric life, suddenly terminating in black, premature eclipse, has chiefly challenged the attention and wonder of mankind, albeit it will, I think, be found that the story of its dawn and changeful morning is scarcely inferior in romantic interest and tragic potency to that of the later fortunes of the divorced, discrowned Empress; and this, too, when divested of the false lights and illusive coloring had recourse to by prejudiced or enthusiastic historiographers, and related with the brevity and plainness with which, in these pages, it must necessarily be treated.

Marie Françoise Josephine Tascher de la Pagérie, the only child of Captain Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagérie and his wife, Marie de Sanois, who had been for some years settled at St. Domingo, was born at the residence of her uncle and aunt, M. and Madame Renaudin, St. Pierre, Martinique, one of the lesser queens of the Antilles, on the 24th of June, 1761. This at least is the date assigned by French historians; but as that happens to be the precise day whereon the treaty of peace restoring Martinique to France was signed, it is quite possible that a natural desire to establish the French birth of the Empress beyond quibble or question may have led to some slight inaccuracy in the matter.

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

The Renaudins were possessed of considerable property in the neighborhood of St. Pierre, in land and slaves, and Madame Renaudin, a well-educated *Parisienne*, adopted the child, with a cheerful good-will, which the early development of Josephine's graces of mind and person increased to a thoughtful, zealous tenderness, ever spoken of in after life by her charming niece with grateful acknowledgment.

Yes, graces of mind and person—not intellectual superiority of the one, nor absolute beauty in an artistic, or more properly statuary, sense of the other; Josephine, neither as girl or woman, having been remarkable for mental power; whilst her beauty confessedly owed its subduing charm to the irresistible fascination which the glowing softness of Creole loveliness, when allied to purity of heart and quiet elegance of manner, exerts over the least impressionable of mankind. Josephine's large, spiritual eyes were, no doubt, exquisitely beautiful; her complexion in youth, too, was as bright and sunny as her place of birth; her hair, lustrous and silken, her teeth unexceptionable, her figure elastic and sylph-like, and her low-pitched, agitating voice so finely toned and modulated that Bonaparte could find no words forcible enough to express the exultant gratification with which the plaudits of the French people for his victories filled him, than "that they were sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Mademoiselle Tascher's aptitude for feminine accomplishments was sedulously cultivated by her aunt, and whilst still very young, she played charmingly on the harp, and danced with surprising elegance and grace. Her tastes—one a passionate love of flowers, to which Europe is indebted for several tropical varieties, the camellia amongst them—were as refined as her temper and disposition were mild and endearing, the sympathizing gentleness which added lustre to the diadem of the Empress being equally conspicuous in the days of her obscure girlhood. At that time, ere yet the labors of Clarkson and his zealous coadjutors had to a great extent crippled the traffic in slaves, the facility with which negroes were procured from the African continent rendered them cheap as offal, and the torturing rigor by which they were coerced into incessant exertion, unmitigated by fear of pecuniary loss, was consequently such as the most hardened slave-owner of the present day would probably shrink from.

To those of the oppressed and trampled race belonging to her uncle, Josephine was a guardian angel; and so tenderly was she loved by her relations, that the slaves were exempt from punishment, except in very flagrant cases; to spare her the agony of mind which its infliction would have excited.

This relaxation of discipline did not, it would appear, answer in a commercial sense; but it none the less for that rendered Josephine the idol of the colored race, and their devotion to "*la jeune reine*"—an appellation which may have suggested the strange prophecy to be presently noticed—manifested itself in a thousand ways and instances, once in the saving of her life by the sacrifice of that of a young negress, who suddenly interposed her own person between Josephine and the spring of an irritated and deadly serpent, received the reptile's fatal bite, and expired a few hours afterward in the arms of her young mistress.

The passions kindle early into flame in that fiery, precocious clime, and Mademoiselle Tascher was not more than thirteen when she and a young Englishman—lad, I should say, for he was not more than two years her senior—conceived a violent attachment for each other, and exchanged vows of eternal love and faithfulness. William, the boy-lover, was a son of English parents who had been long domiciled at Martinique, were related, it seems, to the Lord Lovell, and had been compelled to fly their native country for participation in the rebellion of '45. Madame Renaudin appears to have sanctioned the betrothment of the juvenile lovers, and there was no end of trees knife-graven with their intertwined initials, and morning melodies, evening serenades, sung by the enraptured boy at his mistress's lattice, usually to the responsive accompaniment of the Creole maiden's harp.

Of course, happiness like this was too bright, too ethereal, to last long in this commonplace, humdrum world, wherein too sensitive souls have so often the misfortune to be born; and in this particular instance young love's dream was rudely dissipated by the awakening grip of the flinty-hearted father, who carried "*ce cher* William" to England, where family affairs, that had unexpectedly assumed a more favorable aspect, required his immediate presence. The cruelly sundered sweethearts engaged to write to each other at least once a day, and they did so for a considerable time, Madame Renaudin undertaking to post Josephine's letters, which she did punctually—into the fire; and William's missives, as they arrived, were also ruthlessly consigned to the same dead-letter office. An old tale!

But although Josephine must, of course, have pined grievously in thought, her personal charms and graces continued to expand and bloom so strikingly that her sable maids of honor and the petted companions of her sports were every day prouder and prouder of their "*jeune reine*"—so much so that the since much-marveled-at prophecy of the African sibyl, in so far as it announced the future greatness of Josephine, excited not the least surprise in their credulous and simple minds. This curious incident is thus related:

Mademoiselle Tascher, then about fourteen years of age, was dancing and otherwise disporting herself with a number of negro girls, some of whom suddenly caught sight of an old black beldame famous for sorceries and fortune-telling, scampered after her, and brought her to Josephine's presence, with the hope that she might be permitted to read and expound the no doubt brilliant future mysteriously inscribed on her palm. Josephine laughingly consented; but the old woman had no sooner looked upon the delicate white hand placed in hers than she affected to be terribly agitated, and it was only after much entreaty that the dark oracle thus delivered herself: "You will be married soon, and the union will not be a happy one. You will be a widow, and then queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital, amidst civil commotion."

"Such, ladies," said the divorced Empress at Malmaison, addressing her profoundly interested attendants, "is the exact truth respecting this famous prophecy. The menacing end does not greatly disquiet me. I live here in peaceful retirement. I have no longer anything to do with politics, and hope to die calmly in my bed."

When the slave seer uttered this prediction, Josephine treated it with contemptuous disdain, and gravely lectured the young negresses upon the folly of placing credence in the silly inventions of such manifest impostors as the pretended prophetess. The gradual unrolling of her many-colored web of life changed, as we shall see, that feeling of contemptuous disdain successively to one of exultant credulity, and of boding disquiet; and a luckier guess certainly never fell from the lying lips of the astutest Aruspex of classic Greece or Rome than this apparently well-attested one of the negress of Martinique.

Mademoiselle Tascher's first marriage was near at hand, and was probably known to be so by the fortune-teller. Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, a captain in the French army, visited Martinique upon business connected with his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais's property there; was introduced to Josephine, felt or fancied himself furiously in love with her, and forthwith solicited her hand in marriage.

The young lady would not listen to the proposal, though made by a vicomte; she would remain, her aunt was solemnly assured, faithful to her English lover, and Monsieur

Alexandre de Beauharnais might look elsewhere for a wife! Madame Renaudin, a lady of much tact, and fully resolved that her niece should marry the vicomte, gave this amiable sentimentality free play for a while, and in the end managed the affair so adroitly, that when M. de Beauharnais embarked for Europe, which he did after a stay of about two months only at Martinique, he and Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagérie were legally contracted to each other; and it had been arranged that Josephine and her aunt should follow him to France as speedily as might be, where the marriage would be definitively solemnized. It so came to pass. Madame Renaudin and her niece sailed from Martinique in 1776, arrived safely at Marseilles, and were met at Fontainebleau by the Vicomte Beauharnais. The wedding did not take place for several months afterward, during which Mademoiselle Tascher took up her abode in a convent at Panthémont.

This delay has been attributed to a reluctance on the part of Josephine, revived by a chance interview with "William," whom she met at Marseilles. Whatever may have been the difficulty, it was smoothed over by the address of Madame Renaudin; the marriage of her niece with the vicomte—he was thirty years old, just double the age of his bride—was duly solemnized at Paris, and Madame de Beauharnais was soon afterward presented to Queen Marie Antionette, who had not long previously ascended the throne upon which that blushing, confused girl-wife was destined to succeed her.

Hortense, the mother of the late Emperor Napoleon III. (and composer, by the way, of both the words and music of "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Brulant d'amour, et partant pour la guerre"), and Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, were the children of this marriage—a very unhappy one, especially after about four years of simulated, impatient decorum on the part of M. de Beauharnais, who by that time had thoroughly emancipated himself from "the superstition of conjugal fidelity."

One of his mistresses, a person of rank and fair reputation in society, insinuated herself into the confidence of the young, neglected wife, condoled with her, spoke of her English lover, and contrived to purloin an unfinished letter written by Josephine to her aunt, Madame Renaudin, who had long since returned to Martinique, in which the following passage occurred: "But for my children, I should, without a pang, renounce France for ever. My duty requires me to forget William; and yet, if he and I had been married, I should not to-day have been troubling you with my griefs."

This letter the abandoned woman placed, at a fitting moment, in M. de Beauharnais's hands, whom it rendered furious with unreasoning jealousy; "the superstition of conjugal fidelity," according to his one-sided ethics, being of such binding force upon a wife, that but to *think* reproachfully of her husband was high treason against marital morality. He immediately separated himself from Madame de Beauharnais, and instituted a suit at law for a formal divorce; his wife the while sheltering herself in a convent with her daughter, Hortense; M. de Beauharnais having insisted upon retaining the custody of his son. The tribunal to which he appealed pronounced in favor of his wife, exonerating her from all blame.

Shortly after this decision, Madame de Beauharnais met the Queen, walking with Louis XVI., near the Petit Trianon, Versailles, when Marie Antoinette, while warmly congratulating her upon the judicial award, took from her own neck an antique ornament set with precious stones, and clasped it round Josephine's, promising, at the same time, that she would one day present her son Eugène with a commission in the army.

Madame Beauharnais now returned to Martinique, the only true home she had known—her father and mother both died while she was still very young—where she remained over three years, her only solace and chief occupation the society and education of Hortense.

Prolonged absence, and an awakening sense of remorse, revived in M. de Beauharnais's mind the image of his wife in all its former power and brightness, and he wrote to Martinique soliciting forgiveness, and imploring her to return home. The forgiving gentleness of Josephine's disposition could not resist this appeal, the less, no doubt, that reconciliation with her husband involved reunion with her son; and speedily as possible she embarked with Hortense for France in the *Pomone* frigate, the captain of which politely offered her a passage—a fortunate act of civility, to which he was indebted for dying an admiral.

The meeting of Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnais was an affectionate and cordial one, and peace and happiness sat at their hearth till scared away by the despotic Terror, beneath whose bloody sceptre "France—free, regenerated France"—crouched, cursed and trembled.

M. de Beauharnais had been a member of the Constituent and National Assemblies, an adherent of Lafayette, and supported generally the principles and policy professed by the moderate section of the Girondists; more than enough this to stamp him as a traitor to republican perfectibility, insure his arrest for "*incivisme*," of which his aristocratic birth was superabundantly conclusive proof, and send him to the scaffold.

The letter he addressed to Josephine from the prison of the Conciergerie, the night previous to his execution, of which I subjoin an extract, is an affecting testimony to the sincerity of his contrition for the past, and the amiability and worth of his wife: "Yet some moments to tears, to tenderness and to regret; then wholly to the glory of my fate, to the grand thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, beloved Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live here; but in the bosom of his God he will have begun to enjoy a real existence. Thou seest, then, there is no cause for mourning on his account; it is over the wicked, the insensate men who survive him that tears are to be shed, for they inflicted and could repair the evil. But let me not sully with their guilty image these last moments; I would, on the contrary, adorn them with the thought that, having been united to a charming woman, I might have beheld the years passed with her glide away without a cloud, had it not been that wrongs, of which I have been sensible when too late, troubled our union."

Quickly upon the death of her husband followed Josephine's own arrest and incarceration in the prison of the Carmelites—the shambles wherein a whole hecatomb of priests were slaughtered by the ruthless Septembrists—her crime, the unpardonable one of being the widow of a distinguished victim of the Terrorists. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, La Cabarus, a young and beautiful Spanish woman, by first marriage Madame de Fontenay, and other ladies, were confined in the same place. Madame de Fontenay had been proscribed because, having acquired supreme sway over the heart of Tallien, the commissioner deputed to wreak the vengeance of the Convention upon the city of Bordeaux, she used that influence to mitigate the ferocity of decrees of which Tallien, but for her, would have been the ready and remorseless executioner. Of all the inmates of that gloomy anteroom to the guillotine, Madame de Beauharnais alone believed in the possibility of a happy deliverance therefrom. Her union with and the death of M. de Beauharnais had impressed her with the belief that the prophecy of the Martinique beldame was supernaturally inspired, and would be fulfilled throughout; and she

excited the astonishment and ridicule of her fellow-captives by openly declaring her conviction that, so far from perishing by the guillotine, as they foreboded, she was destined to be Queen of France!

"You had better, then, appoint your ladies of honor at once!" exclaimed the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, in sarcastic rebuke of such, as she deemed it, ill-timed levity.

"I will begin, at least, to do so," quietly replied Madame Beauharnais; "and you, my dear duchess, shall be the first"—a promise thereafter literally fulfilled.

Warning that they must briefly prepare to bid farewell to life was given the prisoned ladies by a notice that they would, on the morrow, be required to appear before Fonquier Tinville; and still Josephine's superstitious confidence abated not in the slightest degree. Madame de Fontenay's last hope of rescue rested upon a more apparently reasonable basis. Tallien—whose indignation at the imprisonment of a lady to whom he was madly attached, and whom he was under an engagement to marry, was the main cause of his already tacit revolt against the Robespierre-Saint-Just-Couthon triumvirate of assassins—was permitted to see her at the prison-grate every evening; but no syllable unheard by the jailers was allowed to pass between them. In this terrible crisis of her life, Madame de Fontenay punctured a vein in her arm with a sharp-pointed piece of wood, and with the same instrument, dipped in the red fluid thus obtained, scratched upon a piece of cambric the following words: "My trial is decreed. If you love me, as you say you do, urge every means to save France and me." This scrap of cambric, folded up in a cabbage-leaf, Madame de Fontenay contrived to slip, unobserved, into Tallien's hand; and the safe delivery of that brief missive proved to be the turning-point of the Revolution. Tallien, resolutely setting his own life upon the cast, attacked Robespierre in the Convention on the following day, triumphed in the mortal struggle that ensued, and the Reign of Terror, properly so called, had passed away. The future Madame Tallien was the first of the Carmelite captives set at liberty; but a few days only elapsed before she procured the liberation of Madame de Beauharnais, and soon afterward of all the rest of her late fellow-prisoners.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AND HER TWO COUNTRYWOMEN, MADAME DE MAINTENON AND MLLE. DE RIVERY, THE SULTANA.

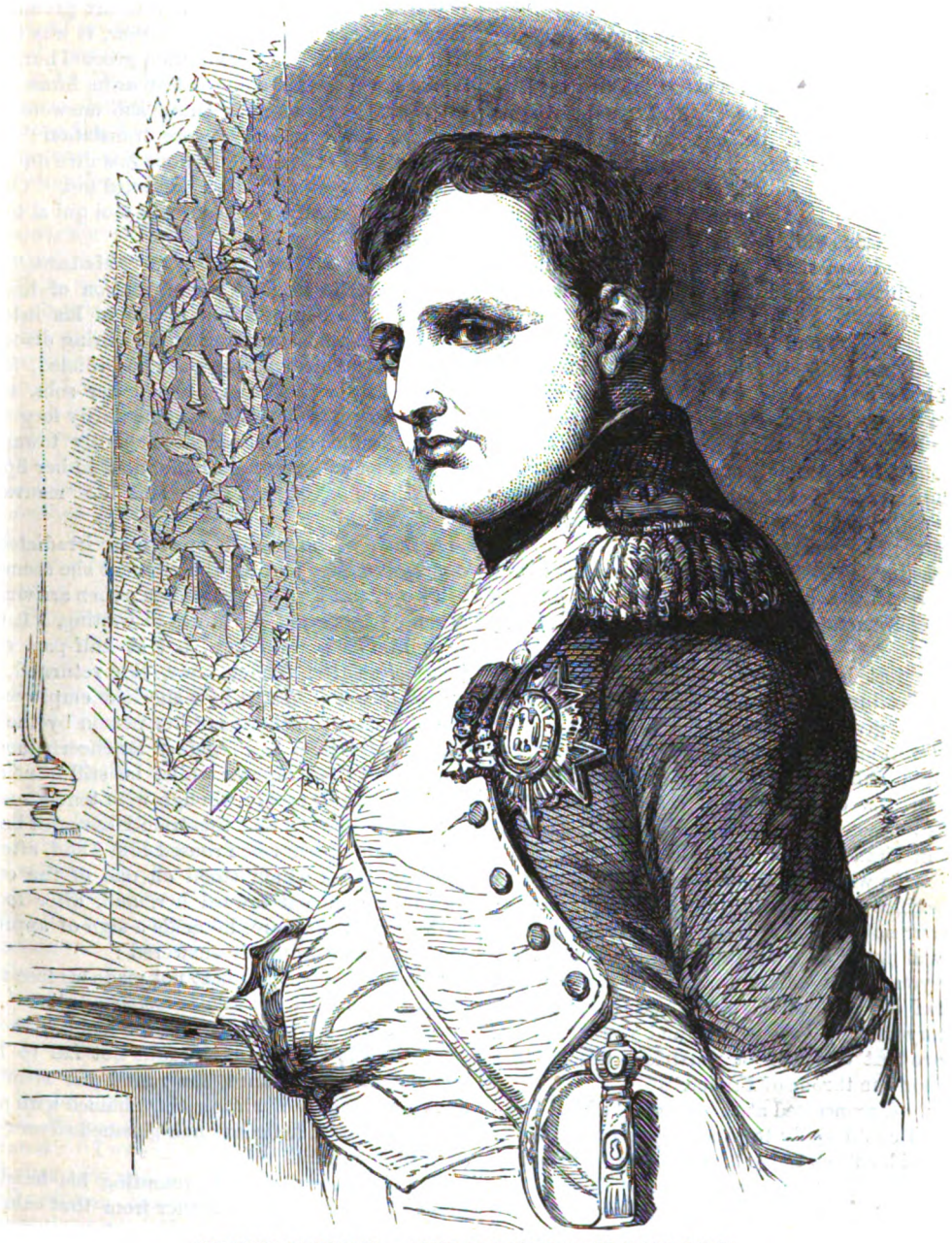
Some twelve months must, in play-bill phraseology, be supposed to have passed before the curtain rises upon the second and imperial phase of the fortunes of Josephine, the opening scene whereof is the *sa'on* of Madame Tallien.

"Le General Bonaparte," that lady is saying, as she introduces the young officer, whose decision on the day of the Sections saved the Directory, and will, he hopes, procure him the command of the army of Italy—"Le General Bonaparte—my friend, Madame de Beauharnais, *veuve!*" The self-concentrated, saturnine expression on the officer's face, as his glance rests upon the charming woman thus presented to him, kindles with emotion, and a rare, singularly fascinating smile accompanies the brief words with which he acknowledges the pleasure the introduction affords him.

"My friend has, I think, made an important conquest," remarked Madame Tallien, later in the evening, addressing Barras and her husband in an undertone, as she glanced toward Madame de Beauharnais and General Bonaparte.

"Possibly," replied Barras, after looking for a few moments in the same direction, "though the General Bonaparte's serious vows will be offered, or I am greatly mistaken, at the altar of glory, not love."

Not possible only, but perfectly true—an accomplished fact. Bonaparte had conceived a vehement and genuine passion for the fascinating widow, to whom he a few days afterward offered his hand. Josephine hesitated—seemed rather frightened than flattered by the general's *brusque*, almost fierce avowal of tenderness—"even at what ought to please me, the force of a passion described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity."



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.— AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY DE LA ROCHE.

The lady's coy indifference or reserve soon yielded to the ardor of the fiery Corsican soldier, and in August, 1795, Madame Beauharnais became the wife of General Bonaparte. Fifteen brilliant years followed, during which the wife of the triumphant general—the lady of the First Consul—the crowned Empress of the French, won golden opinions from all who approached her or came within the range

of her influence. We then discern the obverse of the medal—the divorce, the death at Malmaison, resulting less from physical ailment than from grief for the fallen fortunes of the man by whom she had been vainly sacrificed—amidst the jeers and yellings that accompanied the restoration of the Bourbon throne, destined to be again supplanted, and trampled upon, and by Napoleon the Third—the child-grandson sobbing with convulsive grief at the bedside of the dying Empress.

When the crown was placed on the head of Josephine, she burst into tears—tears which, scarcely five years afterward, she had sad cause to shed afresh at Fontainebleau; for there, when in October, 1809, Napoleon returned from his short but eventful campaign in Austria, he was meditating a divorce from her. She, the faithful partner of his fortunes, the ornament of his life, but the loving woman, unfortunate in sharing his throne, because she had given no heir to it; she, the Empress-Queen, of whom he himself afterward spoke as "the best woman in France," was too sensitive in her affections not to feel that all was not well between her husband and herself when, in that Autumn of 1809, she found herself again in his company at Fontainebleau.

Josephine was at St. Cloud when the tidings of Napoleon's return to Fontainebleau from the campaign abovenamed reached her; he traveled with such impetuosity that he arrived there before her; and when she came she had to seek him in the little library which he occupied, for he did not go forth from it to welcome her.

Soon after the arrival of the Empress Josephine upon that occasion at Fontainebleau, Count Lavallette, her kinsman, reached that place; and he it is who says:

"The Empress immediately sent me word to come to her apartments by a private staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation.

"'Fouché has just left me,' she said, 'and would you think that the following were his words to me? "Madame, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of your devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children, the existence of whom may deprive the Bourbons of all hope of return. . . . You, madame, in this respect, are the only obstacle to the enduring happiness of France. Vouchsafe to consider that the peculiar position in which you are placed obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and to the interests of all. . . . Your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater even than he is great, and give a last token of devotion to your sovereign and your country. History will repay you for it, and your place will be marked above that of the most illustrious women that have ever sat upon the throne of France."

"'I was utterly disconcerted at this speech,' added Josephine; 'all that I could reply to so strange a proposal was that I would consider it, and give him an answer in a few days. . . . But does it not appear to you that Fouché was sent to me by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is no sacrifice to me! No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man on whom I have bestowed all my affections—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate.'

"I shared," continues Count Lavallette, "the surmise of the Empress that Fouché had been sent to her by the Emperor; but yet that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer."

Prince Cambacérès declares that at this period Napoleon appeared preoccupied with his own greatness; that he had an air as though he were stalking about amidst his glory; and that there was a fiery haughtiness in what he said and did that made him (Cambacérès) politically fear for the future.

Others present then at Fontainebleau were struck by the change in the Emperor's countenance and demeanor, and by the fact of his appearing to seek distraction from some painful thought in the excitement of hunting, after the day when Josephine rejoined him. According to authenticated personal records of one of her Court present at Fontainebleau that day of her return thither, it was with something like sarcasm that Napoleon then greeted her, declaring that it was time she had come at last, as he himself was about to start for St. Cloud; to which she answered, in caressing French, which scarcely bears translation: "Mais, Bonaparte, c'est de ta faute. Tu nous fais dire que tu n'arriveras que demain, et tu arrives aujourd'hui. Comment donc es-tu venu? Ah! c'est toujours moi qui ai tort! C'est de ma faute!"

But when, addressing her as "Madame," the Emperor referred her to Duroc for confirmation of his opinion that he had given her sufficient notice of his intended return, and the conversation continued to bring discomfort to her, his Majesty perceived the pain he inflicted, for it was only with difficulty that she repressed her sobs, the fatal word *divorce* seems to have been momentarily forgotten by Napoleon; for he drew Josephine gently toward him, and, whilst a smile once more remounted to her lips, he said:

"Allons, c'est vrai; je suis de mauvaise humeur, aujourd'hui."

A flash of hope then once more irradiated Josephine's expressive face, and for the moment she seemed happy.

Two of the Emperor's ministers then arriving, Josephine, attended by two of her ladies in waiting, left them to work with him in his cabinet; but at half-past seven o'clock, just before the dinner hour, she returned, and by her appearance manifested how she had employed the interval in enhancing the charms of her person by the graces of the toilet. Her voice had regained its cheerfulness as, advancing toward the Emperor whilst he still bent down over his work, she said, archly, though with tenderness:

"Thou dost see that this time I have not been too long."

The tone of her voice roused him; and, after glancing at the little clock which stood on one of the corners of his bureau, he turned toward her, and, after looking at her with evident pleasure, he made a sign of approbation with his hand, and promptly answered:

"At all events, thou hast not made *me* lose time by waiting for thee. *Tu es très bien comme cela.*"

And even the ministers, while making their profound salutations to the Empress, could not fail to be struck by her radiant appearance, for round her slender form was drawn a *polonaise* of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down, and in her dark, luxuriant hair gleamed silver corn, mingled with blue flowers.

The Emperor rose, and presenting his hand to the Empress, they went forth together from that cabinet, followed by the Ministers, who were invited by their Majesties to join them at dinner. Later in the evening Josephine was observed by various members of her Court to have recovered all the graceful vivacity which distinguished her; and it was, if possible, with more than her usual charm of manner that she seemed anxious to address a gracious word to everybody in the brilliant crowd surrounding her that late Autumn night at Fontainebleau.

Not two months later, and the Empress-Queen Josephine had bitter cause to say to her consort, who then put her away from him, that which Marie Mancini said to Louis

XIV., "*You* weep, who are a monarch? And yet you suffer me to be torn from you."

Meantime a series of splendid entertainments took place at Fontainebleau; the chronicles of that period declare, "Theatrical performances, balls and hunting parties followed one another without intermission. Kings, Napoleon's allies at that time, came to visit him, for they had all some interest to discuss, or some thanks to offer. Besides the Emperor's own family, came the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the King of Wurtemburg. The Emperor replied most courteously to their requests, and everything announced for the end of Autumn the most brilliant assemblage of crowned heads in Paris; but hunting the stag seemed to be Napoleon's favorite pastime. His personal appearance underwent a great change at that time, although he was none the less handsome; and from being taciturn, he had become an abundant talker, always listened to with profound attention by some, with cringing docility by others."

And by Josephine, who at Fontainebleau felt that all this portended some great change to her, he was listened to with tears. She had wept, as before said, when the weight of a crown was first placed on her brow, and now she wept because, having brought forth no heir to that crown, she knew that another wife, another Empress, would soon be seated by the side of her husband on the throne.

The blow came at last. Napoleon announced what she had long nerved herself to hear. The fatal word, divorce, was uttered. The fortitude she had tried to gather forsook her, and she fainted, as he stalked moodily away.

After the divorce had been accomplished in all its legal technicalities at the Tuileries, in December, 1809, it was Napoleon who sought a refuge at Trianon, whilst Josephine repaired to Malmaison. The formalities of the divorce were concluded in the Emperor's cabinet at the Tuileries, in the presence of the Arch-chancellor, Cambacérès, and the whole Imperial Family, including Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, the son and daughter of Josephine by her former marriage with the Vicomte de Beauharnais.

Notwithstanding his usual mastery over himself, Napoleon was profoundly affected; tears were in his voice and eyes as he read his speech, in the course of which he affirmed: "Far from having reason to complain, I have, on the contrary, only encomiums to bestow on Josephine, my well-beloved spouse. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the memory of this will always remain engraved on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand; it is my desire that she retain the rank and title of Empress; but, above all, that she never doubt my sentiments, and that she always hold me her best and dearest friend."

In vain did Josephine strive to read her speech in reply. Tears streamed from her eyes; her voice was choked by sobs; but she nobly signified her concurrence with what she believed to be for the good of the State, whilst handing the paper to M. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, who, in her behalf, declared: "I owe all to the Emperor's bounty; it was his hand that crowned me. . . . the dissolution of my marriage will make no change in the sentiments of my heart. . . . I know how much this act, commanded by policy and great interests, has rent his heart; but we both of us glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of the country."

Napoleon embraced Josephine in acknowledgment of this act of self-sacrifice—the greatest proof she could give him of her loving him more than herself—and led her to her apartments, where he left her fainting in the arms of her children, Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène, who owed their titles to their connection with him, and for whom he entertained a paternal affection.

The Imperial residences of La Malmaison and Navarre were assigned to Josephine. That night of her divorce she left the Tuileries for ever, and went to Malmaison; and on the morning of the following day, the Emperor went to Trianon, "where," says one of his observing followers, "he did all he could to accustom himself to live alone; but his thoughts were so full of the Empress that he sent messengers constantly to Malmaison for news of her, and I believe that, had he dared to do so, he himself would have gone thither every day."

During the first week after the divorce, the road from Paris to Malmaison was thronged by persons of all ranks, some of whom for a considerable time subsequently deemed it a sacred duty to testify their respect for Josephine, more especially as the due observance of this "sacred duty" was the means of insuring the favor of the Emperor. But after the marriage of Napoleon with the Austrian Archduchess, Marie Louise, the number of Josephine's visitors necessarily decreased; still more so after the birth of his son, the King of Rome.

The Chateau of La Malmaison was, in the time of Josephine, filled with choice objects of art, chief among which were some of Canova's admirable statues. Painters, poets, and musicians, owed much to the patronage of the beneficent Empress; not only did she lavish sums of money upon representatives of genius in various forms (sums much larger than she could afford after the period of her divorce, and the payment of which necessitated frequent acts of self-sacrifice on her part), but she rejoiced these gifted recipients of her bounty by invitations to La Malmaison, so as to give them an opportunity of displaying their several talents before the august company frequently assembled there.

When, therefore, it is said that Josephine was in debt at the time of her death, the fact of her boundless generosity to her household, and to everybody in need of help who came in contact with her, ought never to be forgotten. In the later days of her eventful life, her own amusement consisted chiefly in the cultivation of flowers, and these abounded in the conservatories and gardens, the beauty of which was proverbial at La Malmaison. In that abode there was one apartment held sacred by the ex-Queen-Empress, and this was the private cabinet of the Emperor, where everything remained as when he last dwelt there with her before the divorce so fatal to them both. In this room the historical book which he had last read there remained open on the bureau; an unfolded map last studied by him there, bore traces of his pen, which still remained near it, as though the ink, dry and encrusted by time, had but yesterday served to dictate his decrees; firearms once used by him still hung on the walls; here and there, as only just cast aside but to be re-worn, were articles of his wearing-apparel; and the armchair in which he once usually sat, and the woodwork of which bore many a mark of his penknife, stood as though awaiting him as its occupant.

Josephine would permit no hand but her own to clear the dust from these *réliques*, as she called them; and perhaps even more sacred than these to her was some hair, cut long since from the head of Napoleon, and which was enshrined by her in a glass case.

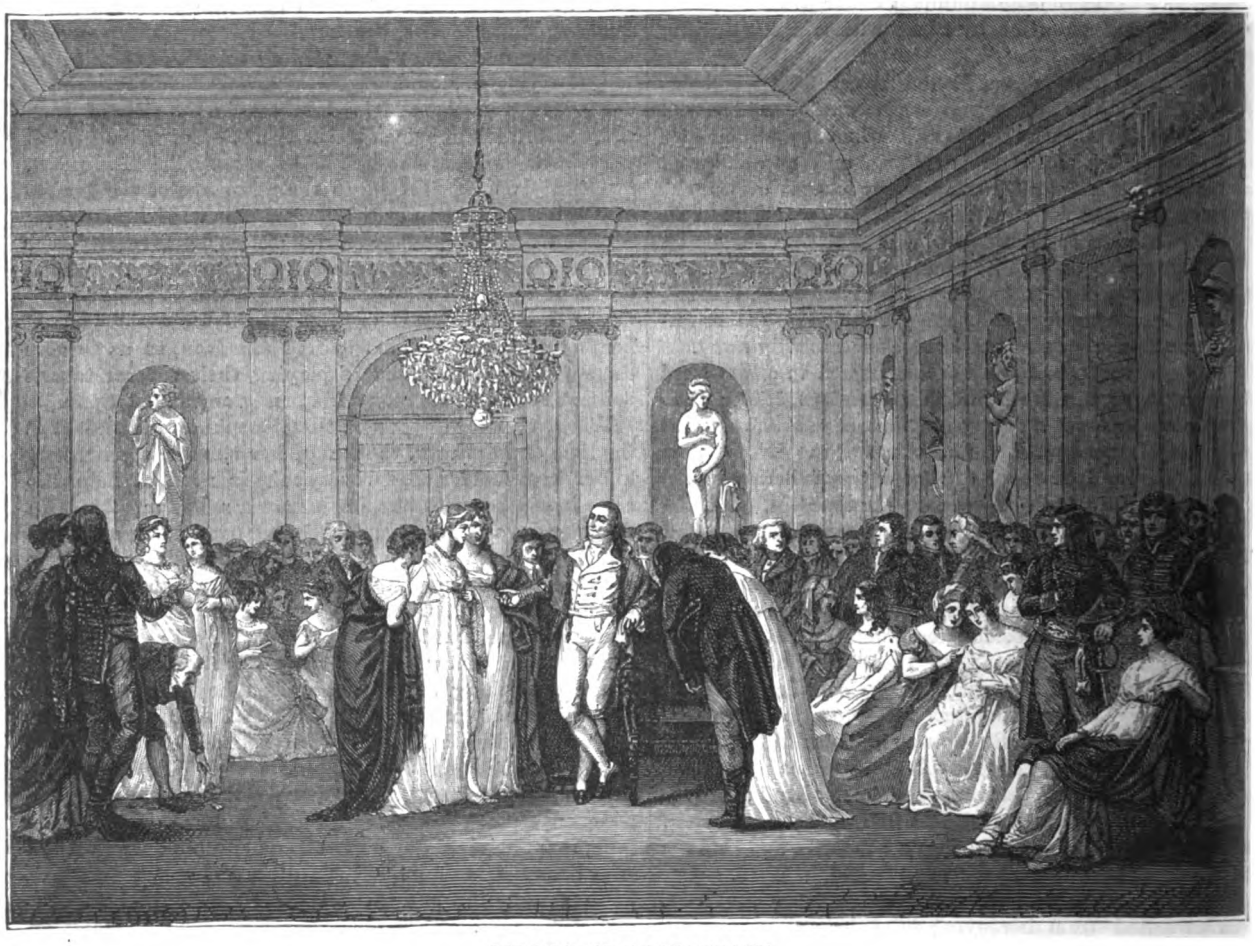
After his divorce from her, Napoleon was in the habit of writing every week to Josephine. The receipt of his letters always gave evident pleasure to her, but not so much so as did a visit from him; although, with a delicacy peculiar to herself, she received him, after his marriage with Marie Louise, in presence of her court at Malmaison. By a lady of that court the ex-Empress is described, upon one signal occasion, as conversing with the Emperor—her husband once, and the man whom she still loved devotedly—

in the garden of La Malmaison for the space of two hours. They were both seated upon a circular bench, placed within view of the *salon*, but far enough removed from the chateau to prevent the subject of their conversation being overheard. The Emperor at length rose, took the hand of Josephine within his own, kissed it, and moved away toward his carriage, which stood waiting for him at the park gate. Josephine accompanied him on the road to it, and when she returned to her ladies, they could not but observe the look of happiness which illumined her expressive face, a look for which she accounted by saying that she rejoiced to see *him* well, albeit at the same time she expressed regret that there was nothing she could do for "*cet heureux de la terre.*"

Little did she foresee at that moment that the memory of happiness and the fame of glory would soon alone remain to him.

Once Josephine held the son of Napoleon in her arms. The Emperor himself desired that this interview should take place, but it was not possible to repeat it. The child knew not at the time who was the beautiful dark lady to whose house he was taken, nor what was the cause of the tears she shed over him; but he was so touched by the impassioned fondness she displayed for him, that, clinging to her, he begged her to come and see him at the Tuileries. Of the pain this innocent entreaty inflicted on the sensitive Josephine, let those imagine who love as she loved—with a love that killed. She was able to bear her own sorrow for the sake of Napoleon, but she was not able to bear his sorrow, which by cruel fate she was precluded from consoling. His first abdication was her death-stroke; she did not survive to hail his return from his first exile. She was heart-broken at his fall. Had Josephine, in 1814, been in the place of Marie Louise, how different might have been the course of events! She would have hastened at once to Fontainebleau, where Napoleon—deserted by all but a few faithful friends—awaited his departure for Elba; "she would have flung herself into his arms, and never have left him to desolation and despair!"

Her last days at Malmaison were soothed, so far as possible, by the society of her beautiful and noble-hearted daughter, Queen Hortense. The marriage of Hortense with Napoleon's brother, Louis, King of Holland, was not a happy one, and the separation in which it eventuated left the daughter of Josephine at sad leisure to devote herself to her mother—to her mother and children—for the sons of Hortense (Louis Napoleon, since Emperor of the French, and his brother, who perished, when still quite young, in an Italian struggle for liberty) were with her at Malmaison.



THE SALON OF MADAME TALLIEN.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was a frequent guest there. Although politically opposed to the cause which the Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense had most at heart, he proved his sincere regard and respect for both of them by the generous chivalry with which he insisted on doing all he could to alleviate their trials; but it was beyond his power to heal the broken heart of Josephine; and, fearing to shock the sensibility of her devoted daughter, it was to him that she confided her conviction that her end was fast approaching; although, wishing to save her daughter unnecessary pain, she strove to conceal the ravages of suffering by the arts of the toilet. To the last she smiled unselfishly on all around her.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"MR. HARRINGTON SNATCHED THE CARD, AND TORE OFF THE TISSUE-PAPER. WATERS WAS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND THEY SAW THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL—MABEL JORDAN'S DAUGHTER."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER I.

WITH A MADMAN.

Ralph Desborough stood on the pier, waiting for the arrival of the steamboat which was to carry him across Lake Champlain. When he first began his watch, there had been quite a knot of people to keep him company—nearly evenly and hopelessly wretched, as mortals have a right to be who are roused out of their beds at the unearthly hour of three A.M. and driven forth into the chill uncomfortableness which precedes the dawn of a September's day.

More than two hours had passed; the sun, no doubt, had been up a long time, but the only service he did was to show the depth and whiteness of the fog that covered the lake, reaching to within a few feet of the pier—here, looking like a solid wall, a little beyond like the entrance to some vast, mysterious cavern where lighter mists took weird shapes—surged up and down, and circled about like gigantic phantoms indulging in some mystic dance.

One by one the other passengers crept disconsolately to home or hotel, when they became convinced that the boat had kept serenely down her way on the other side of the lake, regardless of their misery, and there was nobody left but Ralph, a few fishermen, and now and then a straggler from the neighboring inn, with no motive, so far as Ralph could perceive, except to nod at the fog with an air of

Sphinx-like wisdom, then to stare at him with an expression of complacent contempt.

Ralph noticed that, unfailingly, each person shut up the left eye when he nodded at the mist, with a solemnity which suggested the probability of his being a dumb soothsayer saluting spirits invisible to ordinary ken, and that when the prophet turned to study him, the left eye opened as suddenly as if it had been a signal-light, and the right orb closed as unexpectedly.

Go back to the hotel, he would not; cross the lake by some means before the morning passed, he fully intended to do. In the meantime he wandered up and down, not nearly so pitiable an object as most human beings would have been in the same condition, for he was only three-and-twenty, with the comprehensive gaze of an artist, and the vivid imagination of a poet; and, besides these aids to keep his watch from becoming commonplace and tiresome, an all-absorbing dream, which had sprung up in his heart or fancy only a few days previous, and borne him company ever since.

Six o'clock pealed out from the town clocks. Ralph went in search of some breakfast, for even an enthusiast at that age must possess a good appetite, unless he is to remain all his life a mere mawkish, sentimental dreamer, with a weakness of brain corresponding to that of his stomach, and Ralph was a big, strong fellow, possessing as much superabundant bodily energy as he had metal.

Toward eight o'clock the mist began to lift. Ralph returned to the pier, and tried to find some fisherman to take him across, but not one of the amphibious-looking creatures would have anything to say to him or his offers.

He was standing quite alone on the pier, deserted even by the fishermen, who, it appeared to him, had found a satisfaction in their refusals, which increased in proportion to the anxiety he displayed. Somebody came up behind him; he did not turn his head, certain that it was only one of his tormentors, as he had begun to style them in his thoughts—either some boatman desirous to utter a fresh denial, or a waif from the stragglers, to inquire, in very nasal accents, if he was "much put out at not gittin' over, and if it was likely now to be a money job that made him so anxious?" and perhaps imply, into the bargain (as two or three persons had already done), that his great desire to get out of the State looked, to say the least, exceedingly suspicious.

So he puffed diligently at his cigar, and appeared absorbed in the contemplation of the mist, which, in the growing warmth of the sun, was beginning to heave and break, assuming each instant some new and more capricious form.

"Excuse me, sir; they told me you were trying to find a boat to take you across the lake. I am very anxious to——"

Ralph turned so suddenly that the sentence was left unfinished, and the speaker retreated a few steps, startled by the young man's hasty movement. A lady's voice, low, soft, clear, that had made Desborough wheel quickly round, and now he was face to face with a girl so beautiful that any man might have been excusable for temporarily losing his wits, and, to increase Ralph's bewilderment, he beheld the object of his search.

"I have found you!" were the words which rose to his lips, but, luckily, he repressed them; though his reticence arose rather from the fact that his heart gave such a bound of joyful surprise that his voice failed him, than because he retained self-control enough to keep back the exclamation which might reasonably have roused serious doubts of his sanity in the young lady's mind.

The surprised expression in the lovely eyes raised to his, helped to restore Ralph to an appearance of composure. He flung away his cigar, lifted his hat, and said:

"I beg your pardon! You wish to cross the lake, also?"

"Very much," she answered, with a little, grave, ceremonious bow, at once very dignified and very bewitching. "I came down at the hour for the boat, and again at six o'clock."

And she had twice been near him, and he had not known it! Dolt that he was, to have had no premonition of her being near, when, for three days and nights, sleeping or waking, he had dreamed of nothing save her!

But she was speaking still.

"One of the men yonder told me you were trying to find some person to take you across. I thought, perhaps, you would allow me to——"

"I'll have a boat in some way—I shall be most happy to offer you a seat," he broke in, conscious that not only had he interrupted her, but that his tone was much too eager to suit the circumstances, yet unable to check either words or eagerness.

"If you will allow me to pay my share, it would be a great favor to give me a place," she continued, quietly.

And Ralph could only bow again, able to think he was behaving like an idiot, but so filled with elated astonishment that he could not give much heed to his own shortcomings.

"I can get some one to take us over as soon as the fog rises," he said; "there are plenty of boats further down. I'll not try these fellows any more. But it is too chilly for you to wait here; there is a hotel quite near."

"Yes, I stopped the night there," she answered, and they walked back along the pier. Ralph's head was still whirling, but he managed to talk quietly enough of the weather, the unfaithful steamboat—any trifling subject he could find upon which two strangers might converse.

Neither noticed a man who had followed the lady on to the pier, stood quite close behind the pair during their short colloquy, and now turned when they did, keeping at a sufficient distance not to attract their attention.

The two young people reached the public house; Ralph conducted the lady into the parlor, and went off to the barroom in search of some person who could advise him how best to carry out his plan.

The man who had followed down the pier entered the barroom by the street-door, and was standing among the group of idlers gathered there when Ralph came in from the passage.

The bar-keeper was busy supplying the customers who, under one excuse or another—everybody had an excuse of some sort—were demanding spirits, and he proved elegantly indifferent to Desborough's questions. At last a bystander suggested that if "the young chap would go down toward Appleton's Wharf, he'd likely find what he wanted—there was sail-boats there for folks that was ready to plank the rhino."

Ralph hurried out—the man who had listened to his inquiries left the room before him and was on the steps.

"You want to cross the lake?" he said, with a slight Irish accent.

"Yes; have you got a boat?" demanded Ralph.

"I'm going as soon as the fog lifts a bit," was the answer.

Ralph looked at him—a tall, stalwart fellow, wrapped in a loose great-coat, its collar drawn up above his ears, the lower part of his face covered by a heavy auburn beard, and nothing remarkable in his appearance, except his unusual height and the strange glitter of the black eyes, which stared so steadfastly at Ralph.

"We are two passengers—a lady and myself," Desborough began to exclaim, but his listener cut him short.

"I know—I heard you talking to the bar-keeper. You offered ten dollars to get across—that's ridiculous."

"I'll give you fifteen if you will take us," cried the impatient Desborough.

The man gave an odd little laugh.

"I won't touch your money!" he cried, so fiercely that Ralph looked more closely at him, suspecting he was intoxicated; but he continued in a milder tone, "I am going anyway—there's room in the boat, and you are welcome to seats. I've some boxes and things, but they won't bother ye; only you'll leave your luggage to go by the steamboat to-night."

"Oh, of course! but you must let me pay our passage——"

"I tell ye I'll not take a penny," interrupted the man. "I'd sooner—I mean it's the pleasure of your company I want," he added, with another laugh. "Ye see I'm Irish, not a Yankee."

He nodded so pleasantly and spoke so naturally that Ralph put by his idea that the stranger had been drinking, and he reflected that the question of payment could be settled at the end of their brief voyage.

"Well, at least you will let me thank you," said he.

"You can do as you please about that, but it's always foolish to offer thanks in advance," returned the man.

"Come, you're a capital fellow, I am sure!" cried Ralph, in high delight at having arranged the matter. "When will you put off?"

"In about half an hour—come down to the next wharf."

"What is your name?" Ralph inquired.

"I didn't ask yours!" exclaimed the man, roughly.

"I beg your pardon—it was only that I might be able to find you."

"Since you'll see me myself—— Anyway, the boat's got her name painted on the stern—"The Arrowhead."

"We shall be there punctually," Ralph said.

The man nodded and walked rapidly away. Desborough went back into the inn and the room where he had left the young lady. She was moving up and down in a somewhat impatient fashion, and turned quickly toward the door as Ralph entered.

"I have found some one," he said, "but our luggage must wait."

"My trunk went over yesterday," she answered; "I have nothing but that satchel. I missed the boat just by a few moments—it is that makes me so anxious. I was expected at home last evening."

"We shall be across by noon," Ralph said. "I will just run down to the steamboat-office and see about my luggage. Then it will be time to go in search of our man."

"I—you have not told me what we are to pay," she said.

"Why, that's the oddest part of the business," returned Ralph, with one of his gay, ringing laughs. "The fellow refused to take a penny; however, no doubt I can manage the matter when we reach the other side."

"Refused?" she repeated, and Ralph fancied that her face expressed not only surprise, but a certain doubt.

"I assure you he did—sturdily enough, too! But we can settle it. I must see about my traps now—I shall only be a moment."

Ralph walked away upon air—the dreaming enthusiast! Rich, handsome, the imagination of a poet, and only two-and-twenty! Life had always hitherto given him whatever he most wanted; therefore, he was less surprised at the good nature of Destiny in arranging the incidents of the last hour, than an older and more experienced man might have been.

He was back again in a very brief space, but he had found time for the weaving of a vision so long that it would require whole pages to chronicle it, and the enthusiasm of his age to do the dream justice.

The two young people walked in the direction of the wharf where Ralph's new acquaintance had told him they would find the boat.

"There she is," Desborough said; "I can read the name from here, but I don't see anything of our man yet."

"He will come presently," the young lady answered. "The wharf is so damp that I think I will sit in the boat."

The sail was hoisted; the boat, fastened only by a rope, danced gayly up and down. Desborough helped her in, unstrapped a traveling-rug which he carried, and wrapped it carefully about her.

"It is still very chilly here," he said, in reply to some polite little remonstrance on her part; "but the sun is coming out gorgeously and will soon clear away the fog—it will be warm enough before we are half across."

"And it is such a lovely sail," she said.

"I have been down the lake in a steamboat, but I have never landed on the other side," Desborough observed.

"Ah! Are you going into the Adirondacs?"

"Possibly; but I mean to stop for awhile at Hillside."

"That is my home," she answered.

"I know it," were the words which rose to Ralph's lips, but he managed to keep them back, though had she been looking at him she might have wondered at the eager, joyous expression which lighted his face and brightened the great, brown eyes into sudden splendor.

"It—it is about ten miles from the shore, I believe," he said.

"Yes, quite up among the hills—such lovely views all about!"

"So I hear. I expect to get a fine lot of sketches."

"Ah! You are an artist?"

"I hope to be, some day," he answered. "There comes our man, I think—yes, that is he."

The young lady turned to look at the newcomer; but some movement of her hand dislodged a sandalwood bracelet from her wrist, and it dropped into the water. She leaned over the side, trying to catch the trinket before it could sink.

"Here we are, you see," she heard Desborough say; but no response followed—a nod as sullen as Charon could bestow upon some audacious shade impertinent enough to address him had been the only notice vouchsafed of the passenger's remark.

The lady was so occupied that the man had loosened the boat and stepped in before she raised her head, and when she found leisure to glance in his direction he was hidden by the sail about which he was busying himself.

"We are off!" said Desborough, turning toward her, just as she was holding up the bracelet.

"It dropped off my wrist," she said, in explanation. "Luckily it was light enough to float. I should have been so sorry to lose it. One of my little scholars gave it to me." Then, perhaps to make her sentence more clear, she added: "I have a school at Hillside."

"Yes, I know," Ralph said; and this time, before he knew it, he had spoken aloud.

The young lady gave him a somewhat surprised glance, saying:

"I understood that you had never been there?"

"But I knew about your school," returned he, "and I knew your name—Miss Mabel Jordan. I am quite a wizard, you perceive."

In an older man, the speech might have seemed a liberty; but he spoke so gayly, and laughed in such a boyish

fashion, and the handsome face turned toward her was so sparkling with fun, that the young lady laughed too.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Ralph Desborough."

She bestowed upon him quite a stately little bow. In spite of her girlish countenance and manners, there was something about her which proved that she could be dignified enough on occasion.

"You have not told me how you knew mine," she said.

"You were at Manchester a short time ago?"

"Oh, yes; I stopped there several days with one of my pupils—I took her to meet her aunt."

"Yes, and you had your photograph taken. I saw it in the gallery, and they told me your name and place of residence," Ralph replied, then stopped suddenly, afraid of saying too much.

Ah, would the time ever come when he should be free to tell her of his search—of his inexplicable feeling that fate was leading him on—of the wild dream which had blossomed into such fullness of beauty but an hour since, when at last he met her face to face?

He must not think—he should say something that would disturb or annoy her. His head felt fairly dizzy; every pulse throbbed in unison. Oh, enthusiast of two-and-twenty, living over the old, old poem, which to him appeared so fresh, so new—the poesy of love at first sight!

"We are getting on very fast now," he said; and in his heart there rose a wish that the enchanted voyage had been across a shoreless sea.

"Yes," Mabel Jordan answered; "we have the wind in our favor."

The fog was clearing rapidly. They were already well out in the lake. The boat skimmed forward like a bird. Behind, the outlines of the Green Mountains were visible. The opposite shore was hidden; but away in the distance, here and there, a lofty Adirondack peak lifted its crest toward the clouds, effulgent with the morning rays.

A pause followed. Mabel sat with her head turned so that she could watch the peaks. Desborough respected her mood, and remained furtively watching her lovely face, content either with silence or speech—was she not beside him?

They had been a full half-hour skimming on before the light wind; the boat flew so fast that a broad furrow of foam followed in its wake; the tiny waves leaped and sang about; broad-winged birds floated overhead; the mist separated and thinned, became fantastic sails and pennons, and floated away up toward the clouds, taking rainbow tints in the sun, which was powerful enough now to make the air like Summer.

All this while Mabel had forgotten that she had not yet seen the boatman. She was roused from her reverie by Desborough's voice asking some question, to which he received no answer.

Mabel looked back now. The man was standing by the sail, his face partially turned away, his coat-collar hiding it; but something in his figure struck her. She gave a little start.

Ralph noticed this movement.

"What is it?" he inquired. "Perhaps your seat is not comfortable?"

"Yes—yes—perfectly," she answered, trying hard to speak quietly; but there was an odd tremor in her tone, and her eyes were still fixed upon the boatman, filled with eager questioning, in which positive dread was mingled.

"It can't be!" she said, half aloud.

"I beg your pardon—did you speak?" Desborough asked.

"No. How fast we are running! What a beautiful day it is!" she replied, forcing herself into composure; resolutely turning her head away so that she could not see the man, just to give herself a little space to recover from her sudden alarm before she looked again, to have the dread of verifying her suspicion, or the comfort of making sure that some chance resemblance had deceived her.

Desborough was speaking—replying to her hurried exclamations about their pace, and the beauty of the morning; she, endeavoring to listen—to regain sufficient courage to look again at the boatman—to learn the truth, whatever it might be.

"I am afraid you are cold—you are shivering!" Desborough said.

"Indeed, no—it is quite warm now. Perhaps I got a little chilled coming out so early."

Try as she might to speak naturally, her voice was so changed that Ralph looked anxiously at her, and saw that her face had changed too. The delicate bloom, like the tint of a wild rose, had died out of her cheeks; the beautiful mouth was set and pale, and her eyes had grown almost black with some sudden trouble.

"I am sure you are ill!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she said, in a whisper. "Speak to the man—make him answer."

Still with his eyes fastened on her, Ralph called:

"How long shall we take to get over if the wind holds?"

There was no answer—the man did not stir.

"He won't speak," murmured Mabel. "Oh, it can't be—it can't!"

"How long did you say?" Ralph called again. "I shall have to dub you captain, since I don't know your name."

The man turned his face full toward them, flung back the collar of his coat, and burst into a loud laugh.

"My name is Denis Challoner," said he.

Ralph heard the girl give a breath that was like a groan.

"Is the fellow drunk?" muttered Desborough, angrily.

"Hush!" Mabel Jordan whispered. "He is mad—he is mad!"

CHAPTER II.

IN HIS FRENZY.

THERE was a brief silence; Ralph had only imperfectly caught his companion's terrified whisper; he sat wondering if he had heard aright—watching the man's face, conscious of a score of thoughts, lightning-like in their rapidity, sweeping through his brain, but all with one source and aim—the girl beside him.

The man had ceased laughing, but he still stood with his eyes fixed on Mabel—eyes that blazed with a terrible fire from under the heavy, overhanging brows.

The rare courage and presence of mind which women so often show in the presence of unexpected danger nerved the girl now.

"Is it possible that is you, Mr. Challoner?" she exclaimed. At the same time an almost imperceptible movement of her hand signaled Desborough to leave the guidance of matters with her for the moment. "Your beard has changed you so much that I did not recognize you."

"It is Denis Challoner," he answered, quietly enough.

"I can scarcely believe my eyes," she continued, trying to laugh—bearing up so bravely that, even amid the whirl in his brain, Desborough was conscious of a thrill of admiration for her courage.

"Mine never deceive me," was the quick reply; and now there was a sort of sullen growl in the man's voice.

Mabel's lifted finger still warned Desborough to remain passive—he reflected that if the man was really insane, it might be that she, an acquaintance, could keep him quiet when any interference from a stranger would at once rouse his temper.

Ralph gave a quick glance toward either shore. Away at the back he could still distinguish the town—roofs and steeples shining like burnished gold in the sunlight. In front, no shore yet visible; in the further distance the Adirondack peaks rising more and more clearly—the boat speeding on, the birds and the white clouds sailing overhead, the waves laughing, the wind singing—all about so peaceful! Then to look into the boat anew—at the white face of the girl, the awful glare in the eyes of the man opposite. It was like a hideous dream; but he sat still.

Then he heard Mabel's voice again.

"Have you been long in Vermont?" she was asking.

"Not long," said Challoner.

"I—I thought you had gone to South America," she continued, still trying to speak lightly, still with that piteous ring, under the pretense of composure.

"I know you thought so," he replied.

Desborough's first suspicion returned; the fellow was intoxicated, not insane.

"You have not told me what time you mean to land us on the other side, Mr. Challoner?" he said.

"I know I haven't," was the answer he received. "I'll talk to you about that presently."

He began to laugh again, but checked himself—turned his head away, and stared out across the water. And the pair watching him could see his lips move, but no words were audible.

"Don't—don't speak!" Mabel whispered. "I tell you he is crazy! Leave him to me. We may yet get across safely."

For some moments the silence remained unbroken; Challoner stood gazing out over the sparkling waves. The youthful couple were covertly watching him. At length he seated himself, holding the rope in his hand and apparently entirely occupied with management of the sail. Suddenly he wheeled about and confronted the pair. His eyes were like two coals of fire. Again he laughed—such a low, dreadful laugh! Ralph felt Mabel tremble in every limb; he sat expecting some violent outbreak, thinking brokenly that he had no weapon within reach; wondering, half vaguely, what chance he should have in a hand-to-hand conflict—vaguely recalling stories he had heard of such encounters.

"A little more to the left—keep that sugar-loaf peak before you," said Denis Challoner, calmly.

"All right," Ralph answered.

Another silence. Suddenly Challoner said, half aloud:

"All right—he said all right!"

"I am making for the mountain," observed Desborough, hoping that it might be possible to keep the man's mind concentrated on some commonplace subject. "We are spinning along bravely, are we not?"

"We'll do better presently," returned Challoner. Then he addressed the lady again.

"So you thought I had gone to South America, Miss Mabel?"

"Yes; you told me you were going."

"I put it off—I put it off!" he said; and seemed for a few seconds to fall into a deep reverie. Then he roused himself.

"And you have had a peaceful time, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, you know our little town is always quiet.

"When the wild Irishman is not there—your friend, Semantha Dawson, always called me that," he said.

"Did she?"

"You know she did!" he exclaimed, with such violence that Desborough started forward.

"Sit still, sir!" said Challoner, again subduing his voice, "else you'll upset us all."

"We should have a rather cold bath," Ralph replied, pleasantly.

"There's something colder than water at midwinter—do you know what it is?" demanded Challoner. "I'll tell you—a woman's heart!"

Ralph did not reply—a chance word might be enough to rouse his delirium.

"And you didn't expect me, of all people, to sail you across the lake to-day, Miss Jordan?" continued Challoner.

"Certainly not, as you may imagine! What a nice boat you have!"

"I bought it this morning—expressly to bring you out in," said he. "I came back on purpose to see you. I didn't want to come, but they told me I must. It was all made clear in a dream."

He spoke very quietly—like a person thinking aloud; his eyes were cast down—the lids vailed their fires.

"I—I am glad to see you," Mabel said, with a little gasp.

"Destiny! destiny!" he exclaimed, still not looking up. "Mabel Jordan, does it seem strange that I should be taking you to your home—taking you and your lover?'

Mabel laid her hand on Desborough's arm and kept him quiet.

"I never saw this gentleman until to-day," she said. "I met him on the pier, and——"

"I know," Challoner interrupted. "I heard your talk. I knew him—he had forgotten me, though. We were in the train together from Manchester. He dropped your picture out of his pocket. I picked it up. Once, when he thought nobody saw, he kissed it, and called it sweet names. Ha, ha! I saw! Going to his love. I knew, and I followed—ha, ha, I followed!"

Ralph sprang to his feet, and stood between the girl and the speaker.

"Sit down, sit down!" moaned Mabel.

The lunatic lifted his hat with an exaggerated affectation of courtesy, and said to Desborough:

"Might I request you, sir, to keep your seat? I suppose you don't wish to to give the young lady a ducking."

"No," Ralph said, fixing his eyes sternly on the man, "but I cannot permit you to talk in that way."

The maniac's glance sank under his.

"I'm only the Wild Irishman—don't mind me," he said; and he began to whistle in the most marvelous fashion. It was positively like listening to a concert of thrushes.

When he ceased, Mabel, still deathly white to her very lips, said:

"You whistle as beautifully as ever! I wish you would sing. Do let me hear 'Kathleen Mavourneen' again."

He sang—in a deep, rich baritone voice—sang with a passion and tenderness quite indescribable; his eyes fixed on Mabel's face—now blazing with a terrible fire, now misty and dim as if obscured by tears.

And the boat sped on. The birds circled overhead, the sun shone more and more gorgeously—the waters sparkled like a floor of molten jewels, the distant mountains loomed higher and more dazzling against the horizon. The long, picturesquely broken sweep of shore began to be visible—the outlines of the village. They were rapidly nearing their goal; another hour, less perhaps, would bring them to land!

If the madman could only be kept quiet! The pair glanced at one another and back at him; and he sat motionless, trolling out the measures of the beautiful old song.

His voice died in the last echoes of the piteous prayer; still he did not stir.

"I never heard you sing so well," Mabel said, softly.

She had spoken because she saw he was regarding her; yet, when she did so, he started as if her tones took him by surprise.

"I was forgetting—forgetting," he muttered; but the words were uttered so low that neither of the eager listeners caught them.

"Will you sing me something else?" Mabel asked.

"Why don't you ask him?" demanded the Irishman, pointing to Desborough.

"Unfortunately, I have no voice," Ralph observed.

"Too much voice—too much," returned the other, and began to laugh.

Mabel tried to laugh also; Desborough, from a wish to humor the man, joined in her merriment. In a second—a flash—with a bound as rapid as that of a tiger, the maniac sprang upon him, and dragged him into the bottom of the boat.

"When will I land you?" he cried. "Now! And I'll tell you where—down among the the fishes—down, down!"

The attack had been so sudden, that before Desborough could so much as raise his hand, the madman had flung him over and pressed one knee upon his breast. In falling, Ralph's head struck a box placed amidships, and for a few seconds he was so stunned that he could make slight effort to throw off his assailant.

"You'll never have her—never!" shouted the lunatic. "It has all come true—just as they told me in my dream!"

Ralph managed partially to raise himself—to loosen the clutch upon his throat, but he was unable to stir the weight upon his chest.

"No use," cried Challoner; "no use! The devils may lend you all their strength, but even then you are no match for me."

Mabel gave a faint shriek, but uttered no sound after that. She had been hurt in the onslaught made by the maniac, and the fall of the two men, under whose combined weight the boat had careened to one side, till her first thought was they were going over.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, she flung herself forward with all her force—a force to which terror added—and threw both arms about Challoner's neck, and fairly pulled him backward. The instant the pressure upon his chest loosened, Desborough succeeded in extricating himself, and got upon his feet. The madman lay passive in Mabel's grasp, looking up into her face with his burning eyes; only when he saw Ralph rise, he cried out in inarticulate wrath, and tried to push the girl away.

"If you touch him," she exclaimed; "if you so much as lift a finger, I will jump overboard and drown myself. You know I always keep my word, Denis!"

"I won't," he said, in a calmer tone. "It is over—a sort of fit. I've had them lately. I shall be quiet now. I'm not exactly crazy—just a little wrong sometimes, you know. I've noticed it myself lately; but once the spasm is over, I am steady enough again."

"That is all right," Desborough said, cheerfully.

Mabel was leaning back in her seat, white as a ghost. Challoner's eyes were fastened on her; but as Ralph spoke he turned his head.

"I hope I didn't hurt you?" he said. "I am sorry I frightened you, Miss Mabel. It's all over."

He spoke with so much calmness that had Ralph not caught the quick, demoniac gleam in the eyes which glanced toward him, he might have believed the poor wretch had for the time recovered sufficient control of his faculties, so that no further outbreak need to be dreaded.

"You are not frightened now, Mabel?" asked Denis.

"No," she replied, with a firmness which, even in the height of his fears for her safety, caused Desborough a strong thrill of admiration for her courage.

Heavens! If anybody had told him at this moment that he would live to look back upon this scene, and be forced to recall the bravery she showed as an additional item in the count against her—a proof that her nerve was steady enough to carry her through any emergency where her indomitable will had vowed to conquer!

"You are a brave girl, Mabel," Challoner said, looking at her with a smile.

"I am not frightened," she answered, steadily returning his gaze; "but if you want me to believe you, you must do what I wish."

"I will—I promise in advance."

"Go and sit in the bow. Mr. Desborough will steer: I can manage the sail—I know how. If I want your help I can call you."

"So you *are* afraid?"

"I told you I was not—I always tell the truth!" she exclaimed, imperiously.

"Yes," he said, "always."

"Do as I bid you, or I will not stop in the boat," she continued. "I tell you I will risk drowning—anything—if you do not go!"

There was no faltering in her voice—it rang out clear as a silver trumpet; her eyes never flinched—the madman's fiery orbs drooped under hers.

"I'll go," he said; "I'll go."

He passed over to the bow of the boat, and sat down—sat for some minutes, leaning his head on his hand. Desborough and the girl exchanged glances, but did not speak. The boat flew on; nearer and nearer loomed the shore, safety approaching with each instant.

Presently they saw Challoner wrapping a handkerchief about his wrist, and he said:

"I hurt my hand—it is bleeding. I think I cut one of the veins against something when I fell. So you would not have been afraid to drown yourself, Mabel?"

"No," she answered; "you know I would not. But never mind that—it is all over."

"All over—I'm quite right again."

He spoke faintly, still working at the handkerchief. They could see that it was already covered with red stains.

"Have you tied it up?" Mabel asked.

"I can't make the knot hold—I'm awkward with my left hand," he said. "However, I dare say I shall manage it presently. The old proverb, you know, says that necessity is the mother of invention."

Desborough moved in his seat, but a slight gesture from Mabel signaled him not to stir. Challoner kept his head bent, apparently too much occupied with his task to notice them for the moment.

"He is perfectly quiet," Ralph whispered. "The bloodletting has restored his senses for the time. We shall have no further trouble."

"But your going might irritate him," Miss Jordan answered, in the same carefully guarded tone.

Just then Challoner looked up and said, quietly:

"I can't fasten it. I shall bleed to death at this rate. I'd rather, than frighten you again, Miss Mabel—but won't you let me come there long enough for you to tie the handkerchief?"

He rose as he spoke, then staggered back into his seat, as if dizzy from the loss of blood.

"Sit still—don't try to move!" Miss Jordan exclaimed. "I will come to you—don't move, I say!"

The instinct of humanity held every personal thought

in abeyance, and Desborough shared the sensation. The sufferer had turned so suddenly white and weak that their simultaneous reflection was, he had severed some important artery, and was dying before their eyes.

Mabel flung the rope within Ralph Desborough's reach, and made her way among the boxes to the bow of the boat. The young man sat still, watching eagerly, ready to spring forward if Challoner so much as stirred, but believing that the hurt had so completely restored his sanity that no danger was to be feared.

"You are very kind," Challoner said, as she approached. "I'm so sorry I frightened you, Miss Mabel!"

"That is no matter," she replied. "All we have to think of now is this cut you have given your wrist."

"It is so good of you to care, even," he said, in a slow, difficult voice. "I'm sure I do not deserve it." His eyes looked glazed and dim—half-closed, as if he were nearly fainting. "The boat seems as long again as it ought," he added, with a little effort to laugh.

He had, for the time, regained entire possession of his reason—that was the thought in the minds of the trio who watched him.

"Now let me look at this poor wrist," Mabel said, as she reached the place where he sat.

"Yes—thanks," returned he; then called in a louder tone, apparently making a great effort to do so: "Keep more to the left, Mr. Desborough—to the left! Haul the sail in a little!"

"Ay, ay, captain!" Ralph answered. "I'll manage well enough. Just you attend to having your hand put right."

He tried hard to speak cheerfully. Challoner's weakness was so evident that he could only recollect that each instant might be precious where the poor fellow's very life was concerned. Mabel bent over the man; the handkerchief bound about his wrist had less blood on it than she expected to find. She took the two ends and was drawing them hard together, when he suddenly caught her in his arms and started to his feet with a dreadful laugh.

"Your new lover shall never have you!" he cried. "You were ready to drown yourself—come, come! I swore you should not escape me; I came back on purpose—my love—my darling!"

The girl struggled frantically in the maniac's embrace, but did not even utter a sound.

Desborough let go the tiller and the rope, sprang over the boxes, dealt the madman a blow which sent him reeling, and seized Mabel as she too was falling.

At the same instant the sail flapped, the boat careened—the three went down, down into the shining waters.

A fishing bark at a short distance had witnessed the mishap, and the rowers made for the spot.

Ralph rose to the surface, still holding Mabel in his arms. They came up close by the boat; he strove to catch the tiller; he heard his own voice moaning:

"I loved you, Mabel—I loved you!"

The hurt he had received, and the suffocation from going under the waves, completely broke his strength. He tried to strike out with one hand—to swim. They were going down again—he realized that—going down together!"

Again he heard his own voice utter her name.

"Mabel, Mabel!"

Then a great darkness gathered, and his soul drifted off into the mysterious realm of insensibility.

When consciousness returned, he was lying on a bed; several people were standing about. He raised himself and looked wildly around.

"Where—where is she?" he moaned.

"Safe—safe!" Mabel answered; and he felt her hand close softly over his.

CHAPTER III.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

THE brightness of a late September afternoon glorified the landscape; masses of red and amber clouds gathering in the west gave token of the approaching sunset.

In the middle distance, the Hudson shone like a broad band of silver, dotted with the sails of countless sloops that looked like vast flocks of white birds skimming over its surface. Now and then a great steamboat, puffing out clouds of dark smoke, appeared, and seemed to scatter the barks right and left, like some fearful antediluvian monster sweeping down upon his prey. Then came the sweep of towns and villages, fields and woodlands; then an indistinct glory of light and shadow, resembling the entrance to some enchanted sphere. Still beyond, the line of the Catskill peaks, so bright and gorgeous it would have been easy to believe them the upper portico of that magic world, leading into heaven itself.

On an eminence overlooking the beautiful scene, stood one of the oldest and finest country-seats the stretch of the river can boast. The house dated back to the Revolution, and had been added to by successive proprietors—here putting wings, there lofty towers, till, with the wide expanse of woodland which surrounded it, its aspect was so medieval that a wanderer from foreign lands might have fancied himself gazing at one of the castle-homes of England, rather than a dwelling belonging to the later architecture of our New World.

Along the front of the mansion spread a broad terrace—a noble lawn reaching to the steps; at the left, great flower-gardens; at the right, thick shrubbery.

An elderly gentleman was walking slowly up and down the terrace, leaning on the arm of a servant evidently still older than himself, though the man possessed an air of vitality which his master had lost.

This picturesque dwelling had been Ralph Desborough's home from early childhood, and the gentleman on the terrace was Gilbert Harrington, who had proved a second father to Ralph Desborough. A carriage appeared on the winding road which led from the gates.

"Who can that be?" said Mr. Harrington.

Old Waters looked, and recognized the person, who just then leaned out of the hack-window, waving his hand in salutation.

"It is Mr. Reeves, sir," said Waters.

"I thought he was still in the White Mountains!"

The carriage reached the terrace. The new arrival descended.

"Why, Charles, how do you happen to find your way here?" called Mr. Harrington. "I did not expect to see you for a fortnight yet."

The gentleman came up the steps; the two shook hands.

"I got back to town several days ago," Mr. Reeves said; "some business called me home. To-day I was at leisure, so I took the half-past three train up, but I never will again—I could have walked faster."

"You are here, at all events. I am very glad to see your face again," said Mr. Harrington, cordially. "You mean to stop the night, of course?"

"Oh yes, if you will keep me."

"Don't you want some luncheon? Two hours yet to dinner."

"No, thanks; I lunched at my usual time."

"But a glass of wine, at least. Waters, Mr. Reeves will have some sherry."

"Ah, Waters, I needn't ask after your health," the visitor said.

"Looks fresh as a daisy, doesn't he?" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, laughing with such unusual heartiness that Reeves gave him a glance of surprise—a glance in which a certain pity mingled. "I really believe Waters means to blossom a second time, and come out an interesting youth!"

"It's enough to make me, to see Master Gilbert looking so well, isn't it, sir?" cried Waters, turning toward Mr. Reeves.

Waters had said "Master Gilbert" ever since the owner of the name was twenty, so he was forty years too old to change a habit which might have caused a domestic of the modern school to smile in scorn of his subserviency—certainly would have roused such an one's wonder, could he have known that Waters clung to the title from a deep, unbounded devotion to the man he had served so long that he had come to hold the position of friend, rather than servant, though the consciousness of this fact only rendered Waters, if possible, more thorough in the discharge of his duties.

"Don't you find him looking a great deal better, sir?" persisted Waters.

"Indeed I do," Mr. Reeves said.

"No thanks to you!" Mr. Harrington said, laughing again, "since you go wandering off on Summer tours, and never come near for more than a month—or Ralph Desborough either, the young scapegrace, following your example!"

Charles Reeves had tried to echo his cousin's merriment; but the laughter died suddenly on his lips when that name was pronounced.

"Ah, now, sir, you know Mr. Ralph could scarcely be persuaded to leave you," cried Waters. "You had quite to insist on his going!"

"Oh, of course nobody must hint that the boy is not perfection," returned Mr. Harrington. "Get along with you, you old goose, and bring the sherry! It is too fine to stop indoors, so we will sit here for a while, Charles."

Presently Waters reappeared, placed the decanter and glasses on a table, and left the two cousins together. They conversed for some time upon indifferent matters; but Charles Reeves, usually the stiffest, most ceremonious of men, was singularly unlike himself. He got up and sat down—moved restlessly in his seat—commenced sentences which he did not finish—asked questions, then began to speak of something else without waiting for an answer.

For a while Mr. Harrington made no remark upon the oddity of his cousin's manner, though it did not escape his notice, and his keen gray eyes studied the other's face with covert attention.

At length he asked, suddenly:

"Are you not well, Charles?"

"I? Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then what is the matter? You are not like yourself. I never saw you fidget before in your whole life."

"I believe I am very tired; I rather overdid myself up in the mountains—did too much climbing, I fancy."

"Oh," cried Mr. Harrington, "if a man will believe he is still a boy at seven-and-forty, he must take the consequences."

Again he laughed. Reeves had not in years seen him so gay. Once more that expression of pity flitted over his face, and was succeeded by a stern, hard look which his severe features could so easily assume.

"We must all take the consequences of our acts," he said, in an odd tone, which sounded as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud—as if his cousin's playful speech had roused some train of thought widely different from that which it might have been expected to produce.

"A man does not need to live to be sixty to find that out, though you utter the truism with as much severity as though you wanted to make a personal application of it to me," returned Mr. Harrington, still speaking in the same playful tone.

Usually the most suspicious of men—the readiest to anticipate disaster, he remained blind and deaf to all that Charles Reeves's words and manner portended—put it down to physical fatigue, and had no shadow of premonition that it arose from a mental trouble in which he had a share—nay, more, was so concentrated upon himself that Reeves's part was only that of sympathy, futile sympathy, too; since it was powerless even to soften the blow whose falling could not be delayed.

"Where is Ralph Desborough?" he asked, abruptly.

"I suppose encamped in the heart of the Adirondacks," Mr. Harrington answered, still blind and deaf—still speaking in that light, cheerful tone which cut Reeves to the heart. "Didn't we tell you?"

"When he wrote to me for you about a month ago, he mentioned that he was starting on his trip," Mr. Reeves said.

"Ah, well! He went up into Vermont—I had a letter. Then about three weeks ago I got a telegram from Burlington; he was going across the lake the next morning. He said he had written a second time; that letter must have failed."

"And you have not heard since?"

"Only by another telegram—just saying he was so far on his journey—hoped I had his letter. The telegram was dated—let me see—oh, yes, Hillside; I think that's a village up toward the mountains."

"Yes," Mr. Reeves said.

"Precisely! Well, he would make no stop there; I am expecting a letter every day; he is sure to have met some party coming out of the woods, and sent me news by them." Mr. Reeves made no reply.

"If the men he gives it to do not forget to post the letter," pursued Mr. Harrington; "people are usually so careless about attending to anything unless they have some personal interest in the matter."

Still Mr. Reeves did not speak.

Mr. Harrington glanced quickly toward him.

"I believe you are asleep!" he exclaimed. "Why, you have not touched your wine! Drink it, man, and see if it won't rouse you a little."

Thus urged, Mr. Reeves raised the glass to his lips, but sat it down again after having barely tasted its contents. He rose from his chair, took a few rapid turns back and forth on the terrace—came back—seated himself again—caught up the glass and swallowed the wine at a draught.

Mr. Harrington was watching him closely enough now, and his own face suddenly reflected the trouble and pallor visible in that of Charles Reeves. He leaned forward and laid his hand on his cousin's arm.

"You have not heard from Ralph—nothing has happened to him——?"

"I have heard nothing from him except that one letter——"

"Yes, of course—of course!" Mr. Harrington again broke in. "A nonsensical idea on my part—only you are odd, Charles, to-day—odd!"

He patted his cousin's arm with his fingers, as if beseeching him to speak and say that nothing was the matter, his

NORMAN DEBOROUGH'S SON.—"CHALLONER SUDDENLY CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS AND STARTED TO HIS FEET WITH A DREADFUL LAUGH. 'YOUR NEW LOVER SHALL NEVER HAVE YOU!' HE CRIED. 'DEBOROUGH'S SON, GO THE WILLED AND THE HOPE SPRANG OVER THE RAVED DEAD THE MADMAN A BLOW WHICH SENT HIM REELING AND SENT ALL ... TO ..."

countenance all the while growing more agitated. Suddenly he called:

"You have bad news of some sort for me. Out with it, man! I am not a baby, that you should try to spare my feelings for fear I might whimper."

He spoke sharply enough now; but, stern as his voice was, Reeves's ear caught the ring of anxiety, and the face, fixed and hard as it grew, had a certain pathetic trouble in its expression which warned the visitor that, though the man's will might remain unbroken as ever, he no longer possessed the physical strength necessary to support a great shock.

But the tidings must be given. There could be no avoiding that duty, painful as it was—at least in Charles Reeves's case. His straightforward, but somewhat narrow, mind knew nothing about compromise where right and wrong were concerned—held none of the tenderness which might have made another err on the side of mercy, not only for the sake of the culprit, but for Gilbert Harrington's sake also.

"Are you deaf, Charles?" his cousin demanded, in his harshest tone.

The trouble had left his face; there was nothing but iron determination visible in it now. The deep-set gray eyes looked out from under their heavy brows with a cold fire like the gleam of steel.

"Some money loss, I suppose—I know of nothing else that could come. Well, it can't easily be ruin, either to you or me, and we must expect to take our share in the misfortunes which have been making a sort of whirlwind through the land for months past. Come—who has cheated us? what bank has broken? what railway failed?"

"It is nothing of that sort, Gilbert," Mr. Reeves said.

"Then what is it? Hang it, man, you know that even my sixty years haven't taught me patience! Don't try me too far!" Mr. Harrington exclaimed.

"Let us go into the house—into your library; one can't talk here," Charles Reeves said—firm as he was, anxious to have still a few instants' respite before he told his tale.

"Oh, I'll go wherever you like," returned Mr. Harrington.

He half rose from his chair, then sank back; and the lines about his mouth trembled a little in unison with the softened tone of his voice, as he added:

"Nothing has happened to Ralph?—you told me you had not heard from him."

"I have not heard from him," replied Reeves, with a certain emphasis on the closing words. "Take my arm, Gilbert."

"I don't want your arm—I've my stick. I'm not quite helpless yet," Mr. Harrington retorted; and the voice would have been fierce, save for the piteous undertone of anxiety which made itself audible.

Reeves turned to walk down the terrace toward the great doors which led into the principal entrance.

"I don't see any necessity of our walking a mile," called his cousin.

"Yes, of course—how stupid of me!" replied Reeves.

They were near the end of the terrace. A broad piazza joined it, and ran along the southern side of the house, where Mr. Harrington's rooms were situated. They passed into a hall which connected with the main corridor, and entered the library—a noble, great room, but too sombre in tone and coloring to be cheerful.

Mr. Harrington seated himself in his favorite easy-chair, near one of the windows. Reeves stood by a writing-table placed near the chair.

"Sit down, man sit down!" said his cousin. "Don't stand there looking so like a judge just ready to put on his black cap." Then he added, quickly: "Don't mind my crossness, Charles—you know I'm a captious old fellow, in these days."

Reeves stretched out his hand and laid it on Harrington's.

"If my conscience would allow me to keep silent——" he began.

But the other interrupted:

"It has to be told—no good trying to soften matters. Come, come, Charles—it must be some money loss? After all, it can't be so very terrible."

"There is a loss of money involved, but that is not the worst," Reeves answered.

"Well, what is it? Has somebody we have trusted proved a villain?"

"Yes."

"What has he done—stolen? forged?—what?"

The reply came slowly—with difficulty. It was plain that it required a great effort for Reeves to speak with even a show of composure.

"Altered two checks bearing your signature."

"What dates—how long since?" Mr. Harrington asked, sitting perfectly still, his keen eyes full on Reeves's face.

"The first was drawn some months since; the last one only about six weeks."

"They have been traced—you know who is guilty?"

"Yes."

"He shall be punished. You will not find me hesitate this time, Charles. Twenty years ago a man forged my name, and I forgave the villain. You remember the oath I took then?"

"Never to overlook a similar offense——"

"Ay, not if he were my own brother! That time the forger was Norman Desborough; who is it now?"

Charles Reeves turned away his head. His voice scarcely rose above a whisper as he answered:

"Norman Desborough's son."

There was an instant's silence. The table shook from the trembling of a hand laid upon it; but it was Reeves who displayed this emotion. Gilbert Harrington sat upright and unmoved as a figure carved from marble.

"You speak too low," he said, in a tone so cold and passionless that it was more startling than any outburst of grief or anger could have been. "Did I hear you? Ralph?—did you say Ralph?"

"Ralph!" repeated Charles Reeves; then his miserable pretense of calmness gave way, and he cried, brokenly: "Gilbert! Gilbert! I would rather have cut my right hand off than be the one to deal this blow!"

"I do not suffer," the strong voice replied. "Ralph Desborough—Ralph! My adopted—no, Norman's son—Norman's son! Well, Norman's son shall pay the penalty. Take care, Charles—take care! You wouldn't come here without a certainty. If another man had told me, there might be a doubt—I should not believe; but there can be no mistake—no shadow of a possibility of one."

"None, Gilbert!"

"Not that they passed through another's hands? that——" He did not finish the sentence. "You are certain—you have the proof—you are Charles Reeves! Well, go on—you see I can bear it—go on! Norman's son altered the checks—go on."

"When you paid his college debts you knew that George Nesbitt's confidential man of business was one of his creditors——"

"Thomas Sloane—yes."

"The check he paid to Sloane—paid it himself in Nesbitt's presence—wrote his name before them. You gave him a check for three thousand——"

"Which he told me was what he owed Sloane."

"It was altered to seven—and that was the amount he owed."

"I knew there could be no doubt since it was you who came to tell me—none. I told you so," the stony voice answered, while the upright figure sat rigid as before and the white face preserved its mask-like immobility.

"I have brought you Sloane's account—two letters Ralph wrote him in which the amount is named."

"Presently—we will look at them presently. Now the second check? I drew him one for five hundred dollars some weeks since."

"Altered to fifteen hundred."

"Presented at the bank?"

"No, to Nesbitt. It was done in this way. He stopped at the office to give George a message from you; was in great haste to catch the Staten Island boat, and meet some friends. Said he had a check to cash, and was afraid he should be late if he went up to the bank. 'I'll cash it for you, if it's not too large a sum,' Nesbitt said. One of Nesbitt's clerks was writing in the room, and remembers hearing the conversation."

"Repeat it."

"When Nesbitt said 'if it's not too large a sum,' Ralph laughed, and answered, 'Oh, I won't take more than fifteen hundred out of you to-day. You'll not have to wrong any of your superabundant widows and orphans to spare me that."

Reeves paused, moistened his lips with his tongue—they felt hot and parched. Each word hurt him in the utterance as if it had been a leaden weight in his throat. But there was no show of emotion in the face that watched him—no movement of the rigid frame, save a slight, imperious gesture, which bade the speaker continue.

"Then Ralph thanked Nesbitt, took the money and hurried off. The clerk remembered it all very clearly, from the fact of Ralph's forgetting his gloves and stick, and Nesbitt's telling him to run after Mr. Desborough and give them back."

"That makes the second clear. Is there anything else?"

"That is all."

"Now show me the letters—I mean the letters to Sloane."

Mr. Reeves took a note-case from the breast-pocket of his coat, and laid an envelope on the table.

"I have Sloane's accounts, too——"

"I don't need to look at them—the letters are what I want."

He opened the epistles and read them in turn. In each the sum Desborough owed Thomas Sloane was mentioned—seven thousand dollars.

Mr. Harrington put the letters back in the envelope, and sat motionless again.

"Gilbert, don't take it like this—you frighten me! Say something—I know what a blow it is!" cried Reeves.

"I do not suffer—I told you so," he answered.

"I feel it all the more—this being the one to tell you; because it was always difficult for me to believe in Ralph——"

"Norman's son! I know—when he was a a child, and I took him in, you warned me that he was Norman's son. Well, well! So you found it out—it was a bold stroke even for a fellow with Desborough's blood in his veins! Ha, ha! I suppose he thought if exposure ever came, the old man would forgive him—a weak old man, who was fond of the tiger's cub!"

There was something inexpressibly dreadful in the low, mirthless laugh, which did not even perceptibly stir his white lips.

"He must have believed himself perfectly safe—he had every reason to do so," Reeves said, hurriedly, speaking rather to escape that awful sound than because his explanation was necessary. "When I found out about his college debts and felt bound to tell you, and he made his avowal and set things right with you——"

"And kissed me in his gratitude as if I had been an old woman," interrupted Mr. Harrington. "How he must have laughed in his sleeve to think how easily he could deceive the half-paralyzed old fool! Yes—well, Charles, well?"

"You told me in his presence that you were satisfied—that no word was ever to be spoken about the matter."

"Just so—the old fool did that."

"So it was only by accident that I knew the sum he told you he owed Sloane—three thousand dollars. I was on the veranda; I thought you had done talking; I came up just in time to hear that. Then I discovered you had not finished and went away."

"So, after all, the trick was not a shallow one—it was deep enough to be worthy of Norman's son! I see—he knew that I never looked at any of the accounts with Nesbitt. They would go through your hands at the semi-annual examination and you, knowing Sloane was one of his creditors, would think it all right."

"As I should, if I had not happened to hear the amount named by you."

"How long have you known?"

"Only a few days. I wanted to stop longer at Gorham, and I wrote Nesbitt to send me the schedules and balance-sheet. It is a mere form, anyway—looking it over——"

"And you came upon the money paid Sloane."

"Gilbert, even then I should have kept it to myself. I should have let Ralph know that I had found him out. But if he showed penitence I would have spared you——"

"Penitence from Norman's son!"

"But when I discovered that he had been guilty a second time, for you had told me that he must have five hundred for his Summer trip—then it became impossible for me to keep silent, if only for the mad fellow's own sake—he might have been led on to villanies where even we could not have protected him."

"Protect Norman's son!"

"As you will, Gilbert; at least that you will do!"

"Who knows of this beside ourselves?" Mr. Harrington asked, as if he had not heard Reeves's sentence.

"George Nesbitt and Sloane. It had to come out. The clerk, of course, knows nothing, As for George—well, Gilbert, he was not surprised! It seems he knew something of Ralph's goings on. He said very little; you know how careful he is—how loath to speak or believe ill of anybody."

"Oh yes, yes; George is sincere enough in his pious ideas. I've not known him thirty years without finding that out. Well, well, Charles, it is all said—there's nothing more? Don't stop indoors any longer; go out and look at the sunset—I'll see you at dinner."

Reeves rose from his seat, but stood hesitating, anxiously studying the countenance turned full upon him, cold and immovable as ever.

"I don't like to leave you, Gilbert," he said; "your very composure troubles me—don't be vexed!"

"Why should I be vexed? I understand—you are afraid I shall fall in a fit or have a second stroke. Don't be alarmed, Charles Reeves—don't be alarmed! I have to live—to keep my faculties; I've some work to do yet—work to do! And when I die, it won't be from grief for Norman Desborough's son, trust me!"

"No, you'll not die; you are strong enough to last years yet. It's not that. But I know—I suffer enough myself to know what you must feel!"

"It is false, sir—it is false!" exclaimed the old man, smiting the table with his clinched hand. "I don't suffer! I feel nothing, sir—not even surprise—Norman's son! I don't even wonder at my past folly and blindness. In one way or another I have been a blind fool all my days! I think my eyes are opened now. I think for the rest of the life that remains to me I shall keep them so! I have had a good many illusions in these years; they went, one after another—this was the last; it had a fine object, Norman Desborough's son! Why, wherever he is, Norman must laugh; but he can't have the satisfaction of seeing me grieve—no, no, he can't have that—he did once! When he stole Nora he knew he cut me to the heart; but now, now—oh, it is very different now!"

He rose from his chair and stood erect; the face was like the face of a three days' corpse, yellow, shrunken; no sign of life save in the fiery eyes; the very voice sounded dead!

"Gilbert, Gilbert!" his cousin cried, in terror.

The old man looked at him with an awful smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I was rude to you just now, Charles Reeves—I beg your pardon. I am an impatient creature, you know—I have been all my life. You'll excuse me, sir, I hope."

He tottered slightly. Reeves stretched out his arm to support him, saying:

"Sit down, Gilbert—sit down!"

"I told you I did not want help," returned Mr. Harrington; "I don't want advice, either.

"Only rest a little—let me get you some water."

Harrington passed his right hand impatiently across his forehead, with a movement as if brushing away something which obscured his sight—that terrible smile still on his lips.

"I shall ask you to leave me alone for a little," he said, with slow, laborious courtesy. "I always like to think matters over, when any news comes suddenly upon me, and I have a good deal to do."

"Don't try to think yet, Gilbert; there is plenty of time," pleaded Mr. Reeves.

"Plenty of time," his cousin repeated; "plenty! Old and foolish; isn't that the expression? Not in my case—not in mine! I have been a fool all my life, but just now, in my age, I am coming into full possession of my reason; a little late, maybe—a little late; you may have noticed, Charles Reeves, that the good things of this world usually come so. But in this instance one can say, better late than never! Go and walk, Charles—we shall meet at dinner."

Some further hesitating words of expostulation rose to Mr. Reeves's lips, but they were checked by a knock at the door; then it opened quickly, and old Waters hurried in, exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but there's a letter from the boy—from Mr. Ralph, sir! It must be the one that missed, for it is postmarked three weeks back——"

"Norman's son—Norman's son!" broke in that strange, unearthly voice, and now the stony figure turned slowly toward the speaker. "A letter, Waters—a letter from the forger! Go your way, sir—go your way! Even after all these years in a respectable house, you have not learned how to conduct yourself in the presence of gentlemen!"

"Master Gilbert! Master Gilbert!" the old servant groaned.

"Who calls—who calls?" Mr. Harrington muttered, putting out his hands like a blind person trying to feel his way; then with one long, gasping breath, tottered, and would have fallen to the floor had not Charles Reeves caught him in his arms and pushed the dull, heavy body back into the chair.

CHAPTER IV.

"MABEL'S DAUGHTER."

AT first the two men thought the attack was a second stroke of the paralysis which had smitten Gilbert Harrington a year previous—slight then, but any return of which the physicians had declared would prove fatal.

Waters was hurrying away for assistance. Mr. Reeves said, suddenly:

"Don't call anybody—he has only fainted. Bring a glass of water."

A decanter and goblets sat on a console. Waters filled a tumbler with water and brought it to the table; and while Mr. Reeves supported the insensible man's head, he bathed the icy forehead and tried to force a few drops between the tight-set lips.

At length Mr. Harrington opened his eyes. The two bending over him watched anxiously to see if he could move easily. He put up both hands and waved them back. His first words made it plain that there was no wandering in his mind, no difficulty in recalling the thread of thought which had been so rudely broken, though the fainting-fit had lasted for many moments.

"You brought a letter, Waters," he said.

"Yes, sir—from Mr. Ralph. Where did I put it? I——"

"From Norman Desborough's son! Don't let me ever hear that other name in this house!" interrupted Mr. Harrington."

"Master Gilbert! Master Gilbert!" exclaimed the old man, glancing from Mr. Harrington toward Reeves, with a look of troubled question in his face.

"Have the goodness to be quiet. Have you found the letter? Do you mean to give it to me, sir?"

Waters had dropped the missive upon a chair when he ran forward to aid Mr. Reeves in succoring his master. In his distress and astonishment he could not remember what he had done with the epistle. Gilbert Harrington repeated his command in a still more excited manner. Just then Reeves fortunately perceived the letter, and pointed it out to Waters. The servant snatched up the little silver tray on which the envelope was lying, and placed it upon the table beside Mr. Harrington.

"Here it is, sir—here it is!" And before he knew what he was saying, he continued: "Mr. Ralph has——"

His master silenced him by a stern glance, and pointed to the door; but before Waters reached it, he called:

"Since you are here, stop a moment. No time like the present for making everything clear. You seem dull to-day. I think I can make you understand what I mean—I think I can."

"Pray do not excite yourself any more, Gilbert," said Charles Reeves.

"I thank you, sir—I thank you. I'll finish this business once for all, if you please," was the answer. "You, Waters! We have hung together a good many years now, but I want to tell you that if ever again you speak that name in my hearing—the name of Norman Desborough's son—or if by word of mouth or written communication you hold any intercourse whatever with its owner, that hour you and I part for ever. I swear it, Waters; and you know I always keep my oath."

"Master Gilbert!" the old servant exclaimed. "My God! Mr. Reeves, do you hear him? What does he mean?"

"I mean," replied Mr. Harrington, in the same chill monotone voice, that seemed to give a double significance

to the terrible words, whose passion was so strangely at variance with the icy tone in which they were uttered, "I mean that, like his father before him, Norman Desborough's son is a forger—a thief—a villain, who shall pay the penalty of his crimes in the penitentiary if ever he dares to cross my path again. Now do you understand, Waters?"

For an instant after the voice ceased, Waters stood as if rooted to the ground; then he started forward with one arm lifted menacingly, his face white as Harrington's own, his whole frame shaking with emotion.

"I don't believe it!" he cried; "I don't believe it! I wouldn't if an angel came down out of heaven and swore it!"

"He won't believe!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington, with another low, mocking laugh; "he won't believe me! He has lived so long in my service, this old Waters, that he has grown as dull a fool as his master."

"You've done it—you brought the story—I know you did!" groaned Waters, turning fiercely toward Charles Reeves. "You always hated our boy — always — you wanted to think ill of him—you—— Oh, I don't know what I am saying—I—— But it isn't true! Master, master, I tell you it isn't true! I wish I'd died—yes I do!—I wish I'd fallen dead on the threshold as I came in, rather than lived to listen! Master! master! Mr. Reeves! oh, Mr. Reeves! speak to him—say it isn't true!"

He sank into a chair that stood near, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud—those terrible sobs of age which cannot bring the relief of tears.

Mr. Reeves did not, as most witnesses of such a scene would have done, attempt expostulation. His quick intuitions told him that this very outbreak on the part of his old servant might help to rouse Harrington from the sort of frozen passion whose effects Reeves dreaded all the more on account of its unnatural composure.

But even Waters's stormy grief, the broken exclamations he strove to utter through his sobs, brought no show of emotion into Mr. Harrington's face; it looked vacant and mask-like as ever; no mist softened the stern, fixed glare of his eyes.

Presently he said:

"If you will break your heart, Waters, you must. I'm sorry for you! I do not need to be sorry for myself, but I am sorry for you, Waters."

"Oh, Master Gilbert, it isn't true!"

"Come here. Read these letters—you know his writing; it is better you should be convinced; you'll not suffer then any more than I. Read, I say, read!"

Waters rose and came forward, trembling as if a sudden palsy had shaken him; he looked positively years older than the vigorous, hale old man who, an hour before, had walked beside his master upon the terrace.

Mr. Harrington caught up the letters which Charles Reeves had brought; struck them open with his hand, and held out the pages, pointing with steady finger to certain lines. Waters stooped to read; a sudden weakness came over him, he sank on one knee, supporting himself against the arm of the chair.

"I can't see, Master Gilbert," he faltered; "I'm sick and blind! Read it to me if you will; but I don't believe it—I don't believe it!"

Mr. Harrington read Ralph Desborough's avowal of a debt of seven thousand dollars to Thomas Sloane.

"You hear," he added. "Well, the check I gave lies yonder. It was for three thousand when it left my hands; it is for seven on that paper! It went straight from that forger to Sloane, and George Nesbitt is the witness; even you won't doubt him, I suppose."

Waters kept his head bent upon the arm of the chair while his master read, and while he uttered those stern words after.

"It's like some awful dream," Waters muttered, still without lifting his face, when the cold voice ceased. "I can't believe, Master Gilbert—oh, I can't believe! Anyway, remember how young he is; maybe there was temptation we don't dream of. Have mercy on him, Master Gilbert!"

"I shall not expose him—not put him in prison, if that is what you mean."

"Of course not—I knew you would not," Waters said.

"Unless he troubles me in the future; if he ever does that he will have to bear the consequences of his crimes."

"Ah, but if you would have mercy—I meant that—and he is so young; we love him so, you and I, Master Gilbert."

"See him again, you mean, Waters?"

"Ay—hear his story, the reasons——"

"Get up, Waters," Mr. Harrington said, in a tone full of pitying scorn; "you have grown more childish than I supposed. Get up, my good fellow."

But Waters did not stir.

"We love him so, you and I, Master Gilbert!" he murmured.

"Speak for yourself, Waters! No, this blow—I confess it is one—convinces me of a fact that I have often suspected. Down at the bottom of my heart I never loved Norman Desborough's son—never! Why, if I had, this would go far to kill me; and you see how calm I am. No, Waters, I never loved Desborough's son."

The old servant struggled to his feet, looked at his master with eager, imploring eyes, cast a glance of defiance at Charles Reeves, and cried out:

"After all, I don't believe it! I tell you I don't believe he did it!"

"Growing quite childish, this old Waters," Mr. Harrington said, in his turn glancing at Reeves. "He always had more heart than head, anyway."

"I say I don't believe it!" repeated Waters. "Maybe it sounds impertinent, Master Gilbert, but I don't need to tell you that I don't mean to be; but I must speak. Why, if I was to die without having done that duty, I couldn't rest in my grave."

"Very well—speak and be done," Mr. Harrington said, wearily; "but remember, it is the last time you must ever pronounce his name—the name of Desborough's son—in my hearing! Should you do it again, I would drive you out if I were dying! Now, what do you want to say?"

"I say he ought to be sent for—our Ralph—I *will* call him so this once if you kill me!" cried the old man. "Send for him—tell him—give him a chance to explain."

"I agree with you, Waters," said Charles Reeves, who had not before broken silence. "You think me hard—maybe I am; but, dear old man, I would have given my heart's blood to prove his innocence."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Charles, I don't doubt you after all these years!" exclaimed poor Waters, with a sob.

"Explain?" repeated Mr. Harrington. "Charles Reeves, have we proofs—ample, certain, indisputable, or not, of Ralph Desborough's guilt?"

He pointed to the letters and the check.

"We have indisputable proofs," Reeves answered, slowly.

Waters cried out as if the words had been a knife in his heart.

"You have settled the question," Mr. Harrington said. "Nay, I need not seem to cast any onus upon you—Fate

has been too strong for Ralph Desborough—the truth has come to light!"

"Gilbert——"

"Master——"

The two listeners spoke at once. Mr. Harrington held up his hand.

"Not a word more from either!" he pronounced. "I shall communicate with this wretched young man. Not a word, I say. Remember, from this moment Ralph Desborough is dead where we are concerned! Take good heed, both of you, that you do not forget my command, for the hour that either transgresses, he will never see my face again."

There was a brief silence, and Waters trembled so Mr. Reeves had to support him.

"You had better go to your own room, old friend," said Mr. Harrington. "Send one of the men here—somebody must take the next train to town. Who shall it be, Waters?"

"James, I suppose, sir," Waters answered, in a weak, broken voice.

"You want to know what for, both of you," said Mr. Harrington. "Why, to bid the lawyer come up to-morrow and alter my will."

"Oh!" shuddered Waters.

Mr. Harrington gave him an irritated glance.

"Sit down," said he; "you can go presently."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, selected one, and gave it to Mr. Reeves.

"Open the secretary there in the corner, Charles—bring me the japanned box that sets in it."

His cousin obeyed in silence; returned with the box and placed it on the table. Mr. Harrington took another key, opened the box, drew out a folded paper, glanced at the hearth, where a fire always burned since his illness, save in the hottest Summer days. He rose from his chair, walked to the chimney; neither of the men watching ventured to break the silence. He stirred the brands into a blaze, thrust the folded paper down into the heart of the flame. It crackled and hissed like the complaint of some sentient creature suffering torture.

When the blackened tissues flew up the chimney, he turned away, saying:

"Even if I were to die this night, I am safe from Norman Desborough's son. Waters, ring the bell for the man. Tell him to be ready to take the seven o'clock train to town. I will write a note to the lawyer."

As Walters moved from the table against which he had been leaning, he knocked off the little salver whereon lay the letter he had brought in—forgotten by them all.

"Master Gilbert," he faltered, "the letter, you know! Would—would you read it?"

"Read it? Of course!" He returned to his chair, and took the letter, saying, as he opened it:

"I consent, for this reason. Even you, my poor old Waters, will be disgusted with its hypocrisy, coming just in the wake of what you have learned; it will help to cure you—help to cure you!"

While he spoke he opened the letter; both his listeners had turned their heads away. He himself, looking at Waters, did not notice that a large card covered with tissue paper, fell out and fluttered down upon the floor at his feet. He glanced over the first page, and said:

"As you thought, Waters, the letter he wrote from Manchester—been delayed! Reeves, I shall enter a complaint! This is the third time within as many months that I have had trouble in regard to my northern correspondence. One letter never reached me. This time the matter shall be investigated, and the guilty party, whoever he is, shall not escape discovery or its consequences. Do you hear, Charles!"

"Yes, I hear—yes," Mr. Reeves answered, absently.

As Mr. Harrington turned again to his letter, Waters crept behind his chair so that he could approach Charles Reeves, who had moved toward a window.

"Mr. Charles," he whispered, "Mr. Charles, try to say a word for the poor boy; don't be too hard on him. Try to make Master Gilbert think better of his decision."

"Useless," Mr. Reeves's lips framed. "You know him!

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" sighed Waters.

Low as he spoke, Mr. Harrington's quick ear caught the murmur of his voice.

"My good fellow," said he, "perhaps you did not notice that I was reading a letter!"

"I—I beg your pardon, Master Gilbert. If you don't need me, sir, I'll go—I'm better away. I mean I'll step out and find James."

"Stop where you are," replied Mr. Harrington; "you want to know what the letter contains—you shall, if you will give me a chance to finish it."

Reeves noiselessly pushed a chair toward the old man and motioned him to sit down. Waters obeyed, for the trembling in his limbs had recommenced so violently that he stood up with difficulty.

"Affection—full of tender affection, of course. I expected that!" said Mr. Harrington's voice.

Waters moved quickly. Reeves held up his hand, in a warning to be silent.

"Ha! what is this? Seen a picture of some girl that he has gone quite crazy over; means to hunt up the original, to persuade her to sit to him! God help the girl, whoever she might be, that fell into a Desborough's hands! Worse than Norman—he will be, if possible; he has begun younger."

Old Waters wrung his hands in speechless anguish.

Another silence. Mr. Harrington read on. Suddenly he cried out:

"Mabel Jordan—it is written. Mabel Jordan! Waters—Waters. Mabel Jordan! What—where is it? The fellow says he incloses a photograph—it isn't here."

Reeves saw the card lying at the foot of the chair, picked it up, and gave it to his cousin, saying:

"This must be it."

Mr. Harrington snatched the card, and tore off the tissue paper. Waters was looking over his shoulder, and they saw the face of a beautiful girl, with marvelous dark eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and an angelic smile on her lips.

"Waters!" Mr. Harrington cried. "We have found her. Look—look—her face—her very face. Tell me who it must be?"

"Mabel Jordan's daughter," came the answer.

"After all these years of useless search!" exclaimed Mr. Harrington. Then in an instant he added, "And the letter was written more than three weeks ago. He was going to Hillside—said the young lady lived there. Oh God! it is too late, maybe! He had fallen in love already with the picture, knowing nothing! Reeves—Reeves, you must go—to-night. Get to her; bring her away! Wait—I'll tell you—I——"

The body conquered the iron will at last. With a low sigh he sank back in his chair. The two watchers hastened toward him. Reeves lifted the heavy head, whispering:

"Some water, Waters—give me the glass."

But the weakness passed quickly—the indomitable will reasserted itself. Mr. Harrington pushed his cousin away and sat upright.

"I don't want any water," he said, hoarsely. "Let me

alone; there is enough to be done without troubling about my trifling ills—and I'm quite myself now."

"Only rest a little," Reeves urged.

"Rest! When I tell you there's no time to lose—not an hour! The girl must be sent for—got away out of his reach, Charles."

"Gilbert, I don't understand what you are talking about!" cried Reeves.

"Waters does—Waters does! I can make you understand what you have to do. You'll go—you'll not refuse me this?"

"Of course I will go anywhere—do anything for you!"

"That's right! When is there an up-train? I remember—nine o'clock—hours before us! Wait—let me write my note to the lawyer; then dinner. Waters, Mr. Reeves must dine. I'll explain, Charles—I'll explain. Don't be afraid for me; don't look like that! There's life enough left in me yet—life enough to set everything right at last—at last!"

(To be continued.)

THE PARADISE OF SMOKERS.

BURMAH is the paradise of the smoker, if his paradise consists in the absence of all restraint on his favorite habit. No preacher will here hint that tobacco-smoking is the first step to drunkenness, for, with rare exceptions (and, alas! chiefly where the European has brought his vices with his civilization), the people are water-drinkers. There is no fear of offending the sensibilities of the most delicately nurtured lady, for the women of every rank are, if possible, more inveterate smokers than the men. No dread of his master's displeasure restrains the youngest school-boy from his cigar or cigarette. Boys and girls alike smoke as soon as they can walk, and children are even said to learn the habit before they leave their mother's arms.

The newcomer to the country is often offended by the freedom with which a Burman who has not been much thrown with Europeans will continue to puff his cigar in his presence, in absolute innocence of any breach of courtesy; and in the indigenous school, children, even in class, only lay aside their cigars while their lungs are occupied with bawling out the trite texts of the spelling-book. A pipe is rarely seen, but cigars and cigarettes are universal, and their manufacture and sale form one of the commonest employments of the women.

Some exceedingly fine tobacco is grown in parts of the province, notably in Arakan, but the cultivation is very limited, and the tobacco of which the Burmese cigar is made is almost exclusively imported from the ports on the Malabar coast. The cigars thus made are not unlike the well-known Vevey manufacture: and, rank and strong as they seem to a non-smoker, they are highly popular with English residents, and not the less so from being remarkably cheap.

Cigarettes are, however, even more common than cigars, and are almost always smoked in preference by women and girls. They vary in size, but the commonest is a huge, cheroot-shaped cigarette of almost torch-like dimensions, rolled in a green leaf, and containing, besides tobacco, spices and chips of scented wood. From these, which are as mild as hay, an immense cloud is drawn, and their only defect is that the burning chips are continually falling on the clothes of the unwary smoker; hence the graceful way in which the Burmese girl, with apparent affectation, but really with good reason, turns back her slender hand over her shoulder to keep the lighted end of the cigarette clear of her silken dress.

At home or in the street, in the boats or in the bazaar, at every public gathering, even at those for devotion at the pagoda, night and day, men, women and children blow the familiar cloud, and the perpetual cigarette adds not a little to the unique picture presented by a Burmese beauty.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

STEPHEN KEMBLE used to relate how one day, meeting a brother stroller who complained that he had not had a dinner for many days, he offered to take him to a hospitable place where he could eat as much as he liked, and have nothing to pay. The hungry actor, of course, delightedly accepted the invitation, and Kemble led the way into an immense turnip-field, and bade him set to. His companion remonstrated at what he called a cruel joke.

"Well, I've dined here myself all the week," was the answer.

Landladies were laid under contribution, as well as farmers, by the impecunious players, and we frequently read of flights by night from unpaid lodgings, and bundles and boxes dropped out of windows into friendly hands below. But the most ingenious method of escaping an unpaid landlady was that once resorted to by John Kemble, when left penniless in a town. The good woman was ill; and, procuring a top, he whipped it night and day over her head, until, in sheer despair, she ordered him to quit the house with bag and baggage—which was exactly what he wanted.

Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York circuit, gives some amusing pictures of a strolling actor's life. He plays *Romeo, George Barnwell, Orestes*, and three or four other parts at Maidstone, and at the end of the week receives six shillings, while the profits upon his benefit amount to one shilling and sixpence, and two candle-ends. Candle-ends were important items in the shares; what remained unconsumed after the performance was over were equally distributed. A little further on Tate sketches some of the members of a strolling company at Portsmouth. Mrs. White was a most extraordinary character, and worthy of record. Whenever Burden, her son-in-law, gave offense, which was almost perpetually, she used thus to harangue her daughter:

"Ma'am, you've married a feller beneath you. You played *Lucy* last night in "The Minor" better than Mrs. Cibber could have done, upon my *sould;* and yet this scoundrel would hurt such a divine cretur!'

"True, mamma," replied the daughter; "but suppose he should cut his throat?"

"Let him cut his throat! But he won't cut his throat—no such good luck. But I'll tell you what: if you contradict me, I'll fell you to my feet and trample over your corse, ma'am; for you're a limb, ma'am—your father on his death-bed told me you were a limb. You are as pure as ermine, ma'am, except with Sir Francis Dolval (Delaval), and you shan't live with your husband, ma'am; you've no business to live with your husband, ma'am. The first women of quality, ma'am, don't live with their husbands, ma'am. Does Mrs. Elmy live with her husband, ma'am? No, ma'am. Does Mrs. Clive live with her husband? No, ma'am. Does Mrs. Cibber live with her husband? No, ma'am. So now you see, ma'am, the best women of fashion upon *yearth* don't live with their husbands, ma'am."

"What is a parenthesis?" inquired the daughter, one day.

"Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress you'll make!" burst forth the mother, indignantly. "What' not know the meaning of 'prentice? Why, 'prentice, ma'am, is the plural of 'prentices!"

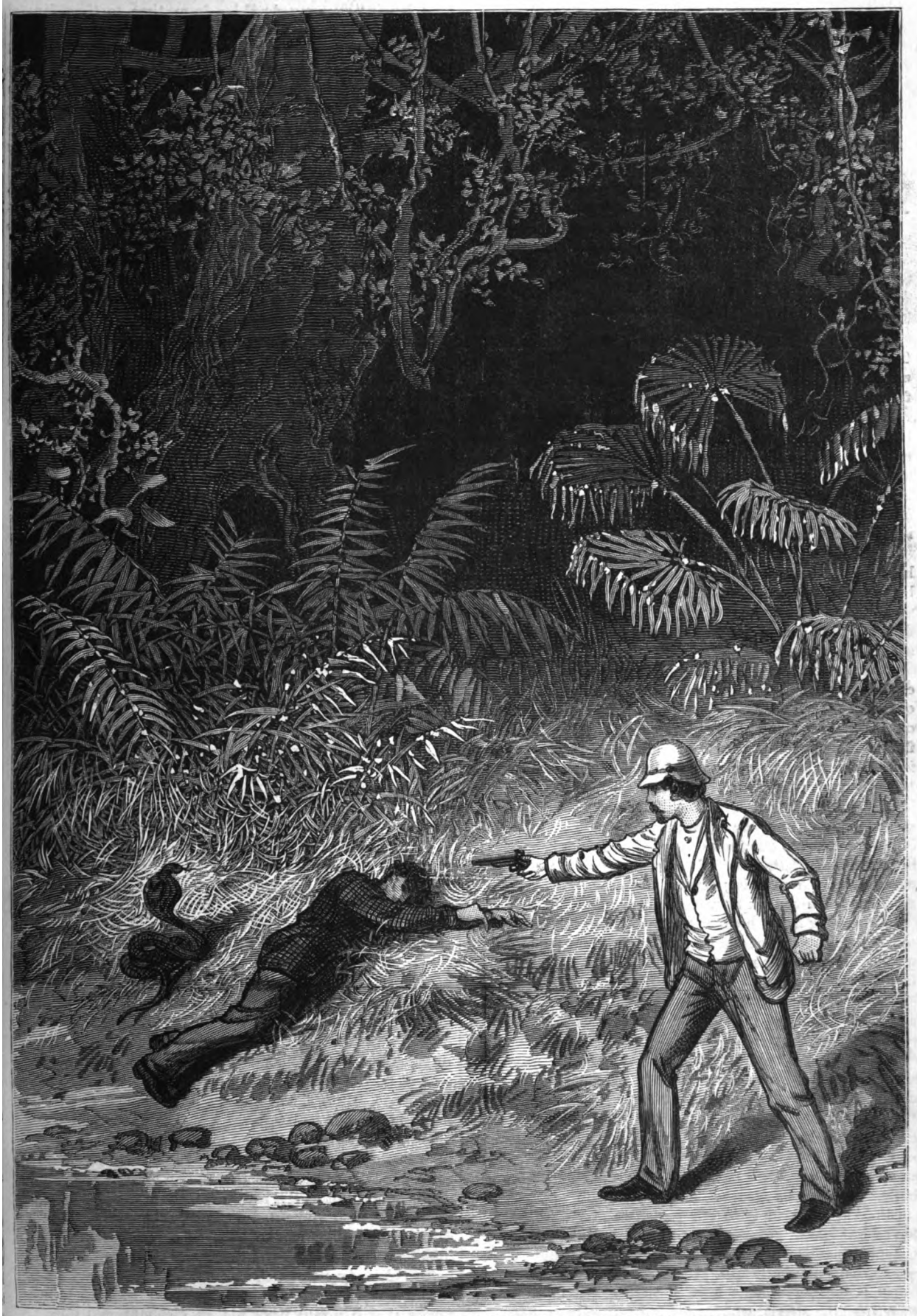
A SWEET FRIEND.

By T. C. Irwin.

My hedge of roses many a Summer's day
Yields me a bud, or full-blown blossom, which
Accompanies me to town, and makes me rich
With fairy fancies, all the happy way;
Lovers are we, although we nothing say
Others can hear—exchanging looks and sighs,
And kisses even, in sweetest silent play.

When none are near us—else we would disguise
Communion dear. And when we home return,
Upon my table in its water-glass,
Refreshed as evening's casement glories burn,
It bends beside me, writing; and, alas!
When its leaves wither, in some favorite tome,
Still treasured, marks some sweet page of the poem.

Goodness and Wickedness.—If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and, as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, eradicate vice, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit. They teach also, like a "voice for ever sounding across the centuries, the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last, not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one."



A NIGHT IN A JUNGLE.—"I TOOK A STEADY, DELIBERATE AIM, PULLED THE TRIGGER, AND WITH THE REPORT FRED STARTED UP WITH A CRY OF ALARM."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

A NIGHT IN A JUNGLE

AN ADVENTURE UP THE GANGES.

WOULD you like to hear a story? It is purely a personal adventure that I met with during the great Sepoy rebellion in India. I was a junior lieutenant at the time, and had been ordered by the Commodore to take charge of a little schooner we had captured in the opium trade, and proceed up the Ganges as far as Canouge to look after the lives and interests of any American or European that might require assistance.

The *Alert*, as she was called, carried a heavy battery for a craft of her tonnage, and I had been allowed a passed midshipman as an assistant, while thirty picked seamen from the flagship formed my crew.

It was rather dull work, lying there—no change, nothing to vary the monotony; and early one morning I resolved to take a look at the country. Mr. Fred Bolton, my assistant, or, more properly speaking, the executive officer of the *Alert*, expressed a wish to accompany me; and, leaving Mr. Midget, a young middy, in charge, we were pulled rapidly ashore.

I did not intend to remain longer than my breakfast hour; but, thinking it possible that we might succeed in bagging a pheasant or something of the kind, we had provided ourselves with shot-guns, while a good navy revolver dangled from our belts in case a more reliable weapon should be required.

A narrow belt of wood and shrubbery skirted the banks of the Ganges at the point where we landed; and, pushing our way through the underbrush and tall grass, we emerged on a wet, level marsh, not unlike one of our Southern rice-fields. Beyond that rose a succession of hills, increasing in height as they rose inland; while around the base of the hillocks frowned a thick, dark, silent jungle.

The game proved abundant. We were both ardent sportsmen, and, midway between the jungle and the bank of the river, up to our knees in mud, we were bagging the birds right and left, when a hoarse, discordant cry, ringing out on the fresh morning breeze, caused both myself and my companion to look nervously about us.

Debouching from the fringe of woods skirting the bank of the river, a score of native cavalry were spurring toward us, splashing and floundering in the mud, which seriously impeded the progress of the horses.

The bright rays of the sun flashed on their accoutrements, and I could make out the dark-green uniforms, faced with scarlet, which they wore.

"Well, Jack," said my companion, after a moment's silence, "those dark-skinned rascals evidently mean mischief. Shall we clear for action?"

"No, no, Fred! the odds are too great. There is only one thing to do—gain the shelter of yonder jungle, and we may be able to give them the slip. Come on! We have an advantage over them, anyway—the mud and mire will bother their horses far more than it will us."

Clinging desperately to our guns, we started off at the top of our speed, splashing and plunging along, our eyes fastened upon the much-coveted cover of the jungle, which was perhaps a mile distant.

The Sepoys, with shrill cries of rage and hate, urged on their smoking steeds, which plunged furiously as they sank in the soft ooze of the marsh.

Glancing over my shoulder from time to time, I noted the progress our pursuers made, and the conviction was forced upon me that we were losing ground. I could almost swear I saw the glitter of their savage eyes and the demoniac expression of their swarthy features, as, sword in hand, they leaned over the necks of their horses, spurring and shouting as they floundered on.

But soon the animals grew restive and balky. They were forced to dismount and follow us on foot.

The rapid bang, bang, of their carbines rang in our ears, followed by the sharp rip, rip of the conical balls; but, beyond cutting off the top of the grass and throwing up the mud and water, no harm resulted from the fusillade.

"By heavens, Jack, I can run no further! My strength is all but gone."

And the poor middy turned his white face toward me with an expression that made even my heart grow faint.

"Nonsense, Fred! don't give up the ship. The ground grows harder, the grass is less high and troublesome, and in less than five minutes we will be under cover."

"I cannot! God help me, I have done my best. Leave me, Jack; you can yet escape. But don't leave my bones to whiten in this cursed marsh."

And, with a low moan, he sank at my feet.

I had no time to waste in words. The leader of the party, a huge Mahratta, with mustaches long enough to excite the envy of a Turkish pasha, charged upon me, his keen tulwar gleaming like a flash of lightning in the sun's rays.

He was pretty well exhausted, as well as myself; and, in his eagerness to deal me a decisive blow, the fellow lost sight of the tough grass writhing and twisting about his feet.

I avoided the blow by leaping aside, and he, falling heavily forward, lay completely at my mercy. In an instant my plan was formed.

His comrades, lacking the strength and determination of their leader, were kept some hundred yards distant.

Placing my revolver to the Sepoy's head, I made him rise. Whether he understood English or not, I am unable to say, but he obeyed. In the meanwhile Fred had improved his opportunity to recruit his wind and strength, and by my direction disarmed the surly native.

Using him as a breastwork, we slowly and leisurely retreated toward the jungle, while every forward or hostile movement of his comrades was checked by our revolvers pointed significantly to their leader's shaggy head.

The action was sufficiently expressive. The troopers halted in the midst of the marsh, unable to assist their comrade, who, foaming at the mouth with impotent rage, continued to do duty as a breastwork until the edge of the jungle was gained. Then, with a contemptuous kick from the middy, he was allowed to rejoin his friends; but the fellow, between a shriek and a howl, thundered forth his imprecations as he shook his clinched fist on high, while we lost no time in plunging into the thickest labyrinths of the jungle, where it was impossible for horse to follow or man to trace our footsteps.

It was terribly hot, and although the sun had mounted high in the heavens, its fiercest rays failed to penetrate the rank, luxuriant foliage of the Indian forest. But the air, sluggish and hot as the breath from a furnace, afforded us no relief as we struggled forward, scarcely heeding what direction we pursued, so long as a respectable distance intervened between us and the dusky cavalrymen whom we had so cleverly outwitted.

The wavy, feathery jungle-grass wss so long in some places that it might have hid an elephant, and I did not know what moment we might come in contact with a tiger,

a leopard, or the deadly cobra-capello, all of whom infest the jungles and swamps of that vast country.

"I am all but suffocated," murmured Fred, as he sank down beneath the wide-spreading branches of a banyan tree, the perspiration streaming from his sunburnt face, while his uniform, as well as my own, had come out second best in the scramble through the thorns and briers of the jungle.

"It is indeed hot, and with no prospect of iced wines, no tatty-wallah to drench the mattings and cool the air, no punkah or hookah, not a drink of even pure water. But we must endure it as best we can, Fred. It will not be safe or prudent to attempt leaving here before evening. Then, under cover of the darkness, we will sally forth, strike the bank of the Ganges, and regain the *Alert*. I wonder what the lads will think of our long absence?"

"Oh, Midget will borrow no trouble. He is asleep, by this time, in his hammock, comfortably swinging to the morning breeze, beneath the quarter-deck awning."

"Well, Fred, I think a little nap will do us no harm, and we shall forget our troubles. Have your revolver ready, although I anticipate no danger."

Overcome by the great heat and oppressive atmosphere of the forest, as well as the exciting chase we had undergone, our sleep must have been long and profound.

I awoke with a start—an undefinable something—a sensation of danger pervading my entire being, and glanced at the form of my companion, lying a few yards distant, calmly sleeping on a pile of grass and leaves he had scraped together; and coiled close by his side, with its diabolical head erect, its eyes glaring like yellow topazes, and its crimson mouth open, was a snake; and the bristling head proclaimed it at once as the cobra, the most venomous reptile that infests India.

A cold thrill of terror passed over me as I mechanically seized my pistol; but as the head, angry and threatening, drew back as if to make the fatal spring, my nerves again resumed their wonted firmness. I took a steady, deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and with the report Fred started up with a cry of alarm, while at his feet writhed the loathsome reptile, its glittering body nearly severed by the pistol-ball.

It effectually banished all desire for sleep from our brains, while, for fear that the pistol-shot might have reached the keen ears of some lurking foe, we again plunged into the depths of the jungle, which gradually assumed a more cleared aspect, while the deepening shadows of night crept tremulously through the deep aisles and vast solitude of the forest.

Suddenly we came upon a grove—at least it might have been once, judging from the regular order the trees had been planted, and there, amid the tamarind, the mango, the cassia and the fanlike foliage of the drooping palm, rose the dark, sombre ruins of an old Hindoo temple.

The sun had set with its usual Indian rapidity; day had suddenly given place to night, and the clear, round moon, like a mighty pearl set in blue enamel, flooded the scene with a shimmering halo of light.

A huge tank in the midst of fallen pillars and blocks of granite was discovered by Fred, who was burning with thirst and inward fever, and stooping to drink on the edge of the stone coping, he jumped aside, barely in time to escape the sweeping blow of a huge alligator, who disappeared, with a splash, in the slimy depths of the stagnant pool.

"Jack! I believe I am destined to leave my bones in the midst of this cursed jungle. That is the second narrow escape I have had, to say nothing of the Sepoys. I wonder what will come next?"

"A safe deliverance, I hope. But come, cheer up; try one of these mangoes, they are truly refreshing. You have had your share of danger, perhaps my turn will come next."

An hour passed wearily by, and, without venturing to penetrate into the dark, yawning depths of the ruin, we sat down on the moss-covered steps, listening to the shrieking of jackals, the croak of cannibal birds, and the hoarse howl of a pariah-dog.

"Pleasant and lively," muttered Fred, as he thrashed about to rid himself of the myriads of musquitoes hovering about. "Come, Jack, what do you say—shall we forward and leave this dismal hole astern?"

I was on the point of assenting, thinking that it would be safe to leave the cover of the jungle, when the oppressive silence was broken by a sudden rush of feet and trampling of horses. The hum of voices and the glare of torches glancing from amid the surrounding jungle, filled me with alarm and apprehension. Darting up the steps, I pressed forward into the depths of the temple, calling upon Fred to follow.

A ray of moonlight, penetrating through a rift above, disclosed a species of gallery, and swinging myself up to the shelter, I sank down, realizing, for the first time, that I was alone.

Fred had disappeared, but where?

On came the moving mass, crashing the dead trees, branches, and dried grass under feet; the clatter of arms and accoutrements fell harshly on my ear as the horsemen dismounted, advancing into the temple.

The glare of the torches brought out in bold relief the horrible and grotesque carvings of the ruin, the twisted pillars, seven-headed snakes, and triple-headed gods, who grinned and stared from all sides in the wavering, ghastly light, with their thick, flabby lips, depressed noses, staring eyes, and girdles of lotus-leaves.

The temple was filled with a swarthy and ferocious crowd of men in turbans, with vests and trowsers of every hue under the sun, and on some a spotted leopard's skin partially covered their dirty brown hides, displaying arms and legs, mere bone and muscle.

They were armed with every species of weapon known to India, while their numbers embraced Hindoos with the trident of Vishnu on their brows, Bheels, Kiddales, the lowest outcasts of India—the whole motley assemblage were known as Dacoits, the robbers and brigands of India. A woman's voice—a cry for mercy, mingled with the infernal jargon of the bronzed natives, rising clearly above the babel of tongues, and striking upon my ear with an intensity I shall never forget.

Kneeling at the foot of an immense god, her dress torn and long hair streaming down her back, was the figure of an English woman, young, and despite the mortal paleness of her features—across which the lurid glare of the torches cast a ghastly tint—handsome. Her hands were clasped in supplication, but the brown, sturdy, and half-naked wretch who held her captive listened with a smile of ferocious joy playing about his leathery features.

In wild, guttural accents he replied in Hindoostanee, and a shout of savage exultation burst from the throats of the Dacoits, accompanied by a waving of torches, as he completed his unintelligible harangue.

A tall Sepoy stepped forward, and in a deep, stern voice he addressed the lady in her own language.

"You have been preserved from outrage and violence that you might be offered up as a sacrifice and tribute to the sacred alligator, whom our caste places above Siva, the god of destruction. But first you are to be purified by fire. See, it is already being kindled, and from its embers

you will issue forth pure and cleansed, a fit offering for Mador, who inhabits yon pool of water."

In my excitement and anxiety to hear what the sentence of the poor shrinking woman was, I had risen to my feet, the dark background forming ample security for my person.

What would I not have given to have had fifteen or twenty of my brave lads there, with cutlasses ground sharp as razors, or a few boarding-pikes, with points like needles. But, alas! I was alone, my heart filled with apprehension at the strange disappearance of Fred, and I could only wait and watch as the time sped rapidly by.

A huge fire had been kindled, around which the Dacoits marched in solemn order, chanting in a low, monotonous tone. Then, with a sudden yell, the leader darted forward, seized the trembling form of the victim, who was nearly insensible, dragged her toward the glowing circle, around which the Dacoits were revolving like so many fiends.

My blood was at fever heat. I could not look tamely on and see a lady murdered and I not lift a hand in her defense. I felt for my revolver; horror of horrors, it was gone — nothing but the empty frog dangled from my belt! How I lost it I never could account, unless it dropped from its sheath when I was crawling through some brambly hedge of the jungle.

My light sporting gun had been abandoned hours before as a useless incumbrance, but I had one resource left.

Detaching my powder-flask, which held over three pounds of powder, I dropped it in the midst of the flames, and running along the gallery gained a point directly over the captive lady.

At the same time, with a muffled roar, the powder exploded, scattering fire, wood, masonry and natives in all directions, while a dense cloud of smoke filled every portion of the temple, from which issued the wild yells and affrighted cries of the singed Dacoits, scrambling in every direction, seized with a panic which I used to my own advantage.

It was but the work of a moment to clear the low stone coping; the white dress of the lady, now wholly insensible, gleamed before me, and, seizing her in my arms, I rushed from the ruin, down the steps, gained the side of a horse which had broken loose, rearing and plunging with fright.

Embarrassed with the dead weight in my arms, I made several ineffectual attempts to mount the animal. I was in the full strength of the moonlight, the Dacoits on every side of me, but in their excitement they had as yet passed me by unnoticed. How I might have finally succeeded, I know not, but, with a snort of terror, the horse reared, sprang forward, dragging me under his hoofs, and lady, Dacoits and ruins all faded from my sight.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found my feet and hands had been securely lashed, and that I was lying side by side with the lady whom I had attempted to rescue.

She was also conscious of what was going on around us, and while the Dacoits were bustling angrily to and fro, I found an opportunity to address a few words to my fair companion in misery. I told who and what I was, together with the unsuccessful attempt I had made to rescue her from the power of the jungle fiends.

In return, in a low, sweet voice, she told me she was the wife, but lately wedded, of Major Archibald, of the Royal Fusiliers; that she had been captured through the treachery and duplicity of her Hindoo servants, and that she was sorry I had sacrificed my life for one already doomed.

THE WANDERINGS OF A CAPUCHIN—FATHER DENNIS AND HIS NEGRO GUIDE.— SEE PAGE 471.

I attempted a word of consolation, but was cut short by a pair of sturdy fellows, who dragged me forth toward the entrance of the temple.

Surrounded on all sides by the dark-skinned, scowling wretches, I wondered what fate had in store for me.

A sharp prod from a tulwar admonished me that they meant business, and would admit of no delay. I walked on in the direction of the pool, upon the brink of which the party halted.

Just at that instant the first blush of dawn tinted the heavens with a rosy hue, the stars paled before the rapid advance of day, and thousands of feathered songsters broke into melody.

A prayer arose to my lips as I found myself confronted by the Dacoit leader—he of the filthy appearance and ragged leopard-skin hanging from his shoulders.

His voice all but rose into a screech as he talked and gesticulated. Not a word of his jargon did I understand, but in the midst of it I beheld a ripple and commotion in the slimy depths beneath me, and with a shudder I could not repress, I watched the huge alligator, his immense jaws opened to their widest extent, slowly emerge from his muddy bed in search of prey.

The Dacoits had fallen back, listening in wrapt attention to the no doubt interesting eulogy their leader was delivering.

We, alone, were standing upon the edge of the horrible pond.

The fellow had partially turned his side toward me, and, nerved on by desperation, with a yearning for vengeance—for I had long since given up all hope of life—I concentrated

PIG-STICKING EXTRAORDINARY.—"THE HORSE OF THE CAPTAIN, WELL-TRAINED IN PIG-STICKING, ROSE IN THE AIR AS THE BOAR CHARGED, AND LEAPED CLEAN OVER HIM."

all my remaining strength into one vigorous kick, planting my heavy boot full in the Dacoit's stomach.

With a half-stifled roar of mingled pain and terror, the elocutionist shot out from the brink, falling headlong into the very jaws of the monster, who, lashing the water furiously with his muscular tail, disappeared in the oozy, miry depths of the pond.

A mass of foam, with streaks of blood, remained upon the surface, the last that was ever seen of him, and I did not perceive that the sacred alligator objected to the morsel, even if the cleansing process of fire had been omitted.

I was fully prepared to meet the wrath and vengeance of the Dacoits, who for a moment stood paralyzed at the unexpected and terrible death of their leader. Then, as they drew their weapons to annihilate me, I took a last look at the bright, beautiful earth.

Before a Dacoit could reach me, a rattling volley of musketry rang out sharp and clear, and from amid the cover of the old grove I beheld my own brave blue-jackets, charging on the motley throng, their cutlasses gleaming with a welcome lustre in the rays of the morning sun just peeping above the trees surrounding the jungle.

Some yards in advance, his cutlass stained with the life-blood of more than one native, I recognized Fred. The middy uttered a loud shout of joy as he recognized me, but before he gained my side I had fainted.

The revulsion was too much for me. As I said before, I was prepared for death, and had made up my mind to face the inevitable.

Well, the remainder of my yarn is soon told.

Fred, it appears, had become bewildered as well as myself when the Dacoits first made their appearance in the old ruins, and instead of following me, he retreated to the jungle, kept on, pushing his way through all obstacles, until he reached the banks of the Ganges. The welcome tone of the *Alert* bell sounded like sweetest music in his ears, and no time was lost in gaining her deck.

The energetic middy was soon piloting the greater portion of the crew back to my relief, with what success the reader is already aware.

As for the lady, she remained on board the *Alert* until able to rejoin her husband, and to this day I have no warmer, more devoted friends than Colonel and Mrs. Archibald. Their oldest son is named after me, as a slight appreciation, as they are pleased to term it, of the services I rendered.

PIG-STICKING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE sport of hunting the wild boar is one of the oldest in the world. It stretches back into the heathen mythology, as far as the time of Adonis, who was said to have been killed by a wild boar, and for whom Venus mourned so long. It has remained ever since one of the most exciting sports of Europe, and holds no mean place among those of India.

The tendency to slang, observable among the English of the present day, has changed the name of the sport itself, in British India, to the prosaic appellative of "pig-sticking."

Among the various affectations to which mankind has been liable for many centuries, we have at last arrived at the affectation of simplicity, and in no country is this carried to such an extent as in England. There the people are ashamed to evince a single genuine emotion, for fear of

being accused of sentiment, and so -but I must drop the subject, or I'll never get at my story.

I had been stopping for some days at the house of a friend and customer of mine, in the centre of the province of Bengal, and enjoying the delights of Oriental field-sports. My host had treated me to as fine a day's peacock-shooting as ever I enjoyed, with the birds as thick as pheasants in an English preserve.

The next morning we were to go "pig-sticking," as he announced to me at supper. We were to be up bright and early, and my *punkah-wallah* had orders to wake me at half-past four. We had a heavy supper, after the Anglo-Indian fashion, at which several officers of the neighboring garrison were present, and two baskets of champagne were emptied in honor of the American stranger, by my hospitable friends.

Old Briggs, the collector of the district, waxed very paternal in his advice, as the evening drew on and the champagne grew lower.

"You see, my b'hoy, our 'ogs ain't like 'ogs as you're accustomed to," said he, with great solemnity. "Don' you take any sush noshin' in your 'ed. Our 'ogs are nasty brutes —beastly brutes, I may say. Sharge'n rip y' up'n minute. Bless 'f they don'."

"Ye're about right there, me jewel," said Captain O'Brien, of the Eighty-eighth. "Divil a one ever I see but'd fight as if Ould Nick himself had kept in him ever since he drowned the pigs in the Bible. And thin, what ground ye have to ride over! Holy Moses! What with ould paddy-fields, and rotten roots of grass, an' all, it's quare work, ridin' through at a walk, an' ye have to go at a tearin' gallop after a hog."

"I remember once," said Mr. McA——, our host, "chasing an old boar into the den of a tigress with a litter of cubs. And didn't she make a scatterment among us fellows! The boar got off scotfree that day."

"Were any of you hurt?" inquired Ensign Brown, a freshly arrived "griff," as newcomers are designated by Anglo-Indians.

"No one was hurt by the tigress; but one fellow got such a scare that his hair turned gray," said McA——, putting his tongue in his cheek.

"Aw—now, really, you don't mean that?" inquired the green ensign, with an astonished look.

"Fact, I assure you, my dear fellow. He had to dye ever after, or his wife wouldn't have known him."

"Some fellows' wives I know, don't appear to recognize the fact of their being married, anyhow," said the doctor of the Eighty-eighth, quietly.

"Ah, Jones, that won't do! You're twitting on facts, and that's true. Gentlemen, I propose that we break up, if you expect to be up early in the morning."

"We won't go home till mawawning," sang old Briggs, thoroughly drunk by this time.

But even Briggs was finally got into bed, and quiet reigned in the bungalow, only broken by the hum of the spiteful musquitoes, searching whom they might devour. The snores of the different bacchanalian slumberers were audible, as a subdued bass accompaniment.

I slept in peace behind the musquito-bar of my bed, and was awakened next morning by the angry squeals of some horses under the window. Jumping up and going to the window, I beheld the led horses of the chasseurs waiting before the veranda steps; and two of them were engaged in a furious battle. All riding-horses in India being stallions, such fights are of daily, almost hourly, occurrence.

The two in question were Mr. McA——'s black *jungle-tazzee*, a noble-spirited beast, and a gray Arab belonging to Captain O'Brien. They were at it, hammer and tongs, while the cowardly *syces*, or grooms, had retired to the end of their long *bhang-dures*, or leading-ropes, in great trepidation, and were apostrophizing the animals with soft blandishments, to induce them to stop. In vain; the gray Arab was not to be denied. and the *jungle-tazzee* being equally determined, the two would probably have seriously injured each other, if they had been left to the management of the *syces*.

Mr. McA——, my hospitable entertainer, appearing just at that moment, put a sudden end to the battle. Catching up a long buggy-whip that lay on the veranda, he rushed at the offenders, and, with a few well-directed cuts and a stentorian scolding, soon reduced them to peace and quietness.

By this time all the house was up, and the various sportsmen proceeded to mount. I found that Fate and Mr. McA—— had provided for my use a tall Persian stallion, cross-bred on the Arab—a most noble creature, but with a wicked temper. He greeted me with a side kick as I advanced to mount him, even while the *syce* held his head.

But I had not ridden vicious mustangs in Texas to be conquered by an Indian horse; so I took a short run and vaulted on his back with a leap, after which a liberal use of spur and bit kept my gentleman in order.

The *syce* handed me my boar-spear, and I galloped after the party.

We crossed several fields of *paddy*, or millet, and arrived at a little belt of jungle, whence we hoped to drive some hogs. The country on the other side was open, covered with long *surput* grass, and having no cover for nearly three miles. There had formerly been some rice-fields there; but they had been abandoned, and the coarse grass had covered all the land.

A long line of beaters was in the cover, and scattered through a patch of sugar-canes that stretched up to its border.

The sugar-cane is a favorite resort of the wild hogs, and as the line of beaters advanced toward us, we began to watch the edge of the cover with great intentness. The horses were impatient to begin their work, knowing what was coming, and danced about, snorting loudly.

Presently a rustling and fierce grunting was heard in the bushes, and a huge boar poked out his head; but, seeing us directly in front of him, he dodged back into the cover.

Our host advised us to move off further, as the hogs would never break cover till we left them a free space; and, accordingly, we retired just as the sun rose.

In about five minutes more, two young sows dashed out and made for the distant plains at full speed.

We let them pass by till we were between them and the cover, and then young Ensign Brown and old Briggs, the collector, started after them as hard as they could go.

I was almost ready to follow, when O'Brien stopped me.

"Look yonder, Burton! Be the powers! there's the grandfather of all the pigs in India!"

And, sure enough, an enormous wild boar came out from the sugar-canes at an easy canter, with his bristles up, looking very wicked. The rest of our party, three in number, swept off after him, to intercept his return, and, closing in behind him, followed at full speed.

Master Piggy seemed, after a while, to think that discretion was the better part of valor; for he changed his easy canter to a stretching gallop, and put his best foot foremost as he went.

He had about a hundred yards the start of us; but we soon began to close the gap, crossing the paddy-fields, where the ruts and furrows took away considerable of his speed.

It was not till we had passed over a mile of the plain that

we got near enough to throw a spear. Mr. McA—— was the first to approach the boar—his horse having forged ahead of the rest.

I saw him raise and poise the long bamboo shaft in his hand, with the narrow, bayleaf-shaped blade at the end of it. He paused a moment to renew his aim, and then drew his arm back to give the final impetus, when suddenly down went his horse, and over went Mr. McA—— in a most elegant somersault!

He had fallen a victim to treacherous ground!

The natives fire the *surpat* every Fall to fertilize the ground, and only the larger roots of tufted grass escape destruction at such times. These become indurated and hidden under the heavy growth of next season, and form the most dangerous stumbling-blocks. Sometimes the roots become rotten to the bottom, and are then even more dangerous.

It was into one of these that Mr. McA——'s horse had stumbled, the rotten roots giving way under his forefoot and throwing him headlong.

O'Brien dashed to the front as our host fell, and cast his spear as he went. The impetus of the horse and the strength of the rider combined, sent the keen boar-spear clean through the hog's back; but, unluckily for our success, it had missed the vitals and only pierced the fleshy part of his shoulders.

The hog uttered a fierce grunt, and, turning, charged straight at the unarmed captain. The horse of the latter, well-trained in pig-sticking, rose in the air as the boar charged, and leaped clean over him, when the animal passed on at right angles to its former course, leaving the spear shaken out. I followed him single-handed, for the captain had dismounted to pick up his spear, and our host was *hors du combat*, with a lame horse.

My fiery Persian was now gaining rapidly on the boar. The blood was running from the shoulder of the latter, and he slackened his pace, evidently inclined to charge. We had got into the lines of the abandoned fields before mentioned, and I had just raised my spear to try my own fortune, when, on a sudden, the boar disappeared from my sight as if the earth had swallowed him. I had not time to check my horse, who was going at breakneck speed, and the next minute a black, yawning gulf opened right at my feet. Instinctively I buried the spurs in my horse's flanks, and raised him to the leap with a wild yell. The noble brute strained every nerve, and made a magnificent leap, clearing the well (for such it proved to be afterward), and lighting with his forefeet on the further edge. But his hindfeet could not clear the brink, and I felt in a moment that we were both sinking, slowly but surely, backward.

I threw myself forward on my horse's neck, striving with desperate energy to assist his struggles, and, for a moment, it seemed as if we should succeed in getting clear; but at this moment the rotten bank at the edge of the well gave way under my horse's feet, and back we fell, both of us; a wild, despairing cry ringing from the horse as he went over.

In that instant of time I seemed to live many years. All my life passed before me in review, during the brief second I hung suspended over that well, and while we were falling, falling down. It seemed as if we should never get to the bottom.

I was agreeably disappointed by the manner of my reception there. Instead of the vast depth I had expected, the well was only some thirty feet from the top, and about two feet of water covering the bottom broke the fall of myself and horse. There was ample room to move about, for the breadth of the well was over twenty-five feet, accounting thereby for the failure of my horse to take it in his leap.

We went splash into the water, all safe and sound, and with no bones broken. My horse scrambled to his feet, covering me with mud and water as he did so, and stood trembling. At the same moment, a grunt from the other side of our common prison startled us both out of ourselves, and reminded us that the wild boar shared our captivity.

I looked round, and there he was, up to his back in water, looking at us. Would he attack us? I hoped not. I had heard that animals taken in a pitfall were generally stupefied with terror, and incapable of harm; but I felt decidedly uneasy at the moment, my boar spear having disappeared in the fall into the well. Whether it had fallen inside or not I could not exactly say. I could not see it.

The hog stood quietly where he was, without offering to move, and I began to peer about and try to explore my prison. My eyes, lately blinded by the glaring light, now accustomed themselves to the comparative darkness of the well; and, to my great satisfaction, I perceived my spear, where it had fallen from my hand, as I clutched at the mane of my horse, sticking upright in the water.

But how was I get at it? It had fallen within a foot of the boar's tusks, and to pluck it thence was a dangerous task. I tried a cautious advance, but before I could get near enough, the brute made a bolt, with a savage grunt, and I was fain to retreat to my horse. The boar stood still, as much as to say, "Leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone"; but he was too risky a companion to leave, without one more effort to get my spear.

I determined to make use of my horse. Going to his head, I commenced backing him toward the hog. I heard the savage grunt again, and a rush and splash through the water. Instantly, my brave Persian commenced kicking like an incarnate fury, squealing viciously with fear and rage. The boar was flung back to the side of the well; but rushing round, tried to get an opportunity to rip up the charger. In the confusion, as the horse wheeled around to receive his antagonist, I darted to the spot where my spear was sticking, and drew it out of the mud.

Now I felt safe, and could watch with comparative tranquillity the strange fight that was going on in the bottom of the well. Presently a rattling salute of my brave horse's heels sent all the breath out of piggy's body, and a pause took place.

I improved it, and climbed on my horse's back, spear in hand. Just as the boar was staggering up to renew the attack, I charged the spear in my turn at his side, and pinned him through and through, the blood spouting in torrents, just as the cheery voice of Captain O'Brien came down from the well's mouth to my ear.

"Hilloa, Burton, old fellow! What *are* you up to down there? Well, this beats cock-fighting, I swear!"

"Come down and help me, you lazy devil!" retorted I. "I want help to cut up my pig."

O'Brien laughed, and disappeared. In a short time plenty of coolies were at hand with ropes, and the three of us, horse, rider, and game, were safely drawn to the surface after my pig-sticking extraordinary.

THE WANDERINGS OF A CAPUCHIN.

In 1666, fifteen Capuchin missionaries were dispatched by the Propaganda to Congo. One of them, Denis de Carli, has recorded his wanderings.

Father Denis went to his native town of Piacenza to meet a companion; and, having met, they set out for Genoa together, where the other missionaries were to embark. And so they were carried to Lisbon, to take ship for the Brazils; their ultimate destination being Congo.

They were three months reaching Pernambuco, and it was late in the year 1667 when they at last set sail for Congo; and, the southeast trade wind being nearly foul for them, they did not fetch the coast of Africa under 29° south —Pernambuco being 8° south—below the Orange River. They then coasted up to Benguela, getting into Portuguese and Christian territory at Cape Frio, in latitude 16° 10'.

TRY IT AGAIN.

The mission of these two friars was to Bamba, which is one hundred and twenty miles north of St. Paul de Loanda, two-thirds of the way between that town and the mouth of the Congo.

They went on board, and were two days getting north thirty miles, to Dante (Dunde), just north of the Bengo Bay of Andrew Battel. Their letters to the governor of the fort procured them thirty blacks to carry them in nets or hammocks, as Grant is depicted coming from Rumanikas. Barefooted friars could not walk in those parts. And so they went on northward from "Libbate" to "Abbatee," as they call the straw-built villages, being courteously received by the "Maco Conte," or native governor.

Next day they got put up a church of boughs on an eminence, and said mass, having the necessary things with them in a box. Then they catechized through an interpreter—one can only hope satisfactorily—and then the blacks, having had enough of it, fell a-playing on several instruments, a-dancing and a-shouting, so that they might be heard a league off.

These two defenseless friars went on with their journey, utterly unarmed. They were pleased with the monkeys, but much terrified with other animals—so much so that they at one time regretted they had not brought a gun, though we very much doubt if either of them knew how to

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—"I GAVE A LOUD CRY, TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THOSE BELOW ME. I HAD CLUTCHED THE RAILING, TO WHICH I HELD TENACIOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 475.

fire it off. Animals which they took to be lions frightened them at night, a boa-constrictor and an elephant in the daytime. The latter could not have been what our Indian brothers call a "rogue," or he would have exterminated the whole party.

The way began to be very long, and at last Father Michael Angelo agreed to push on and send back assistance to Father Denis. So Denis remained behind alone, attended only by a young negro, the son of a marquis, and with nothing at all to eat but kidney-beans. He had no money or goods, of course, and got so weak as not to be able to stand.

At length, footsore and worn with fever, he heard through the tropical forest the sound of the convent bell ringing for mass, and soon after rejoined his beloved Michael Angelo.

It was but a poor place, this convent, and now threatening ruin—only four cells of mud thatched with straw for dwelling-places; but the garden delighted and astonished him from the beauty and abundance of the fruit.

Now they set to work arranging their monastery, and selecting their servants from among the negroes—gardeners, cook, sacristan, water-carrier, treasurer. The old monastic machine, every part of it carefully fitted by centuries of experience in Europe, was soon set running again in the wilds of Africa.

Denis went his rounds among those pestilential west-coast African woods, and came back again to their poor little convent at Bamba, and saw his brother and friend of his heart, Brother Michael Angelo, wasted, lean and wan, trenching their precious garden, or showing the negroes how to do it.

Brother Michael Angelo was getting very weak. The clock was running down. So young, so bold, so devoted, so noble! There was the soul of a soldier—of a soldier among a hundred thousand—there, but the physique was wanting. An Italian gentleman and scholar, with an ambition which reached beyond the grave, longing to live, yet longing to die, was there in that garden, digging among his negroes, when Denis came back from his expedition.

Father Michael Angelo fell sick and died, and his young companion Denis was left alone among the ghastly, cold, green African woods, wringing his hands for his lost friend, even as Jonathan would have wrung his hands for David.

Fra Philip, the Superior, staid by him a little while; for Father Denis himself lay dying now, and Fra Philip thought that he might as well stay and bury him. But the father lingered longer than he expected, though now reduced to a heap of bones, and it was for the good of the Mission that Philip should depart. He confessed Father Denis, gave him the Viaticum, and left the dying friar among his negroes, believing that he should see his face no more.

Dying always, he did not die at last. Being held up in bed by his blacks—one of them holding the book, another the basin—he baptized ten or a dozen children a day, receiving what alms they gave him.

He mended so far as to lose the immediate dread of death; but, with his new hope of life, petty vexations—lost in the dread of that great shifting of skin, with which we are all familiar, and yet which we all dread—began to grow once more into actual evils. The rats ran over him in his helplessness, and the negroes stunk. He felt himself forced to keep his blacks sleeping close around him, for there were scandalous tongues to be met even then and there; even about a man in as hard a case as was he.

After a time, finding his circumstances desperate should he remain where he was, he determined to get himself carried to Loanda, and applied to the duke for bearers. The duke sent him all that he had; but they were not enough to carry all his luggage, and so he abandoned some, and started in a hammock on his almost hopeless journey.

At length he reached the first Portuguese settlement, and saw white faces once more. His appearance was that of a corpse, and they wondered that a man with that face was actually alive. They crowded weeping around him, expecting his immediate death; but by their affectionate care he rallied a little, and ultimately got back to Loanda, where he lay, unable to leave his hammock, for six months more, when, on the arrival of the Superior, he was sent to a pleasant house a little way up the river Coanza, to try and recover his health.

Father Denis then started in a slave ship for Brazil. They had a terrible passage. They had been three days without food, the water was spent, blacks were beginning to drop, when they made Bahia. The people there, when they heard that they had been fifty days at sea, concluded that all the blacks were dead, and were agreeably surprised to find that the death-roll was only *thirty-three*—it often happening that half of them died in that passage! Father Denis got himself carried in a hammock to the Franciscan convent, which, though not of his Order, received him courteously and gave him rest.

After a short time, apparently improved in health, he took passage with a Genoese captain, a friend of his, whom he had met here at Bahia on his arrival, and set sail for Lisbon. She was a large ship, carrying fifty guns.

Landing at last at Lisbon, he bade farewell to the companions of this part of his adventures. His face was now set eastward, and he soon found a ship which wanted a chaplain.

After a frantic chase after a salt-fish ship from Nantes, which they mistook for a Turk, they came to Cadiz.

Hearing there was a ship at Finisterre which would be likely to take him on his way, he went thither, and by that means met with a new and splendid adventure. This ship was an English seventy-four.

They were well out at sea, when Father Denis observed the English captain examine two distant sails with his telescope. The next symptom he observed was a council of all the officers in the cabin; the next, the drums beating to quarters; then studding-sails set, and the ship flying through the water like a shark. The good father was going to look on war face to face.

In an hour they had overhauled the chase, and fired a gun to bring them to. They were, as was guessed now and known afterward, a Christian ship in the hands of a Turk. The Turk evidently considered himself by far the stronger party, and to His Majesty's summons replied by a shotted gun. In another moment the English broadside came ripping and tearing into his sides, deafening poor Father Denis, and terrifying his companion. And so the terrible game began.

The Turks fought like furies. Our captain had the weather of them, and so they fought blinded with his smoke and their own; yet he had done little with them in an hour and a half, and seeing that the death-grapple must come, he gave the order to board; and as the blue-jackets went swarming over the bulwarks, the quiet friar, soothing the terrors of his companion, could hear for the first time, in the comparative silence, the cries of the wounded who were now lying thick around on the deck.

The assault was furious, and the resistance ferocious. Few experienced officers, we believe, deny even to the "Turks" of the present day the quality of an almost savage courage. Our fathers used to speak of fighting like a Turk, and the expression is almost alive now.

These Turks—probably Arabs would be a more correct name for them—were utterly outnumbered on this occa-

sion, when it came to hand-to-hand work. Their force was divided between the two vessels—between the man-of-war which had captured the prize and the prize herself.

Our English captain having boarded and taken the man-of-war, and the captured Christians assisting him, had an easier task with the prize, whose crew tried to make off with her. The captured rover, followed by the English man-of-war, soon overhauled her, being deeply laden, and the sea-fight was over by the submission of the Turks.

The Christian captain of the prize, "a lusty man, half stripped," told our English captain how his mischance had occurred, and the Christians knelt and thanked His Majesty's officer.

The recovered ship was of Malaga, laden with wine, and was off Cape St. Vincent when attacked by the rover. She resisted, but was overpowered by what one may suppose was a Sallee rover.

The English captain put the Christians—among whom there were Spaniards, Neapolitans, Milanese and Flemings—in possession of their ship again, and gave them convoy to Cadiz.

Father Denis, with the ship, visited Oran, Cadiz and Seville; then, leaving it, he wandered on through Murcia, Alicant, Valencia, Castile, Tarragona, to Barcelona in Catalonia, and so from town to town, on and on through the south of France, by Monaco, to the beloved old convent at Piacenza, and to rest at last.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

"A NARROW ESCAPE.

"AN Englishman in Paris had a narrow escape, not long since, from a frightful death. Tranquilly contemplating the city from the top of the Vendome column, he did not notice a man, seemingly peaceable enough, standing close behind him. Suddenly the fellow started forward, clasped our countryman round the waist, and exclaimed:

"'I bet I throw you down, as sure as one and one make two!'

"The Englishman, looking at him, and finding out that he had to deal with a madman, with admirable presence of mind replied:

"'If you come below with me, I bet I can throw you up here, as sure as one and one make two!'

"Tempted by the difficulty of the proposition, the man let go his hold and accompanied the Englishman downstairs, where he was immediately secured and handed over to the proper authorities."

I CHANCED once, upon the occasion of a visit to Paris, to ascend the Vendome column for the purpose of contemplating the city from that lofty elevation. At my feet was spread out the busy panorama of the people moving across the Place, or entering it from the contiguous streets, the Rues de la Paix and Castiglione.

How long I had been there I do not know, for the time passed very quickly, absorbed as I was in gazing at the points of interest in the great city; but I was aroused, after a while, by feeling a gentle tap upon my shoulder.

At this touch, a little startled as I was, I turned and looked behind me.

Near enough to admit of my touching him, had I desired to do so, I saw a man of grave and sombre expression of countenance, and with a long, flowing, gray beard.

As I looked at him questioningly, a smile came upon his face, and for a moment imparted a cheerfulness to it.

Almost immediately upon my observing him, he advanced to my side.

"Pardon," he said, "for thus interrupting your meditations. You are a stranger to Paris, I presume?"

"Yes."

"An Englishman, perhaps?"

"No. An American."

"Ah!"

Then he gazed at me with what seemed to me to be a curious expression in his eyes.

"This is a favorable place from which to view Paris," he continued, in as grave a manner as had marked his conduct from the beginning. "I sometimes come here myself—that is, when I get a chance to do so. The streets are too much crowded for comfort, and from the streets nothing can be seen; but up at this height one feels free—free!"

For an instant, as the stranger spoke, a restless gleam came into his eyes; but this passed away almost instantly, and the sombre expression regained its influence in his face.

"You, sir," I remarked, after a slight pause, "are, of course, a Parisian?"

"At present, yes. I have for some time resided here, and in that sense I am a Parisian. Rather should I say, however, that I am a cosmopolite."

"Indeed! Then, sir, you have been a great traveler, doubtless?"

"You have surmised correctly, sir," replied the stranger. "I have been everywhere—in every clime, among every people!" Then he added, with a sudden energy that startled me: "Do I look old, or feeble, or wasted with years?"

"Not at all, sir—not at all. You appear, on the contrary, to be a very vigorous man—one, I should say, who could bear a great deal of fatigue."

The stranger shook his head wearily.

"And yet I am a very old man," he replied.

I did not choose to express any doubt of what he had just told me; but I thought that he was amusing himself at my expense. As it was, I was beginning to feel nervous, situated as I was with a man whose manner was, to say the least, unusual.

"You have been a traveler," I said to him, resuming the conversation; "may I ask whether you have ever been to America?"

"Often—very often. Of late years, however, I have not been on that continent. I understand that many changes have taken place in that quarter of the globe."

"You have, doubtless, also visited Asia and Africa?" I continued.

"Those continents, too, have I also traversed. My fate has carried me everywhere—everywhere!"

"May I ask who you are, sir?" I said, curious to know the name of my strange interlocutor.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand deprecatingly. "Let my name be unknown to you."

"As you please, sir," I replied, pleasantly.

And I turned and began once more to view the city spread out at my feet.

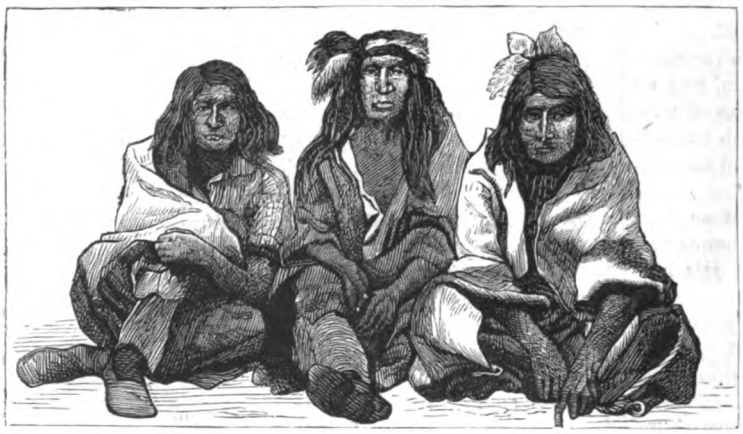
A few moments of silence passed. Then the stranger—who, I knew, was watching me closely, although I was not looking at him directly—spoke again.

"Do you see that ancient-looking steeple to the left of us there—about three-quarters of a mile away?" he remarked, pointing in the direction referred to.

"Yes. I have noticed that building. What is it?"

"That, sir," replied the stranger, with a gloomy voice, "is the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerois; and from that belfry tolled the tocsin that sounded the fatal hour of the St. Bartholomew massacre."

Whether it was because of the man's sombre tone, or



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—RED RIVER INDIANS.

because of the dreadful associations connected with the mention of the St. Bartholomew massacre, I shuddered as he spoke.

"You tremble!" said the stranger, eagerly.

"For a moment, sir, I trembled to think of that hour."

"Bah!" he continued. "It is nothing to *think* of it! You should have *seen* the spectacle!"

"Ah, that must been horrible indeed!"

"It *was* horrible! *I* was there. I had just arrived in Paris from Asia Minor. The assassins who flocked in the streets of Paris that night, shouting 'Death to the Huguenots!' slew men, women and children; but none of them slew *me!* I was anxious to die. I threw myself in their way, crying, crying, 'Live the Duke of Guise!' in order to provoke them to slay me! But they passed me by. Even in that moment of horror I was avoided as if the plague had been attached to my person. Uplifted swords by hundreds threatened me for a moment, and were then miraculously turned away, while the arms of those who wielded them were paralyzed. I bared my breast in the path of the soldiers, crying, 'Kill! kill!' But though blood was shed on every side on that fatal night, none would pity me—none would have mercy upon the wretched Ahasuerus! The death which I sought, and which I yearned for, was denied me!"

I turned, with a sudden sense of horror, as I understood the fact that I was alone upon the Vendome column with a madman!

"Ha!" I exclaimed, with an involuntary frenzy. "You, then, are the Wandering Jew?"

"Ay, the Wandering Jew! Look now, still further to the west of us. Do you sée that column that rises above the roofs of the houses? That is the Column of July at the *Place de la Revolution.* There stood the guillotine during the first revolution. On that occasion, too, when blood ran in streams, I was in Paris. I thought that at last my hour was come. When heads were falling into the gory basket at every minute of the day, I stood, from morning to evening, at the foot of the guillotine, imploring them to place *my* neck under the glistening knife. But the executioners rebuffed me, declaring that I was mad, and drove me from the death that I prayed for. I tried, too, when the tumbrils were on their way from the Concierge to the guillotine, bearing the condemned, to smuggle myself among the doomed men. But I was detected and scourged amid the hootings of the people. All men had their opportunity to die; but death never came to *me!*"

During this speech, having somewhat recovered my composure, I had rapidly made up my mind to the course that

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—THE WINNIPEG WATER-WORKS.

I should pursue. The maniac had worked himself up to a paroxysm of frenzy, and was staring at me with the face of a fiend.

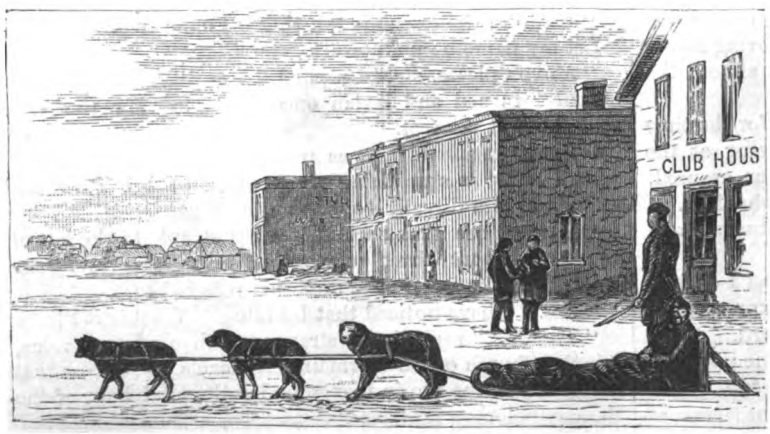
Before he had time to surmise my purpose, I made a sudden spring for the aperture, with the purpose of descending the spiral stairway; but, quick as I was, the madman was no less expeditious, for he stretched forth his hand, and clutched me around the waist.

I struggled desperately to escape. But what was my strength compared to that of this raging maniac.

"Let go your hold!" I cried. "Why do you detain me?"

"You seek to escape me, then!" he replied, in a hissing voice. "You shall now either throw me over the railing, or I will toss you from the column! Quick! Make your choice! My life, or yours! I would have death! Give it to me, or die!"

Step by step, as he spoke, he dragged me to the railing—the only impediment that preserved us from instant death. Not a word passed between us in this struggle for life.



SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—DOG-TRAIN.

My efforts were made to elude his grasp, and attain the stairway. His, to reach the balustrade which overlooked the street below.

As the moments passed, I felt myself gradually getting weaker. The maniac's hot breath came into my face, and his grasp nearly suffocated me.

With horror I appreciated the fact that I was losing ground, and that the desperate man was getting the better of me.

After the lapse of a minute or two, spent in these struggles, the maniac gradually forced me to the balustrade.

Then as he cried, exultingly, "Die, miserable man, in your obstinacy!" I gave a loud cry, to attract the attention of the passers-by below me.

I had clutched one of the railings, to which I held tenaciously. My head, face downward, extended over the balustrade, and from that position I could see the curious faces of two or three men looking up to the top of the column.

Again I shouted at the top of my voice:

"Help! Help!"

They heard me, and understood my appeal! and I saw, with a feeling of unspeakable thankfulness, that they were coming to my rescue.

The hope of assistance gave me new strength.

I made one more effort to disengage myself from the vise-like hold of the maniac; and, as I succeeded in regaining my feet, I heard the encouraging voices of the men rushing up the stairway.

One moment more, and I saw them emerge from the aperture.

They sprang upon the madman, and tore him from me; and, in that instant, yielding to the reaction, I fainted and fell, unconscious. When I recovered my senses, I told my story to the horror-stricken listeners, and I was informed, in return, of the identity of the man who had so nearly succeeded in destroying me. He was a noted lunatic who had escaped, two days before, from a neighboring madhouse, and the symptoms of his lunacy were, as the reader may surmise, that he was the veritable "Wandering Jew," whom death could never reach.

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—SHOOTING A RAPID.

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.—LITTLE FOX.

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.— INDIAN GRAVES

SKETCHES OF MANITOBA.

"Lord Selkirk's Red River Settlement" was a point long ago known to adventurous hunters and trappers in the Northwest—men to whom Pembina was not the last outpost of civilization. It was known in the English Parliament and law-courts, as there was plenty of litigation and trouble about it.

The hardy Scotch Highlanders, the Canadian Voyageurs, who planted themselves there in spite of its cold and severity, liked the place and staid, marrying Indian wives, and their descendants, half-breeds, or Boisbrules, as they are called, form at this day no inconsiderable portion of the population. The Church of Rome early sent her missionaries to the spot, and her sway is represented at this day by an archbishop.

This country, or, rather, a part of it, was, not long since, formed into the Territory of Manitoba; but things did not work, and in 1870 the Canadian element revolted, under the leadership of Riel.

Wolseley, since distinguished on the coast of Africa, overawed and overthrew the insurgents

in a Winter campaign; but Riel, the outlawed leader, has since been repeatedly elected to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada. We illustrate this territory, which borders on Minnesota, by a few sketches.

A Manitoba Dog-train, with its "husky" or Esquimaux dogs, represents the usual teams of the country. A good dog will draw from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds with ease, and a team of four will cost eighty or one hundred dollars. The harness is of moose-skin, and the dogs have gay saddle-cloths worked with beads. The driver is a half-breed, as hardy as his dogs.

The Indians of this part, chiefly Crees or Chippewyans, place the dead sometimes on scaffolds, at other times in graves, with a covering above, of bark or split saplings. At the head and foot of the grave they place a pipe, tobacco, a spoon, and some cooking utensils, with wood for a fire.

Shooting a Rapid shows that the rivers are not exempt from difficulties. The Winnipeg Waterworks, till within the last two years, are shown in another illustration, but an artesian well now furnishes a fine supply.

We give types of the Indian tribes of this little State, and a portrait of Little Fox, a chief of the Plain Crees.

BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS

By Carrie D. Beebe.

FOR miles the mountains ranged in an unbroken chain from north to south. They were rugged and rocky, and covered with dark forests of fir; but a spur shot sharply to the southwest, and then seemed suddenly shattered into a hundred little, fertile hills. Rivulets flowed down these hillsides, swollen into broad streams in the Springtime floods, but shrinking into slender threads during the heat of Summer. These slight streams fed lakes of various size and depth in the valleys below; and, altogether, with its rocks, and lakes, and hills, the country seemed a Switzerland in miniature.

Three villages were separated by three of these hills, and the height of the hill seemed to regulate the tone of society in its respective town. The highest village regarded its less fortunate neighbor with a feeling similar to that with which Fifth Avenue, with its select surroundings, looks upon the comfortable but less fashionable localities of New York; and, as the dwellers in these same localities congratulate themselves that they are not obliged to live in the narrow, crowded streets, where a breeze, if it could find its way, might reach them from either river, so the denizens of the centre village "thanked God and took courage," because they did not live in Factoryville, which was at least a hundred feet below them in altitude, and no one knew how much further in a social point of ziew.

Unlike New York, however, there was no close connection between these three social elements; for, when the morning came, the lifeblood and sinew, and nerve and brain of the city did not surge in a tide below during the hours of business, but each town was distinct from the other, and self-supporting in its own way.

Mount Calm, the more elevated village, contained many handsome country-seats, held by men of wealth, whose families sought rest and quiet in the Summer. Besides, there was a select community of professional gentlemen—physicians, lawyers, artists—who, from prudence or pure love, considered the air of Mount Calm salubrious the whole year round.

Middlebury, the second village, was populated with farmers, mechanics, and quiet, respectable tradesmen. This town stood upon the borders of a lake, and might have been picturesque, only that it closely resembled the toy villages which children set down upon nursery-floors, the houses all straight and narrow, placed exactly the same distance apart, and, as you looked down upon the trees, you felt ready to declare the branches were of curled-up shavings that had been dipped in blue-green paint, so nearly of a size were they, and perfect cones in shape.

Factoryville, the third village, was almost altogether given up to mills and factories. There was a large tannery, too, and the people employed in these temples of industry lived in small cottages near.

But there were two honorable exceptions to the general rule regarding private residences in Factoryville. Just within the borders of the village, divided by the street which led down the smallest hill to the town, were two as elegant dwellings as ever Mount Calm could boast.

One was occupied by a celebrated physician and surgeon, Dr. De Wolfe, the other by Angus McClay, the largest mill-owner in the place. Mount Calm, lifting her aristocratic eyes above sober Middlebury, always allowed them to fall benignly upon these residences and their possessors, for both were bachelors and wealthy. They mingled with the elevated society of Mount Calm, talked politics with the aristocratic fathers, were extremely polite to the exclusive mothers, and danced and flirted with the fairest daughters, but could never be induced to leave their Factoryville castles nor their solitary lives. They were firm friends, these men; the doctor being eminent in surgery, and Angus McClay, who clung to the names of his ancestors, was fond of being considered a Scotchman, albeit neither his father nor his grandfather ever saw the blue sky over Scotland during the whole of their natural lives. He was given to out-door sports, especially hunting and fishing, and, as he could call his own many a lake and trout-stream and many an acre of woodland, there was ample scope for the exercise of his skill upon his own domain.

Austin Randolph was a Wall Street broker, who had lost and won many fortunes in his day, and when he suddenly sickened and died, he left his estate to his two motherless daughters, Teresa and Louise.

Neither was of age, but his sister, who had been his housekeeper for years, was appointed as their guardian. His will, which was hastily made, left Lou, the younger, his elegant residence in the city, and Tess, as she was usually called, a handsome country-house, situated in the most fashionable street in Mount Calm.

His sister had enough to support her through life, and his remaining property—so the will stated—was to be equally divided between his two daughters. But, after a six months' search, no other property could be found, and the two young girls, just from school, had two handsome residences upon their hands, and nothing else to live upon.

However, Miss Randolph was equal to the emergency, and she rented the city house, furnished, for a handsome sum, and then bundled her two charges off to Mount Calm.

As their first year of mourning did not expire until the coming September, the girls passed a very quiet Summer, seeing very few people.

Louise took kindly to naps and novel reading, but poor Tess was so restless, she was a constant source of anxiety to her aunt. She persisted in ranging through the fields and woods, and when the Autumn frosts turned the forest upon the hills a bright cardinal and gold, she went out to gather maple-leaves day after day, pressing several bushels, and

using quarts of linseed oil and furniture varnish in preserving them.

One day, when she set out for the woods, as usual, basket hand, her aunt made some slight demur.

"If you gather many more leaves, Tess," she said, "we shall be obliged to store them in the hayloft."

"A very good place, auntie," returned Tess, coolly. "I'm glad you mentioned it, for I began to fear I should be obliged to bring my labors to a close for lack of room. As it is, I can go on as long as the leaves last, and then at Christmas time I may run down to the city and sell them upon the street-corners."

Miss Randolph looked dreadfully shocked, and away Tess went up the hillside, across a field which appeared very green for the season; she observed it as she passed, for there were cows feeding upon it. She soon reached the brightest bit of wood there was in sight, and she broke the branches of the trees as lavishly as her strength would permit.

At last she seated herself upon the stone fence at the border of the wood to rest, and at this moment she saw a man rush into the further end of the green field, and, by shouting and throwing stones, attempt to drive the cattle from it.

They were many, and he but one, and they appeared very little afraid, only keeping out of his way. They began to herd together in a corner of the field near Tess; but she was not afraid, and, tucking her feet under her, she watched in amused silence, wondering who would come off victor in the fight.

The man rushed after them, and they fled to another part of the field; so he paused to regain his breath for a moment, and, as he was only a stone's throw from Tess, she heard distinctly, as he began to apostrophize the cows in no gentle tone.

"I'm sure I think the cows very sensible," remarked Tess, from her perch upon the wall. "They don't wish to leave this field of fresh green grass, and I don't wonder, for all the others seem dead and brown."

The man regarded her for a moment, seeming greatly amused by her remark.

"Fresh green grass, indeed!" he laughed. "This is a field of Winter wheat, and belongs to me, while these troublesome cows belong to a troublesome neighbor, who would rather they should pasture upon my ground than feed them himself; and I dare say he helped them to lift the rails from the fence in the corner just below."

"Oh!" said Tess, glad to learn so much upon the subject of cows and grain in one short lesson. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she continued. "If you will help me carry these branches of Autumn leaves home, I'll assist you in driving out the cows."

He laughed more than ever.

"I doubt if you know how to drive cows at all," he said.

"At least I might succeed as well as you have done," she retorted, half-vexed. "I could follow them about the field, and flourish a bit of brushwood at them, I know; and if swearing is necessary, I'm confident you'll be able to do enough for both."

"Pardon me," he said, quickly, and his brown cheeks flushed a trifle. "If I had known there was a lady near, I should have been more guarded in my speech."

"Oh! there is no need of any apology," returned Tess, quietly. "I am without a brother, and I was never married; but then, I have lived with people who were."

She sprang lightly from the wall before he could assist her, and taking up a branch of Autumn leaves as high as her own head, she expressed herself ready for the fray.

He watched her earnestly for a moment, seeming half-perplexed, half-smiling.

"If you are really willing to help me," he said, "you may take your stand a little beyond where the fence is thrown down, and when I drive the cows that way, if you will prevent the first ones from passing you, they will all rush out of the field. They will not harm you, I know, or I would not allow you to assist me."

She nodded, and ran down to station herself where he directed, and, seeing she was quite in earnest, he went after the cows.

They soon came tearing down toward Tess, and she began to feel half-frightened, thinking they might possibly trample her down, there were so many, and they seemed all hoofs, horns and eyes.

But she stood firm, waving her bright branch as they approached, and they all rushed in mad haste out of the field.

"You are braver than I thought!" the farmer exclaimed, admiringly. "No one could have done better."

"I am not brave at all," contradicted Tess, who did not desire his admiration, and wished to dampen its ardor. "I was afraid of the beasts when they all came rushing toward me."

"That proves you to be truly brave," persisted he, as he began to place the rails upon the fence. "He who stands his ground when in danger is braver than the man who knows no fear."

Tess gave up the argument without another word.

"Perhaps your time is valuable to you," she said, as he placed a huge rock upon the topmost rail. "Mine is almost useless, and hangs heavily upon my hands. I will not insist upon your helping me to carry home my plunder, which, I suppose, I have obtained by trespassing upon your land."

"The leaves are of no use to me," he replied, "and I shall be glad if you will honor them by taking as many as you like. But I shall insist upon carrying out my part of the contract, and helping you carry the Autumn branches home."

"Thank you." She was growing a trifle embarrassed, this city-bred girl, in the presence of this plain man. "I have already pressed many more leaves than I need," she said, apologetically. "But I have not much to do, and I am so tired of being entirely idle."

"This must be pleasant work," and he gathered an armful of the larger and brighter sprays.

"Yes," and lifting her basket of ferns, Tess led the way, meekly.

Upon the brow of the hill she paused, and cast a lingering look backward. The hills seemed warm and bright, with their gay colors, but the mountain firs fringed their summits with the darkest green. Her companion paused also, and regarded the beautiful scene in silence.

Tess repressed a sigh.

"I wish I could look behind the mountains," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"Behind the mountains there live people, too," quoted her companion.

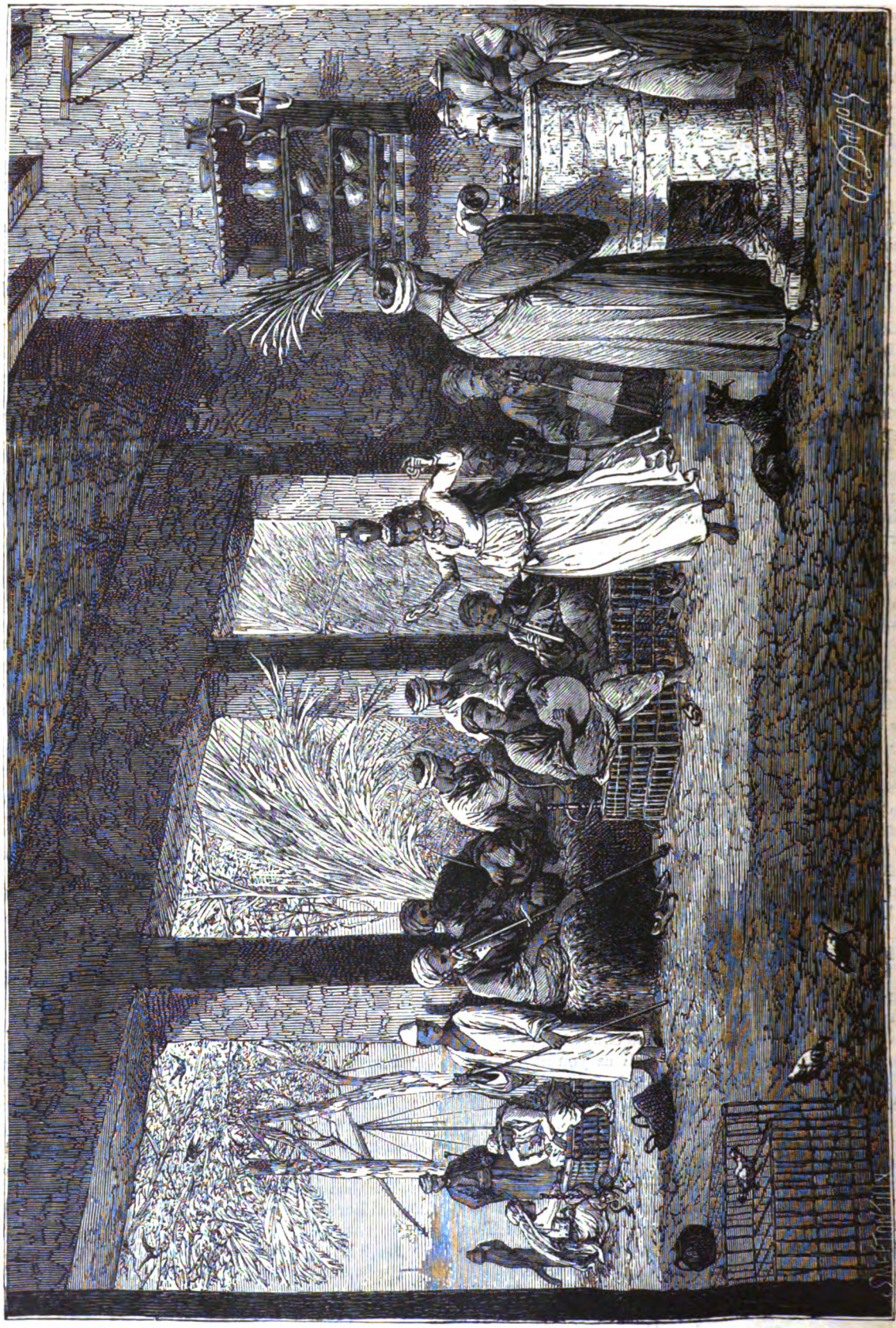
She turned, and for the first time looked him full in the face. What she saw she had not expected—it was a look of more than passing interest that his face wore, and she dropped her eyes and was silent.

"Do you live behind the mountains?" she asked, at last.

"Yes," he answered, "but the other way."

"He is one of the Middlebury farmers," thought Tess. "I have heard how nice and respectable they are, and now I am sure of it."

She fell to wondering how or when she should dismiss him, but he anticipated her. They stood by the gate that led to the rear grounds of her house.



A VILLAGE COFFEE-HOUSE IN ROUMELIA—SEE PAGE 482.

"Shall I leave the branches here?" he asked, as he opened it.

"If you please, sir," and he laid them down. "I thank you very much for bringing them," she said, and her cheeks grew rosy as she lifted her eyes to his face; but with a brief disclaimer he lifted his hat and was gone.

"What a manner that man has!" thought Tess, as she want slowly into the house—"and his eyes!"

Here her aunt met her in the hall.

"Tess," she said, "go up to your room and tidy yourself as quickly as possible. Mrs. Vansant is in the parlor, and she has come to urge me to allow Louise and you to attend her last reception before she leaves for the city."

"And shall we go?" asked Tess, her eyes beginning to brighten.

"I guess so; but you hurry down."

Mrs. Vansant was the leader of the Mount Calm society, and the very best people of the town assembled, at her call, in her tasteful drawing-rooms.

"My dear child," she said, with an approving glance toward the glowing cheeks and eyes of Tess, as she came into the room, "I shall not permit your aunt to make nuns of your sister and yourself any longer. You must appear, on Thursday evening, under my own especial charge; and I expect, before I return, next Summer, to see you the happy wife of Doctor De Wolfe; while your sister, I am sure, will be greatly admired by Mr. McClay. He likes a quiet woman. I know her gentle ways will suit him exactly."

Tess opened her eyes.

"Do the gentlemen in question know of your designs upon them?" she asked.

Mrs. Vansant laughed. "I do believe you will die an old maid in spite of your beauty, Tess."

"I hope not, indeed, unless I am fated to die soon. I shouldn't care to be an old maid if they are obliged to live as quietly as we have done since we came here."

"Then you must capture Dr. De Wolfe at once; that is, if you have no one else in view."

"But suppose I have?"

"I never knew such a girl," protested Miss Randolph. "You can never tell what she means by what she says. I don't suppose she has had ten minutes' conversation with any gentleman in ever so many months," she added.

BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS.—"SHE SOON REACHED THE BRIGHTEST BIT OF WOODS THERE WAS IN SIGHT, AND SHE BROKE THE BRANCHES OF THE TREES AS LAVISHLY AS HER STRENGTH WOULD PERMIT."—SEE PAGE 478.

"But I just have," said Tess, "and this very afternoon, too."

"And who may this gentleman be?" Mrs. Vansant asked, highly amused at the girl's manner.

"I don't know his name," Tess replied, soberly. "I am only aware of the fact that he lives behind the mountains."

"Very definite, indeed," laughed the lady, as she rose to go. "Don't disappoint me on Thursday evening. Mind come early, and come directly to my room."

Louise and Tess received several little additions to their toilets, in the room of their hostess, on Thursday evening, before they went down with her to receive the guests. Louise was ladylike and fair, with a charming manner, and Tess was a beauty who seemed to care very little about her own looks; while lace and bright flowers lightened their sombre dresses, and Mrs. Vansant was well satisfied with the result.

Among the very last of the guests, Mrs. Vansant's pet lions, the doctor and Mr. McClay, made their appearance. The girls had met the doctor before, but Mr. McClay they had not seen until to-night. Doctor De Wolfe came forward first, and then lingered to chat with Louise; but when Mr. McClay was introduced to Tess, his hostess said,

gayly: "A young lady who hopes she will not be an old maid, Mr. McClay; but she is not in the market, for she has an admirer who lives behind the mountains, wherever that may be."

Tess lifted her eyes to the man's face, once, twice, thrice, and then she grew deadly pale; for there he stood before her, the very man whom she had assisted to drive the cows from the grain field—her knight who lived behind the mountain.

He bowed low, half smiling; and Mrs. Vansant, observing the girl's paleness, attributed it to the fact that she was weary with standing to receive the guests, and was about to send her to a seat in charge of Doctor De Wolfe; but, upon looking about, she discovered the good doctor devotedly leading Louise to a sofa near.

"Mr. McClay," she said, abruptly, "I've no doubt Miss Randolph is tired, so I'll commission you to take her somewhere a little out of the throng, where she can sit down for a few moments."

Tess dutifully took his arm, feeling more frightened than she had ever been before in her life. She knew Mr. McClay was fully aware of whom Mrs. Vansant referred to in the man who lived behind the mountains, and she felt he despised her, thinking she had spoken of him boastingly, as though he were a real admirer. But he began to converse in an interesting and easy manner, ignoring altogether the speech his hostess thoughtlessly made. Tess was very grateful, but wondered that he, knowing this, could seem so indifferent to the fact.

All the evening he was devoted to her; and at last, feeling that she could endure no longer to have him despise her, as she did not doubt he must do, she began a confused apology:

"Mr. McClay," she began, in a low tone, "I—I mistook you for a farmer, on the afternoon——"

"When we drove the cows from the grain field?" he asked, coolly.

"Yes," she managed to say.

"I know it, Miss Randolph. You thought me a plain, quiet farmer, and you rather liked me too."

Tess opened her eyes widely, and then she blushed.

"There was no reason why you should not think me a farmer," he said. "I am plain enough, mercy knows, and I had on an old brown hunting suit, faded until it looks the color of dead leaves, because it attracts no attention when I go through the wood."

Tess forgot her confusion, and began to become interested.

"You thought me a very nice sort of a farmer," he continued, "and so I had the advantage of you, for I knew exactly who you were from the first. I have seen you making raids upon my woods before, and I took the pains to inquire about you. And I do assure you, Miss Randolph, the liking I have mentioned before was mutual. I thought you a very interesting young girl, and determined to know more of you at an early opportunity; and I cannot help being thankful that fortune has favored me so soon!"

"But what Mrs. Vansant said——" began Tess.

"Now, I know you are a brave little girl," he interrupted, laughing. "You are frightened, and yet you will tell me all you meant to say, in spite of my efforts to distract and confuse you."

"I only want to tell you," Tess went on, desperately—for the tears were coming into her eyes—"that the way I came to speak of you to Mrs. Vansant at all was because she proposed to find a husband for me, and I told her she need not, for—for——"

"Yes, I know," he said, taking her hand—for it was all he could do in the crowd. "You told her you had an admirer behind the mountains; and so, little girl, you have."

"But I never expected to see you again," gasped Tess. "I meant it for a jest only."

"And this only goes to prove once more the truth of the old saw about so many true words being spoken in jest. But I am curious about one thing more. Am I the husband Mrs. Vansant proposed to find for you?"

"Oh, no!" quickly. "It wasn't you at all."

"And you don't wish to be an old maid?" teasingly.

Tess escaped from him, she never knew how, and got to the dressing-room.

"Whatever did you say to Tessie Randolph last night?" asked Mrs. Vansant of him, next day.

"Whatever did you do with her?" he asked, in answer. "She disappeared toward the close of the evening, and I was told you had sent her home. Was it for temper or——"

"Do hush! I found the child in my room, crying as if her heart was broken; and I strongly suspect you were the cause of it all."

"Perhaps I had better go over to her house and apologize."

"I think you had; and as you dare not go alone, I'll take you with me, for I am on my way there."

He was glad of the opportunity, and Mrs. Vansant engaged Miss Randolph, the aunt, in conversation, while Mr. McClay used nearly all the worst adjectives in the English language in calling himself bad names to Tess, for having been so wicked as to say anything to grieve her upon the previous evening.

Little as he believed what he said of himself, he was at least honest in endeavoring to win the girl's heart; and Tess, partly understanding both, forgave him altogether.

So when Mrs. Vansant returned to Mount Calm next Summer, Tess Randolph added McClay to her name, and presided with more gracefulness than dignity over her husband's elegant house in Factoryville.

But as Mr. McClay seemed perfectly content with all his girl-wife did and said, both Mrs. Vansant and her Aunt Helen declared that, in view of Mrs. McClay's being a universal favorite in society, they could not covet for her the charming manner of her sister, Mrs. De Wolfe, who was just over the way.

So they all lived long and happily, even in the little factory town behind the mountains.

A VILLAGE COFFEE-HOUSE IN EGYPT.

However small the collection of mud huts inhabited by wretched *fellaheen*, which in Egypt may be dignified by the name of village, it is sure to possess its coffee-house. To these the natives resort for the inevitable coffee and pipe, and to them come, as a consequence, the itinerant jugglers, the musicians, and the *almas*, or dancing-girls, who provide amusement for the oppressed and wretched peasantry of Lower Egypt.

Travelers seldom fail to visit one or more of these hostelries, which afford unusual advantages for studying the manners and habits of the people; and their appearance is always hailed with delight by the performers, since their appeals for *bahksheesh* commonly meet with a liberal response.

Our engraving gives a faithful picture of one of these resorts. A recent traveler thus describes the dance of the *almas*:

"The *almas* dance with their bodies rather than their

feet, making a series of contortions, shaking and joltings, which suggest the idea that the figures of these girls consist of two distinct parts, which have very little to do with one another.

"They shuffle their naked feet along the ground in a most inelegant manner, keeping time to the music which is played for them. One of the girls played with small brass cymbals, one of which she held in each hand; her companion raised one hand to her head, at times as though in grief, at others, spying through her fingers with most impudent looks, while her other arm was fixed akimbo on her side.

"There were regular figures to the dance; the performers seemed to follow the music according to their own inclination, and at the conclusion of the exercise they looked as hot and tired as might be expected after such unnatural exertions.

"One of them, who was pretty, and who was evidently looked upon as a kind of pocket Venus by her countrymen, gave us a song, which lasted for full ten minutes, in a curiously shrill and wild voice. She played her own accompaniment, on one of the funnel-shaped earthenware drums; after the song the dance was repeated in the same manner as before, and would have continued till morning, had the spectators not been fully satisfied long ere this period.

"The dress of the *almas* is always gay and handsome. They wore on this occasion striped India silk, and necklaces of gold coins, crocodiles, and other forms, all in gold. Their fez-caps were sewn all over with small gold money; a handsome crown-piece of solid gold fastened the rich black silk tassel; and a number of long braids of silk, equally covered with coins, forty of them at the least, dangled behind amongst the tiny plaits of their black hair, which, between the silk braids and the tassel of the fez, were very little seen.

"The fiddler, and the fiddle that accompanied the dancers, were the most curious part of the whole scene. The instrument was made of a cocoa-nut, cut crosswise in half; across it a bladder was tightly stretched; the handle was a rough stick, and two bundles of horse-hair, white and black, were stretched along the whole by way of strings. Two very large pegs at the top served to tune the strings, and a projecting iron stem beyond the cocoa-nut shell to rest the instrument on the ground.

"The fiddler was a remarkably fine, dark-colored man, father to one of the girls; and wonderfully well did he perform on his primitive-looking instrument. The fingers of one hand moved at the top, on the two bundles of strings, with the greatest agility; while the other hand and arm worked away with the fiddle-stick, which was formed of another bunch of horse-hair, loosely stretched and tightened by his arm in holding it.

"The variety of very peculiar sounds caused by the contact was almost incredible, a good deal of expression being arrived at by suddenly jerking the instrument first to one side, then to the other, in a way which would, no doubt, have astonished slightly the talent of Paganini. We set down the old man as a decided musical genius, and regret extremely not having brought back to Europe a faithful picture of the musician and his instrument.

"A younger musician holding a somewhat smaller instrument, made of the other half of the cocoanut, kept buzzing on, one continued monotone, as a "second part," during the whole performance.

"We were sufficiently pleased with these curiosities to be enabled to express truthful admiration and satisfaction, notwithstanding the sensations of disgust and pity which the dancing itself could not fail to raise in one's mind. We were very glad to have seen it, but were equally sure that we should never wish to witness it again; though the fiddler and the fiddle we would most gladly have captured and taken away along with us."

TATTOOING IN BURMAH.

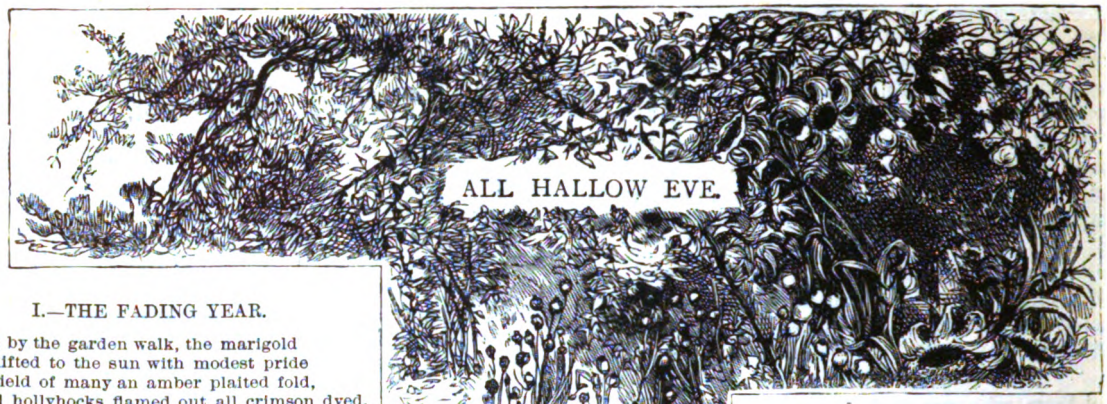
At the mention of tattooing, the reader will be disposed to lower the Burman in his estimation to the level of the Red Indian or South Sea Islander, or other wild offshoot of humanity. Yet, it is no mark of any such want of culture. From the educated native judge who sits on the bench to administer the law of England, who speaks and writes the English language, drives in his barouche, and attends the social gatherings of English ladies and gentlemen, to the humblest laborer in the field, every man of the population is tattooed, not at pleasure and within the limits he himself may draw, but by a rigid custom which devotes to the tattooer's art the body of every man from the waist to below the knee. Within this area every Burman is branded with a close tapestry of lions, griffins, and other fabulous monsters, in deep blue pigment, forced under the skin by a painful process. Red tattooing is confined to the upper part of the body.

This necessary decoration is begun at an early age, and the prescribed surface is only gradually covered, but the severity of the treatment in the case of very young boys is the cause of no little illness, and sometimes even of death. I have myself met only one Burman who was not thus decorated, and he was a kind of privileged mountebank to whom the license of a clown was allowed, and who was the good-natured butt of his companions.

The tattooer is proud to execute his most artistic designs (which he will display on a scroll like a tailor's patterns) on the arms of English officers, and among those who have served in Burmah, the samples of this art are among the commonest relics shown to admiring friends at home.

Whatever may have been the origin of this strange custom, it is considered an essential mark of manliness, and the Burmese youth who shrank from the ordeal would be regarded and treated as a "milksop"; and, however unnatural the custom may be, it undoubtedly has the effect of attaching a wholesome dignity to hardship, and the fearless endurance of physical pain, to which may be partly due the remarkable freedom from effeminacy which is a popular characteristic of the Burmese.

Marriage.—Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sisters to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled; and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. She bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to happiness to come. Then woe to the man that can blight such fair hopes—who can, coward-like, break the illusion that has won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired.



ALL HALLOW EVE.

I.—THE FADING YEAR.

CLOSE by the garden walk, the marigold
Uplifted to the sun with modest pride
Its shield of many an amber plaited fold,
And hollyhocks flamed out, all crimson dyed,
And glowing asters rainbow hues unrolled,
That with the amethyst-tinted heavens vied;
Whilst all around the air was sweet beset
With perfume of the fading mignonette.

Crisp were the leaves that fell in golden showers,
And glimmered 'neath the lessening harvest moon,
That o'er the ruby-red-gemmed Autumn bowers
Sailed misty on rose-clouded afternoon;
And the bowed heads of worshiping sunflowers
Reminded that the sun was lost too soon;
And through the garden fled a gentle sigh,
As though sad Clytie's spirit wandered by.

The birds had taken wing to distant lands,
The bulrushes turned yellow 'mongst the sedges;
The trailing leaves fell off from willow bands,
And haws began to ripen on the hedges;
The Indian creeper wove, in brilliant strands
Of red and gold, rare fringe along roof-ledges,
And purple berries on the elder-trees
Felt ghosts of Summer kisses in the breeze.

A gleam of beauty struggled to set free
The earth from desolation. But the voice
Hath sounded forth from Orcus Jove's decree,
And Erebus' hoarse waters roar, "Rejoice!"
And mournful Ceres lifts her vail to see
The consort of the gloomy monarch's choice
Shroud her fair head in Autumn's paling bloom,
And sink reluctant to her regal tomb.

Whilst all the gleaming flowers fast fade away,
And Winter folds them in a dreamful sleep,
Wherein in loyal, loving fancy they
Anigh the portals of her prison creep,
That haply through each drear, unsunlit day
They over her a tender watch may keep,
Ready to start at the first touch of Spring,
Beneath her feet their earliest buds to fling.

She opes the door, with eyes bent on the ground;
Her heart beats louder than all other sound."

II.—BURNING THE NUTS.

WITHIN the house the hearth-fire's crackling blaze
Lights up with ruddy glare the ancient room,
And chisels fresh with its quick-darting rays
The oaken flowers that on the panels bloom;
Then flickers o'er a troop of earth-born fays
Around it met, to learn to-night their doom.
Through russet nuts, that on All Hallow Eve
Show anxious lovers whom they may believe.

The fire burns low, the nuts are named, and nigh
The glowing embers laid in solemn state,
And May and Cis and Mab and Rose stand by
With bright, flushed faces, and expectant wait
To see if this nut from that other fly,
Or if close bound by love they duly mate,
And burn together in a love-flame bright,
Enkindled by the magic of the night:

With merry laughter, yet with beating heart,
For half they mock at, half believe the spell,
Nor care to see those two nuts turn apart—
And yet if they should burn together well,
Forthwith, though inly pleased, a doubt they start,
"As if such idle charms truth e'er could tell!"
Then apple-parings o'er their shoulders throw,
To see if the loved letter's formed or no.

III.—LESBIA.

BUT little Lesbia, fanciful and wild,
Determines yet to try another rite;
Her nuts have burned, and fate on her hath smiled;
Her parings took the shape she hoped they might;
And now her prying spirit is beguiled
Into the mirror, on this wondrous night,
To peep, and there young Florian's face to see—
Ah! if she should, how happy she would be.

And unperceived she quits the throng below,
And eager mounts the antique walnut stair;
Then slips, with step full stealthy and full slow,
Through the dim-lighted portrait gallery, where
The faces of some centuries ago
Look down upon a youthful face as fair
As any beauty's of the house that bore
The palm of belle in misty days of yore.

Scared at her shadow, shrinking as the wind
Through tree-tops wails its melancholy song,
Or shakes the casement. More than half inclined
Is she to turn; for terrors that belong
To aught of magic ne'er had crossed her mind.
Yet although trembling, in her love-mood strong
She onward goes, nor e'er behind looks she;
For if she looked, the spell would broken be.

On—till at last is reached the room of state,
Where once a princess slept in bygone years;
Where lingers yet the legend of the great,
And faded splendor duskily appears;
A fitting place wherein to try her fate,
Though the strange quiet scarce allays her fears.
She opes the door, with eyes bent on the ground;
Her heart beats louder than all other sound.

"The fire burns low, the nuts are named."

IV.—THE MIRROR.

THE moonbeams fitful fell athwart the space,
In many a slender line of silver light,
And turned to ivory sweet Lesbia's face;
While through the rich stained window, colors bright
Upon the polished floor gay patterns trace,
And purple-border Lesbia's robe of white;
Whilst blazoned heart upon the centre pane
Throws on her heaving breast a blood-red stain.

She stands the massive mirror now before,
Where many a stately lady in her prime
Hath conned her toasted beauty o'er and o'er,
As yet unsullied by the hand of Time;
Yet dares she not her eyes from off the floor
To raise, whilst distant church-clock's steady chime
Tolls out the hour; lithe Lesbia, still afraid,
Stands there a trembling, hoping, love-lorn maid.

Her hand is raised to free her coils of hair
And in a moment like a golden vail
It ripples round her. Like a statue fair,
With downcast eyes, and parted lips, and pale,
She takes the comb with pearl inlaiden rare,
To comb her tresses ere her courage fail;
The while a rosy apple, trembling, she
Eats as Eve ate of the forbidden tree—

Half wishing she were back within the hall,
With gay companions by the fire's bright blaze
For the dim silver silence doth appall;
And timid she at last her eyes doth raise—
But scarce upon the mirror lets them fall,
Than back she starts affrighted, for her gaze
Hath met the answering gaze of Florian there,
Enchanted with the gold-vailed statue fair.

She shivers—paler yet her white face grows,
Though she hath seen what most she wished to see;
Another glance upon the glass she throws,
And hopes, and fears, she may mistaken be.
But still his face the polished mirror shows;
And with a startled cry she turns to flee,
When lo! a voice that chains her to the spot—
"'Tis thine own Florian, Lesbia, fear me not."

"She stands the massive mirror now before."

"His arm is round her. 'Tis thy Florian, sweet; Ah! pardon me that I have made thee start.'"

V.—FLORIAN.

HIS ARM is round her. "'Tis thy Florian, sweet;
Ah! pardon me that I have made thee start;
I am no ghost; I tracked thy dainty feet,
This Hallow Eve, to play a spirit's part,
That in the mirror eyes with eyes might meet,
And thou through them shouldst learn my faithful heart.
O love! thrice blest be each mysterious rite
That led us hither our love-vows to plight."

No marble statue now; the crimson blood
Straight from her heart upmantled in her face,
Then coursing through her veins in sudden flood
Of joy, gave to her yet another grace;
And Florian bending, as she blushing stood,
In her dark eyes his happiness to trace,
Bent lower, and in love's first rapturous kiss
Felt past and future blend in present bliss.

So stood they in the moonlight—and behold,
Rose up a garden, where on every stem
Bloomed silver lilies; and transparent rolled
A crystal river, and full many a gem
Sparkled upon its shores 'mongst sands of gold;
And round about their brows a diadem
Fell in bright rainbow glory from above,
Whilst a sweet unseen chorus sang of love.

The moon sailed by—the stars did brighter shine;
The flowers half woke, through dreaming that the sun
Had risen—and the river's crystal line
Rippled as though some passing breeze had won
It into smiling—whispering, "Life divine
Hath once again upon the earth begun;
For Love with fairy hand a web doth weave,
From magic threads spun on All Hallow Eve."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE HEROISM OF MARY MAGDALENE DE VERCHERES.

CANADA boasts no nobler heroine than Miss Mary Magdelon de Verchères, whose defense of her father's fort at Verchères, in October, 1696, has won her a name in history, as it did at the time high honor from the King of France.

Her narrative of her exploit has been preserved:

I was five arpens from Fort Verchères, belonging to the Sieur de Verchères, my father, who was then, by order of the Chevalier de Calières, governor of Montreal; and my mother, too, was at Montreal. I heard several shots fired, without knowing what they were firing at. I soon perceived that the Iroquois were firing on our settlers, who were about half a league from the fort. One of the servants cried, "Run, miss, run; see, the Iroquois have burst on us." At that instant, I turned and perceived forty-five Iroquois rushing on me, and not a pistol-shot off.

Resolved to die rather than fall into their hands, I thought to seek safety in flight. I ran toward the fort, commending myself to the Blessed Virgin, and saying to her from the bottom of my heart: "Holy Virgin, Mother of my God, thou knowest that I have always loved and honored thee as my dear mother, forsake me not in this strait in which I am—I prefer to die a thousand times, rather than fall into the hands of a nation that knows thee not."

Meanwhile, the Iroquois who were after me, seeing themselves too far off to take me alive, before I could enter the fort, and feeling themselves near enough to shoot me, stopped to fire at me. I was long exposed to it, or at least it annoyed me greatly. The balls of forty-five rifles, which whistled around my ears, made the time seem long, and the distance from the fort quite great, although I was very near it.

When near enough to be heard, I cried, "To arms! to arms!" hoping that some one would come out to help me, but in vain. There were only two soldiers in the fort, and they, terror-stricken, had fled to the redoubt to conceal themselves. At last, on reaching the door, I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed; in spite of them I made them go in the fort and closed the doors myself.

Then I thought only of putting myself and the few there were with me beyond the insults of the savages. I inspected the fort and found several palisades fallen, leaving breaches where the enemy could easily enter. I ordered them to be raised, and, without regarding my sex, or the weakness of my age, I took hold hold of one end of the log to encourage those with me to raise it; I felt that when God gives strength, nothing is impossible.

The breaches of the fort repaired, I went to the redoubt that served as guard-house and contained the ammunition. There I found the two soldiers: one hid away, the other holding a lighted torch. I asked the latter:

"What are you going to do with that match?"

"To set fire to the powder," he answered, "and blow us all up."

"You are a wretch!" I replied. "Off, I command you."

I spoke so firmly and assuredly that he obeyed. I at once threw of my head-dress, clapped on a hat, and, taking a gun, said to my two young brothers:

"Let us fight till death; we fight for our country and our religion. Remember the lessons my father has so often given you, that gentlemen are born only to shed their blood in the service of God and the King."

My brothers and the soldiers encouraged by my words, kept up a continual fire on the enemy. I made them fire off the cannon, not only to alarm the Iroquois by showing them that we were in a position to defend ourselves, but also to warn our soldiers, who were out hunting, to make their way to some other fort.

But what must we not suffer in such extremities? In spite of the noise of our artillery, I heard the pitiful cries of the women and children who had just lost husband, brother or father; I deemed it prudent, while we were firing on the enemy, to represent to these desolate women and to these children the danger of being heard by the enemy in spite of the noise of the muskets and cannon. I bid them be still, so as not to give the idea that we were without resources and hopeless.

While I was thus speaking, I descried a canoe on the river, opposite the fort. It was the Sieur Pierre Fontaine, with his family, about to land at the spot where I had so narrowly escaped being taken by the Iroquois, who still appeared there, right and left. The family would be cut off, if we did not give them prompt succor. I asked the two soldiers whether they would go and meet this family, and cover the landing, which was five arpens from the fort; their silence betrayed their cowardice.

I bid La Violette, our servant, stand sentinel at the gate of the fort, and keep it open, while I went myself to the bank of the river, hat on head, and my rifle in my hand. As I left him, I told him, in case we were killed, to close the gate and keep up the defense.

I started with the thought that God had given me, that the enemy in sight would think it a feint to draw them toward the fort, so as to make a brisk sortie on them. As it proved, they so thought, and thus I had time to save poor Pierre Fontaine, his wife, and his children. When all had debarked, I made them go before me to the fort, in sight of the enemy.

So bold a countenance made the Iroquois think they had more to fear than we. They had no idea that Fort Verchères held only my two brothers—twelve years old—one servant, two soldiers, and an old man of eighty, with some women and children.

Srengthened by the reinforcement given by Pierre Fontaine's canoe, I commanded them to keep up the fire on the enemy. Meanwhile, the sun went down; a furious northeaster, soon accompanied with snow and hail, heralded the most frightful night imaginable. The enemy, always in sight, far from being repelled by such weather, led me to think, by their movements, that they wished to scale the fort, favored by the darkness.

I assembled all my troops, that is, six persons, and thus addressed them: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies; but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. For myself, I will show you that I have no fear; I take the fort as my portion, with a man of eighty, and a soldier that has never fired a shot; and do you, Pierre Fontaine, La Bonté, and Gachet (the two soldiers), go to the redoubt, as the strongest place, with the women and children. If I am taken, do not surrender; even if I am burnt and hacked to pieces before your eyes, you have nothing to fear in that redoubt, if you make the slightest resistance."

I at once placed my two young brothers on two bastions, the old man of eighty on the third, and I myself took the fourth. In spite of the whistling of the northeaster, a terrible wind in Canada at that season—in spite of snow and hail, every moment you would hear from the fort to the redoubt, "Bonquart," and from the redoubt to the fort, "Bonquart." To hear us, one would have supposed the fort full of soldiers; so that the Iroquois, though generally so cunning and warlike, were deceived, as they afterward admitted to M. de Callières, to whom they declared that

hey held a council to take the fort by night, but that the uard we kept up incessantly prevented their carrying out heir design, especially after the loss they had sustained by he fire that my two brothers and I had kept up on them he day before.

About an hour after midnight, the sentinel on the bastion y the gate cried out, "Miss, I hear something!" I marched oward him to see what it was; I perceived through the larkness, by favor of the snow, some cattle—what little the nemy had left us. They told me, "We must open the gate to let them in." God forbid, I answered; you do not et know all the wiles of the Indians. Beyond a doubt hey steal on after the cattle, wrapped in skins, so as to nter the fort if we are simple enough to open the gate. I ad everything to fear from an enemy so adroit and wily as he Iroquois. Yet, after taking every precaution that prulence, under the circumstances, demanded, I thought there was no risk in opening the gate. I made my two brothers come with their hands on the trigger, in case of a surprise, and thus we brought the cattle in.

Day came at last, and the sun, scattering the shades of night, seemed to dispel our fear and anxiety. I appeared amid my soldiers with a cheerful countenance, saying:

"Since, by the help of Heaven, we have got through the night safe, fearful as the night has been, we may well get through many more, by keeping up a strict guard and occasionally firing the cannon to get help from Montreal, which is only eight leagues off."

I perceived that my words had made an impression on their minds, and only Mlle. Marguerite Antionne, wife of Pierre Fontaine, who was extremely timid, like all Parisian women, begged her husband to take her to some other fort, declaring that if she had been fortunate enough to escape the fury of the Indians that night, she could not expect the same good fortune the next night; that Fort Verchères was good for nothing; that there were no men to hold it, and that to remain was to expose one's self to an evident danger, either of falling into perpetual slavery, or dying at the stake.

The poor husband, seeing that his wife persisted in her request, and that she wished to retire to Fort Contrecœur, three leagues from Fort Verchères, told her: "I will provide you a canoe with a good sail, with your two children, who can manage a canoe well. For my part, I will never abandon Fort Verchères, as long as Mademoiselle Magdelon is here." (They called me so in my childhood.)

I replied, "that I would never abandon the fort; that I would rather die than surrender it to the enemy; that it was of infinite importance that they should not enter any French fort; that they would judge of others by this, if they succeeded in taking it, and that such a knowledge would only serve to increase their haughtiness and courage."

I can say with truth that I was twice, for twenty-four hours, without sleeping or eating; I did not once enter my father's house; I kept on the bastion, whence I went to see how they behaved in the redoubt. I always appeared with a gay and smiling countenance, to encourage my little force by the hope which I held out of a speedy relief.

The eighth day—for we were eight days in continual alarms, always in sight of the foe, and exposed to their fury and barbarity—the eighth day, I say, M. de la Monnerie, lieutenant, detached by M. de Callières, arrived by night with forty men, not knowing but that the fort was taken. He approached with great silence. One of our sentinels, hearing some noise, cried: "*Qui vive?*" I had just then lost myself, my head on a table, my musket across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard talking on the water. Without losing time I mounted the bastion, to see by the voice whether they were Indians or French. I asked: "Who are you?"

They replied:

"French—it is La Monnerie, come to your aid."

I threw open the gate of the fort, placed a sentinel there, and went to the water's edge to receive them. As soon as I perceived him, I saluted him with these words:

"Sir, you are welcome. I give you my arms."

"Miss," he replied, with a gallant air, "they are in good hands."

"Better than you think," I replied.

He went around the fort, and found it in very good condition, a sentinel on each bastion. I said to him:

"Sir, relieve my sentinels, that they may take a little rest. We have not been off our bastions for eight days."

I forgot one circumstance which may give some idea of my assurance and tranquillity. The day of the great struggle with the Iroquois who surrounded the fort, burning the houses of our farmers, plundering all, killing their cattle before our eyes, I recollected, about one o'clock, that I had three clothes-bags and some blankets out of the fort. I asked my soldiers whether one of them would go with me, gun in hand, to get my clothes. Their silence, accompanied by a sad, sullen expression, revealed their lack of courage to me. I then addressed my little brother, saying:

"Take your gun, and come with me. For your part," said I to the rest, "keep up the fire on the enemy while I go for my clothes."

I went twice, in sight of the enemy, to the spot where I had escaped them some hours before. My step, doubtless, looked suspicious to them, for they did not venture to come to take me, or even fire to take my life. I felt that when God directs things, they cannot but turn out well.

STORKS AND THEIR NESTS.

I RESIDED, while in Strasburg, on the third story of a lofty mansion, and from my windows could catch sight of five or six storks' nests; but from a large attic, above my room, I was able to see over all the city. These nests are all situated in the same quarter, and within a limited area, to the west of the cathedral, in a radius not exceeding three to four hundred yards—a fact indicating in these birds a very uncommon spirit of sociability.

The arival of the storks takes place constantly toward the close of February, and their departure in the early days of Autumn. Their first care, after securing possession of their abode, which appears to be always the property of one and the same family, is to repair the injuries caused by the Winter.

For this purpose they hunt about the country in search of twigs and broken branches, which they very solidly work into the old construction, until the nests are sometimes twenty to twenty-four inches in height. They are situated on the summit of disused chimneys, or on those covered with a flat slate or stone. In the country, the peasants endeavor to attract them by placing on their chimneys, or the gable end of the church, an old cart-wheel, or even a small plank, to serve as a support for their edifices.

The storks range all over the low districts of Alsace, which consist of ample meadows, intersected by water-courses, where they readily obtain sufficient supplies of food. They halt at the foot of the Vosges, never passing beyond that mountain-chain. However, it did once happen that a couple of these birds established themselves at Luneville, building their nest on the head of a statue which crowns the tower of the principal church. This statue represents the Archangel, St. Michael, whose wings served to

support the sides of the nest. The attempt does not seem to have been satisfactory to them, for they never returned.

At Saverne, there also existed a very ancient nest on the roof of a house belonging to my family. It was inhabited every year until, in consequence of a discharge of fireworks in the neighborhood, the storks suddenly disappeared, to show themselves no more. I know not whether by this time a new brood has taken possession of it.

To return to the storks of Strasbourg. I have been an eye-witness of many facts, one of which proves that between these birds an understanding prevails, similar to that which indubitably prevails among the swallows. A couple, young and inexperienced, doubtless, had established themselves on a vacant chimney opposite my windows; the nest was rapidly built up; but one day, half-a-dozen storks, perceiving that it was being formed at the expense of their own nests, furiously precipitated themselves on the new edifice, flung a portion of the materials to the ground, and carried off the remainder in their bills. To accomplish this *coup*, they had taken advantage of the absence of the young couple.

The birds generally lay two or three eggs; but I remember to have seen a nest containing five young ones. By degrees, as the little ones grow stronger, their appetite increases, and their parents find it a hard task to supply them with the necessary nourishment.

On a certain day, one of the latter arriving with the provender—apparently a living adder, which struggled greatly—the young birds eagerly stretched out their beaks, each of them wanting to be served first, and probably they scratched or pinched their mother. The latter settled down on the nest, stamping with rage for some moments; then, inclining her head on one side, she looked at them fixedly in the face for a few minutes, as if to threaten them. The young storks did not stir; they remained perfectly quiet, and at last received with much contentment the food their mother distributed equally among them.

STORKS AND THEIR NESTS.

As the little ones grow, the nest becomes too narrow, and the parents retire at nightfall to the ridge of the nearest roofs.

I can conceive of nothing more amusing than the spectacle of the young birds attempting to fly; at first they rear themselves erect on their long feet, beating awkwardly with their wings, and with an irregular motion; then they rise a little with the same kind of motion, and fall back heavily into their nest.

The parents had taught them this exercise by a similar manœuvre. At the end of eight or ten days they are able to take their flight, increasing the distance gradually. Sometimes they have presumed too much upon their strength; they are then lifted up very carefully, and placed in the courtyards or gardens.

THE HEROISM OF MARY MAGDALEN DE VERCHERES.—SEE PAGE 486.

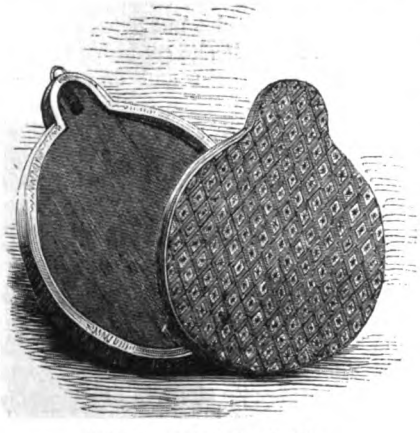
In captivity, they stalk about gravely, and never grow familiar. I have seen at Saverne, in a bathing-establishment, one of these birds, whose lower mandible had been broken in a quarrel with a dog over some disputed dainty. The poor animal was necessarily dying of famine. A tinman was called in, who imitated the missing portion of the bill in tin, and fastened it to the uninjured part with small tacks. Thenceforth the bird was able to take his food.

Long before the time for the departure of the storks in the Autumn the nests are empty; parents and children pass the day in the fields, or on the brink of streams and pools, where they find little fish and frogs and mice and large insects, for all is good to them; and they do not return until the evening, when they take up their positions on the roofs.

Some days before their departure you may see them arranged in a long line on the lofty and narrow roofs of churches and other buildings. You hear them during the night continually clacking with their bills, as if in concert. Then, one fine morning, not a single bird is visible. They have set out at daybreak.

THE ASTROLOGIST'S STONE.

THE days of astrologers and necromancers are gone, although, apparently, superstition is as deeply-rooted as ever, if we are to judge by the prosperity and custom of the fortune-tellers who advertise in our daily papers. Their believers are, however, found among the more ignorant classes. Such was not the case with the olden astrologers. Dr. Dee was a famous one in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and there is still preserved a show-stone used by him in his unvailing of the future. In the catalogue of Horace Walpole's famous Strawberry Hill collection, sold in 1842, it is described thus:



THE ASTROLOGIST'S STONE.

"The black stone in which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits by his book. This stone was mentioned in the catalogue of the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, from whom it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

"Kelly was Dr. Dee's associate, and is mentioned with this very stone in 'Hudibras,' chapter 2, canto 3, verses 6--31. Kelly did all his feats upon the devil's looking-glass, or stone."

The stone is eight inches long, and seven inches and a half across at its widest part. Though simply a piece of polished coal, it brought nearly $100.

In the British Museum is another relic of this same astrologer, Dr. Dee—his Magic Mirror—being a piece of rock crystal, of somewhat smoky tint, fashioned into a globular form; and from Sir Walter Scott's interesting little book, "Demonology and Witchcraft," it would appear that the astrologer, in divining by means of the Magic Mirror or Show-stone, did not himself pretend to see the spirit supposed to be imprisoned in the stone, "but the task of viewer or reader was intrusted to a third party—a boy or a girl usually under the years of puberty." Dr. Dee was ruined by his associates, both in fortune and reputation; and Kelly was the person who acted as his viewer.

Dr. Dee was born in London, in 1527, and died in 1608, in great poverty. His astrology seems to have been a delusion, for he was a man of learning and ability, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a professor of note at Rheims and Louvain. He was, too, for several years warden of Manchester College.

A Peddler in Shakespeare's Time.

SHAKESPEARE, doubtless, in his picture of Autolycus, describes a peddler of his own day, such as our picture portrays, and no doubt singing then was part of his advertising facilities.

Servant—"Oh, master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and

A PEDDLER IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes."

—"He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids."

—"He hath ribands of all colors in the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't."

But not content with this vivid description in the mouth of the servant, he introduces Autolycus singing—

"Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoits, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy," etc.

THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, MARCH, 1313.

While Robert Bruce was rapidly gaining possession of Scotland, and driving out the English, Edinburgh remained, with its strong castle, in the possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph, just created Earl of Murray by the King, was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult, or almost impossible, even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So, while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private.

He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there.

Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff—in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend, under the guidance of Francis, who went before them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another and around another, where there was scarcely room to support themselves.

All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution.

When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause for fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out: "Aha, I see you well!"

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick, passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Gray, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed.

When once they were within the walls, there was not much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed, the gates thrown open, and the whole Scottish force poured in. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken, in March, 1313.

MARGERY DAW.

"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have only a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster."

Margery Daw, Johnny's mother, lived in as poor a cottage as it is possible for any one to live in. There were holes in the moss-grown thatch, and holes in the damp clay floor, holes in the mud-built walls; and as to the windows, they were scarcely anything else but holes.

She would not have staid there if she could have helped it, for of course it was terribly cold and drafty; but, although she took in washing from the neighboring town, and worked hard all the week, it was as much as she could do to pay the rent, even of that miserable little cottage. But her little boy Johnny was a merry little fellow, although he ran about barefooted and bareheaded; and as for playthings, he never had had so much as a ball or a marble in his life.

But he had what was much better—a playfellow. His little cousin, Margery Daw—she was not a very near relation, although she had the same name, being fifth cousin three times removed—she was his constant playfellow.

Little Margery had been left quite alone in the world, so Johnny's mother, poor as she was, took Margery home to her cottage, and brought her up together with Johnny.

There was no end to the games that they played together. They drove coaches, or they were runaway horses, or they carried thistles and ragwort-heads to market and sold them to one another for turnips and cauliflowers. But their favorite playground was a piece of land close by, belonging to Farmer Shepperley, where he had left a number of stems of trees to season. They were flung about anyhow, one across the other, and Johnny and Margery clambered about among them, and sat underneath them, and walked along them.

And it is no such easy thing, mind you, to walk along a slippery tree-stem that is raised partly off the ground. It is all very well as long as you are on the thick part; but when you come to the small end, that noddles about and sways up and down under your feet, first you begin to run, and then you feel that you *must* jump off to save yourself from falling—and so it is not often that you get to the tip.

There was one tree, in particular, that was so nicely balanced across a fat trunk that the weight of Johnny or Margery was enough to swing it up and down. Such games of see-saw they had on it! Johnny gave Margery the broad end, because she was a girl, and he himself mounted on the narrow one, and they flew up and down, and tumbled off, and laughed and shouted and tumbled off again, until every one that passed by must have longed to come and play at see-saw with them.

Little Margery was richer than Johnny, for she had something of her own. It was a bed—a nice spring mattress, with a little iron bedstead painted green, and with brass knobs at the four corners, and a baby's face in bright brass in the middle of the footpiece, and another in the middle of the head. It had been left to her by her grandmother, and of course when Margery came to live with Johnny's mother, she brought her bed with her. There is a nursery rhyme about Margery and her bed, but it is not at all a pretty one. It says:

> "See-saw, Margery Daw,
> Sold her bed and lay upon straw.
> Was not she a dirty slut
> To sell her bed and lie upon dirt?"

But it is not fair to call Margery such ugly names, for this is why she sold her bed:

Toward the end of Spring, Johnny's mother fell ill. The days went on, and she did not get any better; and one morning Johnny said to her:

"Mother, when people are ill they have a doctor. Why should you not have one?"

"My dear, I should be very glad to have a doctor," she answered; "but a doctor must be paid, and I have got no money to pay him."

Now little Margery was busy sweeping just outside the door, and heard what they said. And she thought:

"How I should like to get enough money to pay for a doctor!"

And then a thought struck her; and she went softly in, and washed her hands, and smoothed her hair, and put on her shoes—for she did not wear them about the house, for fear of wearing them out. Then she took her little green bedstead, and pulled it out at the door, and away in the direction of the town.

It had very good casters, so when once she had got it over the rough bit of lane it went well enough along the path, she pushing at it behind like a perambulator. And when she reached the town, what a rattling and clattering it did make over the pavement, to be sure! Everybody turned round to see what was going on, but Margery took no notice of them, and went straight to the door of a shop where she had seen bedsteads for sale.

"Please, sir, will you buy my bedstead?" she said to the shopkeeper, who came out to see what was happening.

"Bless me, no, child!" said the shopman. "What do you expect to get for it?"

"I don't know," said Margery. "I want enough to pay the doctor."

"Well, I'll give you ten shillings," said the man.

"That won't do," said Margery, shaking her head. "I want more than ten shillings."

"More than ten shillings for an old, second-hand bed, with half the paint knocked off!" cried the man.

But this was not true, for there was not a bit of paint knocked off.

"Come, come!" said a man inside the shop; "give the child a fair price for it."

"Well, Mr. Shepperley, to please you," said the shopkeeper, "I'll give a pound for it—and that's a great deal more than it's worth."

"Oh, thank you!" said Margery, holding out her hand for it. "And as that is more than it's worth, if some day I bring you back the pound, you will give me my bed again, won't you?"

"Ah, that's fair enough," said Mr. Shepperley, again, as the shopkeeper hesitated.

"Well," he said, at last, "you might have it if I've not sold it in the meantime."

"Thank you, sir," said Margery. "But I don't suppose I shall ever get it back," she thought, as she walked away, "for I don't think I am likely ever to get a pound again, unless, perhaps, when I grow up to be a woman. However, I'm glad I did it. And here is the doctor's door."

Margery left a message asking him to call, and then ran to the grocer's shop, where she bought a quarter of a pound of tea, half a pound of sugar, and one candle; then to the draper's, where she bought a blanket. All these things together cost seven shillings and threepence farthing, so she had a good handful of shillings left as she trudged home.

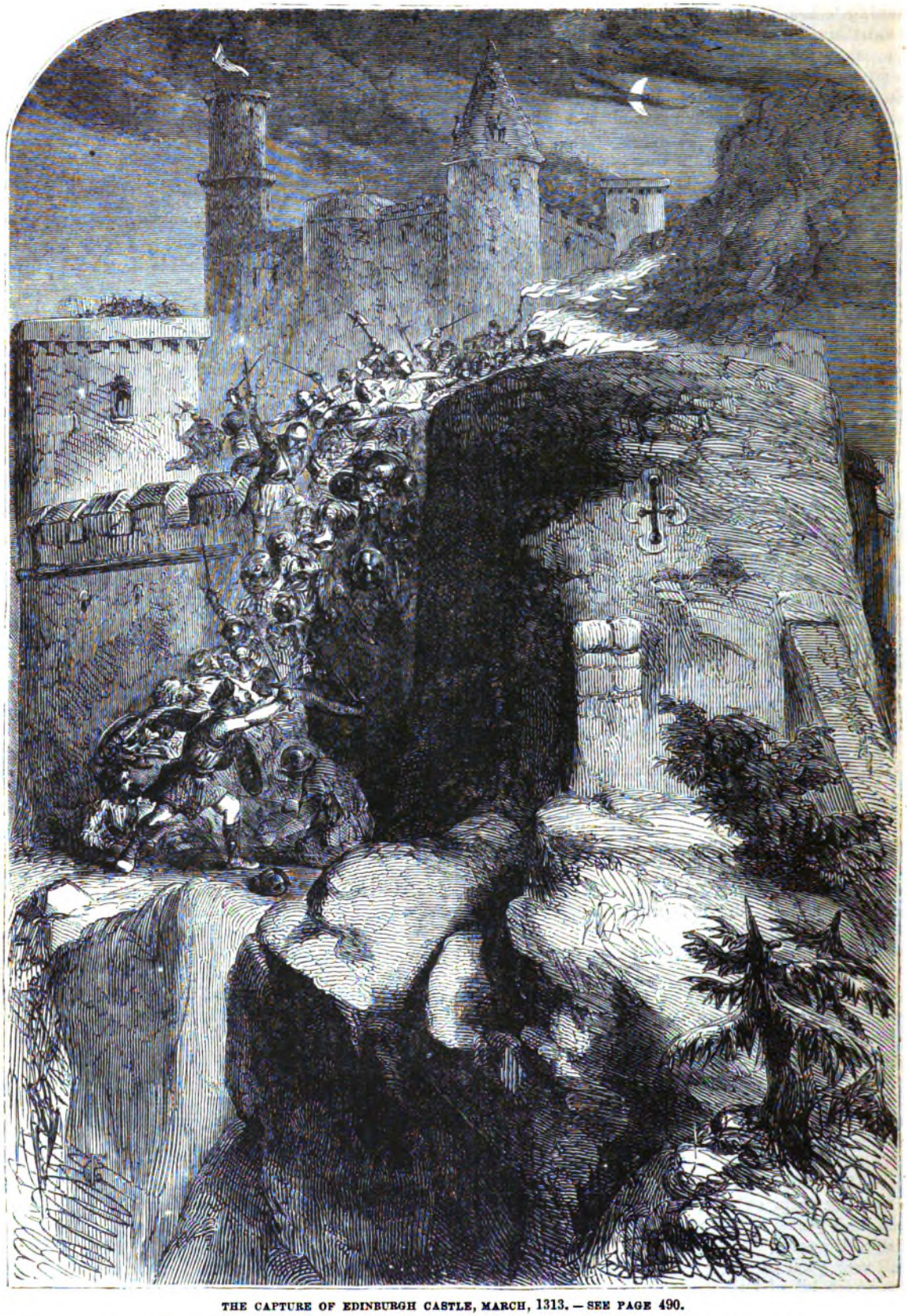
The doctor soon came, and said he would send a bottle of medicine; and he told Margery to go to the butcher and buy a scrag end of mutton to make broth for the sick woman. So ninepence more of Margery's pound went for that; and then she came home and put it on in the saucepan, and wrapped Mother Margery, as she called her, in the warm, new blanket, and told her all that she had done. And Johnny's mother kissed her, and said that she was a dear, good little girl.

When Johnny came home and heard about it, he scarcely knew whether to be most glad that his mother had had the doctor, or most sorry that Margery had sold her precious bed.

"It ought to be I who should be getting the money and paying for things," he said to himself; "but I am so little, nobody will believe how hard I can work, and I don't suppose I shall get another threepence all the Summer. Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

Johnny was not quite without something to do, for an old weaver who lived near had shown him a box, and told him that when he could fill that box with tufts of sheep's wool picked off the hedges and brambles, he would give him threepence. Twice during the Winter Johnny had filled that box; but now warm weather was come, and the sheep had all been shorn, and not a tuft of wool was to be found, though he wandered all the next day through the fields and up and down the hedges. The next morning he went out again in another direction; still no wool.

Poor Johnny sat down under the hedge, and was just going to cry, when he heard the pleasant sound of the whetting of scythes.



THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, MARCH, 1313. — SEE PAGE 490.

"Haymaking is going to begin," thought he; and, scrambling up the bank, he saw a row of mowers bending to their work, and their scythes passing with a smooth swish through the soft, thick grass. Then he saw a group of women in hats, or with their bonnets cocked very much over their noses, and rakes in their hands, going into the adjoining field to turn over the grass that had already been cut.

Lastly, he saw Farmer Shepperley himself coming up to the gate to see how his men got on. And when Johnny

saw him, he suddenly slipped down off the bank, and set off running to meet him as fast as his legs could carry him. He caught him before he got to the mowers.

"Oh, sir!" cried Johnny, nearly breathless, "mother's sick, and I'm sure I could help to make hay!"

"Eh, what!" said the farmer; "a little whipper-snapper like you? Why, they would rake you up in a truss of hay, and never know you were there."

"No, but they shouldn't," said Johnny, "because I would kick and call out. Please let me try, sir. You don't know how strong I am. I can lift the big kettle."

"Well, you seem to be a sharp little chap," said the farmer, "and I don't mind trying you if you will work hard. But mind, I shall give you only a penny a day, because you can work no faster. Go and see what you can do behind the women there."

Away ran Johnny, well pleased, and very hard did he work all day. He did not go home to dinner, for he had taken a bit of bread in his pocket, and the head mower gave him a piece of his slice of cheese for finding his hone for him that he had lost. One of the women, too, gave him an old hat of her little boy's, because she said he would get a sunstroke, working bareheaded.

When evening came, Johnny's legs and arms were aching, and one of his hands was blistered; but he never thought about that when the farmer gave him his penny, and told him he might come again to-morrow. The grass would have had to be uncommonly quick to have grown under Johnny's feet as he went home that night. He burst into the cottage, holding up his penny and crying:

"Look, mother! Margery, look! Mother, I've got a new master, and I'm to have only a penny a day, because I can work no faster."

He put the penny into his mother's hand as he spoke. The two Margerys were so pleased they scarcely knew what to say, and Johnny felt as if he had quite grown into a man.

The next day he worked again in the hayfield, and the next, and the next. His mother grew better, and was able to get up and stir about in the house again. But by this time all the money that Margery had got for her bed was spent, and Johnny soon found that a penny a day would not keep him and Margery and his mother too.

"I wish I had as much money as I want," he said to himself, as he sat alone on a mossy bank in the hayfield, while the rest of the haymakers were gone home to dinner. "I wish I could buy mother the meat and good food that she ought to have, and the gown that she needs so greatly. I wish I could get back Margery's bed before the shopkeeper sells it. I wish I had a Money-woman to give me money whenever I want it. I wish—— Holloa! Stop me! Oh!" He was slipping down through the bank. First his knees disappeared, then his waist, then his shoulders. Down, down; and he could no more stop himself from sinking than if the earth had been made of boiled batter pudding. He felt the ground close over his head; and still down, down in the darkness.

MARGERY DAW.—THE MONEY-WOMAN.—SEE PAGE 490.

Then a light below. His feet struck upon solid ground, and he found himself standing in a large, high cavern, lighted by a ring all round it of little fires, and upon each fire a pipkin full of something red-hot. The walls of the cavern were scooped out into shelves, which were full of piles of shining money.

And in the middle of the ring of fires stood a little old woman, so wonderfully dressed that Johnny took notice of it, scared as he was. She wore a cap of spun silver, with bows and ribbons of gold, bodice of zinc, a petticoat of bronze, and a good wide apron of tin.

You would suppose that such a dress would make her rather stiff in her movements; but not a bit of it. She moved about as briskly as if she had been clothed in cotton or brown holland.

"Well," she said, nodding and smiling to Johnny, "here I am, you see."

"Oh," replied Johnny, not quite knowing what to say.

"And you cannot say I've been long in answering your wish."

"But I didn't wish!" cried Johnny, who was not at all pleased to find himself in such a queer place.

"You did, though; just this minute," said the old lady.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Johnny, "are you a Money-woman, ma'am?"

"I am *the* Money-woman," said the little old lady, drawing herself up; "there is no other in the world. All the money that you see on those shelves I made over my fires."

"Dear me!" said Johnny, venturing a step forward to look at it; "do you make all the money in the world?"

"Bless me, no!" said the Money-woman; "I only make it for particular purposes. Whenever I see any deserving persons in want of money, I supply them with some. But my special delight is, whenever I know of any one who is giving away his money for good and wise and kind purposes, to fill up his purse again all unknown to him. They often wonder, those people, how it is that their money holds out so wonderfully; but I could tell them if I wished. There's a blessing on it, you see;" and the old lady nodded till her gold cap-ribbons glittered again.

"I wonder whether she will give me some money?" said Johnny to himself; but the Money-woman must have heard him, for she said:

"Yes, certainly I will; but do you suppose you have never had anything from me yet? Where do you think the pennies came from that Farmer Shepperley gave you? They were every one of them coined in my mint; he will be none the poorer for their loss!"

And the old woman nodded again until her gold cap-ribbons flashed in the firelight.

"Now come and see how I coin," she said. "Do you see these passages leading out of my cavern into the heart of the earth? That is Gold street, this Silver Street, that's Copper Street, and so on. Now I take a lump of silver from Silver Street, and put it into this pipkin. Blow the fire a bit—here are the bellows. That's right; now it is melted. Here is my die, with five little round sockets, you see, the size of shillings. First, I must wax it, to prevent the hot silver from sticking. Now I pour it bubbling in, clap on the cover, and put it up the ventilator to cool. In a few minutes they will come out shillings, and you shall have them."

"That's very nice!" said Johnny. "Do the mints coin their money in this way?"

"Dear me, no!" said the Money-woman; "theirs is a much clumsier way. They don't half know how to use the precious metals. Why, did you ever see a tin apron before?"

"I don't think I ever did," said Johnny; "mother wears cotton ones."

"Poor, dabby rags!" said the Money-woman. "Ah! I see you're looking at the names above my shelves. See, here is my English money; here is the Australian; there is French; that is German, and so on. Now, how much am I to give you?"

Johnny opened his eyes wide at this question.

"Oh, a good lot!" he said.

"How much at a time?"

"Five pounds!" said Johnny, boldly.

"You shall have it if you wish," said the Money-woman, "but I advise you to take only a little, and come again for more. If you have a quantity, people will wonder where you got it from, and you may get into trouble; for of course you will never mention that you have seen me."

"But I want to buy so many things," said Johnny; "I want a dress for mother, and——"

"Well, please yourself," said the Money-woman; "but my advice to you is, take little and often. When you want to come to me, you have only to sit down on the ground, take a buttercup between your finger and thumb, as you did just now on the bank——"

"Did I?" said Johnny; "dear me, yes! here it is in my hand still."

"You must hold the buttercup as I have told you," continued the Money-woman, "and say 'I wish I was with my Money-woman'—that's all."

"That won't be very hard to remember," said Johnny.

"And now," added the Money-woman, "you must go, for the dinner-hour is over, and the haymakers will be calling for you. What will you take?—the five pounds? Be careful, then, that's all and good-morning to you. Off!"

As she said "Off," Johnny felt his hair lifted as if by a draught of air from beneath, and up he went, straight for the roof of the vault, and, in a moment, found himself standing in the corner of the hay-field where he had left his rake.

His first act was to put his hand into his pocket. There were the five pounds, sure enough.

"It's very funny!" said he, and ran to rake after the hay-cart.

They worked late that day, for it was the last day of carrying hay, and they staid to clear it all off. But as soon as work was done, instead of going home, Johnny ran straight to the town.

First to the shop where Margery had sold her bed. There it was, safe and sound; and Johnny paid the pound and walked off with it down the street in triumph. Then to the draper's to buy his mother a gown. Then to the butcher for a leg of mutton. Then to the shoemaker's to buy a pair of shoes for Margery. Then to the grocer's, where he bought tea, sugar, pepper, a box of matches, a pound of candles that did not want snuffing, and a bar of soap. Then off he trotted homeward, driving the bedstead in front of him.

Greatly were the two Margerys amazed to see Johnny arrive in such style, with the green bedstead and all the things upon it.

"But where did you get the money, Johnny? But who gave you the money, Johnny?"

And Johnny nodded knowingly, but answered not a word.

"Next time I see the Money-woman I'll ask her to let me tell mother, though," he thought; "it does not seem right to have secrets from her."

"Mother," said Johnny, the next morning, "I can have a go at setting the garden to-rights to-day, for the hay is all carried and stacked. But Farmer Shepperley told me that I might come to-morrow if I liked and help weed his potatoes."

So Johnny went to work at the garden, and after a bit, Margery came out to help him.

As for old Margery, she had the leg of mutton to cook.

When the evening came, Johnny said:

"I say Margery, let us go and have a game at the see-saw. We've not been near it, I don't know when."

Margery was ready enough to go, and a jolly time they had.

When they came running home at last, hot and merry, Johnny's mother said:

"A neighbor who passed just now told me that your old master, the weaver, is very weak and poorly. Don't you think that a slice off our leg of mutton would be the very thing for him?"

"First-rate," said Johnny, "and I'll take it to-night, for fear I should have no time to-morrow. Only let us have supper first, that you may go to bed without waiting in case I should be late."

And this accordingly was done.

The next day Johnny was tugging away at Farmer

Shepperley's potato-field, when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looking up, saw himself in the grasp of a policeman.

Poor Johnny cried out, and asked what they wanted with him, for he had done nothing.

"Haven't you, though!" said the policeman. "We shall soon see about that. You keep quiet and come along with me, you young rascal!"

So poor Johnny was led through the town, and put into prison. There he learned that he was accused of murdering Farmer Shepperley. For the farmer had disappeared, and nobody knew where he was gone.

But after a great hunt they had found a pockethandkerchief of his on a wild, boggy bit of land, through which went the road to the hills. And people began to talk of robbery and murder, and of Johnny's sudden and unexplained riches.

Then somebody remembered having seen him out late the night before, running by with something hidden under his jacket, which indeed was the basin in which he had carried the slice of mutton to the old weaver.

They had him up before the judge, and the butcher, and the grocer, and the young man at the draper's shop, all came to say how he had been spending money in this and in that, and had been running about the town like a mad fellow, with a green iron bedstead and a leg of mutton on the top of it.

In that country there was no lawyer appointed to advise the prisoner as there is with us, so poor Johnny did not know what to answer except that indeed, indeed, he had not done it.

"Where did you get all that money, then?" said the judge.

"A lady gave it to me."

"What lady?"

"She told me not to tell—I must not tell," said Johnny; "but she did give it to me."

Then the judge shook his head and said that was a likely story. And the end of it was that Johnny was pronounced guilty and condemned to be hanged.

No Money-woman came forward, as Johnny had hoped she might, to explain where he got the money. He thought once of telling the judge about her, for surely, he thought, she would not mind his doing so to save his life. But when he came to consider it, would they believe his story of the cavern, and the heaps of money, and the old lady in a zinc bodice and bronze petticoat? They would only laugh at it; so there was no help for him.

The day before he was to be hanged, Margery came to see him. She had gone to the judge herself, and begged and begged until he gave her leave.

"Dearest Johnny," she said, "is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes!" cried Johnny, in a loud voice, for a thought suddenly came to him. "Run to the nearest field and fetch me a buttercup. Run, Margery, for if you succeed it may save my life."

Margery was gone without another word, and Johnny sat down to wait for her.

She seemed to have been gone a long time. Perhaps they would not let her in again, and he should never get the buttercup after all.

Johnny's eyes filled with tears as he pictured all this to himself; but before they could fall he heard the bolt of his prison-door drawn back, and Margery appeared in the doorway with the jailer behind her.

"I must not come in," she said, "but here are your buttercups. Good-by, dear Johnny!"

And she was gone.

The moment that the bolt had grated into its place again, Johnny seized his buttercups, sat down on the floor, and said: "I wish I was with my Money-woman."

Before he could draw breath, the prison was left behind, and Johnny stood safe in the firelit cavern. Why, where was his Money-woman? She was not in the middle of her fires; but as he looked round she came hurrying up a passage, dressed in an aluminium bonnet, a brass shawl with a fringe of steel filings, and a big copper umbrella in her hand.

Johnny darted up to her, and taking hold of a corner of her brass shawl, told her all his story.

"Dear, dear, dear, dear!" said the Money-woman, when he had finished. "It doesn't answer, you see; it doesn't answer. And here was I, who ought to have been looking after you, called away to Australia on urgent business. It is a long way there and back, because I can't take the short cut straight through the middle of the earth, on account of the centre of gravity, you know. And there are so many hidden volcanoes about just now, that I was obliged to take my umbrella for fear of a shower of ashes. Well, well, well! and what shall we do now? for you can't go back—no, you can't go back. I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed; "suppose you stay here and help me. I have more to do than I can rightly get through, and they won't come here to look for you."

Johnny thought he should like this very much; but how about mother?

The Money-woman had a plan for her too.

"Of course you will go and see her this evening," she said, "and you shall take her some money, and tell her to go and hire a certain cottage that I know of in a lonely glen; it is ever so much better than her present one. And you and I will go and tidy it up and make it comfortable for her, and she and Margery shall go and live there, and you can be with them as much as you please. There, never mind about thanks, but blow that fire for me (bless me, how soon they get low!) while I go and see whether the coast is clear for you to visit your mother."

The two Margerys, sitting sad and lonely in their tumbledown cottage, never saw the Money-woman as she peeped at them, still in her aluminium bonnet, through a hole in the wall.

But they saw quick enough when Johnny came tumbling in, laughing, crying, hugging, and telling them some wonderful rigmarole about a new cottage and an old lady in a tin apron, all in one breath. He went back again, however, to spend the night with the Money-woman, for fear of getting taken to prison a second time.

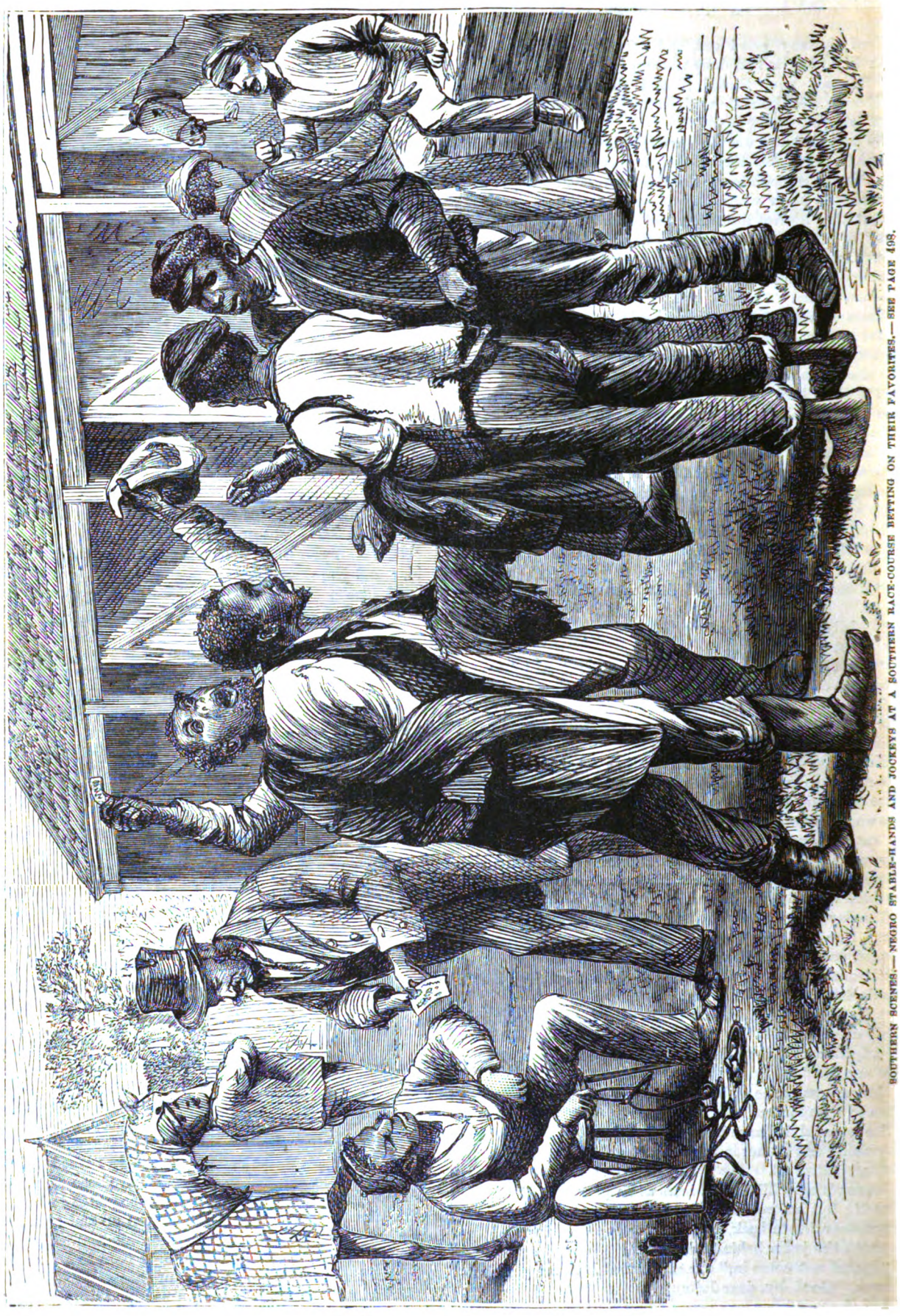
The fuss that there was in that prison the next morning is not to be told. They hunted, they shouted, they ran about, they poked under the straw that had been given him for his bed; but no Johnny. The crowd were assembled, everything was ready, but no Johnny.

Then there was a great kick-up. The jailer turned off the turnkeys, and the judge turned off the jailer, and the mob broke the judge's windows, and when the uproar was at the highest, who should they see coming, as cool as could be, down the street at the tail of a flock of sheep, but Farmer Shepperley himself.

There was a great shout, and everybody rushed to ask him what it all meant, and so, as might have been expected, instead of getting an answer, they only succeeded in knocking him down. So then they picked him up and took him to the judge, and asked him to question him.

Been? Farmer Shepperley had only been to a farm far away over the moors to buy a flock of sheep.

"But why did you tell nobody where you were going?" asked the judge.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO STABLE-HANDS AND JOCKEYS AT A SOUTHERN RACE-COURSE BETTING ON THEIR FAVORITES.—SEE PAGE 493.

"Of course I was not going to let all the other farmers know. Why, they'd have been coming up wanting to buy them too, and the price would have been doubled. So I just slipped away unbeknownst. And as for my pocket-handkerchief, the wind blew it away out of my hand, and it was so dark that I could not get it back."

Then they told him about Johnny, and how they had suspected the boy of murdering him; and Farmer Shepperley was very sorry he had been put in prison, and very glad he had got out again; and would they please to let him go and look after his sheep, or they would be wandering all over the country. And so, as there was nothing more to get from him, they let him go.

When the Money-woman, who had her own ways of learning all that was going on, told Johnny how Farmer Shepperley had come back safe and sound, he was very glad to hear it, but said that he would rather stay with his Money-woman than go back to work on the top of the earth again, even if they did not want to hang him any longer.

The Money-woman replied that in that case she must set to work and make him a suit of clothes, which she did that very evening; and the next morning Johnny was strutting proudly about in a zinc jacket and waistcoat with brass buttons, a pair of bronze trowsers, and a little tin apron.

Their first task was preparing the cottage in the glen for his mother and Margery. Of course all the grates and fire-irons, pots and pans, locks and hinges, were forged by the old lady in her own cavern; and it was wonderful how clever she was at carpentering, too.

"I think your mother may move in to-morrow," she observed, as they were giving a last look round to see that all was right.

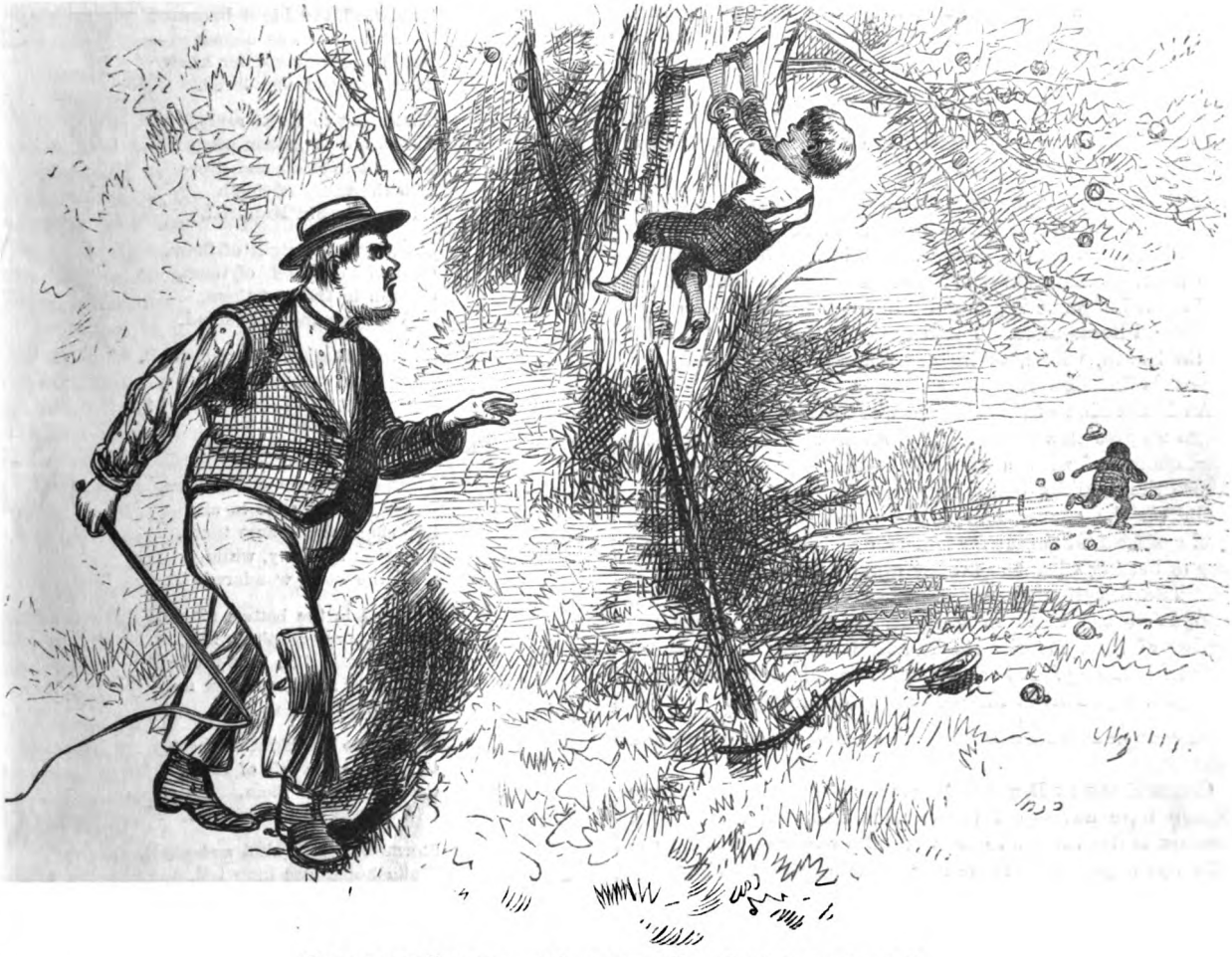
"It's as complete as can be," replied Johnny, glancing at the china in the cupboard, and the clock against the wall. "There's only one thing I shall miss."

"And what is that?" asked the Money-woman.

"Oh, it's only our old see-saw."

"Go and look out of your bedroom-window," said she.

And behold, there was the see-saw on which he had played so often, balanced across its original old stump of tree, and looking as natural as possible. How the Money-woman ever got it there, or how she knew that he cared about it, remains a mystery to this day.



BOY IN THE DISTANCE.—"*Go for 'em Billy. I'll be back by'me-by.*"

But the very next evening Johnny and Margery had such a grand game of play on it that they quite lost count of how many times they had each fallen off, and at last became so weak with laughing that they could neither swing it up nor down, and so had to give up and go in.

They lived very happily in their new house, and Johnny soon became a very useful servant to the Money-woman, and was often allowed to travel to distant lands on her errands. When he grew up he married Margery, and they had a merry family of children, who were as fond of the see-saw as their father and mother had been.

Johnny must have picked up some odd names in his journeyings to foreign lands, for his eldest boy and girl were named Gottlieb and Nimmy. Nimmy staid at home with her mother and grandmother, and a good, useful little maiden she was; but Gottlieb went down to help his father

in the Money-woman's caves. At first he only made silver pennies, and such small coin, at tiny fires of his own, so that when the other children saw a little bit of burning wood or coal drop out of the fireplace at home and blaze for a minute on the hearth below, they called it "Gottlieb's fire," until "Gottlieb's fires" became quite a saying in the family.

The Money-woman and Johnny and Gottlieb are still at work, and there is not much likelihood at present of their having to give it up. And if you are careful to spend your money wisely and kindly and liberally, even if you have not found them at it yet, some day you will find that the good Money-woman's fingers, or perhaps little Gottlieb's instead of hers, have been busy in your purse, secretly adding to your store when you least expected it. So a long life to them all, and a busy one, and may their fires never burn dim!

SOUTHERN SCENES.

NEGRO STABLE-HANDS AND JOCKEYS AT A SOUTHERN RACE-COURSE BETTING ON THEIR FAVORITES.

IF the element of our common humanity known as "darkey" has one trait that is stronger than another, it is his love of the decisions of chance. The lottery business keeps him poor. What money is left from the inroads of "4-11-44" upon his purse is generally devoted to betting on dog-fights and horse-races. Particularly is this so in the land of the South, where, as history tells us, the pack of playing-cards first flowered into existence.

An illustration of this strange weakness of the Southern negro we give in a sketch. The scene represents the stables connected with a race-track—and the time is just before the saddling-bell is rung.

Out on the course, and at the grand stand, the French pool system finds many customers, and the native American way of betting with the money up is extensively indulged in. The infection spreads to the grooms and stable-boys, who, as we see them in the cut, grow eloquent over the praises of their favorite steeds, and back their prophecies with their money. It is a *genre* picture, taken from life, and is a good exponent of the peculiarity of the negro.

COLOR SENSE IN BIRDS.—A number of communications to *Nature* have developed the curious fact that the English sparrow is destructive to beds of yellow crocus, tearing the blossoms in pieces for some inexplicable reason. The white and blue crocuses growing near the yellow are left undisturbed. It has been suggested that the birds may pick at the yellow flowers from a mere love of their bright color. One writer gives an illustration of the color sense in birds, a description of a nest built by a pair of goldfinches, at the end of a branch, with nothing between it and the sky above, and the gravel path below. The base of the nest was made of materials exactly resembling in tint that of the tree, while the top was built of the flowers of the forget-me-not. While at work, the birds seemed to revel in the beauty of the flower sprays, tossing them about in joyous sport.

IT is sad to be alone—to be in the world and yet not of it; to think only, to dream with the eyes wide open, and the senses painfully acute; to be a stranger in the midst of buxom life, and yet have no sympathy with a single one of the myriads of beings who throng the highways and byways of this bustling world. There is a dirge-like melancholy inseparable from seclusion from the busy scenes of earth, which saddens the heart and brings the tears of sorrow unbidden to the eye.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered:
"Forward, the Light Brigade,
Take the guns!" Nolan said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man there was dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.

Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke,
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death.
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left them,
Left of Six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made
All the world wondered!
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

AROMA OF COFFEE.

IT is well known that in the process of roasting coffee many changes take place in the composition of the berry. The horny material becomes brittle, and the tannin, sugar, and fat are partly destroyed, and the oil of the coffee driven off by the heat. As it is to this latter ingredient that the pleasant aroma of coffee is due, it is important to retain this

as much as possible, which may be done by introducing pieces of dry bread, together with the coffee, in the roaster, which will absorb the vapor of the oil like a sponge; and as it becomes heated to a less degree than the coffee beans, serves to condense this vapor. When the coffee is ground the bread is to be ground up and prepared with it, increasing to a not inconsiderable degree the excellence of the coffee. The proportion of bread to be used is a quarter of a pound to three-fourths of a pound of coffee. The coffee, when roasted, must be kept in a closed vessel, as well filled as possible. To keep roasted coffee for a long time, and prevent the loss of its aroma, it is recommended to sprinkle over the bean, while still hot, white loaf-sugar, in the proportion of about three-quarters of a pound to twenty-five pounds of coffee. This completely envelopes the bean with a layer of sugar and preserves its aroma.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

When Lord Liverpool was forming his Ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the Foreign Office, although aware that the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination, and went to Brighton for that purpose. As soon as the King knew what was wanted of him, he broke out:

"Arthur, it is impossible! I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my Ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

Another man would have been silenced; but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied:

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the King; but the Duke went on:

"Your Majesty is not a gentleman, but the Sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the King, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV. had once, at least, while Regent, forgotten he was one. That was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with:

"Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason; it was out of the question to challenge the Prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The Colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying:

"His Royal Highness's toast—pass it on!"

"Hamlyn!" cried the Regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health!"

And they were fast friends from that evening.

WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, LLD.

Was a clever, good-humored, and kind-hearted Irishman, and a good classical scholar, and was a member of the Oriental Translation Society. He was a great ally of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, with whom he one day visited some charity schools, and, as they were afterward crossing St. James's Park, the Archbishop was expatiating on the subject of Sunday amusements for the lower classes, on which he entertained rather liberal views, and enforced his arguments by calling Taylor's attention to a copy which one of the charity boys, whom they had just left, was writing, "Wide wears—tight tears."

Taylor once asked the Archbishop's opinion as to whether he, Taylor, should reply to some attack that had been made upon him. "Can you pick up a stone to throw at a dog without stooping?" was Whately's reply. Taylor told me he was once under examination by a Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of education, when the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield—whose father was a schoolmaster, and his son, at one time, his assistant—asked Taylor, who was ignorant of the fact, what class of persons he considered to be the most ignorant, with reference to their opportunities.

"Schoolmasters, my lord," was Taylor's unwitting reply, at which the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was behind the bishop, shook his finger at the doctor; but the mischief was done.

Some young noblemen, among whom was the Earl of W—— (not Waterford, for he had sobered down into matrimony), were indicted for some riotous conduct, wrenching off knockers among other offenses, for which the judge sentenced them to a small fine, in addition to a very edifying lecture on the impropriety of their behavior. A few nights afterward Taylor's knocker was wrenched off and carried away; upon which Taylor provided himself with a new one, and sent the bill in to the judge, whom he considered to have encouraged the offense by his lenient dealing with the case in point.

He once told me of an ill-tempered countryman—he was a public man, but I forget his name—who was said to have been born in a passion, and had been in it ever since.

Taylor married a very pretty Irish girl, and announced to me the fact in a letter so thoroughly Irish that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage: "I have been married to my young cousin under circumstances of romance, such as you could not expect from my prosaic aspect. She was an orphan; her near relations neglected her. I began to show her some attentions, merely from respect to her deceased father. The correspondence soon changed from respectful to tender intercourse. I wrote to dissuade her [from marrying], on account of the disparity of age. She replied that such an objection had no weight on her mind. I went to Ireland from the Bristol Association [the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met there that year], persuaded the lady, talked down her guardians, battled lawyers, outfaced parsons, was married in a fortnight after landing, and am here with my wife."

Taylor was much older, and did not live many years. His widow appears to have preserved the tenderness of heart ascribed to her, for she married again within a twelvemonth after his death.—*W. H. Harrison.*

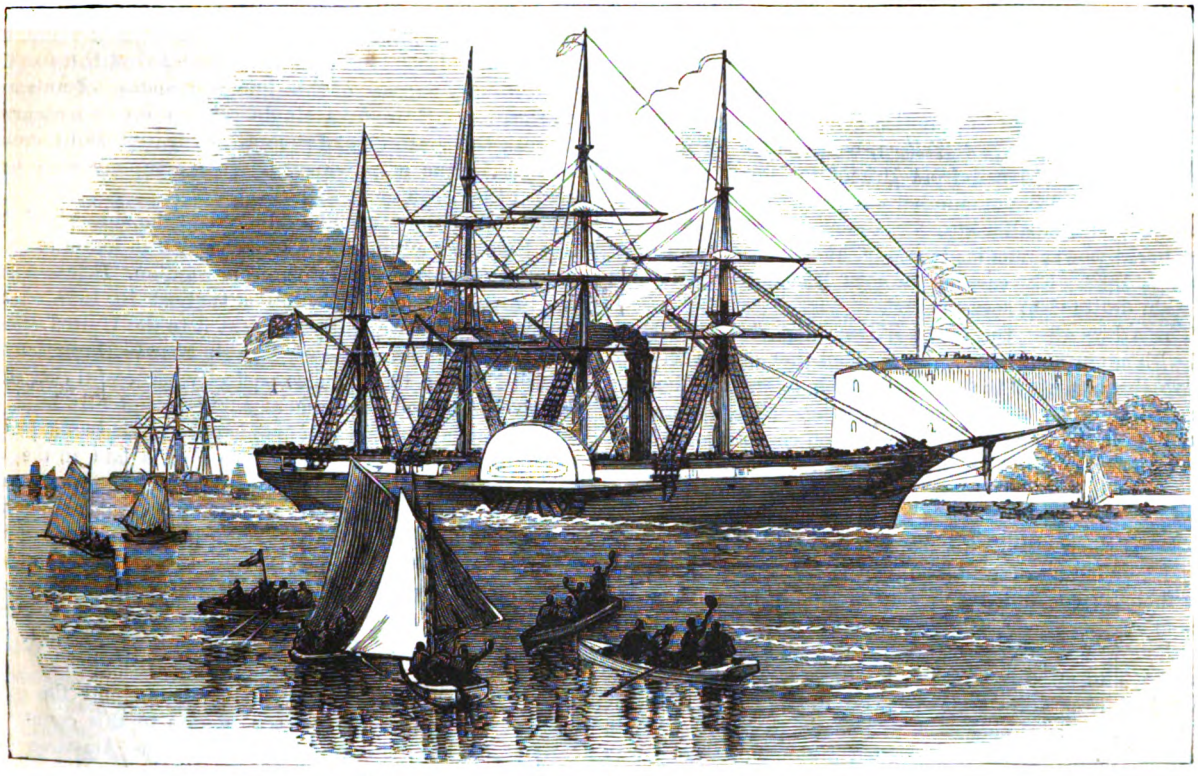
THE PESTS OF THE AMAZON.

Imagination fails to conceive their numbers and variety; mosquitoes, some kinds of which have bills of immense length, and inflict a sting as sharp as if they had been plunged into strong acid; ticks, of several varieties; venomous ants; minute bees, which persist in drinking the moisture from the human eye; and large bees, more like beetles, that can hit a blow by their own impetus, which is long remembered by the unhappy receiver; wasps of all sorts, from the little ones that make their nests under single leaves, and can be removed without much danger, if you whistle to them while carefully breaking off the twig upon which they are found, to the fierce marabuntas, which, when they attack in numbers, can easily deal out death to their enemies—one single sting causing violent

pain and swelling; mayflies, attracted by light, coming on board in thousands of an evening, and falling into the food, so that it was sometimes found preferable to consume dinner almost in the dark; motucas of two kinds, species of cow-flies, which not only give a painful bite, but are able to suck a large amount of blood, if undiscovered; and lastly, perhaps the worst pest of all, the detestable pium—a disgusting little black fly—the puncture of which, at first scarcely noticeable, leaves behind it, under the skin, a little round spot of blood; and these creatures attack the unfortunate human being in myriads. It is not uncommon to see persons whose wrists and necks are almost black with their wounds, the irritation from them being also quite unbearable.

The pium infests the whole of the Upper Amazon and its tributaries, beginning its work at six o'clock in the morning, and ending at the same hour in the evening. Happily, however, this pest has its enemy, in the shape of a small ichneumon fly, which seizes it, tucks it between its legs, and carries it off, to store up as food for its own larvæ. To all these insect tormentors, as well as to noxious animals of every kind, the Amazonians apply the comprehensive Portuguese word *Bicho*, which may be taken to mean a disagreeable creature of any species save the human one; and, as has been said, *bichos* have pretty much their own way at present in these regions, although, when the forests are somewhat cleared, it may be hoped that these plagues will also take their departure.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 498.



THE "GREAT WESTERN" ARRIVING AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

OCEAN STEAMERS AND STEAM NAVIGATION.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

Ocean navigation by steam was inaugurated by the voyage of the *Savannah* in 1819 from Savannah, Georgia, to England and Russia. In the year 1818, Captain Moses Rogers, of Savannah, conceived the idea of establishing regular steam communication between America and Europe, and he caused a ship of proper dimensions to be constructed, into which the necessary engine and paddle-wheels were introduced. The paddles were made of canvas, and the arms of iron, and the wheels were so arranged that they could be dismounted at pleasure, and it was adapted to use steam or sails, according to circumstances.

The vessel was a three-mast bark, measuring 389 tons. She sailed from Savannah on the 26th of May, 1819, and reached Liverpool after a passage of 25 days, during which the engine was employed 18 days. According to other authorities, the voyage lasted only 18 days, 7 of which were by aid of steam.

While in the middle of the Atlantic, being afraid of getting out of fuel, the captain dismounted the wheels, and had recourse exclusively to sails. On approaching the English coast, the wheels were restored to their position, and the voyage was continued by steam. As the *Savannah* was proceeding up the Channel the captain of an English ship, observing the smoke issuing from her, supposed that the vessel was on fire, and immediately sent two small boats alongside to offer assistance. Great was his astonishment when he discovered the true character of the craft.

The entrance of the steamer into Liverpool was hailed with great enthusiasm, and the captain was entertained with great hospitality by the public authorities, as well as private citizens. After a short delay, the vessel continued on its voyage to Russia, and while in the Harbor of Cronstadt encountered a storm that would have driven her upon the shore if her engines had not enabled her to face the wind; while many sailing vessels were wrecked in plain view of the city.

The Emperor Alexander made a careful examination of the ship and of its remarkable machinery, and as a testimony of his admiration presented two anchor chains to Captain Rogers, one of which is said to be preserved in Savannah to the present day. The *Savannah* returned to New York direct from St. Petersburg in 26 days, and was sent to Washington, where she was sold, and her steam machinery removed, and, after being used as a sailing vessel for some years, was finally wrecked off the coast of Long Island.

The next ocean voyage was made in 1825, by the English steamer *Enterprise*, which made the passage from Falmouth to Calcutta in forty-seven days. The success of these two expeditions encouraged the belief that ocean navigation by steam was a possible thing, and the propriety of making further experiments was frequently discussed. The great expense of fuel as opposed to wind, which cost nothing, gave rise to serious doubts as to the economy of steam over sails, and it was also feared that all of the available space of the ship would be taken up with the necessary coal for the engines, leaving no room for freight or passengers.

Scientific men also came forward to prove by highsounding phrases and profound mathematical reasoning that the resistance of the water could not be overcome by such engines as had thus far been invented. The famous Dionysius Lardner was at particular pains to prove the utter fallacy of the whole scheme, and announced in a public lecture that it would be as easy to make a voyage to the moon as to cross the ocean in a steamer.

Notwithstanding the almost universal opposition, a number of capitalists resolved to make the trial, and they ordered a ship to be built at Bristol for the transatlantic trade. In the beginning of the year 1838, the *Great Western*

was finished. It was one of the most elegant and majestic ships that ever left the stocks. It had a capacity of 1,340 tons, a length of 240 feet, and an engine of 450 horse power, and was fitted up in the most elegant and luxurious fashion.

Everything being ready, notice was given that on the 4th of April, 1838, the *Great Western*, commanded by Lieutenant Hosken, would sail from Bristol to New York. This announcement decided another company to make a similar attempt, and a smaller steamer, the *Sirius*, of 700 tons and 320 horse power was made ready, and set sail from Cork April 5, 1838. She carried 453 tons of coal and 53 barrels of resin destined to serve as fuel.

Three days after, the *Great Western* departed from Bristol with seven passengers, who were all that were willing to brave the perils of the ocean in such a craft. The race across the ocean proved most exciting. There were the usual storms and contrary winds, and on comparison of logbooks, it was found that the two ships were frequently very near each other without being aware of the fact at the time.

At first the *Sirius*, being deep in the water on account of her heavy lading of coal, made but little progress, but as the fuel was consumed and she became lighter, her speed was much increased. She had also the advantage of three days' start of the *Great Western*, and a shorter distance to travel. The approach of the steamers was anxiously expected at New York, and when, on the morning of April 23d, 1838, the announcement was made that a vessel was seen off Sandy Hook from which a cloud of smoke was rising, great excitement prevailed, and preparations were made to give the visitor a warm reception.

As the *Sirius* steamed up the Bay, she was received by salutes from the forts, by waving of flags, by a swarm of small boats on the water, and by every demonstration of delight. The enthusiasm had not time to cool before the rival steamer, the majestic *Great Western*, was also announced, and the demonstrations of joy had to be repeated in her honor. The two ships arrived the same day in New York, and after a short delay departed together on the return voyage.

The *Sirius* reached Falmouth after a voyage of 18 days without any mishap, and the *Great Western* returned to Bristol in 15 days.

The problem of transatlantic navigation by steam was satisfactorily solved by these two memorable voyages, and a short time afterward the *Great Western* entered upon the regular transportation of the mail and passengers. Between 1838 and 1844, she made 35 voyages from England to America, crossing the ocean 70 times. The average time was 15½ days to New York, and 13½ days for the return. The most rapid passage was in 1843, when she reached New York in twelve days and eighteen hours.

Other ships were now constructed, among them the *Royal William*, the *Queen*, the *President*, and the *Liverpool*; of these the melancholy loss of the *President* at sea in 1841 will be recalled with sadness by many persons now living. In 1843 one of the largest ships ever built, called the *Great Britain*, was launched at Bristol. It was the first iron ship, and also one of the first to substitute the steam screw for side wheels. She proved so bulky, and drew so much water, that it was with difficulty she could be brought into Liverpool, or over Sandy Hook; and having finally been run ashore off Ireland, she had to be dismantled and left to serve as a monument of careless engineering on the part of her projectors.

The first steamer to make the voyage around the world was the *Driver*, which left England, March 16th, 1842, under the command of Captain Harmer, who died in China, and was succeeded by Captain Hayes. She returned to her starting-point in 1845. The earliest regular transatlantic line of steamers, the Cunard Line, sent its first vessel, the *Britannia*, of 1,350 tons, from Liverpool, July 4th, 1840. The extraordinary success of this line is a matter of universal gratification. Scarcely a single mishap has ever occurred to break the continuity of successful voyages, and there are captains in the employment of this company who have crossed the ocean more than 300 times.

For a long time this line adhered to the side wheel, but they have now adopted the screw, which is found to be in every way better adapted to ocean navigation. Ericsson used the propeller successfully on a tugboat in 1837 on the Thames, and subsequently brought it to the United States. The first naval screw vessel, the *Archimedes*, built for the British Navy in 1840, was so perfectly successful that comparatively few paddle steamers were subsequently built.

On canals and rivers recourse is once more being had to chain propulsion. A chain or wire rope is laid in the bed of the river, or along the proposed route of the steamer, and passes over a drum worked by steam engines on the vessel, which is hauled along, taking in the chain at the bow and passing it out astern. In this arrangement, loss by slip or oblique action is avoided, and a very satisfactory degree of economy is attained. Here, however, but little lateral movement of the vessel is permitted, and only one vessel can make use of the chain.

The French Government, not to be behind the other nations in ocean navigation, sent agents to this country as early as 1823 to study and report upon the American system. The result was an exhaustive memoir on the subject, from the pen of M. Marestier, who urged upon his countrymen the adoption of steam on the lakes and rivers of the interior. Before 1835 the number of steamers on the Saone was doubled, and the rate of speed was greatly increased. The remains of Napoleon I. were brought from St. Helena, in 1840, on the *Dorade*, one of the earliest of the French steamers. The port of Havre soon had excellent steamers trading with England and along the coast. War vessels and merchant steamers were added, and France has obtained a respectable rank in the competition for excellence of ocean steamers. Among the historical ships may be mentioned the *Sphinx*, 1830, and the *Napoleon*, 1849.

In 1862 the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, represented by M. Péreire, was organized. They have built a number of first-class vessels, among them the *Péreire*, which made its first voyage from Brest to New York, in 1866, in nine and a half days.

The most successful steam vessels in general use are the screw steamers of transoceanic lines. These are from 300 to 450 feet long, usually propelled from 14 to 17 miles an hour by engines of from 3,000 to 4,000 horse power, consuming from 70 to 100 tons of coal a day, and crossing the Atlantic in from eight to ten days. These vessels are now invariably fitted with the compound engine and surface condensers.

The largest vessel yet constructed is the *Great Eastern*, begun in 1854 and completed in 1859, by J. Scott Russell, on the Thames, England. This ship is 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, 58 feet deep, 28 feet draught, and of 24,000 tons measurement. There are four paddle and four screw engines, the former having steam cylinders 74 inches in diameter, with 14 feet stroke; the latter 84 inches in diameter, and 4 feet stroke. They are collectively of 20,000 actual horse power. The paddle-wheels are 56 feet in diameter, and the screw 24 feet. The steam boilers supplying the paddle engines have 44,000 square feet (more than an acre) of heating surface. Although this monster vessel has never been a success for the conveyance of freight

or passengers, it has proved of great value in the laying of the Atlantic cable, and has thus made good its claims to existence.

The construction of lake and river steamers has been carried to greater success in the United States than anywhere else. Some of these now in use are models of elegance and comfort, and for safety and speed are unequaled in any part of the world. It would be impossible to give detailed descriptions of these vessels, as their numbers and varieties are far too great for the compass of a short article.

The progress made since Fulton launched the *Clermont* on the Hudson has been enormous, and it seems a pity that the valuable life of this great inventor should have been cut off prematurely by vexatious lawsuits, when, in the order of nature, he might have lived to witness the complete triumph of the system he had so vigorously recommended in the early years of the present century.

Before dismissing the subject from our attention, it may be well to refer to the methods adopted for the propulsion of vessels, and the machinery employed.

In the earliest stages of the invention, the palmipede, or oars that open and shut by the action of water, was introduced upon boats. This was followed by jets of water issuing from the stern of the ship, which was the favorite idea of Rumsey until he encountered Fulton in London, in 1789. The endless chain, we have seen, has its advantages, even at the present time, although inapplicable to lake or ocean navigation. The side-wheel with buckets was introduced by Fulton, and still maintains its pre-eminence for river steamers.

In 1768 an ingenious Frenchman named Paucton proposed, in a work on the theory of the Archimedes screw, to replace oars by the screw. He wished to place two screws, called *pterophores*, in the stern horizontally, and on a line with the keel of the ship; but his ideas attracted very little attention at that early period.

In 1777, David Bushnell, of Saybrook, Connecticut, applied the screw to submarine batteries, with which he proposed to blow up vessels of war. He successfully exploded many small models, and made a larger machine, capable of conveying an operator with 150 pounds of powder, which was tried in vain on the *Eagle*, a British 54-gun ship lying in the harbor of New York. The employment of the screw in his inventions was highly suggestive, and ought to have received more attention than it appears to have done.

After the time of Paucton in France, many engineers attempted to employ the screw for propulsion, but none of them seem to have thought of steam as the motive power, until the commencement of the present century, when Dallery took up the subject and brought it to comparative perfection.

Charles Dallery appears to have been a man of uncommon genius. Born at Amiens in 1754, he early manifested great mechanical skill in inventing improvements in organs and various forms of machinery. In 1803 he took out a patent for the application of the screw to vessels to be driven by steam power. This was precisely at the time that Fulton was occupied with his steamer on the Seine. Both of these inventors were unable to obtain the least notice from the Government, and in consequence their works were forgotten. Dallery was so disgusted with his want of success that he utterly destroyed the model that he had built, and turned his attention to other subjects. From drawings still extant, it is evident that he anticipated many of the modern applications of the screw propeller.

In 1808 we have seen that Stevens applied the screw to a boat which he constructed to ply on the Hudson, the machinery of which is still preserved in the museum of the Institute founded to perpetuate his fame. A Bohemian named Ressel conceived the idea in 1812 of propelling a balloon by means of a screw, and later, of using electro-magnetism as a motive power. And this suggested to his mind the applications of the same principles to the navigation of ships, but having recourse to steam as a motor. He undertook to construct such a vessel at Trieste, which was finally finished in 1829.

On the trial trip some part of the machinery exploded, and the police interfered to prevent any further experiments, and the vessel was broken up. Ressel died in 1848, and in 1863 a monument was erected to his memory in Vienna, as the inventor of the propeller.

In 1836 and 1837, Ericsson submitted a system of propulsion by the screw to English capitalists, which was very favorably received and definitely applied to the *Francis Ogden*. At the same time, that is in 1838, appeared the invention of Messrs. Smith and Rennie, which was so successful that a company was organized, and the fine ship *Archimedes* was built and provided with a propeller screw. The success of the experiments of this ship was such as to put the adaptation of the screw to navigation beyond a doubt; and since that time it has been universally adopted on a great variety of steamers. Ericsson soon brought the screw into general use in the United States, where it now plays a conspicuous part in all kinds of vessels.

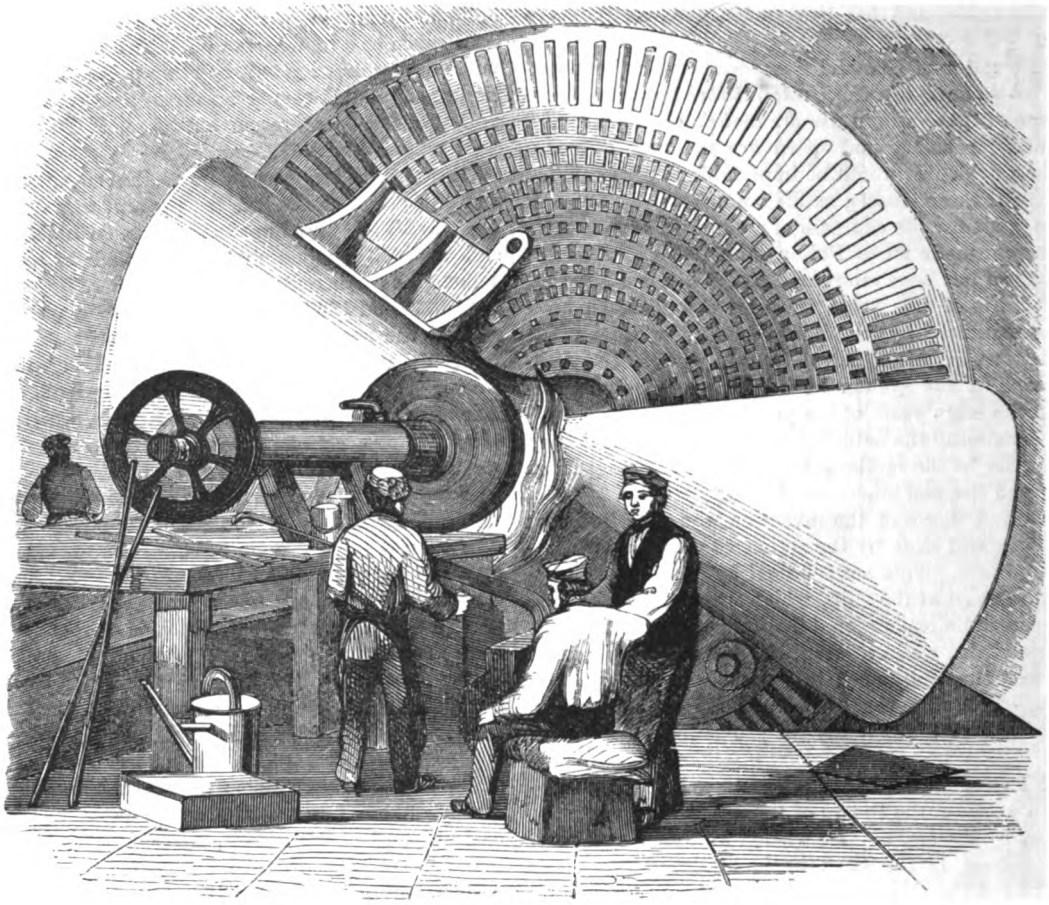
The success of steam navigation on the ocean cannot be better shown than by taking an illustration from the actual voyage made by one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Company. The *City of New York*, of this line, performed the voyage from New York to San Francisco, a total distance of 13,552 miles, in 59 days; the actual steaming time being 54 days and 14 hours. The entire passage was made with coal shipped at New York, none having been taken on board *en route*.

Prior to the famous first trips between England and New York of the steamers *Sirius* and *Great Western*, in 1838, when the subject of ocean steam navigation was under discussion in England, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, as we have previously stated, predicted that steamers could not be run with commercial success across the Atlantic until the consumption of fuel was reduced, as the cost and bulk of coal would eat up all profit. He was nearer right than he is generally believed to have been. For over twenty years after the opening of the Cunard Line, in 1840, it required the payment of enormous special subsidies by the Government in order to make good the losses to owners. First-class steamers betwen New York and Liverpool consumed nearly 100 tons of coal a day. The largest vessels now only require about one-fourth the above fuel, and are also in other respects more economical than formerly. The following are some of the particulars of the *City of New York's* voyage:

Total revolutions of the engines	3,368,[illegible]05	
" distance by observation	13,552	miles.
" " " screw	14,235	"
" amount of coal consumed (dock to dock)	1,485	tons.
Average consumption of coal per day	26¾	"
Speed per day, running time	218¼	miles.

The dimensions of the *City of New York* are as folllows: Length, 353 feet; beam, 40½ feet; tonnage, 3,019; engines, 1,000 horse power. The Atlantic Ocean is now looked upon as no more formidable than a ferry, and numerous ships afford accommodations for passengers and traffic. The oldest line is the National, plying between New York, Liverpool and London. It employs 12 iron steamers, having an aggregate tonnage of 51,486. These vessels make during the year 81 regular trips, carrying 25,521 passengers and 464,709 tons of cargo.

The Cunard Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 17



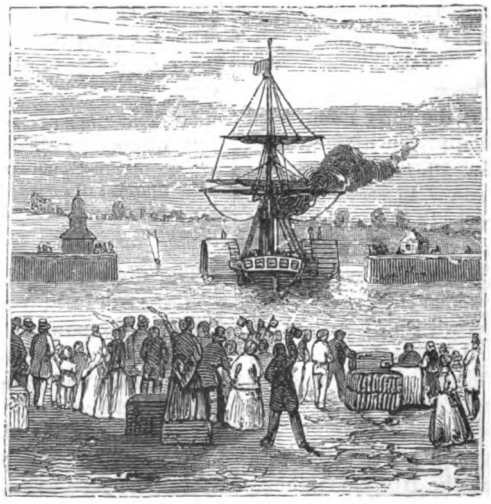
ADJUSTING A SCREW-PROPELLER FOR A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

vessels, aggregating 53,200 tons, and makes 206 voyages, carrying 15,000 cabin and 27,550 steerage passengers, and 465,000 tons of cargo in a year. The quickest passage from Queenstown to New York was made by the *Russia* in 8 days and 14 hours; the quickest eastward by the *Scythia*, in 8 days and 10 hours.

The White Star Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 6 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 25,251 tons. The *Germanic*, of this Line, has made the trip from Queenstown to New York in 7 days and 15 hours. The Anchor Line, New York to Glasgow, employs 27 vessels, with 57,289 tonnage. They make 87 voyages from New York, and carry in all 20,000 passengers and 341,723 tons of cargo in a year.

The Inman Line, New York to Liverpool, employs 13 vessels, aggregating 42,975 tons. They make 110 trips, and carry 300,000 tons of cargo, and 34,389 passengers. The fast trips were by the *City of Richmond*, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 7 days and 18 hours; the *City of Berlin*, the same voyage in 7 days, 15 hours. The Hamburg American Packet Company, New York to Hamburg, employs 15 vessels, which carry nearly 30,000 passengers in a year, and 137,000 tons of merchandise. The North German Lloyd, New York to Bremen, employs 15 vessels, aggregating 48,710 tons. They make 100 round trips, carrying in all over 30,000 passengers, and 114,000 tons freight. The best time was 9 days and 10 hours.

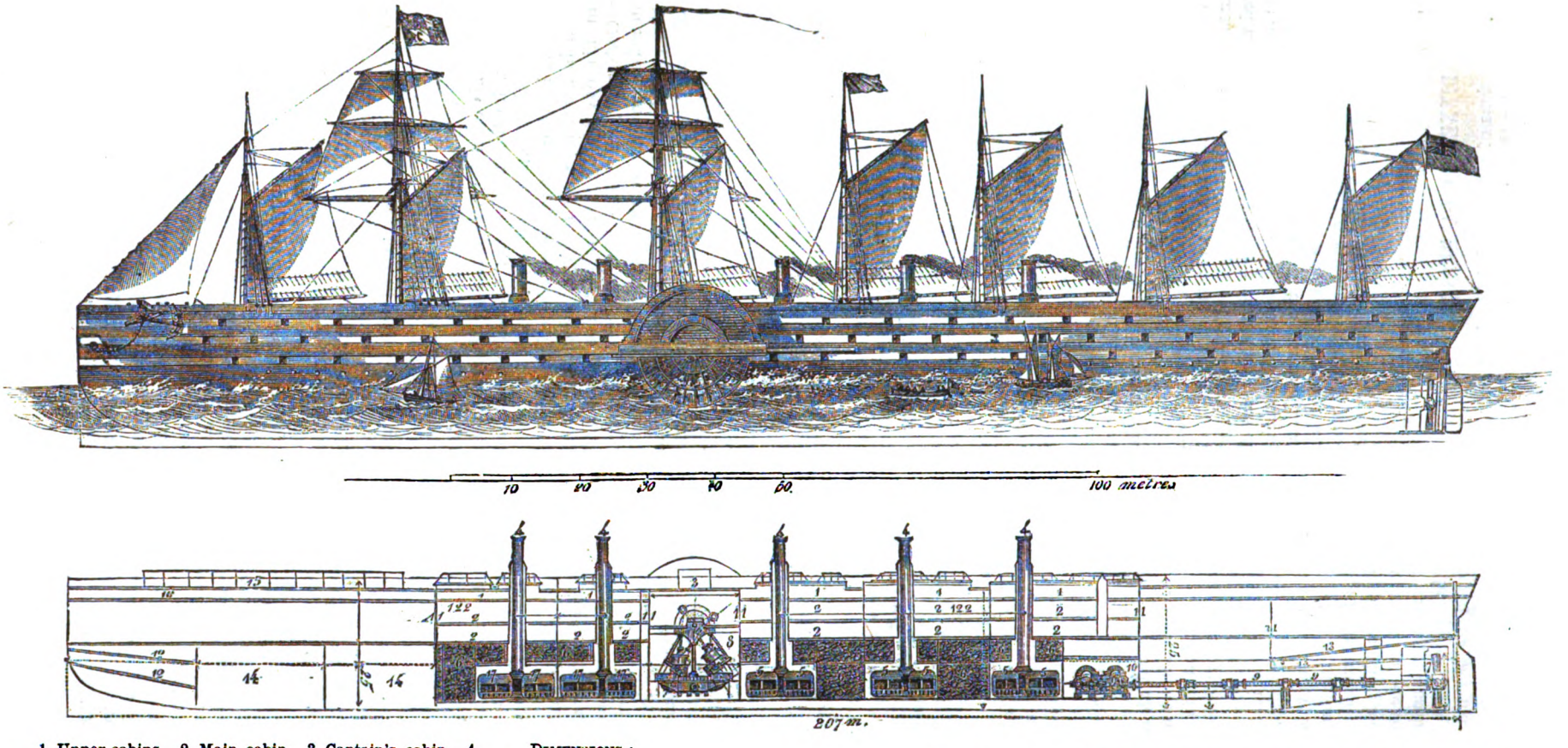
The State Line, New York to Glasgow, employs 7 vessels, aggregating 17,000 tons. They carry 4,900 passengers and 48,000 tons freight. The Williams and Guion Line, New York and Liverpool, employs 6 vessels, aggregating 22,360 tons. They make 38 trips each way, and carry 150,000 tons of cargo. The French Line, New York to Havre, has 6 vessels, aggregating 24,300 tons. They make 28 trips each way, and carry 6,900 passengers.



THE "SAVANNAH" LEAVING CRONSTADT.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

There are minor Lines plying to Amsterdam, Antwerp, Italy, etc. The number of passengers carried by these Lines is about 225,000, and the freight 2,000,000 tons, yearly. There have been melancholy shipwrecks during the past few years, but the loss of life is small in proportion to the number of passengers carried.

The progress has been great since Papin started his steamer on the Fulda in 1707, or Fulton inaugurated this method of travel in 1807, but there is still room for promoting the comfort of passengers, which, it is to be hoped, will be inaugurated before the lapse of many years.



1. Upper cabins. 2. Main cabin. 3. Captain's cabin. 4. Smoke-stacks. 5. Engine for the screw. 6 Coal holes. 7. Screw and axle. 8. Engine for the paddle-wheel. 9. Screw shaft. 10. Screw machine. 11. Movable partitions. 12, 13 Iron decks to strengthen. 14. Hold for cargo. 15. Officers quarters. 16. Berths for crew. 17. Boiler for paddle-wheel. 18. Steampipe.

DIMENSIONS :

Length	683 feet.
Breadth	83 feet.
Draught	28 feet.
Paddle and screw engines	4.
Diameter of paddle steam cylinders, 74 inches, with 14 feet stroke.	
Diameter of screw cylinder, 84 inches, with 4 feet stroke.	
Power of all engines, 10,000 horse-power.	
Diameter of paddle-wheels, 56 feet.	
Diameter of screw, 24 feet.	
Heating surface of boilers, 44,000 square feet.	
Measurement, 24,000 tons.	

"GREAT EASTERN," AND SECTION SHOWING INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

THOMAS GASPEY

THE literary reminiscences of W. H. Harrison contain many agreeable pictures of celebrities with whom he enjoyed a familiar intercourse. He thus describes Gaspey, a novelist, reporter, editor—a favorable type of the class:

Jerdan told me that when Gaspey made his first appearance in the Reporters' Gallery at the House of Commons, his diminutive stature and somewhat eccentric manners created a feeling not at all favorable to the *débutant*. He had not been long in harness, however, before they discovered in him a mine of wit and intelligence which made him quite a popular character among his compeers of the gallery. Among other attractive qualities, he had wonderful powers of mimicry, not only of voice and gesture, but of style of oratory, of which he frequently gave specimens in the reporters' room, a circular window in which opened on the stairs used by the members in their passage to and from the House. It happened that on one occasion Canning was the subject of his imitative powers; and he was in the midst of his exhibition, encouraged by the plaudits and laughter of his co-mates, when, raising his eyes to the circular window, he beheld Canning himself an amused spectator of the exhibition.

If Gaspey had had the advantages of education, he would have been a brilliant man. As it was, he distinguished himself in his day by three novels—"The Lollards," "George Godfrey," and "The Witchfinder." Although wanting in refinement, and often running into caricature, they were so graphically true to nature, so abounding in passages of humor and pathos, as to throw utterly into shade three-fourths of the works of their class which inundate the circulating libraries of the present day. In "The Witchfinder" there is a scene of the trial of a suspected witch by immersion, under the direction of the notorious Hopkins, of which Anthony Trollope, one of the truest, healthiest and purest novelists of the day, need not have been ashamed.

Gaspey was for many years the editor, and part, if not entire, proprietor of the *Sunday Times*, a paper which had at the time a distinctive notoriety as the medium of matrimonial negotiations.

He had a singularly soft and agreeable voice, and, though when roused he was not wanting in either eloquence or energy, was very mild and gentle in manner; and my experience has always shown him to be a kind-hearted and most obliging man. He had a very lovely daughter, who sang superbly, and was married to a young man who rapidly and honorably attained to one of the highest posts on the staff of the greatest financial corporation in the city of London, and who himself was a diligent laborer in the field of literature.

Gaspey was connected with some India company, which I was given to understand was a success; and I suspect that by means of that or some other speculation he must have saved money, inasmuch as during the latter years of his life he lived in retirement from business at Shooter's-hill, where he died, at the beginning of the year 1872, at the great age of eighty-four. It was not long before his death that I met him, accidentally, apparently in full possession of his mental faculties, and not betraying any great physical infirmity.

DINNERS A LA RUSSE.

IN his "Confessions of a Drunkard," Charles Lamb has dwelt with eloquent pathos upon the manner in which, to the morbid imagination, the most innocent of literary allusions may act as so many fatally irresistible seductions to some form or other of vicious excess; and in his "Biographia Literaria," Samuel Taylor Coleridge has a passage apropos of much the same perverted association of ideas. "I should," writes Elia, "repel my readers, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me; the daily service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, it has put in personal claims, and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book—as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in "Joseph Andrews," or Piscator, in the "Complete Angler," breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room, Pistoribus Sacrum—has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks." Coleridge's observations, which need not here be quoted, are rather confined to the encouragement and sanction of immoderate cups which he detects in the precedents of our older writers.

An artificial thirst is, perhaps, apt to be engendered by such lines as those of Keats—

> "Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
> Cooled a long time in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth."

And it is almost certain that no glass of Bass's or Allsopp's ale was ever so grateful to the material palate as the ale home-brewed which we have quaffed in imagination with the same Piscator of whom Charles Lamb writes, and his patient, tractable disciple, when, after having stood with them by the flowery banks of the Lea, watching the floats bobbing in the stream, and seeing the perch duly landed on the shore, we have repaired in their company to the house of some hospitable friend, and contemplate the limpid beverage as it plashes musically, till a glorious head of sparkling foam is gathered in the long, spiral goblet. The River Lea may be seen any day now; but the banks of the Lea are scarcely flowery; the neighborhood is scarcely rural; such finny inhabitants as the stream may contain are barely edible; while as for the hospitable friend whom we may claim in the vicinity, the refreshment which he would offer us would be pretty certain to be something more elaborate than the crust and ale which, in the days of Izaak Walton, were enough and ample in the eyes both of recipient and donor.

The "preface" to the wine-list of an enterprising firm of universal purveyors informs us that "among the mechanics of Manchester, claret is in everyday use, while in London the artisan now stops at a wine-shop to ask for a glass of sherry or port." After what one heard not so long ago of the habitual fare of Staffordshire colliers, there is nothing to be surprised at in this statement. It may be readily conceded that light wines are better for Manchester mechanics and London artisans than petroleum whisky and doctored gin. The hygienic aspects of this innovation in popular diet may be passed by now. All that we wish to say about it is, that if it has to any large extent been adopted, it may significantly remind us of the influences which are at work among those who are some degrees above the laboring classes in the social scale. The complete angler and his friend would find that biscuits and sherry had generally taken the place of plain bread and beer as articles of refreshment deemed suitable for the casual visitor by the friend on whom he might happen to call. In England, of late years, there has been an amount of infidelity displayed to the national beverage—"that most wholesome and pleasant drink," as Burton, in his "Anatomy," calls it, "since the hop that rarefies it hath a especial virtue against melancholy"—which has not been

perceptible in anything like the same degree in Scotland and Ireland. From John o' Groat's to the Firth of Forth, from Lough Swilly to Cork, whisky holds its own. It is an article in the popular faith. It has its place on every dinner-table, high or low. Whatever be the reason, sufficient or insufficient, beer is a discrowned deity in England. That innumerable hogsheads of it are annually consumed in England, is perfectly true. But the fact remains that, with those who were once proud of him as the type of their prosperity and the emblem of their manhood, John Barleycorn is not considered presentable on state occasions; and that, unless a special request to the contrary be made, the well-filled jug with the coronal of beaded bubbles will be found superseded by the decanter filled with the conventional sherry.

This is but a single instance—accurately typical, however—of a much wider and deeper social change which has gradually accomplished itself in England. What Greece was to ancient Rome, that France has been, and is, to modern Britain. The old Italian playwrights—Plautus, Terence, and the rest of them—borrowed alike plot and dialogue from Hellenic dramatists. There is an identically similar relation between the stages of London and Paris. It is the same with fashions and *menus*, the costumes of womankind, and the manner and fare of dinner-parties. As for this last item of social mimicry, that which holds good of every other form of imitation is true of it also. The effect of the copy depends entirely on its degree of closeness to the original. A good dinner, whatever its principle or pattern, is a good thing. In this context the ancient maxim, "Know thyself," must be supplemented by the further exhortation "Know thy kitchen and thy cook,"

In the matter of dinners, it may be said the exemplar is not Gallic, but Russian. But the dinner à la Russe comes to us direct from Paris, just as much of the distinctive criticism of Germany has been presented to us under the garb of the French tongue; and it is with the dinner à la Russe that we have now chiefly to do. Well conducted, with no deficiency in any of those accessories which are virtually essentials, this is a mode of entertainment in the highest degree satisfactory. It promotes conversation, it leaves the host at leisure—unoccupied by the carving of joints, unpossessed by any fears lest the guest into whose hands some particular dish has fallen shall fail to do it due justice—to stimulate discourse, and benignantly to eye the festive scene.

A modern dinner-table, in those houses where these repasts are managed as they should be, is an extremely pretty sight. There is, perhaps, a tendency to an excess of floral decoration. The ferns and evergreens, which border on either side the stream of plate-glass that runs round the table, may be somewhat over-luxuriant in their growth; the dainty little receptacles in which the single flowers are placed may rest upon a perilously insecure foundation; the importations from the contiguous conservatory, which are enthroned in solid silver centre-pieces, may intercept the view of opposite neighbors; there may be bigoted conservative convives who would like to see, when the period for the *pièce de résistance* arrives, the substance in its original integrity from which the particular morsels conveyed to them were detached, just as they would like to see their faces reflected in the brilliantly polished mahogany, when dessert makes its appearance.

But the advantages and conveniences of the well-served dinner à la Russe altogether exceed the weight of any objections which may be urged against it on the score of general principle or personal taste. The simple statement that carving is an art, and that this is an age in which the art of carving is not systematically taught, as it was in the cookery schools of Imperial Rome, really ought to be conclusive.

Can anything be more horrible to the mind of the well-regulated diner than the spectacle of a woodcock intrusted to the tender mercies of a bashful youth, who, if he had studied the anatomy of that delicious bird, would still be without the presence of mind to display his knowledge; or a near-sighted gentleman hacking, with well-meant but murderous energy, a haunch of venison?

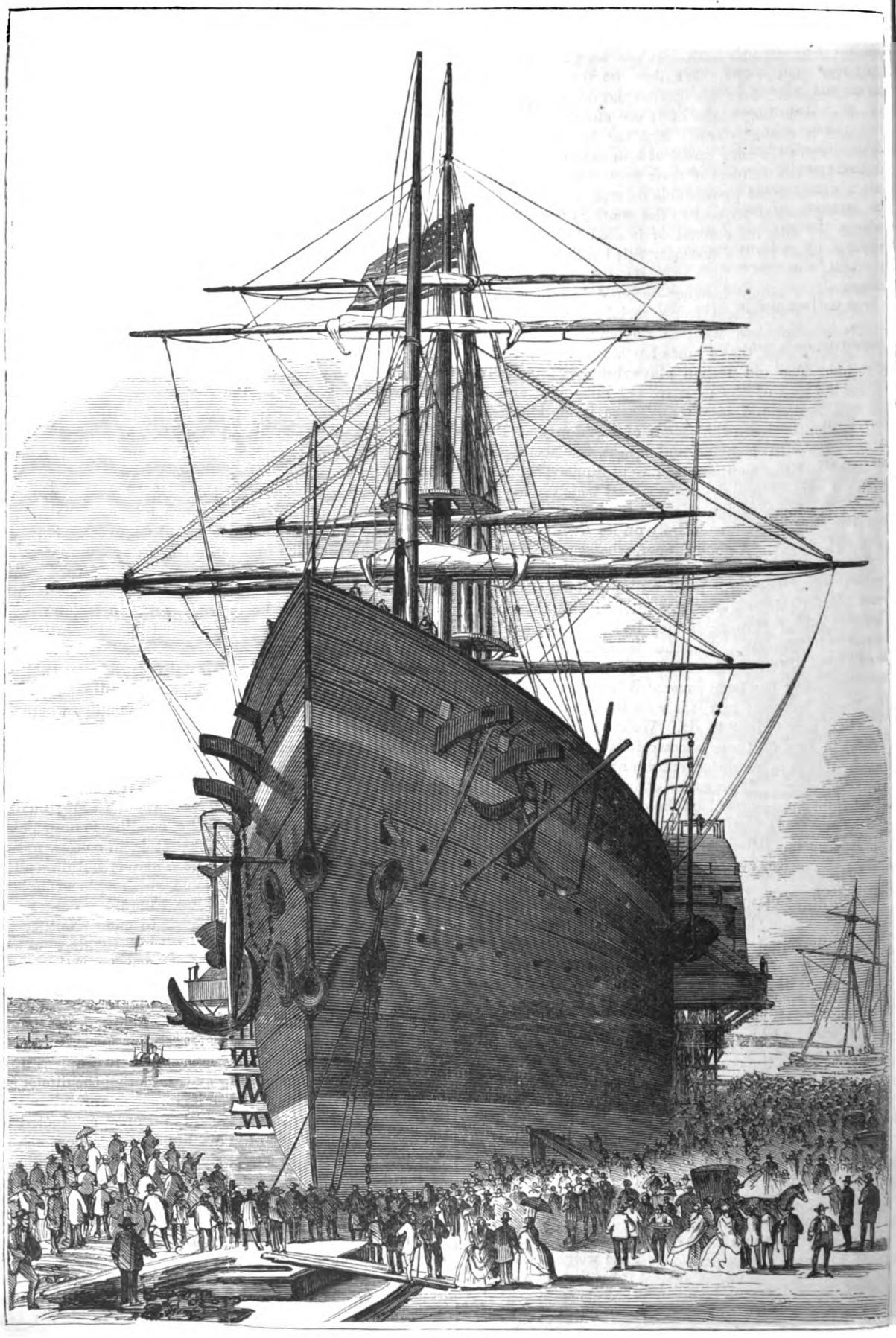
If the dinner à la Russe did nothing more than relieve the lady of the house of the question which a conventional courtesy suggests, and to which the instinct of a kindly appreciation dictates an affirmative answer, "May I assist you?" it would have achieved not a little.

There is a real danger at the present day lest certain hospitable dinner-givers should forget that, before a dinner à la Russe can be successfully attempted, there are definite conditions which must be satisfied. Better, a thousand times, the unpretending banquet, the simple joint, unaccompanied save by "trimmings," hot, succulent, done to a turn, and comfort therewith, than the four courses and a dessert; dishes of elaborate nomenclature, but questionable composition; cold plates and tepid morsels. If *carte blanche* be given to some great metropolitan *entrepeneur*, it is a different matter.

The ordinary resources of the establishment are in such a case multiplied by an unknown power. The tale of "the little dinner at Timmins's" is told over again. The stranger and the alien invade the premises; Sarah and Jane are sent to the right-about; master and mistress cannot call their house their own; and the table groans beneath the weight of plate borrowed for the occasion; while strange waiters hand around unaccustomed dainties and dishes, at the very names of which the customary domestic force of the establishment is lost in bewilderment. This is an expensive, but it is an effective and rational, mode of giving the dinner à la Russe, in those families where the normal capacities are not equal to the inevitable strain of such an entertainment.

The plan does, indeed, involve a foreign occupation of one's castle, as complete, in its way, as if a detachment of Prussian Uhlans were billeted beneath his roof; but the result is so far satisfactory that the cooking is undeniable, and the relays of plates are hot. It is, of course, not an exercise of domestic hospitality. There is nothing about such a feast of the homely welcome which adds so choice a flavor to the plainest viand. The banquet is confessedly artificial and exotic from beginning to end. Neither the host nor hostess would pretend that their friends were tasting of fare produced by the unaided resources of the family kitchen. The dinner is a state ceremonial, accomplished by adventitious agency. The sole merit which it has, or may have, if the plan here suggested be followed, is that of completeness.

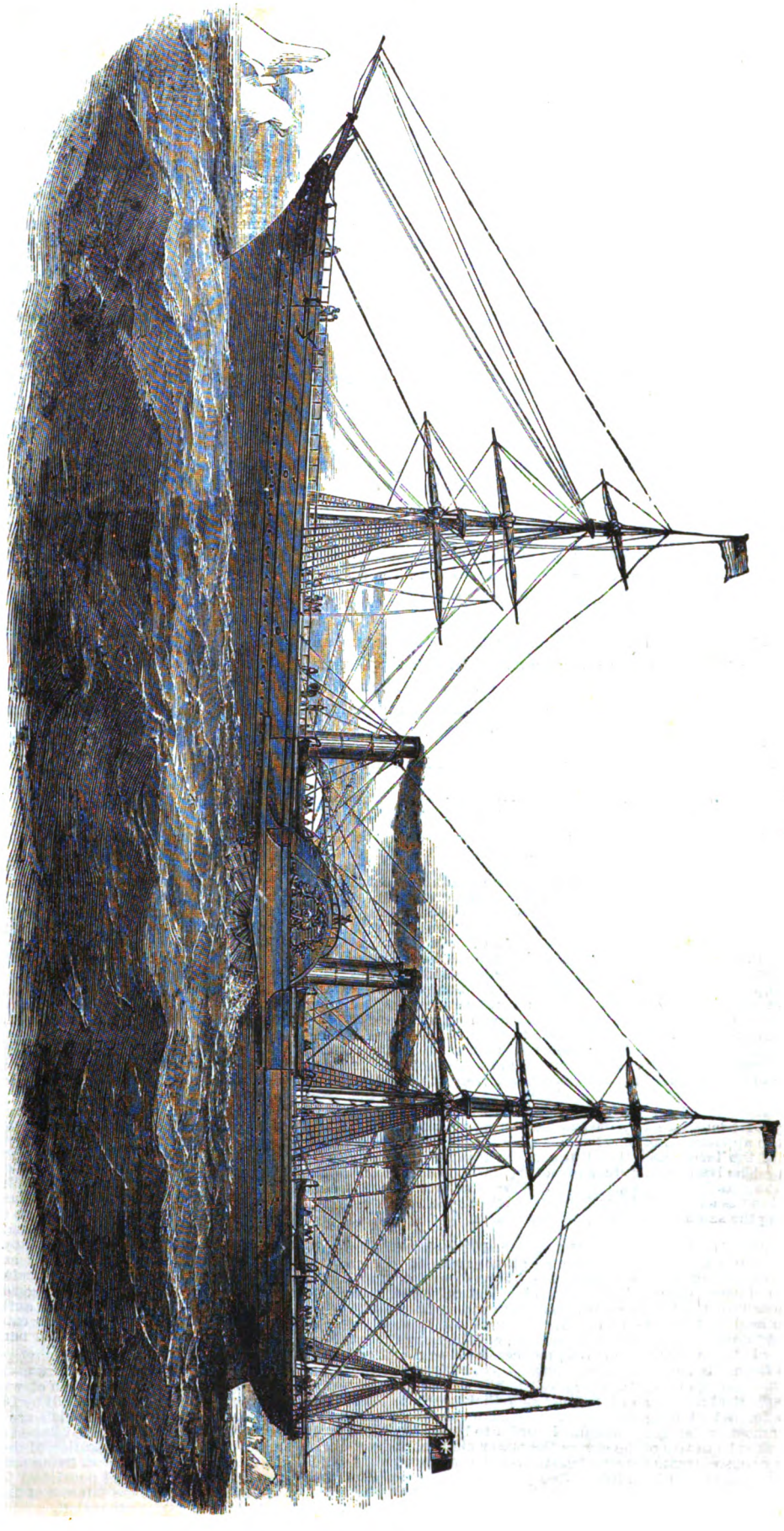
Is it an unwarrantable liberty to seek to impress upon those households who are now addressed that the dinner à la Russe is an institution that admits of no compromise—that there is no *tertium quid* between the dinner, conducted on the ordinary principles of home life, and a dinner such as that just described, if success is to be secured? A dinner of soup, fish, a single *entrée*, a joint, followed by some variety of game—the dishes in each instance being placed upon the table—is within the reach of many households that are unable to compass the banquet à la Russe, and is a repast to which no man or woman need hesitate to ask his or her friends to sit down. It may be served, in perfect condition, without any increase of the usual strength of the establishment, and it will be consumed with a relish which its rival entertainment could not provoke.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" AT HER DOCK IN NEW YORK.

But the servant who can roast a saddle of mutton to perfection, who can manage the gravy-soup and the turbot, and who can also be relied upon for a couple of made dishes—loses her head if called upon to prepare a dinner where the sequence of articles in the *menu* is regulated by notions to which she is a stranger.

From the beginning to end, the affair is destined to be a failure. The lady of the house may have given the clearest instructions, as to the mode in which the courses are to make their appearance; the waiter from round the corner may have been told, again and again, at what season he is to produce the various wines. It is no good. Confusion and chaos are sure to reign. The *hors-d'œuvre* become mysteriously mixed up with the dessert and floral decorations; the oblivious waiter and waitress are hopelessly puzzled; the cook cannot, for the life of her, remember the proper sequence of the various dishes. The guests at the table can hear, but too plainly, the sharp discussion between the perplexed domestics on each of these matters. The mistress of the house, at the head of the table, blushes scarlet; a cold, clammy dew starts forth on the forehead of the master, as he discovers that the waiter has warmed the sherry and iced the claret; and happy will it be if the lady of the house is not summoned from her seat, to speak to the perplexed cook outside the door.



THE CUNARD STEAMER "PERSIA."

Under these agonizing conditions social enjoyment is a bitter mockery, and efforts at careless conversation a hollow pretense. The feverish weariness of the situation communicates itself to the guests. There are awkward pauses, terrible hitches, blank looks, suspicious glances, as plates with atomic helpings on them are passing round. If the son of Pelops had known the fare which his brother's solicitude had provided for him, he could scarcely have eyed the food more askance. Everyone secretly wishes to inquire as to the composition of what is placed before him. The whole business is not a delight but a painful ordeal, for the simple reason that the essential conditions of all satisfactory and social eating are not forthcoming; the plates want warmth, and the atmosphere is without ease.

The dinner, "in the Russian fashion" is, as we have said, an adaptation from the French; but it is an adaptation in which, while the shadow is grasped, the substance is missed. We have the name, and nothing but the name. That we should be anxious to profit by the example of our Gallic friends is reasonable enough. There is much to learn from them, especially in all that appertains to the art of cooking, economy, comfort; how to give an appetizing flavor to unattractive materials; how to give to simple fare a fascination and a nourishing quality not its own; how, in a word, to make the most of the beasts of the field, the fruits of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the water, both salt and fresh—these are, all of them, points in which a close and patient imitation of French ways would do us much good.

But the habit of attempting elaborate French dishes, and of serving them up on a system borrowed from France, and impracticable here unless the appliances of France are forthcoming, is a fashionable superstition and anomaly, of which the sooner we rid ourselves the better.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANTS MILKING THE LARVÆ OF BUTTERFLIES.—It has been for some time known that yellow ants occasionally make cows of beetles, keeping them in their nests and obtaining a gummy secretion which it uses for food, but there was no mention of ants attending the larvæ of butterflies, until the discovery was made during the Summer of 1877, by Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Coalburgh, W. Va., the author of an exquisitely illustrated work on butterflies. In examining a plant called the "rattle-weed," which grows abundantly in the edges of the woods throughout West Virginia, Mr. Edwards noticed that ants frequented the long spikes of the plant, and supposed that they were attracted by the honey-sweet flowers; but on narrower inspection he saw an ant running up and down the back of the larva of a butterfly, drumming and gesticulating with its antennæ, and was surprised to find that the larva, though feeding, did not seem in the least disturbed at the treatment; neither withdrawing its head from the bud nor wincing in its body. If it had been touched in this way by an enemy, it would have displayed alarm instantly. To an observer so acute as Mr. Edwards, this was sufficient stimulus to closer inspection and more thorough study. He found that the larvæ served as cows to the ants, and that the appearance of the ants was a sure indication of the presence of the larvæ, and saved him much trouble in searching for them. The butterfly produced from the larvæ under examination is known as *lycæna pseudargiolus*. Now that attention has been called to the subject, it is probable that other species will be found serving the same interesting purpose to ants.

THE SUN'S SURFACE.—The distinguished French astronomer, M. Janssen, has succeeded in obtaining photographs of the sun, with only 1-30 0th of a second exposure. These were procured with lenses of long focus, and ground to chemical rays, and a slow development of the image, which was finally strengthened with pyrogallic acid and nitrate of silver. The "willow leaves," or "rice grains" observed by Professor Langley, of Allegheny Observatory, appear in these photographs only as occasional aggregations. The main feature is an abundant granulation. The forms of the granules are sufficiently defined for study; they appear to be generally of a spherical shape, and it is noticeable that larger grains seemed to be formed of aggregations of smaller ones, the lesser grains being most evidently spherical. In order to be visible, these granules must be nearly of the size of the minor planets, and yet uprising gaseous currents tear the bright material into fragments which assume a spherical form like drops of water, but drops of enormous size. Any speculations on the subject must, therefore, be rather hazardous.

PHOTOGRAPHING AT NIGHT.—It is often desirable, for taking pictures and for copying, to be independent of the sun. This result has recently been obtained by Mr. Vanderweyde, of London, who has fitted up a costly and elegant establishment on Regent Street. The illuminating agent is the electric light, which is obtained from a Siemen's magneto-electric machine, placed in a cellar and driven by a gas engine of a few horse power. This engine is constructed in such a manner as to be under the control of the photographic operator up-stairs on the first floor, where the studio, reception and dressing-rooms are situated. The studio chair—or operating chair, as it is sometimes irreverently called—is placed upon a small, circular platform, which, however, is not raised any considerable distance from the floor. This platform is capable of being revolved by a push from the foot, so that after posing the sitter the photographer can change his position at will with reference to the camera. The focusing and posing is accomplished by the ordinary gaslight of the room. The light from the carbon points of the electric battery is tempered and concentrated by a Fresnel lens of about forty inches in diameter; care being taken to prevent any of the direct rays from the carbon points falling upon the sitter. When everything is ready, and the plate is in the camera, the operator turns on the light, the fierce beams from the carbon points convert the whole space behind the Fresnel lens into an intensely luminous white cloud, and it is the light from this cloud-like mass which is condensed upon the sitter. The exposure is never more than nine or ten seconds, so that thirty four negatives have been taken between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock at night. On one occasion a lady had a negative taken on her way to the opera, a proof of which was handed to her in her box, as the electric light can be used for printing as well as taking the negative.

COLLODION FROM PAPER.—Gun-cotton has uniformly been the source of the collodion of photographers until a recent period. Of late years, processes have greatly changed, and linen paper is now largely used in the preparation of pyroxyline. We are coming back to the original researches of Pelouze made before Schonbein invented gun-cotton. The almost universal adoption of bromo-iodized collodion, the introduction of bromized emulsions and the production of an entirely different class of negatives, mark the progress of the present day, and render necessary an entirely new character in pyroxyline. The temperature, strength of acids, and time of immersion are altogether different when paper is substituted for cotton. Thus, a temperature which would be considered excessively low for raw cotton, is sufficient to entirely dissolve most descriptions of paper. A few minutes' immersion is sufficient to complete the action on cotton, and any increase is detrimental to the quality of the product; paper, and more especially linen, requires an immersion frequently extending over hours. A writer in the *British Journal of Photography* asserts that he has obtained the best results with ordinary white blotting paper, and he recommends the following formula:

Sulphuric acid, sp. g. 1.843	3 ounces.
Nitric acid, sp. g. 1.42	2 "
White blotting paper	145 grains.

Temperature, 100 deg.; time of immersion, 3 hours.

The resulting pyroxyline will be found to weigh 240 grains. It is admirably adapted to emulsion photography.

DECAY OF EGYPTIAN OBELISKS IN EUROPEAN CLIMATES.—From a careful study of the subject, a German scientist has come to the conclusion that the obelisks of Egypt decay with rapidity in European climates. The Luxor obelisk, which was erected in Paris in 1834, has suffered gradual change from the sulphuric acid and carbonic acid contained in the atmosphere of Paris. The original red color of the syenite column has become duller, and a white film of kaolin, which always follows the action of carbonic acid on alkaline silicates, covers the outside. In thirty-six years the stone has received more damage from the atmosphere of France than during as many centuries in Egypt. It appears probable that the moist and coal-laden air of London will prove even more destructive to Cleopatra's Needle, and there is not a good outlook for the future of a Needle in New York, if we are to be favored with one. It would appear as though these ancient monuments would not bear transporting from their native soil. Our modern habits are inimical to the permanency of structures made of wood and stone.

CHEMISTRY OF PUMPKINS.—Professor F. H. Storer, of the Bussy Institution, reports that the rind of the pumpkin is nearly three and a half times as rich in albuminoids as the flesh. The inside, including the seeds, contains a large proportion of nitrogen, and the seeds yield a large percentage of oil. "The presence of such large amounts of oil, and of albuminous matters," adds Professor Storer, "would naturally go to show that pumpkin-seeds must be a highly nutritious kind of food; and it may be true that they are valuable for some kinds of animals, when administered carefully and in moderate quantity." Regarding the use of pumpkin-seeds as articles of human food, the author quotes Professor Pumpelly as saying that the kernels are eaten by the Chinese. In Egypt, too, the seeds are eaten in the same way that nuts are in other countries.

A MALE NURSE AMONG FROGS.—A Spanish naturalist finds that the supposed viviparous birth of young tadpoles from the species of frog first discovered in Chili by Darwin, is open to further investigation. It is the males which are the nurses, and they have an extraordinary brood-sac, developed as a pouch from the throat, and extending over a great portion of the ventral surface of the animal. In this cavity a number of living tadpoles were found. How these are first developed and nourished is not yet known. From this it would appear that the interest of the reproduction of Batrachians is by no means yet exhausted.

DIFFICULTIES OF LINEAR SURVEYS.—The difficulties of making careful trigonometrical and linear surveys of a large territory are not confined to the roughness and inequalities of the country, but are often of a minor and vexatious character. Very frequently the surveyor carries the occasion of error in his pocket, in the form of a knife. The frame of the compass is sometimes mad of hard rubber, which becomes electrified in dry weather by the slightest friction. The frames of the magnifiers being similarly mounted, give like trouble. The impure metal of cases, rivets and other parts, may deflect the needle. Sometimes the observer may unconsciously carry the iron in his hat, in a wire that stiffens the brim. Even hammered aluminium is said to be slightly magnetic. There is a story told of a land surveyor who had all the parts of his compass nickel-plated, which was very much like surrounding it in all parts with little magnets. It sometimes happens that there is so much iron in the earth that the needle swings about in all directions, and occasionally dips down in absolute rest. Under such circumstances, the solar compass of the late Mr. Burt must be employed, and it is only when the sun shines that the work of surveying can go on.

THE PHYLLOXERA IN FRANCE.—The grape vine in France has been partially destroyed by the ravages of the phylloxera, and the Government has offered a large reward for any remedy for the attack. The vine-growers have finally discovered that several kinds of American vines are not exposed to these ravages. A vineyard at Montpellier, France, is now largely planted with stocks of the Clinton grape, on which the French Aramon vine is grafted. The grafting is done in order to improve the flavor of the grape. A work recently published at Bordeaux describes the American vines best suited for stocks, and specifies the French vines that can be grafted on them to advantage. In some parts of France, salts of the sulpho-carbonates have been found to greatly mitigate the severity of the ravages of the phylloxera, even if it does not entirely prevent. Sulphur alone is also found to be very useful; but the most successful treatment has been found to be the introduction of a foreign stock hitherto known to have escaped attack.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE FIRST DUTY ON T.—Don't forget to cross it.

AN English nobleman who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner, was much amused lately when a Guardsman said to him, in a hearty and genial way, "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentleman about you!"

A CROSS PETITION.—A man who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A *cross* petition!" exclaimed the husband. "That's just like her; she never did a *good-natured* thing in her life!"

HE had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper-table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly, "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B.!" "Just what I am after!" he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

A FIGHTING CUT.—The small boy has two prime objects in view in getting a "fighting cut" to his hair in warm weather. One is, to show his vigilant father that he hasn't been in swimming; and the other, because he can lie in bed five minutes longer in the morning—he doesn't have to comb his hair.

IT is stated that an exalted personage not long ago was presiding at the opening of a new dock. The architect was interviewed afterward. "How many vessels," inquired the exalted personage, "will your dock contain?" "That entirely depends, sir, whether they be large or small." "Oh, middling size, I mean!" "In that case," was the reply, "the dock would contain a middling lot of ships!"

ONE Winter' day, looking in at the window of a print shop, Brown felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one bystander, he instantly turned round, and, looking him full in the face, said, "Your hand, sir, was in my pocket!" "Was it, sir?" the other very calmly replied. "I really beg your pardon if it was; but the weather is so very cold, one is glad to put one's hands anywhere!"

AT a little social gathering, a duet was being performed by two young ladies, to the apparent delight of all the assembled guests, the two executants were doing their utmost to drown one another, and with such good effect that one could scarcely have heard the report of a cannon fifty yards off. Everybody was radiant, with the exception of one individual, to whom at length a friend addressed himself: "My dear fellow, what makes you so pensive?" "Ah," was the reply, "I'm thinking of the neighbors!"

SCENE.—Inverness photographer's studio. *Artist* (facetiously to Highlander): "Oh, yes, can take you any way you like—upside, downside, inside or outside, full-size or half-size, sitting or standing—any way, any way, sir, and all for one shilling!" *Highlander* (artfully): "Maybe you koona de her any way noo." *Artist* (with gusto): "Yes, any way: if not, I'll take you for nothing." Adjusts camera and puts Highlander in position. "Now, please, look here." Highlander looks there, at the same time, with a grin, scrutches up and down. *Artist:* "But you mustn't walk about in that way. You must——" *Highlander:* "No-ta-tall. I want her to be took walking!"

WHAT can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—It's a wise bird that knows its own feather.

"I'M a yard wide and all wool," is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity.

A LOCAL auctioneer advertises for sale a horse which "has been plowed and harrowed all Spring."

WHEN a man is much plagued by reason of his debts, he is said to suffer from "tick-dollar-eux."

NOTE TO CONSERVATIVES.—A well-known statesman is not to be dubbed a blockhead simply because he is a feller of wood.

FOR HISTRIONS.—A theatrical critic wants to know whether an equestrian drama is a "horse-play," and if so, how it should be "mounted."

OLD WOMAN (peeling potatoes): "What a lot o' eyes these 'taters have got!" *Old Man:* "I spec's they's extra, so as to look arter the Colorado beetle."

A CHRONIC growler, who lived in a boarding-house, kept the landlady in a state of torment all through the holidays by always remarking at meal-time, "Things are getting tough, I tell you."

SUB JOVE.—Henri Murger tells of a man who, on being asked where he was now living, named a very fashionable avenue, and quieted his friend's astonishment by adding, "Third tree on the left-hand side."

CRUEL!—The agricultural reporter of a contemporary, after unfavorably criticising a certain decision of the judges at a recent cattle-show, adds, with fine satire, "The band at this point played 'We are na fou.'"

A YOUNG actress fainted the other evening in New York, and was thought to be paralyzed, but she jumped up and went through with the performance when the manager offered to raise her wages. "Now," said he, cynically, "see the pay-rally-sis."

POLITICAL GRAMMAR.—Some one discussing with Lord Beaconsfield the celebrated Salisbury circular, asked, "How do you suppose the Russians will construe that paragraph?"—mentioning one in particular. "They won't construe it, I expect," replied the ready Premier; "they will decline it."

CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON, who was once Governor of Missouri, married five sisters in a wealthy and distinguished family. When he went to ask for the last one, his venerable father-in-law replied, "Yes, Claib, you can have her. You have had them all. For goodness sake, don't ask me for the old woman!"

ONE of the cleverest English judges, who, in spite of his many accomplishments, has failed to master the letter "h," saw pass the other day an eminent lawyer who has sat upon the woolsack, and whose praise is in the churches. Said the judge of the lawyer, "There goes that sly 'umbug 'umming a 'ymn."

IT is told of Dowager Lady Shelley, who died some few years ago, that she was once traveling by the mail, with her footman outside, when the coach was upset, turning completely over. The footman, springing to his feet unhurt, heard his mistress's voice saying, "John, pull me out; the black legs are mine!"

INNOCENT ABROAD.—A week or two back a young woman entered a "cabman's rest" at the West End, and sat down to wait for the car to move on. After waiting for about a quarter of an hour, she left the car to find an omnibus that probably would not be "stopped by the accident that had happened to the tram-car lines!"

STUTTERERS are compelled to take life easy, whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot, and it was placed on the anvil, when the first one said, "John, s-s-strike it ha-ha-hard." The other answered, "Jim, wh-wh-where sh-sh-shall I hi-hit?" "No m-m-matter now—it's got co-co-cold," was the reply; and the bar was put into the forge again.

"MOT" NOT BY MO'.—In detailing a short time back, at a meeting of the Shorthand Writers' Association, his "Early Literary Experiences," Mr. E. L. Blanchard repeated a comic perpetration which supposed the Queen, on the night of her coronation, to express the wish to Lord Melbourne that all her subjects were happy, and the nobleman to reply, "Your Majesty, by letters everywhere they say 'V. R.'"

AT one time there were two members of the English House of Commons, named Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montagu—the former a tall, handsome man, and the latter a little man. During a session of Parliament, the Speaker having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Matthew observed that it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse!

"THE IMMINENT DEADLY BREACH" 'SCAPED.—There is nothing like resource. We have just heard of an enterprising young Tyneside, who was engaged to a young lady in the South, whom he had not seen for twelve months, contriving to break off an engagement. How do you think he did it? He got a sixpenny *carte* of the late Scottish Giant, and sent it to her as his own portrait, with a note lamenting his growing fatness. His letters and presents came back to him by return of post.

THE IMPORTANT LETTER.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

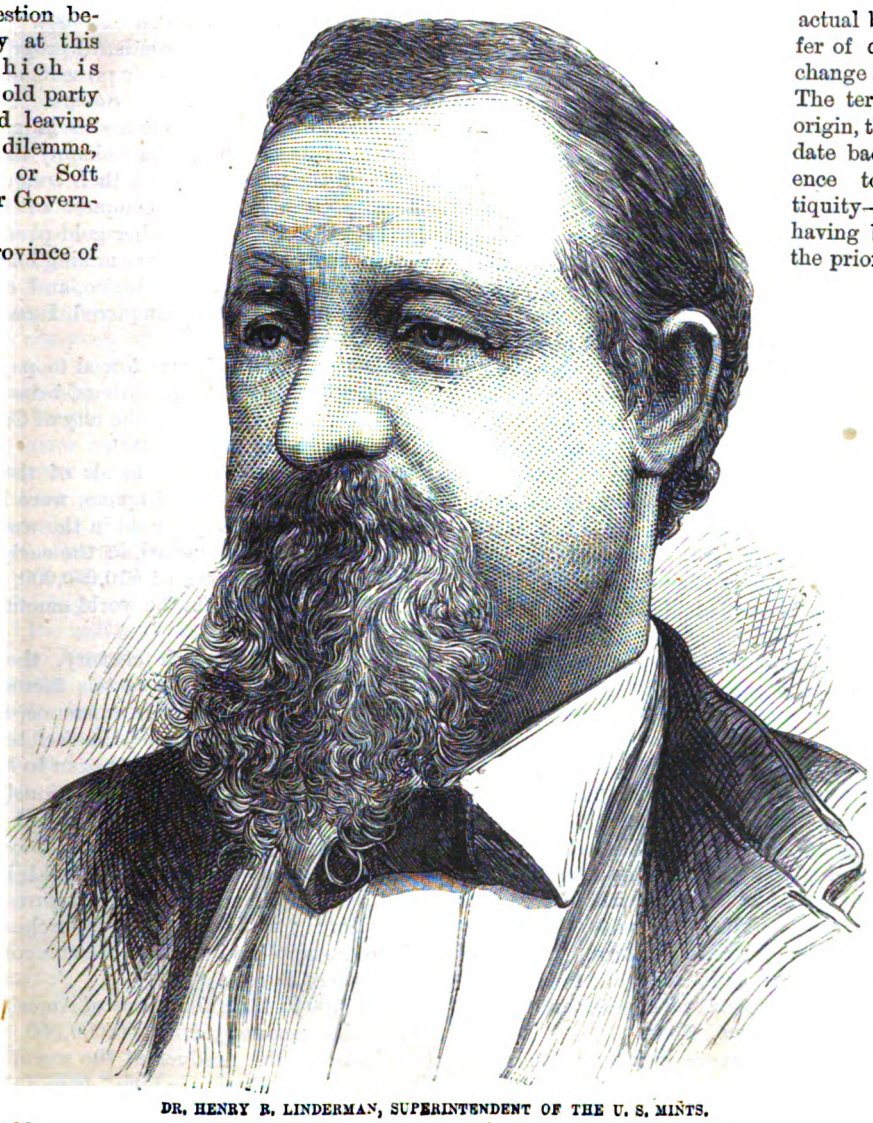
VOL. VI.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1878. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

"HARD" AND "SOFT" MONEY.—THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

THE great question before the country at this moment, one which is breaking up the old party organizations and leaving politicians in a dilemma, is that of Hard or Soft Money, Specie or Government Paper.

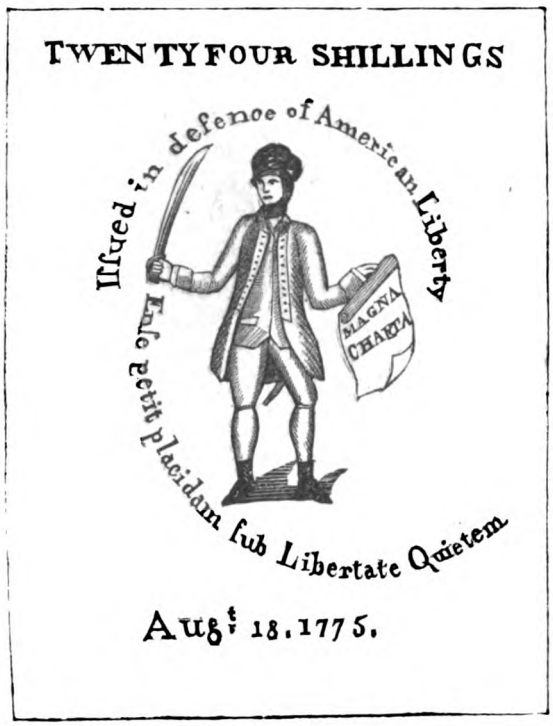
It is not the province of a popular magazine to attempt to settle a question which perplexes and has long perplexed men of study, political experience and profound thought; but we can give some general ideas of how the contest between coin and paper has been waged here and elsewhere in the past.

Hard Money, meaning coined metal, and Soft Money, signifying a circulating medium composed of paper, comprise the two elements employed in commerce as a substitute for actual barter, or the transfer of commodities in exchange from hand to hand. The terms are of modern origin, the objects signified date back in their existence to a remote antiquity—coined money having by many centuries the priority of age.



DR. HENRY R. LINDERMAN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE U. S. MINTS.

According to the Scriptures, there were coins of silver in existence as early as the period of Abraham, who is supposed to have lived about two thousand years before the Christian era. It is stated in the Bible that the Jewish Patriarch "was rich in cattle, and in silver, and in gold." This alone would not positively indicate the possession of coined money, as gold and silver were considered to possess great value (on account of their intrinsic



MASSACHUSETTS PAPER MONEY, 1775.

qualities) long before either was coined into money; while in commercial transactions, in those days, there was employed either actual barter, or a representative medium usually consisting of cattle or sheep. But that which establishes the fact of the most ancient known coinage, is the statement in the Scriptures that Abraham purchased a lot of land for a burial-ground, for which he paid "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." It is also known that there were two kinds of Jewish shekels of silver in use at this period, the larger worth about seventy-five cents, the smaller half as much.

The first positive statement on this subject in chronology records the making of coined money of gold by Phydon, a tyrant of Argos, B.C. 894; while Darius, King of Persia, is said to have coined gold pieces of great purity, of the value of six dollars, about the sixth century before the Christian era; and coinage was practiced in the island of Sicily as early as B.C. 500—the coins circulating in Rome before any had been coined in that city. In fact, it was not until B.C. 269 that gold coins were struck in Rome, though they had been issued in Greece, by Philip of Macedon, as early as B.C. 360.

It is said that in the time of the Emperor Augustus, the amount of gold, silver and bronze money in circulation in Rome and her provinces was equivalent to two thousand million dollars.

The precious metals in use as money and in the arts among the ancients were mined chiefly in Eastern Asia, though it had been found impossible to fix upon the precise locality. The region of country lying about the sources of the Indus were undoubtedly rich in these, and extensively mined. Ethiopia and Arabia contributed also largely to the wealth of antiquity; while some mines in Egypt were worked as late as the fifteenth century. It is also claimed that the countries lying in the southeastern part of Africa were plentifully supplied with gold, and added greatly to the wealth of Greece and Rome.

The first acquaintance made by the Europeans with the precious metals occurred in the fifteenth century before the Christian era, when mining was introduced by the Phœnicians, and the shores of the Mediterranean, and particularly the Iberian peninsula, proved to be rich in gold. On the islands, mines also soon became numerous, and a considerable revenue was speedily derived from them. In Attica, Thrace and Thessaly they were also successfully and extensively worked. But it would seem that from the time of Augustus, the productiveness of all mines fell off in a remarkable degree; while the coined money in circulation lessened materially, owing to loss, abrasion and the practice of "sweating," which was one of the customs fostered by the Iberian money-changers. In fact, so great was this decline that, in the ninth century, the estimated value of the gold coin in the Roman Empire had been reduced to $200,000,000; and at the date of the discovery of America, the entire stock in Europe amounted to only $150,000,000.

Judging from the wrought gold articles found in Ireland, and exceeding those of all other northern countries, the products of the Wicklow gold mines must have been very great.

From 800 to 1500 (A.D.) the average annual production of gold by the mines of Europe was not more than $500,000, and it was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that this had increased to $1,000,000 per annum.

It was the discovery of America that next added greatly to the stock of gold in the world, the first shipment from there, in 1502, amounting to $35,000. The annual production of gold in America, from 1492 to 1519, is estimated by Humboldt to have been about $250,000.

When Cortez made his wonderful progress through Mexico, he received along his route presents of gold amounting in all to nearly half a million dollars. The art of mining was found to be in full practice in Mexico, and after the conquest of that country, the unhappy natives were forced to slave in the mines to enrich their conquerors.

Twenty years later, the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, added another and a still richer gold-producing country to the resources of Europe. Here mining had been prosecuted with greater skill than in Mexico, and consequently with greater success, and the conquered Inca was correspondingly robbed.

Atahualpa, it is said, was forced to pay a ransom, varying, according to different authors, between $650,000 and $4,000,000. The plunder of the city of Cuzco alone, is said to have amounted to $4,000,000.

Meanwhile Chili, in the hands of the Spaniards, and Brazil in those of the Portuguese, were beginning also to add largely to the stock of gold in the world. The annual supply from America reached, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the sum of $10,000,000, and in the year 1600, the stock of gold in the world amounted to five times what it was in 1492.

During the seventeenth century, the product of the American mines of precious metals increased enormously, adding to the gross amount in existence, it is said, as much as $2,000,000,000. Of course, this fact tended to lower the value of these metals, and they began to be used for manufacturing purposes to an extent previously unknown since the palmy days of Rome. Churches and monasteries were richly decorated with gold; dresses of court officials and military men were decorated with gold lace; mirrors and pictures were framed with it; furniture was at last constructed of it; while even the poorer classes had their gold and silver rings—and watches became common among the *bourgeoisie* of Europe.

From 1700 to 1810, the mines of America produced, it is said, to the amount of $4,000,000,000. From the latter date, however, the product of the world began to fall off. The mines of Russia—which, from 1704, had yielded

largely—ceased to be worked. Civil wars in Mexico and the South American countries occasioned a stoppage in mining; in fact, the same situation was brought into existence, already alluded to as having occurred during the middle ages.

But the difference in the condition of society now caused this situation to be vastly more detrimental and dangerous than before. The extravagant habits which had been fostered by the vast increase of gold in the world now demanded to be satisfied without regard to the condition of the supply of precious metals. Jewelry of all kinds, plate, watches, gilding—employed enormous quantities of the precious metals. Further, articles which had formerly been luxuries, now became the actual necessaries of life. Tea, for instance, whose consumption had hitherto been confined to the wealthiest families in Europe, was now required by even the peasantry. Indeed, the sale of every species of article had been influenced by the extraordinary prevalence of gold, and now became manifestly reduced by its sudden decline, to the tremendous injury of commerce, manners and morals.

In 1435 the amount of coined money in existence was estimated at $150,000,000. At the end of the seventeenth century it is said to have amounted to $1,900,000,000. In 1847, the entire amount of gold coin and bullion in the world was stated at $3,000,000,000. The yield of the mines of California in the next ten years added about $500,000,000 to this amount; those of Australia from 1851 to 1859 yielding about $500,000,000 more. The entire yield of the American mines (gold and silver) from 1848 to 1876, was $1,500,000,000.

Returning to the subject of ancient coinage, we learn that in Britain, in the first century of the Christian era, the king ruling over the country between the Thames and the Nene established a mint at what is now the city of Colchester, where he coined money of gold, silver, and brass. In early Saxon and Norman times, establishments under the Crown for the coinage of money existed in every important town in Britain. In the reign of Ethelred II. (978-1016), there were 38 mints, and in that of Canute (1016-1035), 37. After the Norman conquest the number of mints was gradually reduced, so that in the fifteenth century there were but eight in all England; and by the reign of Henry VII., these had been still further reduced to four.

The coins made prior to the seventeenth century were struck with the hammer on a forge, and were called "Hammer money." Milling was introduced into England from France during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the old system was resumed after ten years on account of its cheapness. Hammer money did not finally go out of existence in England until the reign of William III.

The invention of the mill for coining is attributed to one Antoine Brucher, a French engraver, in the reign of Henry II. of that realm.

The earliest coinage for America was made in 1612, for the "Virginia Company," at the Bermudas. The coin made was of brass, and sometimes turns up in coin sales

SOMMER ISLANDS' PIECE.

under the name of the "Sommers Island" piece, having the effigy of a hog on one side. The first colonial coinage was in Massachusetts, in pursuance of an order of the General Court (May 27, 1652), by which a mint was established in Boston, where the "N. E." shillings, sixpences and threepences, and afterward the "pine-tree" money,

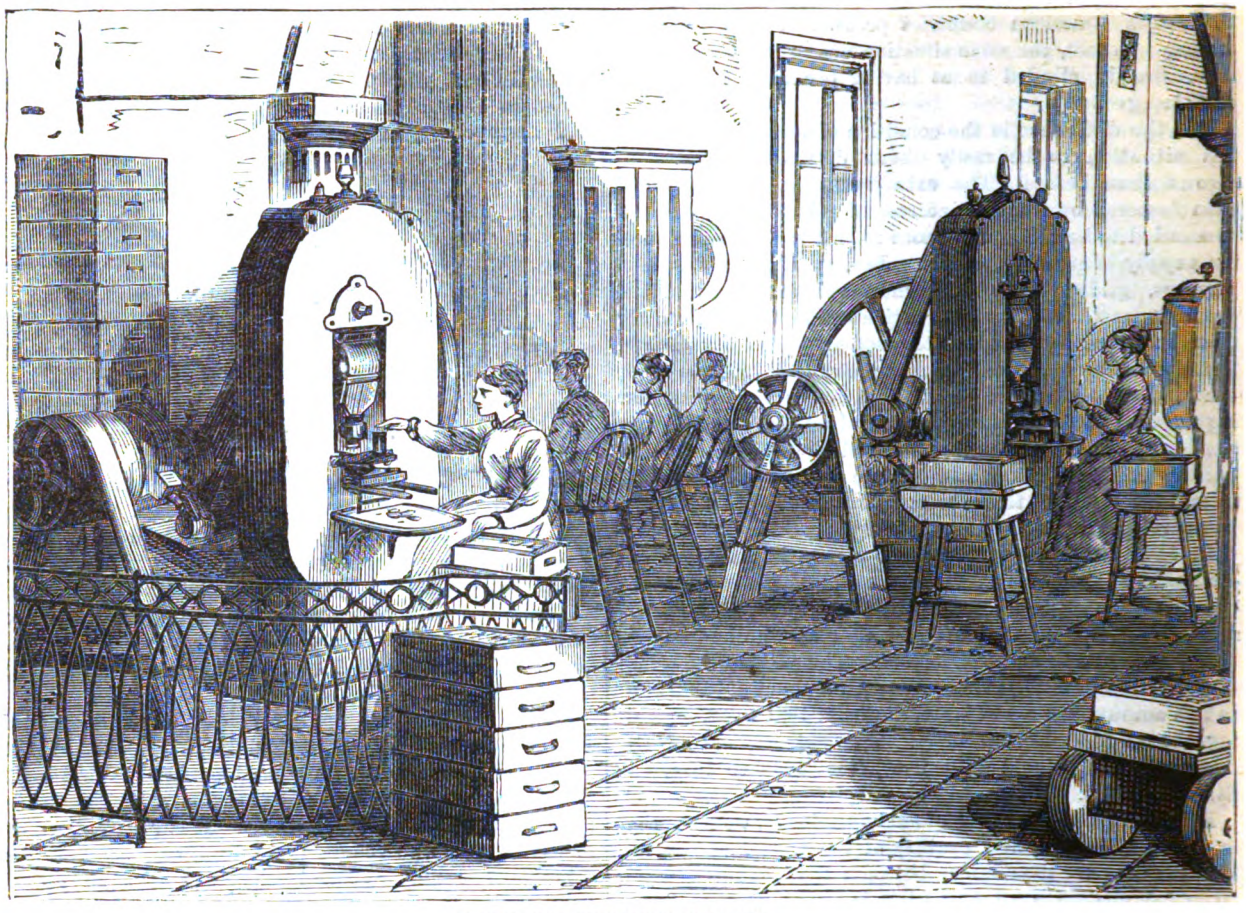
THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

were coined. This mint existed about thirty-four years, but its coins bear only the dates 1652 and 1662. In Vermont and Connecticut, mints were established in 1785, and in New Jersey the following year. In 1788 a mint was established in Massachusetts, the works being erected on the "Neck," the road between Boston and Roxbury. These last-mentioned mints coined only copper, in cents and half-cents. The first United States mint was set up in Philadelphia, in 1792.

By the processes at present in use in the mints in the United States (Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City, Nev., and Denver, Col.), the gold or silver is first melted and cast into bars, after which a portion of it is assayed to establish the fineness of the whole. It is then handed over to the melter, who refines these bars, and converts them into ingots of standard metal—the silver being alloyed with copper, and the gold with silver and copper, to give the metals a proper hardness and durability. The ingots are next rolled, by means of powerful steam rollers, into strips of a uniform thickness. The cutting-press—a vertical steel punch—now cuts planchets of the legal size of the coins from these strips, when the milling-machine takes them and mills them, and they are ready for the coining press. In this they are subjected to great pressure between the two dies, which stamp them; the feeding and delivering being performed automatically. The coins are next carefully examined for defects, and are then counted, put up in bags, and delivered to the superintendent, to whom the coiner, melter and refiner are severally responsible for the accuracy of their returns.

We find that during the dark ages the only gold coins in circulation in Europe were those of Rome. The earliest attempts to coin gold money in modern times were made by the Merovingian kings of Gaul, and the Gothic kings of Spain; though Florence also issued her gold florin at this period. The gold coinage of Edward III. of England, in the fourteenth century, was really the foundation of this species of money in England. The gold nobles of this reign were, in fact, the finest gold coin in Europe; and from this period, nearly every country in Europe issued its own coins.

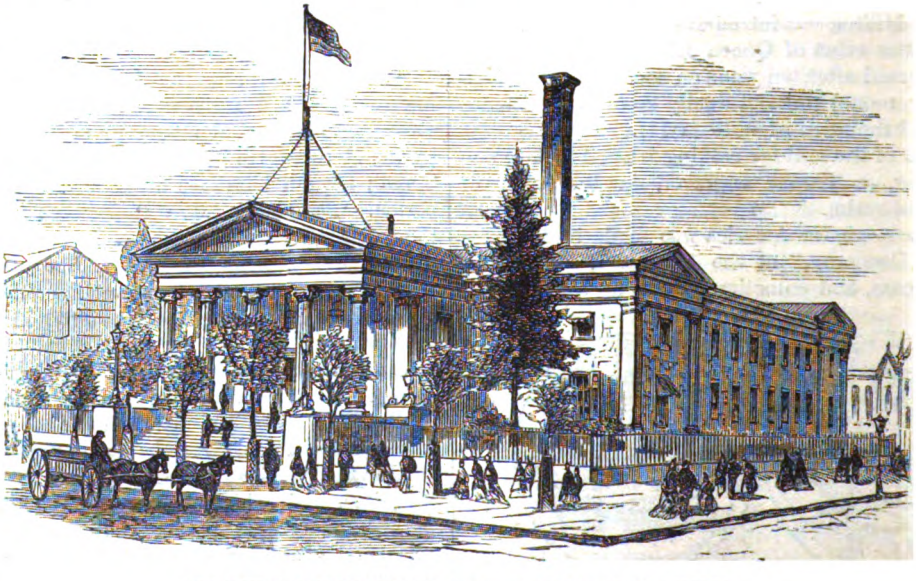
As an instance of the practice of debasing coin, an incident occurs in the history of Turkey which is interesting. In the year 1688, the Turkish metallic currency being scarce, some French merchants brought to the ports of the Levant small silver coins of the size and value of a half-dime, and which the Turks called *themins*. The Turkish merchants became immediately delighted with these pretty and convenient little coins—so much so, in fact, that they would even sell their goods cheaper if they were paid in *themins*, and were unwilling to trade with any



COINING AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

other money; those foreign merchants who did not bring them not being well received. There not being enough, however, in France to answer the purposes of an entire foreign currency, some French and Dutch merchants resorted to the expedient of "debasing," having large quantities of *themins* made of copper, slightly covered over with silver, and circulating them freely in the Levant. The suspicions of the Turks were soon aroused, however, in relation to these coins, by the fact that the Franks would not receive them, and they in turn refused them; and as there were by this time immense numbers of them in circulation, trade became in a measure impracticable. The Sultan, Mohammed IV. having foolishly passed an edict ordering that these *themins* should be received by all merchants at their face value, a revolt ensued, and, the Janizaries having joined in this, the Sultan was obliged to modify his edict; though it was a long time before the *themins* ceased to be an occasion of discord in Turkey.

Silver shillings were coined in England in 1505, and copper coins in 1672. To show the fluctuation of the early coinage of England in value, it may be mentioned that sovereigns, which were valued at twenty shillings in 1532, were at twenty-four in 1550, and thirty in 1552—an increase in the value of gold in its relation to silver of fifty per cent. in twenty years. Guineas, which passed for thirty shillings in 1688, were only worth twenty-one shillings in 1717—a decline of thirty

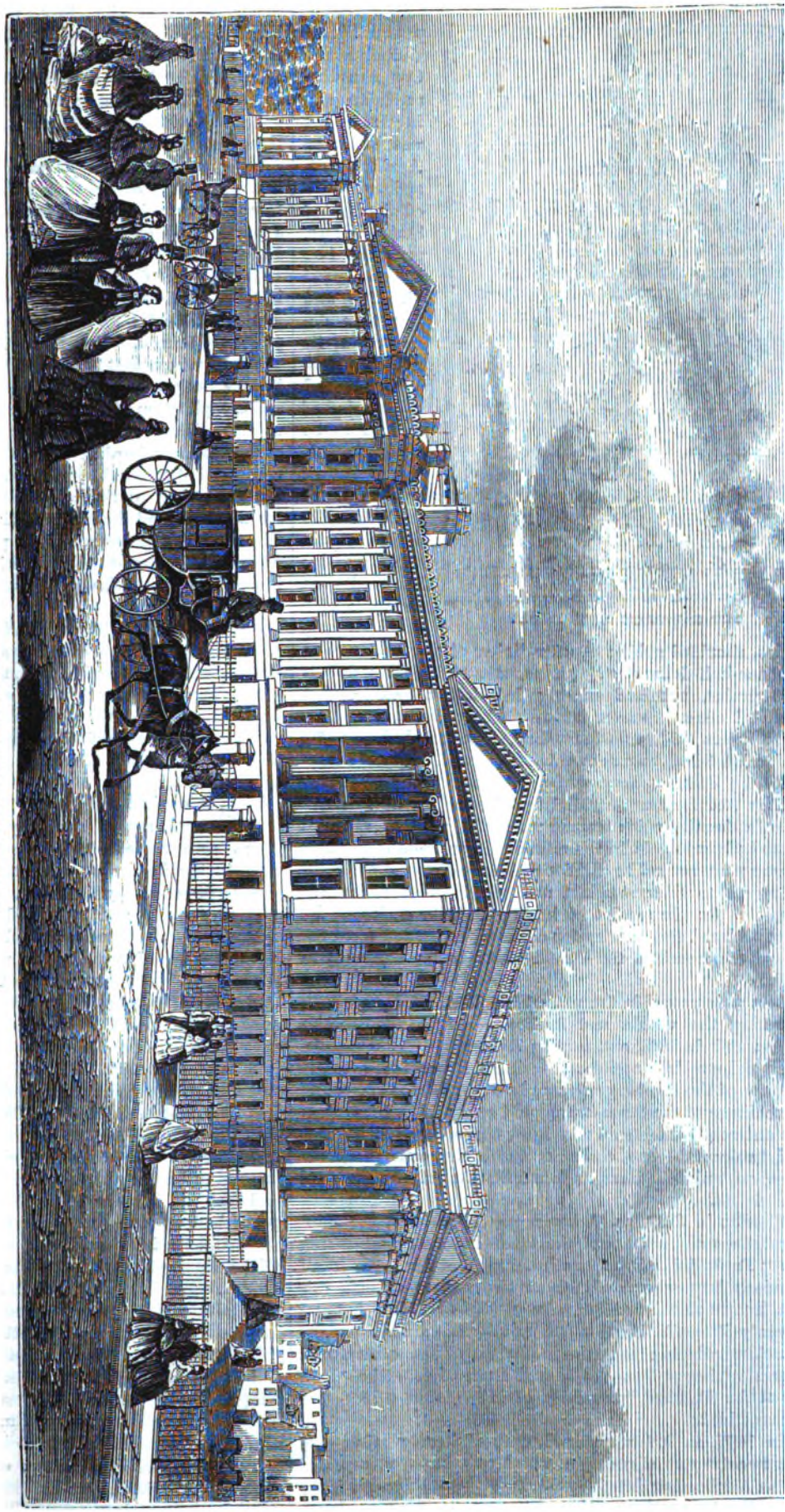


THE UNITED STATES MINT ON CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

per cent. in twenty-nine years. Professor Jevons, in his "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," states that "the value of gold between 1789 and 1806 fell in the ratio of one hundred to forty-five, or by forty-six per cent. And from 1809 to 1849 it rose again in the extraordinary ratio of one hundred to two hundred and forty-five, or by one hundred and forty-three per cent., rendering government annuities, and all fixed payments extending over this period, almost two and a half times as valuable as they were in 1809." Which facts suggest the propriety of thoughtfulness on the subject of the stability in value of the precious metals.

The amount of coined money in circulation in Great Britain at the end of 1872 was $500,000,000; that of France was $800,000,000; Germany, $500,000,000. These amounts were supplemented by the circulation of paper money, which will be referred to hereafter. The authority for these figures is the chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington.

The entire production of gold in the world in 1877 was $100,000,000; that of silver, $80,000,000. The estimated use in the arts and loss by abrasion in that year amounted to nearly $67,000,000. India alone imported, in 1877, $50,000,000 of silver—more than the entire production of the world for that year. The entire *decrease* of the stock of silver coin and bullion in the world in 1877 was $70,000,000.



U. S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW HAMPSHIRE PAPER MONEY.

The first Act passed by the United States Congress with regard to coining money was of date April 2d, 1792, and established the United States Mint, provided for its official direction, and for the defraying of its expenses, and established the species of coins to be struck, including eagles, of the value of 10 dollars (270 grains, standard gold); half-eagles, of the value of 5 dollars (135 grains, standard gold); quarter-eagles, of the value of two and one-half-dollars (67½ grains, standard gold); dollars (416 grains, standard silver); half-dollars (208 grains, standard silver; quarter-dollars (104 grains, standard silver); dimes (41⅗ grains, standard silver); half-dimes (20⅘ grains, standard silver); cents, (11 dwts., copper); half-cents (5½ dwts., copper.

This Act further provided for the various devices and legends for the coins named; for the relative value of coined silver to gold in the ratio of fifteen pounds of silver to one pound of gold; and for the composition of the coins in regard to their standard and alloy. Finally, the Act provided for the receipt of bullion and its exchange for coin, declared the penalty for debasing coins, and fixed the money of account of the United States to be expressed in dollars.

Acts were passed in the years 1793, 1795, 1834, and 1853, changing the weight and fineness of the United States coins; and in 1849, authorizing the coinage of the double-eagle and one-dollar gold coins; in 1851, providing for the coinage of the three-cent silver piece; in 1853, authorizing the coinage of the three-dollar gold coin; in 1857, that of the one-cent nickel coin; in 1864, the coinage of the one and two-cent bronze coins; in 1865, the coinage of the three-cent nickel piece; and in 1866 that of the five-cent nickel coin.

Finally, in 1873, an Act was passed, revising the mint regulations and coinage of the United States, establishing the "Trade-dollar" (420 grains, troy), and repealing all previous Acts or parts of Acts not in conformity with this Act, known as the "Coinage Act of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Three." By this Act, and by the simple process of not mentioning that coin in the list of the coins to be thereafter issued from the United States Mint—the "Dollar of the Daddies," the dollar of 412½ grains of 1837, was demonetized.

In 1875, an Act was passed, authorizing the coinage of the twenty-cent silver coin, which was, however, repealed by an Act bearing date May 2d. 1878. On February 28th, 1878, the Act authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar, of 412½ grains, troy, was passed, completing the legislation of this country in reference to its coinage to this date, and restoring to circulation the "Dollar of the Daddies" (or, at least, a plausible substitute therefor), in answer to the urgent appeals of the public, to whom had come, as a matter of some surprise, the Act of demonetization concealed in the seemingly harmless Act of 1873.

The enhancement in the value of gold which commenced in 1861 rapidly drove that metal out of circulation; and from that period until 1877 neither gold nor silver formed a part of the circulating medium of the United States. Paper became the circulating medium, and, as compared with the paper dollar, gold varied from 103 in 1862 to 285 in 1864. This brings us to the consideration of the subject of substitutes for coined money, or, as these are now popularly termed, "Soft Money."

We have seen that at least 4,000 years ago in the world's history people had begun to displace the inconvenience and complication of barter by a system of transfer of commodities through the medium of tokens. Naturally enough, as these tokens implied value, they were at first (as at last) composed of a valuable material. Unfortunately, however, for the spread of this species of concession, the system extended beyond the limits of the production of gold and silver in point of space, and in point of time, into periods when the decline of the production of these metals made it impossible to continue their use as the only medium of exchange.

Still, the inexorable law of nature which had been evoked when *money* was first invented rendered it imperative that the system should exist, although its first medium might grow scarce or vanish; and so substitutes of one character or another were devised to perform the same function as coined or weighed gold and silver, without, however, possessing the property of intrinsic value which was a peculiarity of these metals.

Now, it was presently found that the nature of these substitutes need not, of necessity, bear any relation to the character of the article to be purchased or exchanged, any more in the matter of value than in regard to any other quality possessed by the latter. In fact, it was discovered that they performed in regard to this quality only functions similar to these exercised by weights and measures in the matters of quantity and volume in their connection with, possibly, the same articles.

But it was also speedily discovered that there existed another relation of these purchasing or exchanging media to the articles so disposed of, as to which the most absolute laws existed, though the precise nature of these laws was not then discovered, and indeed, has not been to this day. For that matter, this has only been so far elucidated up to this time, that we know there must exist a certain balance between the quantity of circulating medium and the amount of business required to be transacted by its means; and that this balance being deranged, serious commercial perturbations ensue, resulting in panics, financial disturbance, and the impoverishment of communities. Even this slight degree of knowledge has not been brought to our acquaintance but through dire and melancholy perils and disasters; and to some of these, in the way of history, we may now properly direct the attention of the reader.

We first meet with a "substitute" currency among the Chinese, about B.C. 110, when the expenditures of the Empire having exceeded its revenues, owing to extravagance, the ministers of the Emperor (*Han* dynasty) concluded on an expedient to save their necks.

This consisted in the issue of small pieces of deerskin prettily embroidered and painted, in lieu of specie, the Ministry fixing their value. The scheme did not bring

about much improvement in affairs, and by the seventh century, A.D., the tradespeople were using small, round bits of iron, bits of cloth, pasteboard, and anything else which was portable and could be made to answer the constantly increasing necessities of trade by assuming the attitude of money.

About 807, A.D., the reigning Emperor of China established a private banking establishment in the imperial palace. The new scheme involved the deposit of bullion by traders in the imperial treasury, the depositor receiving in lieu thereof a sort of promissory note or bond, called *fey-thsian*, or "flying money."

Out of this idea there grew, about two centuries later, another, devised by the Emperor Kai-Tsu, who founded a new dynasty. This added to the receipt of bullion that of goods, for both there being given a note, which became very popular, and passed current throughout the empire. These notes were called *pian-thsian*, or "convenient money."

The success of this plan brought about the establishment of a private institution of a similar character. About A.D. 1000, some twenty large mercantile houses in different parts of the empire clubbed together, and established a large banking-house, issuing vast quantities of notes, with the understanding that they were to be redeemed in specie once every three years. The confidence in these notes, which unfortunately existed, tempted the bankers to over-issue; and the result was, that on a demand for specie being made at the specified time, the bank was unable to meet its obligations, and the scheme fell through in the midst of general mercantile disaster. On this, the emperor issued an edict, forbidding the private issue of money, on pain of death.

About the twelfth century there was a great scarcity of copper *cash* in the empire, owing to the religious tastes and necessities of the population. Every family had to have a *joss*, or idol, and as these "false gods" were made of copper, the circulating medium of the country soon disappeared, to assume the appearance of the *lares* and *penates* of the period. Confusion ensued, and the emperor was forced to issue government notes, of which about 50,000,000 were thrown into circulation, each one representing either an ounce or half-ounce of silver. Soon the different provinces began to follow this example, and issue notes on their own responsibility; and there being no fixed relation between the issue and the demand, the result was an over-issue and depreciation, the latter being in the ratio of about three hundred to one. The Tartar dynasty is accused of this error in political economy, and the country was nearly ruined by the flood of "tokens" which was thrown upon it. Finally this ceased to exist, by reason of lack of public confidence.

The Chinese notes were made, at first, from the bark of the papyrus. Afterward paper was used, manufactured from different kinds of plants.

A plan for a "circulating medium" was finally adopted, which proved successful. This consisted of the issue of promissory notes by the merchants, these being printed in three colors—blue, red and black—ranging between forty cents and one thousand dollars in denomination, and receiving the endorsements of the traders through whose hands they passed; each merchant being made to indorse the credit of all the other indorsers. This was, in fact, only a vast "credit system," calculated to last so long as business remained good, and failures were few. A small fee is charged on the issue of these notes, and also at discounting them. They pass current in China, and are preferred to silver, on account of their lightness and convenience.

Marco Polo tells us that a certain Khan of Tartary established a circulating medium made from the inner rind of the bark of the mulberry tree, stained black, and cut into sizes representing different denominations of money. On these notes the financial officers wrote their names, and finally the great seal of the Khan was impressed upon them in vermillion, when they became money.

The counterfeiting of this currency was forbidden under pain of death, while its acceptance in all parts of the realm was made obligatory.

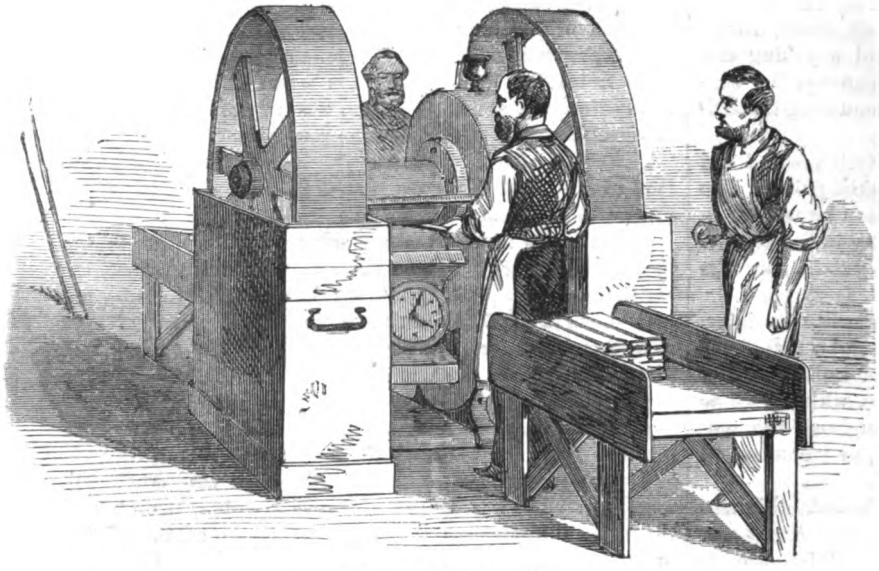
Persia made an effort at a "soft money" system in the thirteenth century; and, as has always been the case where legislation or imperial authority has sought to interfere with the laws which govern the circulation of money, it met with signal disaster. The reigning Shah having involved himself heavily in debt, found himself at a loss either to replenish his treasury or pay his creditors. In this dilemma, a plan was suggested by the chief officer of State, who rejoiced under the name of Kaujah Sudderjahaun Ahmed, and who appears to have been a financial wiseacre in his way. An edict was issued at his suggestion, prohibiting the use of the precious metals, either in the manufactories or as currency. Specie payments having been thus suspended, and an embargo laid on the use of gold and silver, the Government proceeded to issue notes, establishing, for their circulation, what were called "stamp-houses" in every city throughout Persia.

These notes were printed or "stamped" on oblong pieces of paper, and were probably the first instance of the mixing up of God and mammon, in the same manner as has been contrived for certain United States coins, in inscribing upon them the legend, "In God we trust." The inscription on the Persian notes read, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet"—in fact, the Mohammedan declaration of faith.

The result of the interference of Government with the laws of trade was in Persia precisely what it has been in all countries where it has been attempted. A clogging of the channels of commerce and finance ensued; soon the bazars and stores were closed, and business at a standstill; the passage of caravans through the country ceased, and commercial intercourse between the provinces was at an end. In this emergency the emirs combined to represent to the Shah the folly and danger of his course, when the latter, impressed with the peril of the situation, consented to rescind the obnoxious decree, and the panic subsided.

It is stated that in ancient Greece there was never known an issue of paper money. In Rome, however, this plan was frequently resorted to, the Romans considering it the

MASSACHUSETTS MONEY, 1776.



ROLLING OUT BARS.

HALF EAGLE OF 1798.

HALF EAGLE OF 1795.

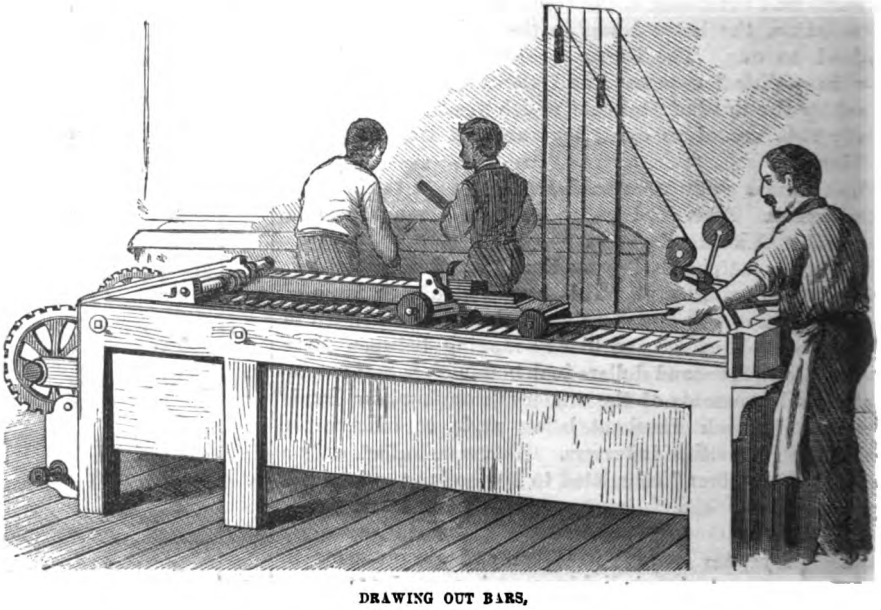
most enlightened method of avoiding financial disorder. The Carthaginians are said to have prepared a secret compound, which, being wrapped in small pieces of leather, was sealed, and circulated as money; the nature of the compound precluding counterfeiting. In Russia, prior to the tenth century, the circulating medium consisted of small pieces of martin or squirrel skin, stamped, and there was no other money. It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that the czar established a national mint, though from the tenth to the fifteenth century gold and silver coins were struck by the goldsmiths, and passed in circulation. The paper currency of Russia has always been

AMERICAN TRADE DOLLAR (SILVER).

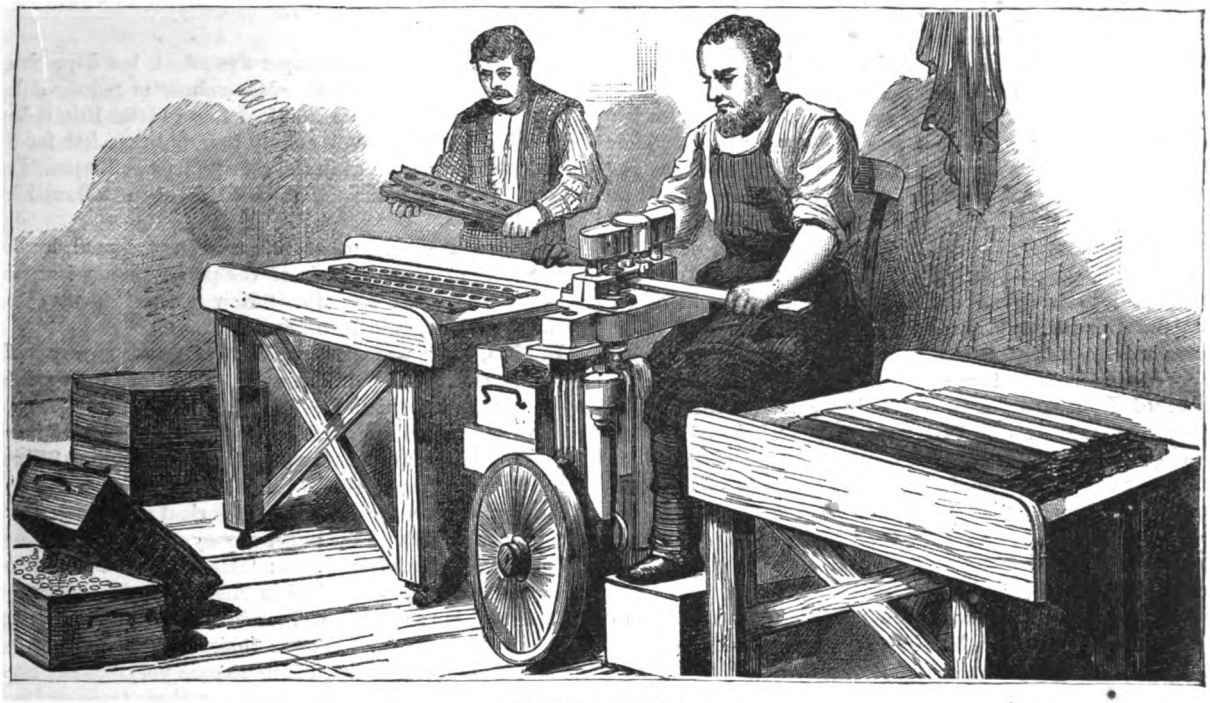
HALF DOLLAR OF 1803.

GOLD DOUBLE EAGLE.

THREE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.



DRAWING OUT BARS.



CUTTING PLANCHETS.

under Government direction, and so illy has it been managed that it has had frequent and great fluctuations, sometimes depreciating as much as eighty per cent.

Austria, more than any other country in Europe, has been noted for violent inroads on the laws of money, by over-issues of currency, forced loans, debasement of the coinage, laws against the exportation of metals, and every possible interference with the natural flow of its circulating medium. The result has been that there is no other country so deplorably situated as regards its finances.

In Great Britain, the period of commercial distress which commenced in 1793 was put an end to by the suspension of specie payments in February, 1797; a condition which lasted until May 1st, 1821, when resumption occurred. It is a remarkable fact that at no time was England so prosperous in her arts, manufactures and commerce as during this period of suspension; while, on the contrary, resumption was followed by great mercantile disaster, financial disturbance and increased poverty, until the equilibrium of the circulating medium had been restored, through the slow action of natural laws.

France possessed its first "substitute currency" in the reign of King John, in the fourteenth century, when that monarch was forced to pay for the necessaries of his household in "leather," money, in the centre of which was placed a little nail of silver. In the days of the Regent Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., France owed about $800,000,000; trade was at a standstill, and merchants and artificers beggars; no one had any money. At this juncture came the since celebrated "John Law, of Lauriston," who proposed his no less celebrated "Mississippi Scheme" to the Regent. This scheme originated in

7-30 NOTE OF 1861.

Law's Paris banking-house, which, after issuing $25,000,000 in paper money indorsed by the Government (practically), was captured by the Regent, and run in his own interest, with an immediate additional issue of $100,000,000 in notes. To sustain this bank, the Mississippi scheme combined a mass of "collaterals" into a vast stock company, which manipulated the privileges of the foreign trading companies, the great farms, the mint, the king's revenues, all in one mighty financial conglomeration—an eighteenth century *Credit Mobilier*, divided into 200,000 shares of stock. The stock being paid for by Government notes representing the debt already mentioned, these notes rose in value, and the Government credit was established. The next move was to patent another company (called the "Company of the West"), to which was granted the whole province of Louisiana; and this being joined with all the other resources of this vast "ring," the whole affair was appropriately designated by the name of the majestic river which waters the region in question. Of the whole company, John Law was made director-general.

Nothing in history is more romantic than the progress of this magnificent swindle. The whole story will be found in Wood's Life of Law, and in Irving's "Wolfert's Roost." After a while an edict was issued forbidding any one to hold more than five hundred livres in specie, under pain of confiscation. Then the specie began to flow into the Regent's bank, while John Law's paper money flooded the country. There were at this time one thousand three hundred millions of livres in specie in the country ($520,000,000) to two thousand six hundred millions of livres in bank-notes ($840,000,000). So an edict was issued, depreciating the value of the notes one-half.

During all this time madness seemed to have seized upon the nation. "Nobility and gentry, lords and ladies, clergy and laity—all alike seemed to be infatuated with the spirit of stock-gambling. The Rue Quinquampoix, where the stock-jobbing was done, was crowded from daylight to dark. A hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days by renting his hump to the brokers as a writing-desk. The price of shares in the great company rose with such extraordinary rapidity that princely fortunes were made by holders. Servants became wealthy, and rode in costly carriages, side by side with their former masters. In the midst of all this whirl, John Law found himself at the apex of the golden pyramid. His *levees* were crowded with princes, dukes, peers and marshals; while of all his solicitors, the wives and daughters of these high personages were the most importunate. Wealth was boundless; everybody was rich. Prices increased almost fabulously, and yet the tradesmen were overrun with commissions."

Suddenly, as when lightning strikes out of a clear sky, on May 21st, 1720, the whole paper fabric fell to the ground, and a man might have starved with a hundred millions of paper money in his pocket. Law fled the country penniless, and France was left owing one thousand millions of livres more than she did before the "Mississippi Scheme."

The issue of the French *assignats* of 1789, based on the lands confiscated by the nation, originated with Mirabeau. Between that year and 1796, there were issued the frightful amount of 45,578,000,000 of francs, or nearly $10,000,000,000. Of course nothing but ruin could follow in the path of this frightful distribution of paper money, and its depreciation was such that, at the close, a laborer earned 1,000 francs for an hour's work; a pockethandkerchief cost 150 francs, and a cord of wood 4,000 francs.

The first paper money circulated in the American Colonies was issued after the expedition against Canada in 1690, under the auspices of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and on account of the necessity occasioned by the expedition and its defeat.

From 1690 to 1749 this paper was afloat, but depreciated to one-third its face value. Massachusetts redeemed her share at one-eleventh its nominal value, Great Britain having sent £183,000 to that colony to reimburse her for the expense she had been at in the attack on Cape Breton. This was in 1750, and the other colonies soon followed her example.

We give a specimen of this currency, issued by New Hampshire in 1743. Much of the paper money issued by Pennsylvania, and also the "New Castle" money, was printed by Benjamin Franklin.

In 1755, there was another issue of paper money in the colonies, nearly all of which appears to have been printed by Benjamin Franklin.

We have before us a curious work, entitled as follows: "The American Oracle. By the Honorable Samuel Stearns, LL.D. New York, 1791," in which, in an article on "Money," occurs the following historical statement. After recounting the fate of the paper money of Massachusetts, of 1690–1750, the author writes: "Hence the use of paper money was totally prohibited in Massachusetts, till the war commenced between Great Britain and her colonies; and as their imports overbalanced their exports, the province was drained of its money, till it became very scarce; hence they were obliged to carry on much of their trade and commerce by barter. I am sorry I am not able to tell how their paper money in Rhode Island was redeemed, or what became of it; but the depreciation continued till 1759. They had paper money in circulation in Connecticut just before the commencement of hostilities between the mother-country and her colonies, and its credit was nearly equal to that of gold and silver. In New York, the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, they were destitute of paper money for a long time; and as those provinces were drained of their *hard money*, by reason of their imports overbalancing their exports, the inhabitants, to bring hard money from foreign countries, offered to give more for guineas, crowns, dollars, etc., than their nominal value. . . . But this scheme had not the desired effect; for, although it brought a little money into those Governments at first, yet the merchants stopped its progress by raising the price of their commodities in proportion to the elevated price of the coin. The people were therefore obliged to carry on their trade chiefly by barter—a very dull way of doing business. Their trade became so stagnated, and their commerce was brought to such a stand, that they were obliged at last to emit paper money for a circulating medium. This gave new life and vigor to navigation, trade, commerce, architecture, agriculture and the settlement of new lands. The inhabitants were greatly benefited by their various emissions, and, to the honor of those provinces, they kept up the credit of their bills equal to gold and silver, and they answered for a medium of trade, and for the payment of debts both at home and abroad."

Finally, there was issued the "Continental Money," of 1775, by Act of the first Congress, authorizing it to the amount of $2,000,000. The colonies were at this time drained of specie, trade was stagnant, a war was impending, with its new expenses; and there was, in fact, no resource but in a paper currency. For two years this paper suffered little or no depreciation; but Great Britain sent over ships containing millions of a counterfeit issue, and it presently fell in value. The total amount of Continental money issued was $241,552,780. On May 31st, 1781, these notes ceased to circulate as money.

It was during this period that the term "shin-plaster" is said to have originated, from the fact of an old wounded

soldier of the Revolution having used his stock of worthless Continental notes to make a plaster for an injured leg.

During the war of 1812, the banks suspended specie payments, and money being exceedingly scarce, the Government issued treasury notes to the amount of $20,000,000 in three years. After the war, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Crawford, ordered the resumption of specie payments, when the sharp contraction which ensued occasioned general public distress.

The first Bank of the United States was established in 1791, and existed until 1811, when it expired by the terms of its charter. The second United States Bank was in existence from 1816 to 1836. "From the inauguration of the present Government in 1789 until the rebellion of 1861-65, with the exception of the circulation of the two banks of the United States, the issue of Treasury notes in 1812-14, and the banks of the District of Columbia, the paper money of the country has been generally furnished by banks chartered by the several States."

The amount of the circulating medium of the United States in 1860 was, in round numbers — bank notes, $207,000,000; gold, $162,000,000; silver, $50,000,000. Total, $419,000,000.

The first issue of Treasury notes was in 1860, and amounted to $10,000,000. This was followed by the issue of "demand notes," and "legal tenders"; "two years' notes," "sixty day notes," and "three years' notes"—in all, to the amount of $700,000,000, including $50,000,000 of "fractional currency," of which $48,151,000 had been issued to November 1st, 1874. Many of these issues were retired, and by Act of June 22d, 1874, the volume of United States notes was fixed at $382,000,000; all of which had been issued by November 1st, 1874.

By Act of Congress, approved February 28th, 1863, the national banking system was established, and under this system the State banks became National, on a basis of a deposit of $80,000 United States bonds to $100,000 of circulation. The issues of these banks amounted, on November 1st, 1874, to $351,927,246, at which time the grand total amount of money in the country, including specie, was estimated at $924,228,246.

By July 1st, 1877, this amount had been reduced to $896,445,777; and deducting the amount of unavailable specie in the country, the amount stood at $671,445,777. The contraction of legal tenders and national bank-notes between 1873 and 1877 was, in round numbers, $75,000,000. But the sums of currency figured in the United States Finance Reports as "outstanding" are by no means to be considered "in circulation," during the past four years, since, owing to want of confidence, investments have ceased to be made, and capital has lain idle in the banks. Meanwhile, the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries have absorbed and retained large amounts, and it is probable that on July 1st, 1878, the amount of money *circulating* in the United States was not more than the four hundred and odd millions in circulation in 1860.

We have already mentioned the coin circulation of Great Britain, France, and Germany, at latest accounts. The entire paper and coin circulation of Great Britain in 1872 was $841,218,658; that of France, $1,394,176,332. France has a population of 36,000,000; Great Britain, 32,000,000; the United States, 47,000,000.

In an article like the present it is not requisite to advance opinions or draw inferences. It is designed only to present an historical and descriptive summary of facts concerning "Hard and Soft Money." It is, however, pertinent to conclude with certain general deductions in regard to money made by wise students of the subject, and which have not recently found their way into print.

Says Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, in his "Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange": "No one can tell how much currency a nation requires, and to attempt to regulate its quantity is the last thing which a statesman should do." And further, "From all the above considerations, it follows that the only method of regulating the amount of the currency, is to leave it at perfect freedom to regulate itself." And, "The amount of money can be no more regulated than the amount of corn, iron, cotton, or other common commodities produced and consumed by a people."

Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," says: "Labor, it must always be remembered, and not any particular commodity, or set of commodities, is the real measure of the value both of silver and of all other commodities."

As to the *movement* of money, Jevons says: "Many circumstances, too, affect the rapidity of circulation. Railways and rapid steamboats enable coin and bullion to be more swiftly transmitted than of old; telegraphs prevent its needless removal, and the acceleration of the mails has a like effect." [The length of railroad lines and telegraph wires in use in the United States, is, in proportion to the area of the countries, about one-eleventh of that in use in Great Britain, France, and Germany.] . . . "The more goods are bought, and the more often they pass from hand to hand, the more currency will be needed to move them. It will be proportional, again, to the prices of goods; and if gold falls in value, and prices are raised, more money will be needed to pay the debts increased in nominal amount." . . . . "The amount of money needed by a nation will be proportional, *ceteris paribus*, to the number of its population; twice the number of people, if equally active in trade, and performing it the same way, will clearly want twice as much money."

All of which goes to show that financial legislation, so far as it tampers with the *volume* of the currency, is detrimental. The enunciations of President Hayes during his recent travels through the West have been emphatic on this point, "in season and out of season."

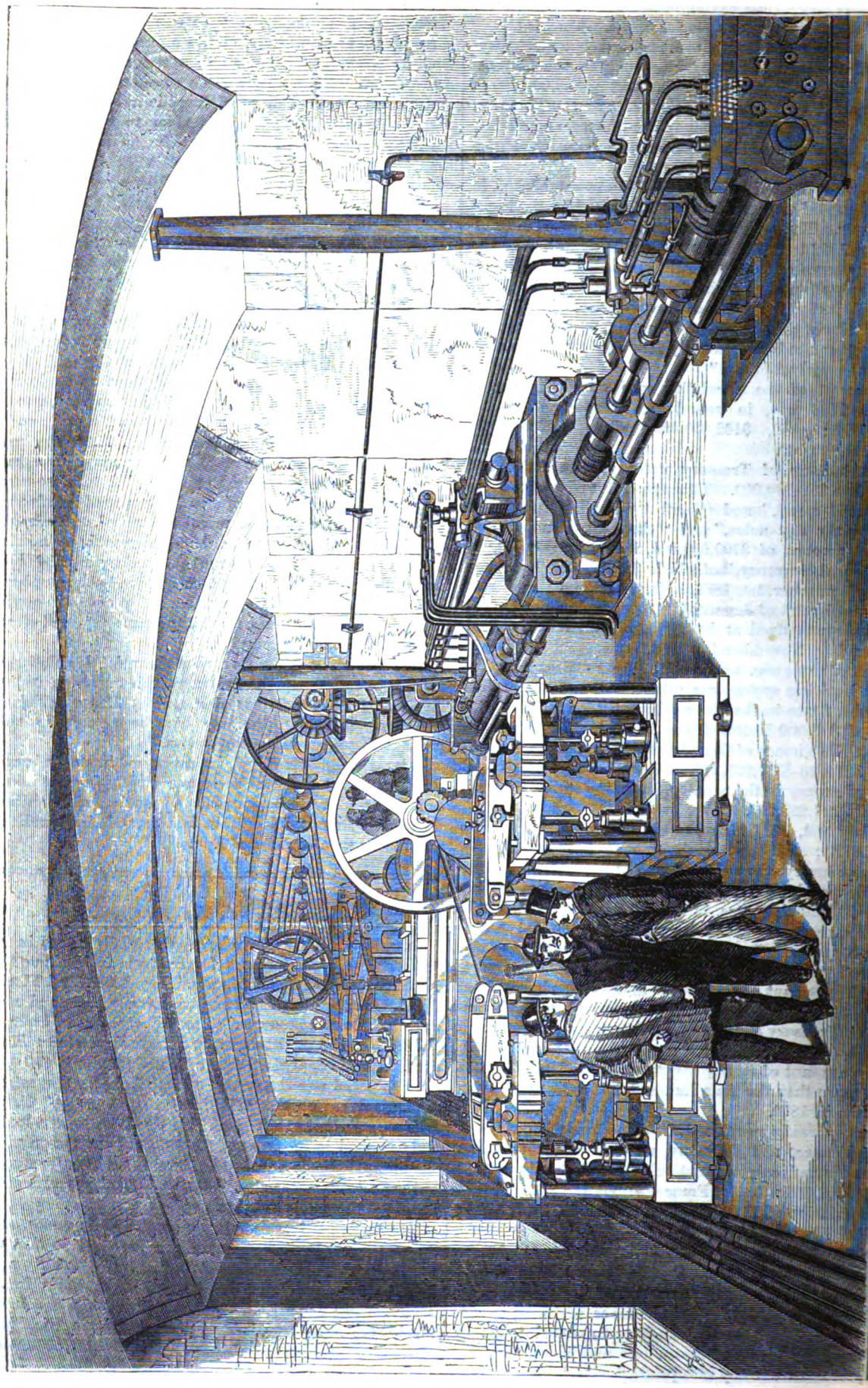
It is, in fact, beginning to be discovered by our rulers and legislators, that the measure of the circulating medium of a country is not to be pronounced by financial wiseacres "in Congress assembled," but is a part of the handiwork and mechanism of *Natural Law*.

FIGS.

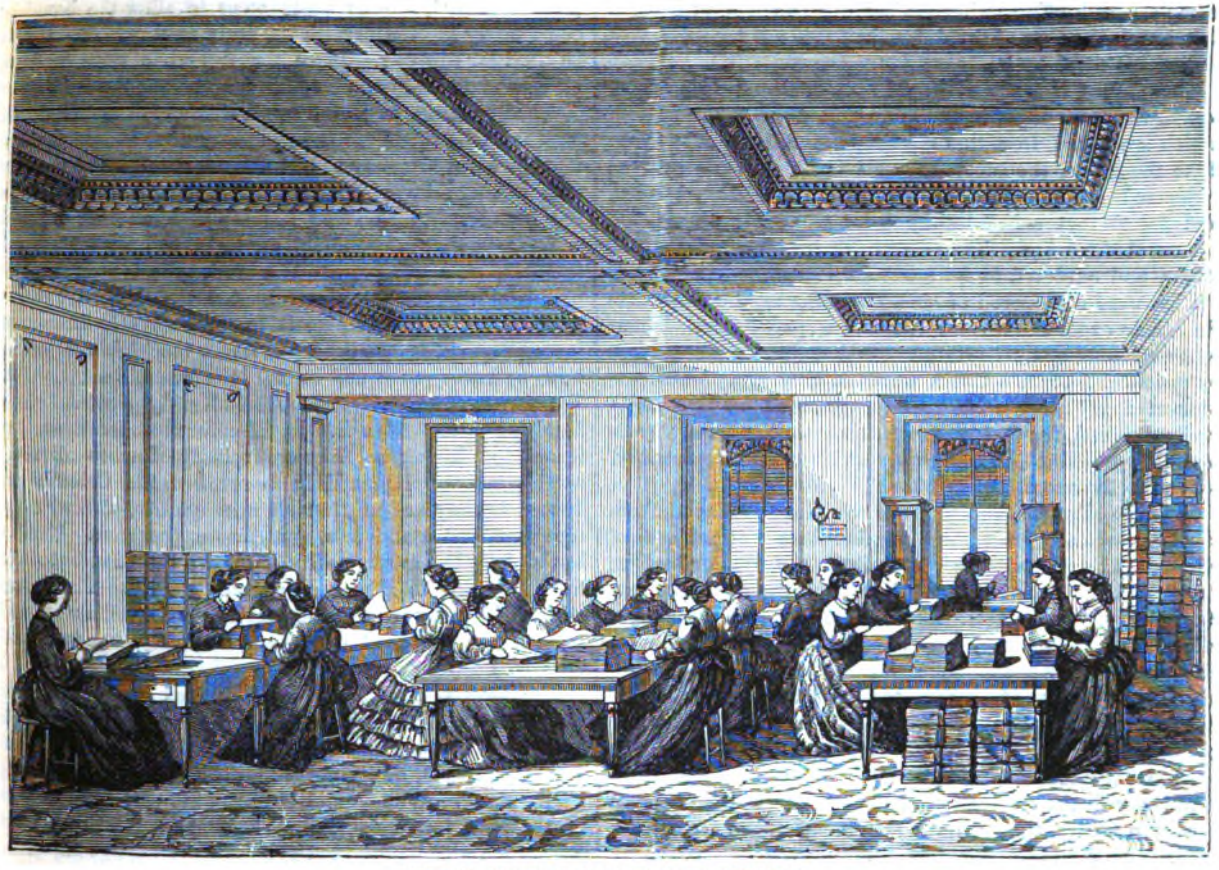
Although fig trees have been successfully grown in portions of the United States for many years, having been introduced by the Spaniards when they first settled Florida, dried figs raised in this country are rarely seen, and never as an article of commerce. The climate of the Southern and Middle States, however, and a portion of the Pacific coast, is well adapted to the growth of the fig.

In a special report recently published by the Department of Agriculture on the "Cultivation of the Fig," General Le Duc says that the fruit of this tree is so great a luxury, and so useful in many ways, that there is no reason why it should not become a very considerable article of commerce to the States mentioned, and thus add to the wealth of the people of the whole country.

The fig tree is known in botany as the *Ficus carica*, or the fig of the garden. The name *ficus*, applied to this very anciently known fruit, is most probably derived from *feg*, its Hebrew name; that of *carica* is from Caria, in Asia Minor, where fine varieties of it have long existed. According to various authors, it is a native of Western Asia, Northern Africa and the south of Europe, including Greece and Italy.



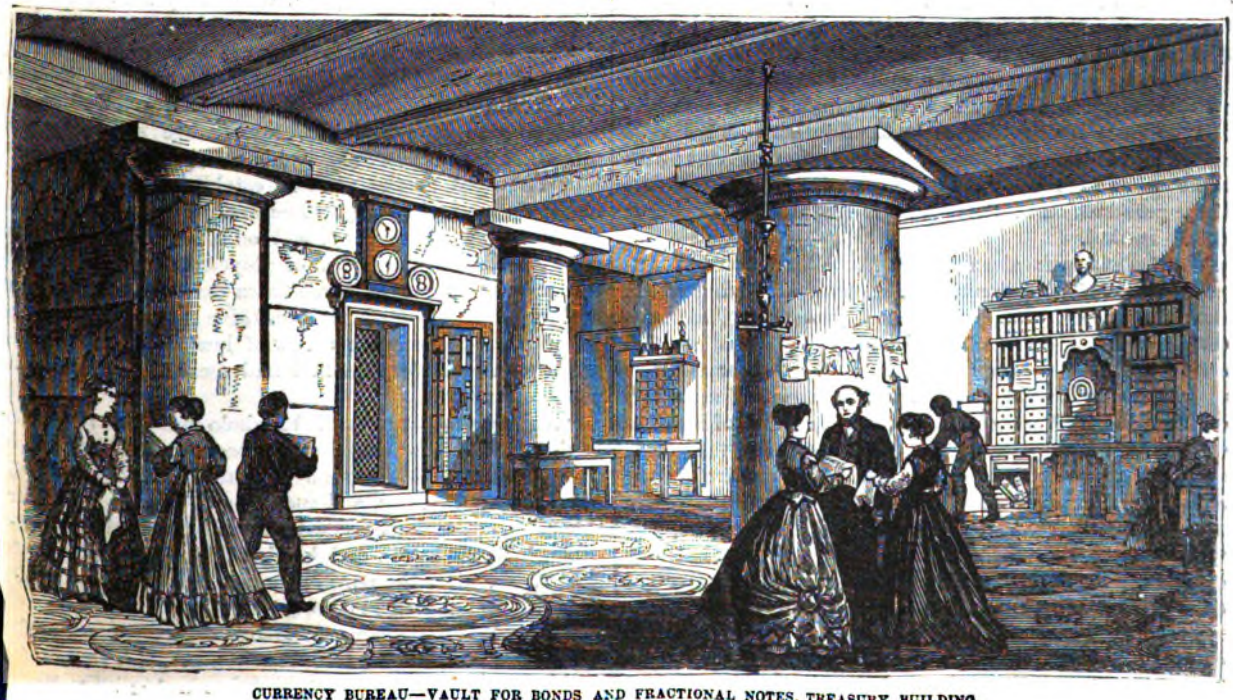
THE HYDRAULIC ENGINES, TREASURY BUILDINGS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



GENERAL COUNTING-ROOM, TREASURY BUILDING.

The flowers of the fig, unlike those of most fruit trees, make no outward appearance, but are concealed within the fruit. They are male and female—the former situated near the orifice, the latter in that part of the concavity near the stalk. On cutting open a fig when it has attained little more than one-third of its size, the flowers will be seen in full development. Under favorable circumstances, a fig or two is formed along the shoots at the base of almost every leaf, and the quantity that sometimes attains maturity is enormous.

Figs have been used in the East as an article of food from time immemorial. Our ancient friend Moses knew all about them, as a lot were brought back to him from Canaan, to show him how good the land was. Once on a time,



CURRENCY BUREAU—VAULT FOR BONDS AND FRACTIONAL NOTES, TREASURY BUILDING.

some aspiring office-seeker made King David a present of two hundred cakes of dried figs, but it is not recorded that he got his office by it.

The drying is easily effected in warm climates by exposure to the sun's rays, in the same way as grapes are dried, which are called, from that circumstance, raisins of the sun. Like the grape, the substance of the fig abounds in what is termed grape-sugar. In drying, some of this exudes, and forms that soft, white powder which we see on the imported dried figs. They are thus preserved in their own sugar, and rendered fit for storing up as an article of food.

Figs were considered of such necessity by the Athenians that their exportation from Attica was prohibited. Those who informed against persons violating this law were called *sycophantæ*, from two Greek words signifying "the discoverer of figs." These informers appear to have been especially disliked, for their name gave rise to the term "sycophant," applied to designing liars and impostors generally, as well as flatterers.

In warm climates, two crops of fruit are produced from the fig tree, each crop being produced on distinct sets of shoots. The second crop grows from the eyes or buds of the shoots made in early Summer, and if the season be sufficiently long and warm, the fruit will ripen. In such a climate it is the second crop that is most prolific and valuable, and that is used in drying for exportation. In climates where the Winters are severe, the trees are so trained that the branches can be tied in bundles and laid along the ground, when they are covered with litter and earth.

All correspondents of the Department of Agriculture familiar with the cultivation of the fig tree in the different Southern States, unite in the statement, drawn from their experience and observation, that the fig tree is remarkably healthy, free from disease and the ravages of insects, and that each tree will produce from two to ten bushels of figs at a crop.

The best variety for cultivation, on account of the excellence of the fruit and their adaptability to drying, are those known as the Brunswick, Large White, Ichian, Genoa, Smyrna and Figue d'Or. The Brown Fig, of Turkey, is also a favorite variety.

Turkey and Italy furnish to the world the largest amount of the dried figs of commerce. More than 1,000 tons are annually imported into Great Britain. The annual importation into the United States amounts to nearly $500,000.

With a view to promote the cultivation of the fig in this country, General Le Duc has corresponded with numbers of intelligent fruit-culturists in the Southern and Middle States, and California, through the State Department; with ministers and consuls stationed in the East, on the subject of the preservation of the fruit, and the mode of drying it for the market.

The following is given by Mr. P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, Ga.: "I give herewith a method of drying which was quite successful with us several years since, but now that improved apparatus for drying are easy to be had, figs can be dried with comparative facility. Gather the figs when the skin begins to crack (this is a sign of maturity, and then the fruit contains the largest amount of saccharine matter); make a strong lye of oak ashes, or take common cooking soda dissolved in hot water; dip the figs in the hot liquid, only leaving them in this for a few seconds; expose immediately to the air for a minute or two, and repeat the dipping a second time. If the lye is hot and strong enough, the color of the fig will immediately change, the dark-skinned varieties to a dark green, and the light-colored varieties to a pale green. The object of dipping the fresh figs in hot lye or a solution of bicarbonate of soda, is to kill the milky juice, and thus hasten the drying. A small basket, loosely made, so as to allow the liquid to come freely in contact with the fruit, is always desirable to be used for dipping. Place the figs upon trays made of wooden slats, and expose to full sun, taking the fruit under cover at evening, as it will spoil if dews fall upon it. The fruit must be turned in the sun every day, and in three or four days will be ready to put away in small wooden boxes, first putting a layer of spice-laurel leaves (*Laurus notillis*) at the bottom, and covering the top with another layer of these leaves. Place the lid on tight, to keep insects out, and keep in a dry room. If a brick oven is convenient, it will facilitate the work and hasten the drying, but care must be taken not to give it too much heat. If the fruit secretes syrup, it has been put under too high a degree of heat, and the result will be an inferior article. After the fruit is partially dried, it should be lightly pressed with the hand, so as to flatten it. Light-colored varieties are preferred for drying, as they are usually of more attractive appearance when placed in boxes, but the Celestial and Brown Turkey are much richer in quality, although presenting a darker and less attractive appearance. The Celestial dries the most rapidly of all our varieties, but makes the least valuable article as regards quality. The Brunswick, being very large, seldom gives good results with ordinary means, but will doubtless be easily managed with improved drying apparatus."

The next is furnished by the United States Consul at Smyrna: "About the end of July the first figs come to maturity. The fig harvest lasts about six weeks. When the fig is ripe it will, of its own accord, fall from the tree only partly cured. Women and children are employed to pick up the fruit into small baskets to be conveyed to a place in the garden well exposed to the sun, where the figs are spread on a bed of dry grass or matting, singly, that is to say, not one on the top of the other, and are turned every day, so as to get every side of the fig exposed to the sun.

"After a few days of exposure to the sun, those figs which are considered sufficiently dry are selected from the mass and divided into first, second and third quality. Care must be taken not to dry them too much. The skin ought to feel dry, but the inside soft. Practice alone can teach to what extent the drying ought to take place. The grower then sends the figs to Smyrna, where they are assorted and packed for shipment.

"On arrival at Smyrna they are conveyed to the fig bazar or market-place, where early each morning the merchants betake themselves to make purchases. The parcels belonging to each individual owner are separately examined, each purchaser giving his own price. The figs are now conveyed to the packing establishment to undergo manipulation and boxing. The sacks are emptied out on the floor in a square heap, and on all sides are squatted rows of women and girls, employed in merely twisting round each fig two or three times between the forefinger and thumb, to render it soft and give its required oblong form. On the heap are a row of low baskets, into which are thrown separately the first and second qualities, to be used for packing.

"At least ten per cent. of the whole mass is worthless for boxing, and during the above process the inferior fruit is picked out and thrown in a separate heap. Undersized, tough, or spotted figs, and such as are burst, come under this category, and are packed, or rather pressed promiscuously, in small boxes, and labeled 'Figs for Family Use.' Sometimes, when the parcel is unusually good, three qualities are selected instead of two.

"From this compartment the baskets are now conveyed to another, and laid on long benches, at which are seated the practiced packers. Each man has a box before him,

and swiftly and dexterously are the figs placed alongside each other in rows. The rows vary in number according to the depth of the box, the flat ones, which are in more general use, requiring but two.

"The mode of packing is called 'pulled.' Above all, a row of 'layers' is then placed to show the figs to advantage. The 'layers' are stretched out by means of both hands and laid flat, side by side, in parallel rows. Of late years 'layers' throughout the boxes have come into demand, and nearly all of the best qualities are packed in this way. In packing, the fingers are now and then dipped into a bucket of sea-water to ease their working. The figs become thus moistened with sea-water, which, it is pretended, hastens their sugaring.

"The boxes are again passed on to the women, who complete the process by placing laurel leaves between the upper rows, before the final nailing down and polishing off by the carpenter. By following this method the fig is so stretched out that it opens at the end, but that is concealed from view by being turned underneath. When treated in this way the air enters into the fig, and in a short time renders it dry and unpalatable, compared with fruit treated as 'pulled,' so that, while giving the fig a better appearance, it destroys its juiciness and flavor. The foreign market is in fault here, and not the Smyrna packers, who must suit the tastes of their customers.

"The packages used are of various dimensions and forms. At one time all this fruit exported to the United States was placed in drums or paper boxes, but of late years flat wooden boxes are being extensively shipped. Very few drums, if any, find their way to the English market, to which the best qualities are usually sent. America consumes but little of the superior qualities, though the demand for such has now increased. Small canvas bags are now being used with success, and, in fact, every season some novelty in the style of package may be noticed. The refuse, or 'naturals,' are put into large boxes or barrels, and are shipped to England, Egypt, and European Turkey. The high rate of duty in America excludes these inferior figs altogether from her market."

It certainly would seem from all this that we could raise figs in this country with ease and profit.

LAKE FETZARA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

Lake Fetzara, or, to use the Arabic name, Gerah Fetzara, is situated in the province of Constantine, between Philippeville, Bona and Guelma. Its extent is small, the length being estimated at some four miles, and its breadth at two or three; but its peculiarity lies in the innumerable flocks of birds by which it is inhabited. Ducks, teal, egrets, cormorants and a hundred other varieties have built their nests and hatched their young here for centuries; nor has it been until recently that the echoes of the surrounding mountains were awakened by the sportsman's rifle.

The French occupation of Algeria, however, somewhat disturbed the inhabitants of Lake Fetzara, and great havoc was made among the feathered innocents, much to the surprise of the native Arabs, who have not the remotest conception of hunting for hunting's sake.

To such an extent was the sanguinary sport of the French officers and soldiers carried, that the General Government interfered, and sporting on Lake Fetzara was strictly forbidden. Under this ordinance the lake soon became repeopled, and on the visit of an artist-naturalist about a year ago, it presented the spectacle seen in our engraving.

Two or three boats were carried overland to the shore of the lake and launched upon its waters, when the different haunts of the birds were visited, and numerous fine specimens were obtained, by special permission of the Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

THE MANATEE.

For eyes it has circular apertures which can neither remain wide open nor shut up tight, but are constantly contracting or expanding, perhaps at the will of the manatee, though apparently of their own motion. For nose it has two holes with lids, and when it rises to the surface of the water for breath the lids open, and when it sinks again they shut. The ear-holes are too small to be seen without searching, and are simply such holes as might be made anywhere with a gimlet. For mouth it has an opening with a flap over it, convenient as preventing things from going down its throat when the owner is not hungry, but sufficiently ugly to make the manatee the most humble of creatures; and humble indeed, it looks.

Having no legs, it stands on its tail, and to keep its balance has to bend the head forward and bow the body. In this attitude of helpless humility the strange thing stands motionless many minutes together, and then, with a ghost-like, dreadful solemnity, it begins slowly to stiffen and straighten its tail, and thus gradually arising into an erect posture, thrusts its nostrils above the surface. But only for an instant, for ere it seems to have had time to take a breath, the great body begins to sink back into its despondent position, and, the small, paddling-paws drop motionless and helpless as before.

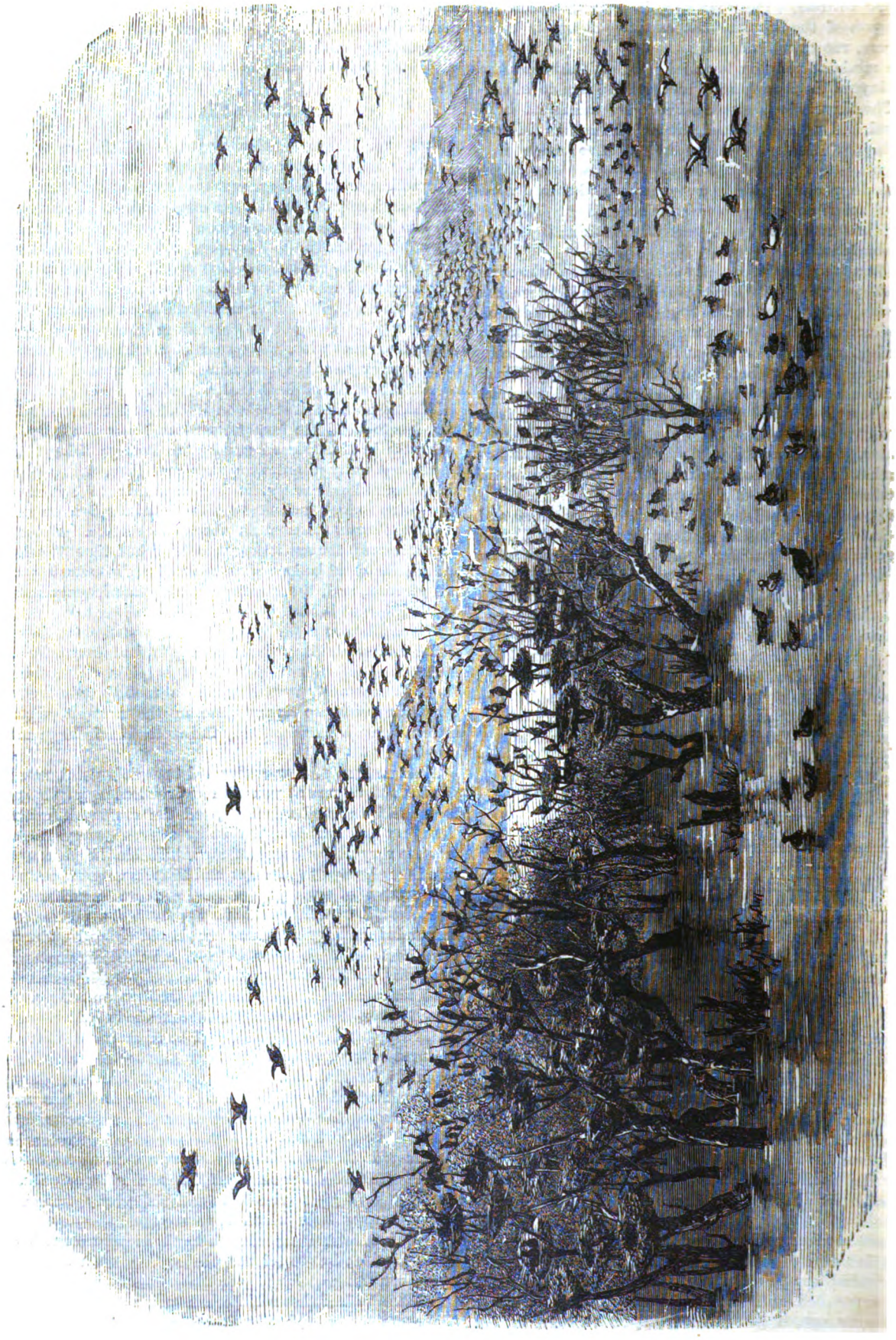
The deliberate sloth with which the manœuvre is executed has something of dignity in it, but otherwise the manatee is as ridiculous as it is helpless. The clumsy snout is constantly twitching like a rabbit's, but the gesture that seems so appropriate in the nervous, vigilant little rodent, is immeasurably ludicrous in this huge monstrosity.

The eyes, again, now contracted to a pin's point, now expanded full to gaze at you with expressionless pupils, seem to move by a mechanism beyond the creature's control. Voiceless and limbless, the bulky cetacean sways to and fro, the very embodiment of stupid, feeble helplessness, a thing for shrimps to mock at and limpets to grow on.

A carcass of such proportions, such an appalling contour, should, to satisfy æsthetic requirements, possess some stupendous villainy of character; should conceal under this inert mass of flesh some hideous criminal instinct. Yet this great, shapeless being, this terror of the deep sea, is the most innocent of created things. It lives on lettuce. In its wild state it browses along the meadows of the ocean bed, cropping the sea-weeds just as kine graze upon the pastures of the earth, inoffensive and sociable, rallying as cattle do for mutual defense against a common danger, placing the calves in the middle, while the bulls range themselves on the threatened quarter.

These are the herds which the poets make Proteus and the sea-gods tend—the harmless beeves with whom the sad Parthenope shared her sorrows! These are the actual realities that have given rise to so many a pretty fiction, the dead carcasses from which have swarmed the bees. The discovery is interesting enough to those who cherish old-world fancies; but to science, the lazy, uncouth manatee is a precious thing.

Science, indeed, has seldom had such a pleasing labor as the examination and identification of this animal, for, though so ludicrously simple in appearance, the manatee is a veritable casket of physiological wonders.



LAKE FETZARA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 527.

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP HE EXAMINED THE PAPER ATTACHED TO HER BREAST."

SHE STARTED UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE A YOUNG MAN FALL DOWN AT HER FEET INSENSIBLE."

THE DESTINY OF LEON GRENIER.

A YOUNG man was walking, one evening in the earlier part of this century, on the banks of the fairest river of France, just where it swept past the town of Arles. He was tall and well-made, with delicate features, shadowy blue eyes, and an almost feminine sweetness of expression; and as he sauntered dreamily along, he half sung, half chanted, an old French ballad in a soft, musical voice—for Leon Grenier was a true Provençal, of the type which has reproduced itself in every age, and never failed to have some representatives in that land of romance.

He was a poet and a musician, and lived for the most part in an ideal world of his own, where sweet sounds and bright visions beguiled him, like an enchanted knight in some fairy garden of old.

Happily for Leon, it was not necessary that he should work for his living, or it would have fared ill with him in this practical age. His father was a substantial farmer, who owned many a goodly vineyard and olive-grove, and who had no other child on whom to bestow all his fair possessions and increasing wealth

So Leon had the education of a gentleman, and learned all manner of accomplishments in the school of the Frères Lazarists; and he was never asked to soil with hard work the white hands that seemed made only to play on the guitar, or paint lovely faces of saints for the illuminated borders of his "Livre d'Heures."

The good *frères* would fain have persuaded him that his vocation lay in the calm retirement of the cloister, and that his love of art and minstrelsy would find its best satisfaction in the sacred songs of the choir and the decoration of the sanctuary. But Leon absolutely refused to become a monk.

He believed in the old theory that with every soul is created another, destined to be its companion for ever, and that all the sorrowful love-stories this world has known

have resulted simply from the untoward separation of these predestined souls.

He had a vision of the sweet face that had been created for him, and he waited impatiently till it should dawn like a star on his life, and for the time when he too should say, in the graceful words of a brother poet:

> "L'on dit que deux âmes qui prient
> L'une pour l'autre, en même fois
> En éternité se marient,
> Quand *vous* priez—priez pour moi!"

His good father and mother longed for this happy consummation almost as much as he did himself. He was the child of their old age.

Balthazar Grenier had married late in life, when he found his goods increasing upon him, and none to inherit them; and Madelon, his wife, though she was the brightest little woman in Arles, could count her sixty years *bien sonnés*.

It was the fondest desire of the kind old couple to see their son married and his children growing up around them before they departed from a world that had always been very pleasant to them; and the one great care that troubled their declining years was the fact that Leon was still heart-whole, and gave them not the faintest prospect of a *belle fille*. He was so very hard to please! In vain Madelon invited the prettiest girls she could find to the house on every possible occasion. Leon would glance at them with an abstracted air, and then wander away by himself to dream of the ethereal beauty that somewhere in the universe was waiting for him as he waited for her; and the coquettish Arlesiennes grumbled not a little that one of the best *partis* in the town would not even give them a chance of attracting him, by so much as a look or word.

The sun had set on this bright Summer evening, while Leon roamed along the banks of the river and sung his low song to its slumbering echoes. The soft light slumbering still in the heavens had subdued every tint and mellowed every shadow till the whole landscape was clothed with an indescribable charm.

Leon stood still, the better to realize all the beauty round him; and as he did so he suddenly saw, far up on the river, a little, pale light that seemed floating on the waters, and was steadily coming toward him. He knew at once what it was.

There was a strange custom at Arles in those days, which has, doubtless, long since disappeared in the march of progress. The great cemetery of the town was, for traditional reasons, the favorite place of burial for many miles around. The peasants who dwelt in the hills and valleys far off, all considered it a matter of the deepest importance that the friends they lost should be buried at Arles; but as the transit by land, or even in boats, would have been too costly a proceeding for their scanty means, the singular plan was adopted of constructing the coffins so that they could float on the river, till the current should bear them unassisted to the place of their rest.

This custom was very ancient, and from time immemorial, we believe, it had been the prerogative of the monks of a convent placed near the banks of the Rhone, to receive these poor, helpless voyagers, and conduct their sepulture with all due religious rites and observances. It was the habit to place no covering on the coffin or on the face of the dead, who were always arrayed in their best attire; but a paper was laid on the breast, stating the name and age of the deceased, and of the surviving relative who was to be responsible for the needful expense; and a small lamp, inclosed in a lantern, was attached to the head of the coffin, in order to warn passing boats to steer clear of the frail vessel, with its mournful freight.

Of course it often happened that it struck against the bank, and was submerged; but the Provençal peasants considered this a less misfortune than an ignominious burial, without even an attempt to reach the sacred ground. And if some lesser accident happened, such as its becoming entangled in the weeds or the branches of a weeping willow, it was considered the bounden duty of the first passer-by to rescue it, and restore it with pious hands to its onward course.

Leon had gone down quite to the water's edge, and he stood now watching the lamp of the dead as it came steadily onward. He knew that about a mile lower down the monk would be stationed whose duty it was to watch for the coming of those silent wanderers, and he expected to see the coffin float past him in safety, as the water in this spot was especially free from any weeds or other obstacle.

Onward it came; and, to one of his fanciful temperament, it was somewhat startling to see it suddenly diverge from its course, for no apparent reason, and turn toward him with so strong an impetus that in another moment it had brought its helpless burden to his feet, and there remained stationary; a grating sound telling it had run aground on the bank.

He at once determined to secure it on the spot where it was, and to go and apprise the monk of its arrival, so that no further accident might be risked. For this purpose he pushed aside the branches that partially hid it from his sight, and drew it on shore. Then he stooped down and looked into the face of the dead. As he did so a thrill of intense feeling passed with a sudden tremor through his frame; for never had he beheld a countenance of such exquisite loveliness as that which now appeared before his eager eyes.

It was a young girl who lay in that coffin, looking far more as if she were sleeping in the gentle slumber of youth than in the rigid silence of death. Apparently she had not died from any lengthened disease, for her form was not wasted, nor her face marked by the least sign of suffering.

The small head lay on its pillow with graceful ease, and the soft, white hands, lightly crossed on her bosom, seemed to have fallen there in a natural attitude of rest rather than in token of the resignation supposed to be thus expressed. Her long, fair hair, like a golden shroud, fell round her, and mingled with the folds of her pure white dress and the lilies that had been laid beside her; while from amid the flowers the sweet, tranquil face shone out—snow-white, indeed, but so strangely beautiful that, cold and dead as it was, it raised a passion in Leon's heart such as he never had known before.

Transfixed—overcome with feelings that were inexplicable to himself—he remained kneeling in mute admiration of beauty beyond what he had ever imagined in his brightest dreams; and it was not until the lovely features grew indistinct under the shadows of night that he roused himself from the stupor of admiration into which he had fallen.

Then, by the light of the lamp, he examined the paper attached to her breast, and read the name inscribed on it:

> ANGELIQUE,
> AGEE DE 17 ANS—FILLE ADOREE DE
> PIERRE FLORIAC.

"Angelic, indeed!" murmured Leon, as he stooped down and pressed his lips on the small, white hands, while he sighed with a deep, moaning sigh, for which he could scarce have accounted to himself.

Then he bethought him that it was necessary the monks should be informed that this fairest of the dead claimed their good offices for her lasting repose.

It would have been easy to have gone down to Frère

Antoine, who was watching, he knew, at the usual post; but a feeling, which was almost akin to jealousy, made him shrink from the idea of leaving her there, exposed to the gaze of any who might pass. He went up the bank to the road and looked around. A peasant boy was coming, singing and dancing along, with a cheerfulness which jarred strangely on Leon's mood at the moment. He called him, however, and giving him a piece of money, he told him to to go the monastery and ask the monks to come to the spot for *une morte.*

When he used the last words he sighed more heavily than before; and, as he turned back toward the coffin, while the boy ran off to do his bidding, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that she were alive! Oh, that this sweet, this lovely one, were still of the living world!—for surely I have found the realization of all my dreams, the idol of my fancy, and I have found her—dead!"

It was not long before the monks appeared, and, lifting the coffin on their shoulders, they carried it toward the cemetery, while Leon followed behind, with his head bent, as if he were by right the chief mourner for this stranger corpse!

According to custom, the body was placed in the *chapelle ardente* of the graveyard for the night; and as the monks withdrew, and the last among them prepared to lock the door, Leon whispered to him that he should remain in the chapel all night.

"But I must lock the door," said the monk.

"Do so," replied Leon.

"And the body will not be interred till noon; you will have to remain here till then."

"I am content," answered the young man; and the monk, shrugging his shoulders, locked him into the chapel, where one pale lamp alone gave a dim, mournful light, and went home to his convent.

Now Leon Grenier often staid out rather late on fine, moonlight nights; but he was a dutiful son, and he never in his life had failed to come in time to gladden his mother's heart with his good-night kiss, though sometimes it was given after she had been in bed some hours.

On this night, however, he did not appear, and Madelon lay awake hour after hour in the deepest anxiety, listening to every sound, and full of terror as to the cause of her darling's absence; her greatest fear was that, in some of his fits of abstraction, he had fallen into the river and been drowned.

She knew that his favorite walk was along its banks, and she always felt a certain amount of uneasiness when he was out of her sight, because she knew how little he was fitted, with his dreamy, poetic temperament, to cope with the exigencies of this practical, every-day world. Long before even the early daylight of Summer had dawned, the anxious mother was out of the house, seeking her son far and near.

She soon satisfied herself that he was not in the gardens or vineyards, and hurried down to the river's bank, half hoping, half fearing, to hear some tidings of him there. She questioned everyone she met, but no one had seen him, and after some hours' fruitless search she was returning in a state almost of despair to the house, when it occurred to her to ask the monk, who was sure to be on the watch at the usual place, if he knew anything of him. He told her at once that Leon had been locked up by his own desire in the *chapelle ardente,* and even in the overpowering joy of hearing that he was safe, she could not help wondering what strange fancy had induced him to spend the night in so mournful a place.

She hastened at once to the monastery to obtain his release, and as it was now near the hour fixed for the interment, one of the monks goodnaturedly went with her to unlock the door, and then left her alone with her son, while he turned back to summon his brethren to assist at the burial.

Madelon gave a cry of dismay when she saw Leon, for he was kneeling by the side of the coffin, with his arms thrown over it and his face buried on them, as if in the deepest grief. She was at his side in a moment, lifting up his head and calling him by every endearing name to tell her what was the matter.

He rose slowly from his knees and turned toward her, and she was terrified at the paleness of his face and the dimness of his large blue eyes; never before had she seen him with such an intense look of sorrow.

"Qu'as tu, mon fils, qu'as tu?" she exclaimed, flinging her arms round him.

He pointed to the coffin, and to the calm, lovely face that still shone forth from among the lilies.

"You see that angel?" he said.

"Ah, yes, poor little one; how sweet and beautiful she is! Ah, how her mother must weep for her!"

"And I," exclaimed Leon; "scarce can her mother mourn her more than I, for she is my destiny, and she is lost to me for ever!"

"Leon, what do you say?"

"Yes, mother, yes! in that sweetest, fairest face I see the ideal of my heart, the embodiment of the beautiful vision that has ever haunted me, the one who could alone possess my love. Angelique Floriac has been too surely my destined bride, created for me as I for her, longing for me, doubtless, through all her short life, as I have longed for her, and now I have found her only to lose her for evermore! Oh, my love, my love!" and throwing himself on the coffin once more, he sobbed aloud.

Madelon was greatly distressed, and not a little perplexed. Surely this was the most unfortunate fancy her Leon could have taken, to think that he should have fallen in love at last, but with a lifeless bride!

"After all, it is doubtful whether it is an advantage to have one's son a poet," she thought to herself; but she was a matter-of-fact little person, and she could not suppose it possible that so strange and unreasonable an idea could retain its hold, even on so lively an imagination as that of her son.

"*Allons, mon enfant,*" she said, soothingly, "you have staid in this cold, gloomy chapel till your mind is full of sad visions; this poor, pretty girl is a stranger to us; we have nothing to do with her; come home, *mon cher,* and have some breakfast; then you will be better."

"Oh, mother, how little you know what you are saying!" sighed Leon; "but you will learn the sad truth by degrees; you have always wished me to marry, and I told you I must wait for my fated bride; now she is come, and I have given myself to her. I can love no other, and I am wedded to the dead!"

"The saints forbid!" said Madelon, hastily crossing herself. "Oh, my Leon, come home, I beseech you!"

"Not while my eyes can look on that face," said Leon; "when she has been laid in the grave, where I shall hope to join her soon, then I will come home with you, if, indeed, any place can be home where Angelique is not."

"Thank Heaven, here come the monks to bury her," muttered Madelon to herself; "surely when she is hid from his sight he will recover his senses."

Leon stooped over the coffin as he heard the good brothers approaching, and pressed his lips to the white forehead with the tenderest reverence, as if to take a last farewell, and his mother saw that he held some object carefully wrapped in his handkerchief, which he now placed in

his bosom. She joined as devoutly almost as he did in the funeral service which followed, and when at last the poor young girl had been laid in her grave, and the turf replaced on the spot, Leon suffered Madelon to lead him home in silence, where he immediately betook himself to his room, and was seen no more that day.

Late in the evening his mother insisted on gaining admittance, that she might bring him some food, and her consternation was great when she found him in melancholy contemplation of a beautiful sketch of the dead Angelique, which he had evidently taken when alone with her in the chapel. He was in the habit of carrying his painting materials out with him in order to make drawings for his illuminations of any natural object which struck his fancy; but Madelon's hopes that he was to forget the lovely face that had such a fatal effect upon him were sadly diminished by the fact that he possessed such a souvenir as this.

Nor was it his only relic—a long, bright lock of hair was firmly clasped in his hands, and a white lily, fading away like the poor child herself, was laid on the table beside him.

A very few days sufficed to show that the singular impression which had been made on Leon Grenier was likely to have a lasting and sad effect. He gave himself up to a settled grief as profound as if Angelique had indeed been his promised bride, long known and loved. The greater part of his days were spent at her grave, and his nights in wandering by the banks of the river where first he had seen the fatal light drifting onward toward him. He grew pale and thin, and really seemed wasting away under the influence of a passionate love, certainly more utterly hopeless than any that could be conceived by living man.

A SECRET.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.

His doting mother became almost as ill and miserable as himself, and wearied herself in devising some means of destroying the fatal fancy, which had become such a substantial evil. It was in vain, however, that she tried to supply him with other subjects of thought; he absolutely refused to occupy himself with anything but the remembrance of the dead Angelique, and Madelon began to fear that his belief in the poor girl's predestination to himself would take the form of positive monomania.

At length, however, a bright idea struck her: it was clearly this one special conviction which caused his persistence in his almost insane attachment, for it was impossible to suppose that he could feel any actual and lasting love for a girl whom he had never seen alive. If, therefore, it were possible for her to discover anything in Angelique's previous history which could prove him to be mistaken in his belief, there was surely good hope that he would abandon his infatuated constancy. Angelique might well have been *fiancée*, or even married, and such a discovery would probably work Leon's effectual cure.

At least, it was well worth trying the experiment, and Madelon, with her usual energy, determined on going herself up to the mountains to Pierre Floriac's home, though it was a good day's journey, in order to glean any particulars she could of his daughter's history. She ascertained from the monks, who had, of course, been in communication with him, that Floriac was the peasant proprietor of a vineyard far up on the hills, and an honest, respectable man, though poor. She determined to set out at sunrise the very next day.

The wise little mother said not a word to her son as to the purpose of her journey, and he, asking no questions in his abstraction, supposed that she was going, as she often did, to visit a sister who lived near Aix; but she duly communicated her hopes and her plans to her husband. Good old Balthazar, who had no poetry in his composition, had been quite unable to comprehend what had been the matter with his son. Whenever Madelon tried to explain it, it always ended in his shrugging his shoulders, and saying: "Je n'y comprends rien"; and if it had been possible for him to be angry with his only child, he would have been disposed to treat Leon's fanciful love in a somewhat summary manner.

He quite approved of his wife taking any step she thought likely to restore their boy to common sense, and so the first dawn of light next day saw Madelon mounted on her sleek little mule, with a peasant boy at her side, who was to serve her as guide.

She had gone to bid her son farewell before he was up, and found him lying awake, with his great blue eyes wide open, and Angelique's likeness on the pillow beside him.

"If only I could find out she had been a *mère de famille*," thought Madelon, as she trotted along on the steep mountain-path; and she had time for many such reflections before the evening twilight saw her approaching Pierre Floriac's door.

Her heart beat violently—so much depended on what she might learn there; and she looked up eagerly as she came in front of the low-roofed, vine-clad cottage; then suddenly she gave a violent start, and almost shrieked out an appeal to the saints to defend her—for standing on the threshold of the open doorway was, apparently, Angelique herself!

Leon's exquisite portrait had impressed every feature on her recollection, and the young girl who now stood

before her seemed precisely identical with her she had seen laid in the grave—there was the same singularly sweet and lovely face, the same long hair and simple white dress, even the pallor and delicate whiteness of the hands; there was but this difference, that the new Angelique looked at her with two soft brown eyes, instead of showing only the closed eyelids and dark lashes which she remembered in the other.

suddenly. She had a sunstroke, and died in an hour. But did you know my sister?" she continued, wonderingly; "how could you have known her and not have known me? We were always together."

"She was, then, your sister?"

"My twin sister—my other self. If you did not know she was gone, you might well mistake me for her. We were exactly alike; none ever knew us apart."

THE FAMILY CONCERT.

Madelon sat upon her mule in a state of stupefaction, looking at this wonderful vision, while the young girl, seeing a stranger at the door, came forward with graceful courtesy, to ask her if she would alight and rest.

"Angelique!" exclaimed Madelon, at last, overcome with surprise.

"Ah, no! Genevieve, not Angelique," said the girl, her beautiful eyes filling with tears. "Surely you must have heard our Angelique was taken from us two months ago, so

"Now the saints have indeed been propitious," said Madelon to herself, as a bright hope sprung up in her heart.

"I will tell you afterward how I knew your dear sister," she said to Genevieve; "but, meantime, I have come all the way from Arles to speak to your father. Can I see him?"

"Yes, surely; he is within."

And Genevieve helped the good woman to alight, and

brought her into a cool, clean room, where an old man, with long, white hair, and a face, in spite of age, almost as beautiful as that of his daughter, came forward to meet her.

With true mountain hospitality, they made Madame Grenier heartily welcome, and would not allow her to speak of her errand till she had shared their supper and consented to spend the night under their roof.

Then, when Genevieve had gone to prepare a room for her, Madelon told the whole story of her son's mournful love to Angelique's father. He was deeply touched. It seemed no strange thing to him that any one should be fascinated by the sweet face of his child, even if seen only in death; but he could appreciate the mother's distress at the prospect of her son's life being fatally darkened by his hopeless affection, and he was very ready to help her in any plan for his restoration to peace.

It seemed that Angelique had really been *fiancée* to a young man of the district; but Madelon's hopes now had taken another direction.

"Let my Leon only know your Genevieve," she said, "and I shall yet see him happy with a living bride. He loves her already in the image of Angelique, and I am very sure she cannot help loving him. You do not know what he is, my Leon, *si beau, si bon*," and the fond mother went off into an enthusiastic description of her son's absolute perfections, at which old Pierre could scarcely help smiling.

However, he knew Farmer Grenier and his wife well by reputation, and he was fully aware that if the young people came to love each other he could desire nothing better for his daughter than such a husband as Leon.

"Let Genevieve come home with me!" exclaimed Madelon; "and do you come too, Monsieur Floriac, that you may learn to know my son; then you will see they will not have been an hour together before Leon will find out that she was his predestined bride, and not the poor sweet one who is with the saints, I hope."

"Well, I consent," said Pierre, "if you will agree to this, that not a word shall be said to Genevieve as to the object of our journey, and that she shall be left quite free to decide for herself should she ultimately not wish for an alliance with Monsieur Leon Grenier."

The next day Pierre Floriac and his daughter accompanied Madame Grenier back to Arles, and Genevieve was only told with regard to Leon Grenier that it had been he who had received her sister's coffin, and assisted at her interment, a circumstance which predisposed her somewhat favorably toward him.

He was not at home when they reached the farm; and after the guests had been hospitably entertained, the two old men went out together to look over the vineyards, and Madelon retired to some of her household affairs.

Left alone, Genevieve, who was wearied with the journey, leant back on the couch where she was seated, and gradually fell into a quiet sleep.

Thus reclining, with closed eyes and motionless form, she was more than ever like her dead sister; and it was a positive shriek that roused her at last from her pleasant dreams, followed by the cry, "Angelique, Angelique!" in a tone of the wildest amazement and rapture.

She started up just in time to see a young man "*beau comme un ange*," as she mentally decided, falling down at her feet insensible.

It was now her turn to scream, and soon Madelon came rushing in, a little alarmed at the result of her experiment when she saw Leon's death-like pallor. However, she soon had him laid on the couch, and applied restoratives which gradually caused his blue eyes to open, with the light of returning consciousness shining within them. Instantly, however, his anxious gaze wandered round in search of Genevieve, and as soon as he saw her he stretched out his hands to her imploringly, while the look of bewilderment returned to his face.

"You will humor him, *ma chère*," whispered the diplomatic Madelon, as she put Genevieve's hand in his; then, stooping down to Leon, she murmured in his ear, "This is your true predestined bride, my son; her sister whom we buried was betrothed to another, but it was the living maiden whom you adored in the likeness of the dead. Angelique was sent by the saints to teach you to love Genevieve."

Looking into Genevieve's sweet eyes, Leon was entirely disposed to accept this reasoning, and it was not many days before he had taught the young girl to believe in it too.

Pierre Floriac was well content to give his child to so amiable a young man, and to one, withal, so satisfactorily furnished with this world's goods. Old Balthazar declared that *this* was a sort of thing he could understand. Genevieve was as pretty a girl as ever he saw, and it was only natural Leon should think so; but in love with a phantom—bah!

Madelon's heart was at rest, for her son was happy, and his eyes were bright, and his smile was joyous, as in the days before poor Angelique's little lamp came drifting down the stream.

So it came to pass that before the vintage was over a pretty wedding procession wound its way from the farm to the church, and through all the happy years of their long married life, Leon and Genevieve never failed to keep bright with flowers the grave of the sweet, dead sister, whose cold hands had linked them together.

WHAT do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or house-moths; rememember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman, it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

IT is curious to note that much of our culinary vocabulary is of Saxon or Norman origin. As the Saxons were chiefly dependent upon vegetable diet, they gave names to our bread, beans, eggs, peas, and other products of the kitchen-garden. Of meat, though the word is Saxon, they ate probably little; for it is a singular fact connected with the English language, that while the living animals are called by Anglo-Saxon names, as oxen, calves, sheep, pigs, and deer, the flesh of those animals when prepared for the table is called by names which are all Anglo-Norman—beef, veal, mutton, pork, venison. Even fowls, when killed, receive the Norman name of poultry. This is explained by the fact that the Saxon population in general was only acquainted with the living animals, while their flesh was carried off to the castles and tables of the Norman Barons, who gave it the names it still retains.

A SECRET.

By Albany Fonblanque, Jr.

Oh, mother! darling mother! such a glorious, happy day!
I've come straight from the meadows, where they made the fragrant hay;
And when the last was carted, and the stacking all was done,
We danced away so merrily till sank the setting sun.
And I'm so tired, mother, I can scarcely hold my head,
And yet I've much to tell you ere I seek my little bed;
So let me kneel down here, and hide my face upon your knee;
And let me tell my story out, and hear me patiently.
A year ago, dear mother, I was nothing but a child;
As merry as a little bird, as thoughtless, and as wild;
You know how Austin courted me, and how I plagued his life,
And laughed right out upon him when he asked me for his wife.
I wish I had not laughed, mother, I do with all my heart;
I saw his whole frame shudder as he turned round to depart.
All night I heard him sobbing 'neath the window where I lay;
He seemed almost heartbroken as he sighed and went away,
And left his native village, all he loved and prized on earth,
And all for my unkindness and my false, ungrateful mirth.
I did not know I loved him; but I did, and often wept,
Through night and early morning, when you thought your Meggie slept.
I knew I'd wronged his nature in its noblest, purest part;
Thought of him toiling lonely, with a silent, aching heart.
Perhaps he, too, saw something in his fancy far away,
That drew him to his home again, for home he came to-day.
While dancing by the river side we paused a little while;
I saw him far off watching, as he sat upon the stile.
My heart went out to meet him, tho' I could not move or speak,
And then I saw a teardrop fall, and glisten on his cheek;
I thought of that gray morning, and his low, heartbroken wail,
He looked so very haggard, and his face so wan and pale.
I know not how it happened, I forgot all girlish pride,
And went straight up and welcomed him, and sat down by his side.
He smiled and looked so kindly, tho' his smile was very sad:
"I've not the heart for dancing, Meggie, now, that once I had
I'm off to some far country, what name I cannot tell,
And came to take a little look at all I loved so well.
I cannot bear to leave it—I cannot bear to stay;
It seems so strange to sit here, and to talk of going away.
You don't look happy, Meggie, and the tears are in your eye;
Don't grieve about me, Meggie, or the days that have gone by.
I know that I was selfish, and not worthy such as you;
But never was a deeper love, a heart more fixed and true."
He spoke so soft and gently, as he turned his face aside,
And as he rose to go away, clean vanished all my pride.
I did not say I loved him, but I think he must have guessed
For I found myself, joy-sobbing, on his loving, manly breast.
And now he'll never leave me, dearest mother, all his life—
I'll make him such a happy, such a loving little wife!
I'll try with years of tenderness to blot out this year of pain,
And soothe his poor, nigh broken heart, that never shall ache again.
Hark! I hear him, mother darling, and he's singing on his way;
Oh, joy, to think his weeping heart can once again be gay!
He'll tell you all about it—tell you more than I can say.

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE BLACK MILITIA."

It was a bright and frosty morning, in the Winter of 1862, when I left my house on the bund at Shanghai, and, walking across to the river, went on board my trim little shooting-boat to breakfast.

The *Lily* was lying moored to the quay, so I stepped right on to her deck, and stamped off the Shanghai mud—the famous Shanghai mud—from the soles of my long shooting-boots. I felt a great, though subdued, pleasure in doing so, for I was off on a week's shooting excursion, and experienced a grim satisfaction as well in leaving that tenacious mud to other foreign residents not so fortunate as myself.

"Poor wretches!" thought I, "how they will slip, stick and flounder about the bund in a day or two, when the thaw comes on!"

The mud of Shanghai is unlimited in quantity; and much mud is neither pleasant nor agreeable. No wonder, therefore, that my spirits felt elated at the glorious prospect of an escape from the dirty, unhealthy city, and a run into the open country.

Nature, I fancy, must have intended me for an adventurer, but fate made a mistake in thrusting me in to fill up an empty corner in the great mercantile house of Buyem Hall and Company—so very exuberant were my sensations of delight upon shouldering a gun, donning strange wearing apparel and turning my back upon civilization, and so very distasteful to my feelings were the atrocious and monotonous calculations of long ells, gray shirtings, chests of tea and bales of silk.

Although the scarcity of game reduced me to crows, I enjoyed the combined cruise and ramble not a little. I say cruise and ramble, because the *Lily* took me wherever I wished to go, southern and central China being most minutely intersected by a vast labyrinth of creeks and canals, which lead in every direction; and because, when so inclined, I shouldered my gun and took a stroll ashore. The pantry was well stocked—as junior partner in the firm, I had charge of the stores—and A-yow was a first-rate cook; moreover, the cabin of the little *Lily* was fitted up with every comfort and convenience. So, all things considered, no wonder I enjoyed "roughing it."

At that time the great civil war was raging its fiercest in the neighborhood of Shanghai, and the whole country had been desolated by the alternate passage of the Imperial and Revolutionary armies. The incorrigible Taeping rebels had lately captured the treaty-port Ningpo, and had followed up their success by surrounding Shanghai, which city would also have fallen to their victorious arms had not the British authorities commenced a most reprehensible and unjustifiable intervention against them.

However, be that as it may, the Taepings were drawn back from Shanghai, and the Imperialists, with their English allies, held all the country for a radius of about twenty miles around, though the line was very irregular, and in some places an investing army of one side or the other had been for months lying intrenched before some walled city held by the opposite party. Upon either side of the before-mentioned radius-line stretched debatable ground—that is to say, a sort of "no man's land," held by neither side, but, as experience taught me, infested by banditti—those lively and particularly unscrupulous gentry who had received the euphonious cognomen of the "Black Militia."

The evening of the second day of my cruise found the little *Lily* at a very lonely, wild and desolate part of the country, near the destroyed village of Loo-chee. Small lakes, broad lagoons, creeks and canals, like a very eccentric spider's web made in the dark, joined and intersected one another in every direction in the most bewildering manner conceivable.

The land was uninhabited, and thickly strewn with bleached, white skulls and ghastly, decaying skeletons, gleaming out here and there from amidst the tall, rank grass. A dense growth of weeds, rushes and thickets stretched over the country, and in many places quite covered in the sluggishly running streams, making a dark and umbrageous canopy of vegetation overhead.

Here the remains of a rotten boat, there the blackened rafters of a ruined house, and there a glimpse of some poor

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE "BLACK MILITIA."—"THE FLICKERING RAYS OF THE LAMP REVEALED THE SCARRED, SWARTHY AND RATHER FORBIDDING FIGURE OF THE NEW HAND."

remnant of mortality, gave forcible little touches to the weird and dismal scene of desolation and destruction.

During half the day we had been making our way through this strange wilderness; now sailing slowly along the weed-covered surface of a lake, where the twining tendrils of aquatic plants were so long and strong as to render moving the boat no easy feat; anon forcing back the dense mass of clustering reeds and brambles interwoven over some silent little creek, and propelling the *Lily* forward by pushing against the bottom with the oars.

At length, as the shades of evening became deeper, damper and darker over this dank, chill and uncomfortable place, I had the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that we had lost ourselves.

As the evening air was so chilly, and everything around was dripping with a rank, fever-and-aguish moisture, I had retired to my cabin to enjoy a comfortable stretch and a fragrant cheroot, when I felt the movement of the boat suddenly cease. Going to the cabin door, I saw that the Lowder, or Chinese captain, was holding a consultation with the rest of the crew, four in number, whilst the fifth—my remarkably sharp boy, A-yow—had, in consideration, I suppose, of his superior knowledge of the "yang-quitzos," or "foreign devils"—the polite Chinese term for all foreigners—and their tongue, been appointed a sort of president of the council.

The situation was puzzling. The *Lily* was resting upon a magnificent growth of her living namesakes. A dense barrier of bramble and osier stopped all further advance, whilst strong, reedy stems and large, dank flags were pressing tightly around, in a vain struggle to close up the avenue into which the sturdy arms of the vessel's pig-tailed mariners had cunningly contrived to wedge her.

I knew that we were upon the narrow waters of a stagnant creek, because here and there, through openings amid the surrounding mass of prolific vegetation, a glimpse of the land could be seen. But ahead, astern, all around, the gigantic growth of bramble, bush, tree, with strange, unknown, creeping and twining Chinese aquatic plants, obscured the view and effectually impeded our further progress.

Observing my appearance, A-yow came aft, making his way through the wiry parasites and osiers closing over the deck.

"Well, boy," said I, "where the deuce have we got to now?"

"Hi-za, master," he replied, "mi no savez [know]. Mi tinkee that fools piecee Lowder have makee forget which way walkee."

"Confound the rascal! Come here, Li loh! Li loh, Lowder!" I cried.

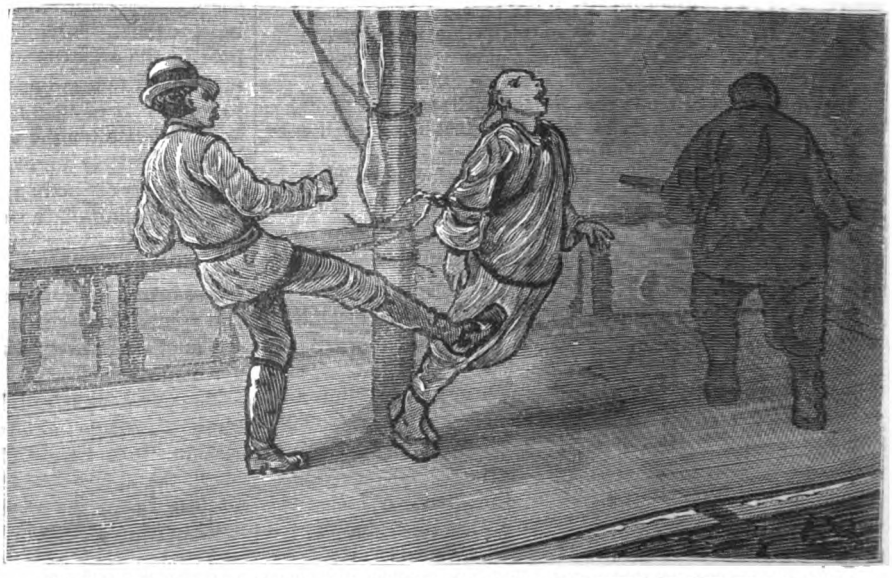
Meekly advanced that modest sailor, with rather downcast eyes, from which came sly glances at intervals—evidently he dreaded Anglo-Saxon thews and knuckles, and was ready to jump out of the way.

Lowder could not speak English, so I told A-yow to ask him whether he had lost his way.

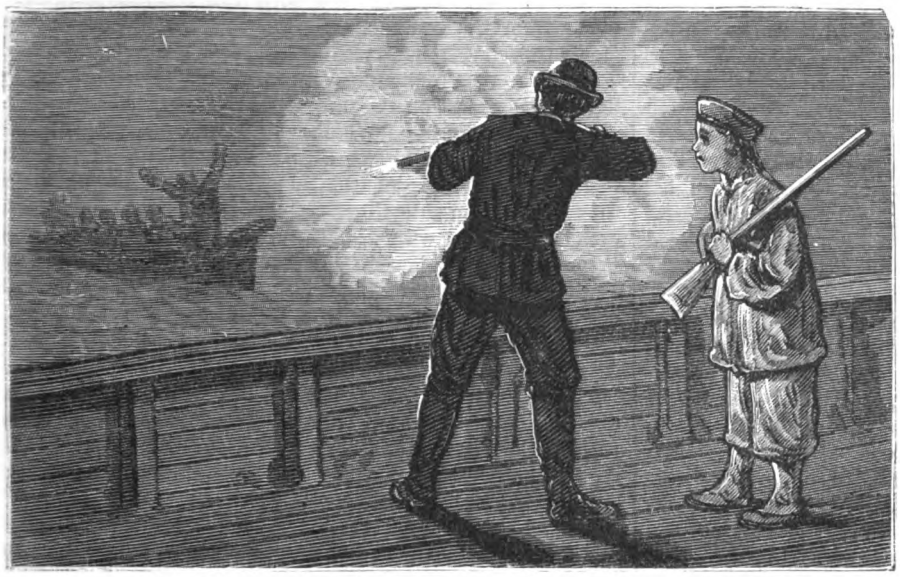
After a long colloquy, enlivened by considerable "hi-yaing" and gesticulation, my boy said:

"He too muchee foolo! He talkee numbah one—savez which place stop just now—he you wantee go Quinsan—he askee me which way go!"

Knowing by experience the obtuse nature of the Lowder's faculties, I did not feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of my boy's conclusion, though I did feel strongly tempted to try the effect of my compatriots' *argumentum ad hominem* abroad. But then I remembered he had tried hard in Shanghai to make me engage a second Lowder—a



"I DRAGGED HIM AFT, PULLED HIM UPRIGHT, AND TIED HIM TIGHTLY TO THE JIGGER-MAST OF THE TAFFRAIL."



AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE "BLACK MILITIA."—"TAKING A STEADY AIM, I SENT A HEAVY MINIE-BALL WHISTLING INTO THE MIDST OF THEM."

native of the parts to be visited—and that I had refused to do so, not perceiving the necessity, as he had, in answer to my questions, steadily persisted in the assertion that he was himself acquainted with the inland navigation.

I might have known that his national pride forbade any admission of ignorance to a "foreign devil," and that he confessed as much as his dignity would permit when he asked for an assistant.

"Go to Quinsan!" I roared in Chinese.

"Good! Heavenly good!" ejaculated the Lowder.

"Be quick, you dog!" I added, fiercely, exhausting my Chinese vocabulary.

"Good! Heavenly good!" returned the imperturbable wretch, as he went forward to the crew, a momentary illumination of intelligence appearing upon his broad, flat features; and then he cried to the astonished mariners: "Row-row to Quinsan!"

Quinsan was a walled city on the twenty-mile radius-line, and formed the headquarters of the well-disciplined and foreign-officered Imperialist legions. I was anxious to get there in order to spend a jolly evening with some of the officers who were friends of mine.

Once more the Lowder's apathetic countenance beamed vacantly from his station at the helm, whilst the crew made a great show of working hard to pull the *Lily* ahead. The opening of a larger creek presently appeared, and into it we plunged, though I had a vague suspicion that by the advice of one of the crew the Lowder merely chose it in desperation, without possessing the slightest knowledge as to where it might lead.

However, he had declared that Quinsan was only a little more than three English miles distant; and I returned to the cabin satisfied—satisfied that I could only "grin and bear it."

Not long afterward I felt the motion of the vessel cease again; and then A-yow came into the cabin, commissioned by the unlucky Lowder to communicate the pleasing information that he could not find the way till daylight, but that he had anchored in a convenient place for the night.

Going on deck once more, I found that we were lying about the centre of a small, dark lake. The night was very sombre and cloudy—scarcely a star was to be seen—and the land all around, with its heavy masses of tangled, rank foliage, loomed black and forbidding in the distance. At a glance I saw how impossible it would be to find our way before daylight.

Anathematizing the stupid fellow who had disappointed my hopes of reaching the social mess-table at Quinsan, I returned to the cabin to try to console myself. My faithful boy followed me, and, when I had drawn my cozy easy-chair close to the brightly burning fire in the stove, he glided up to my side, saying:

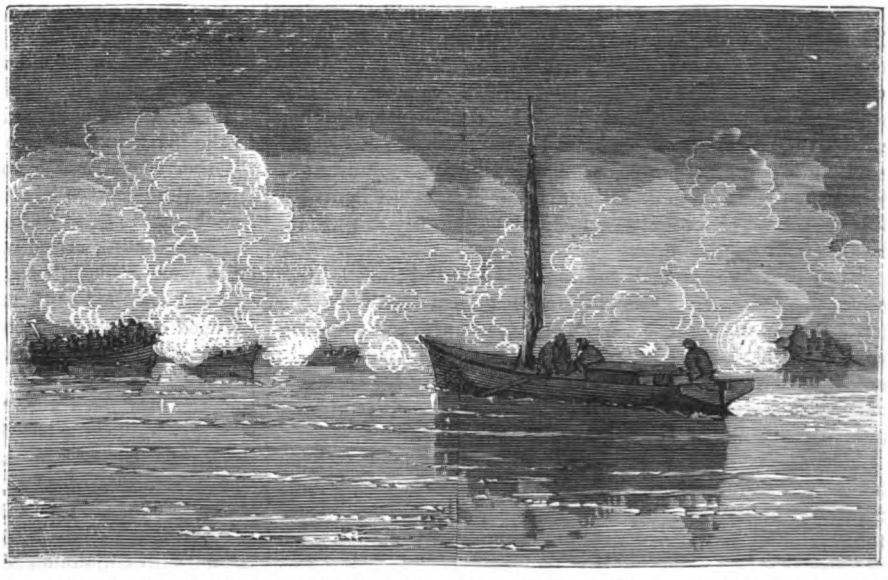
"Master, mi too muchee fear boat makee stop 'Black-militia-man' side."

This startling announcement dissipated what indolence I felt, for it was well known that nothing could enter the ground occupied by those banditti without being attacked.

"Nonsense, A-yow!" said I, pettishly. "Why, there is not any such country between Shanghai and Quinsan."

"No master," allowed he; "but mi tinkee boat no stop 'tween Shanghai and Quinsan. Mi tinkee Lowder have gone wrong way, and just now makee stop more near Changzu than Quinsan."

This was bad news with a vengeance. The large city to which my boy referred was in the midst of the notorious depredators, whose haunts extended nearly to the Imperialist siege-lines. Moreover, the troops on either side were



"THEN THE ROW-GALLEYS, WITH GUNS POINTED AND MATCHES GLOWING, ADVANCED UPON US FROM EVERY SIDE."

so entirely occupied with the siege and its defense, that the robbers had it all their own way in the adjacent districts.

I felt very savage with the wretched Lowder, and was strongly tempted to wreak my vengeance on him there and then.

"Master," continued my faithful servitor, "mi no likee that new piecee sailor-man you makee engage Shanghai this time."

This had reference to a new man whom I had engaged for the cruise. He it was who I fancied had caused the Lowder to choose the creek that led to the lake.

"Why, what is the matter with him, A-yow," I asked.

"Master," mi tinkee he b'long one big piecee *pilong* (pirate); mi tinkee he savez that 'Black Militia'; mi tinkee he have show Lowder wrong way walkee. He before talkee savez which way go Quinsan—he make show Lowder. What fashion just now? No have catchee Quinsan—catchee 'Black Militia' country."

Things were getting unpleasant, and prospects were looking gloomy. I knew the preternatural shrewdness of my boy too well to doubt the importance of his observations. At first I felt inclined to challenge the man he had accused of meditated treachery and connection with the marauders, and then, with a loaded revolver at his head, make him pilot us back to a safe locality. But I quickly reflected that it would now be almost impossible to find the right way through the network of creeks beyond the lake until either the moon should have risen or it had become daylight. Moreover, the fellow might only lead us further into the danger, supposing he could see how to proceed.

Any warlike attitude—any discovery of treachery—would be sure to render the rest of my Celestial crew almost useless with fear; besides, A-yow might be mistaken. Then, again, by keeping quiet I should not put the stranger on his guard, if he really were treacherous.

I felt no slight depression at being alone. If there had been only another white man to share the dangers with me, I would not have cared. However, I was bound to keep up a stout heart, and, mentally, I vowed to be revenged on the suspected traitor, should events prove him to be one.

A-yow was not a bad companion to have. I knew that he would stand by me to a certain extent, though I doubted whether any Chinaman would risk his life in the service of a "yang-quitzo."

Nevertheless, after carefully loading my double-barreled Manton with heavy buck-shot, I gave it to him, with strict orders, in case of an attack, not to fire until I gave the word. Then I loaded my rifle and revolvers with equal care, stuck the latter in my belt, placed the former, together with a full ammunition-box, just by the cabin-door, lighted a fresh Manilla, and went on deck to have a look around, taking the precaution of extinguishing the cabin lamp before doing so, in order that lurking dishonesty might not be attracted by the light.

Having proceeded with caution, and without the slightest noise, my appearance was not noticed by a figure in the bows. This individual, I soon became aware, was standing with his back to me; but what gave me particular cause to notice him was the fact that he was evidently holding one of the vessel's lanterns close before his body, so as to hide its rays from coming aft, but exhibit them ahead.

After the communication with which I had so lately been favored, this dubious proceeding roused all my suspicions. Stealing softly and slowly forward, my doubts were changed into certainty when the flickering rays of the lamp revealed the scarred, swarthy, and rather forbidding features of the new hand.

Without pausing, I sprang forward and brought the wretch to the deck by a blow with the belaying-pin I had taken from the rail. It was the work of only a few moments to lash his hands firmly behind his back. Then I dragged him aft, pulled him upright, and tied him tightly to the jigger-mast on the taffrail.

Just then my boy and the Lowder came running on deck to see what had caused the noise. No time, however, was allowed for explanation. Harshly and gratingly, as they jolted from side to side, the creaking sound of *yulos*—the large oars with which Chinese boats are propelled—could be plainly heard through the stillness of the night. The light held by the traitor had no doubt been seen, and his friends, the "Black Militia," were upon us.

"Lowder!" I yelled, "get the men up—quick!" And A-yow repeated the order to him.

The cable having been slipped, all hands were hard at work swaying backward and forward at the heavy *yulos* with all their strength, and propelling the *Lily* through the vegetation-incumbered waters of the lake toward the black-looking shore.

We were going somewhere, but as to whither, I do not think a soul on board had the remotest idea. All we knew was that our direction lay straight away from the long dark shadows now visible through the vapory mist hanging over the water astern.

Ferocious yells of "Tah! Tah!"—"Fight! Fight!"—echoed horribly after us through the darkness. The dreaded marauders were on our track, their dimly discerned boats keeping steadily in our wake—all but one, a much lighter craft than the rest, which was coming up "hand-over-hand."

"A-yow," said I, when it became certain that the nearest boat would shortly overtake us, "bring the guns and ammunition upon deck."

He was promptly back at my side with my rifle, the doubled-barreled Manton, and the cartridge-case.

He seemed fearless enough, so I asked him:

"Well, A-yow, will you stand by me and fight these *pilongs?*"

"S'pose master makee fight, mi makee fight; s'pose master no wantee fight, mi no wantee fight," said he, at the same time handling his gun so resolutely and speaking in such firm tones, that I at once felt confident of his stanch support. He was a Cantonese—and they are by far the most courageous portion of China's vast population.

The advancing boat was now within twenty yards, and I was beginning to draw a bee-line along my rifle in that direction, when a loud voice proceeded from her, crying; "Chen-pi-chang! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here!" cried the fellow whom I had lashed to the mast, in the same vernacular.

Other words, which I could not understand, were shouted from the strange craft; but I gave the traitor another knock on the head to keep him quiet.

The pursuing vessel was within ten yards; there was evidently an acquaintance between her crew and the man whom I engaged at Shanghai, and who, beyond doubt, had induced our ignorant Lowder to steer into the lake, where, by pre-arrangement, his friends were assembled to plunder the vessel and perhaps murder me; and A-yow, declaring that the strangers were "Black Militia," urged me not to wait any longer for the first blow.

The figures of the boat's crew were now just visible, showing dark, gigantic, and fantastic through the mist upon the waters; so, taking a steady aim, I sent a heavy Minie-ball whistling into the midst of them. I knew how much, with Chinamen, depended on the first shot; and the faint groaning cry that followed [it told me how effectually the desired impression had been created.

These desperate marauders were not, however, so easily daunted with prey in view. Although one or two men had evidently fallen at my first fire—at that range the heavy rifled bullet might easily have pierced several—before I had reloaded my deadly weapon, a sudden flash, followed by a loud roar, informed me that even the smallest of our pursuers carried artillery.

"Now, then, A-yow, let them have it! Make sure you don't miss. Fire away!" I cried.

"All right, master," replied my plucky boy, stepping up to the taffrail, and carefully firing both barrels of his piece.

A loud outcry followed this discharge of slugs, yet still on our pursuers came; and the rowers had so much increased their exertions as almost to run us aboard.

Picking out the dark form of one who seemed to be the enemy's leader, I fired at him with my Minie point-blank. The unfortunate wretch sprang up several feet into the air, and then fell with a sullen plunge into the water.

At the same instant a shower of balls came whistling and screaming about our ears, as jingalls, matchlocks, pistols and muskets were discharged upon us, fortunately with such truly Chinese aim that only a couple of bullets took effect, one of which merely inflicted a slight flesh-wound in the leg of a sailor.

By this time A-yow had reloaded the fowling-piece with a double charge of buckshot; and, as the dread reality of being within a few short moments of death by hacking *à la Chinoise* burst upon my mind, I yelled with energy:

"Give it to them again! Give it to them again, boy!" at the same time drawing my revolvers, and aiding the shower of lead he scattered upon the robbers by blazing away barrel after barrel as fast as ever I could.

But now, with only two men at the *yulos*—the wounded man having taken advantage of his scratch to retire below, the Lowder being at the helm, and the fourth mariner being the traitor tied to the mast—the other boats began to overhaul us rapidly; and should they overtake us, our fate was sealed.

Sending both A-yow and the Lowder to the oars, I took charge of the helm myself, and then turned to release the traitor, so as to make him work for our safety as before he had striven for our destruction. I cut through his bonds, gave him a pull, and he fell heavily to the deck.

"Get along! get along, you blackguard!" I cried in Chinese, giving him a kick.

But he never moved; a strange heaviness and rigidity were upon him.

Bending down, I placed my hand upon his brow. It was already cold and clammy; blood was on my fingers.

Upon obtaining a light, the large, round hole exactly in the centre of his forehead explained the reason of such deathly immobility, and showed where a well-directed bullet from his friends had made a passage.

We now entered one of the numerous creeks running out of the lake; and as the lighter *Lily*, once more well ahead of her pursuers, shot into it, a salvo of artillery sent large jets of water dashing up all around her just before she became sheltered from our enemies' fire by the inequalities of the bank.

We knew that the pirates were following silently but steadily in our wake, and for over half an hour we sculled along the creek, with all our number straining every nerve at the *yulos*, when, all in a moment, we found ourselves upon another small lake, and surrounded by an Imperial flotilla.

A tremendous clanging of gongs arose; the pigtailed warriors yelled their war-cries vociferously, and were quickly ready to fight or flee—perhaps the former in this case, as we were only one to twenty—and I had the pleasure of knowing that the red little glowing sparks in the bow of each gunboat were matches about to be applied to the touch-holes of their guns.

Another moment, and the cry "Tah paou! tah paou!"—"Fire the guns; fire the guns!"—arose; and then the loud roar of more than a dozen pieces of artillery echoed over the still waters with a deafening, thunderous reverberation, whilst several round shot came crashing through the *Lily's* sides, and the rest went plashing or whizzing round.

It was bad enough to be attacked and fired upon by "Black Militia"; but to be treated in like manner by our Imperialist allies was dreadful.

"Don't fear! don't fear! It's a foreigner from Shanghai!" I shouted.

The valiant warriors of the "Flowery Middle Kingdom" rested on their oars, blew their matches very vigorously again, and seemed to hold a consultation, judging by the loud and vociferous confusion of voices that arose, all speaking together, in true Chinese style. Then some fellow shouted:

"Who comes?"

I called out again, adding that I was on my way to the Imperial city of Quinsan, but had lost my way, and was fleeing from a squadron of "Black Militia," by whom I had been lately attacked.

Then the row-galleys, with guns pointed and matches glowing, advanced upon us from every side. Their commander came on board and satisfied himself as to the truth of my story, and then, after ordering his flotilla to join in our retreat and pull with might and main away from the dreaded depredators in our wake, became quite friendly over cherry-brandy—a beverage possessing much power over a Chinaman's heart.

Presently I found that instead of being near Quinsan, we had entered the lines of the Imperial force besieging Changzu, after having passed through the worst part of the neutral ground, or "Black Militia" territory.

The mandarin staid on board so long, finding that he had fallen into comfortable quarters, that I began to fear it was his fixed determination to bear me company so long as either any cherry-brandy or cigars remained. At length, however, by pretending to fall asleep from fatigue, I managed to get rid of him.

Early in the morning we got under way, and joined a number of Imperial gunboats and grain-junks returning to Shanghai, which city, without further adventure, we reached by a broad and safe channel.

A-yow's heart was made glad by a handsome "cum shaw," or present, for his courage, whilst his master felnot a little elate and proud of the skirmish in which he and his little supporter had beaten off the "Black Militia," who had killed so many unfortunate Europeans, and who for so long had been the terror of the country round about Shanghai.

THOMAS A'BECKET'S GRACE-CUP.

The beautiful cup shown in our illustration is the property of H. P. Howard, M. P., with whose family it is historically associated, having been presented by the valiant Sir Edward Howard to Catherine of Aragon. At the Queen's death it reverted to the Earl of Arundel, and can be traced in the family ever since.

During this long period it has been called the Grace Cup of St. Thomas A'Becket; and the legends and initials upon it, which may have been retained from some earlier decorations, vouch for this ancient and interesting tradition.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Round the lid is the motto, "*Sobrii estote*," with the letters T. B. supporting a mitre. Round the body of the cup is chased "*Vinum tuum bibé cum gaudio.*" Round the neck of the top is the name "*God Ferare*," probably the name of the goldsmith. The ivory cup itself is very probably a relic of tne great Archbishop Becket; but the mountings are certainly of not earlier date than the latter part of the fifteenth century, if so early.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

EVERY one knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death.

He has once visited this earth, if the nursery rhyme is to be credited when it asserts that

> "The Man in the Moon
> Came down too soon,
> And asked his way to Norwich";

but whether he ever reached that city, the same authority does not state.

The story as told by nurses is, that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that for this crime he was doomed to reside in the moon till the end of all things; and they refer to Numbers xv. 32–36.

Of course in the sacred writings there is no allusion to the moon. The old German tale is as follows:

Ages ago there went, one Sunday morning, an old man into the woods to hew sticks. He cut a fagot, and slung it on a stout staff, cast it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home with his burden. On his way he met a handsome man in Sunday suit, walking toward the church. This man stopped, and asked the fagot-bearer: "Do you know that this is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?" "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!' laughed the wood-cutter. "Then bear your bundle for ever," answered the stranger; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, yours shall be a perpetual Moon-day in heaven. You shall stand for eternity in the moon, a warning to all Sabbath-breakers." Thereupon the stranger vanished, and the man was caught up with his stick and his fagots into the moon, where he stands yet.

In Scaumburg-lippe, the story goes that a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church-path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning; the woman because she made butter on that day. The man carries his bundle of thorns, the woman her butter-tub.

The Dutch household myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables.

Dante calls him Cain in the twentieth canto of "Hell" and the second of "Paradise."

Chaucer, in the "Testament of Cresside," adverts to the man in the moon, and attributes to him the same idea of theft.

Shakespeare refers to the same individual in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." Quince, the carpenter, giving directions for the performance of the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," orders: "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes in to disfigure, or to present, the person of *Moonshine*." And the enacter of this part says: "All I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog."

In Leffyn Church, near Conway, in Wales, the chancel is divided into compartments, in which the four Evangelists are painted. Besides these symbols is delineated in each compartment an orb of heaven. The sun, the moon and two stars are placed at the feet of the Angel, the Bull, the Lion and the Eagle. The representation of the man is in Fig. 1. In the disk is the conventional man with his bundle of sticks, but without the dog. There is also a curious seal appended to a deed preserved in the Record Office, dated the ninth year of Edward III. (1335), bearing the man in the moon as its device. The deed is one of conveyance of a messuage, barn and four acres of ground, in the parish of Kingston-on-Thames, from Walter de Grendesse, clerk, to Margaret, his mother. On the seal we see the man carrying his sticks, and the moon surrounds him.

THOMAS A'BECKET'S GRACE-CUP.—SEE PAGE 539.

There are also a couple of stars added, perhaps to show that he is in the sky. The legend on the seal reads:

"Te Waltere docebo
cur spinas phebo
gero,"

which may be translated, "I will teach thee, Walter, why I carry thorns in the moon."

The belief in the Moon-man seems to exist among the natives of British Columbia. Mr. Duncan, in a letter to the Church Missionary Society, says: "One very dark night I was told that there was a moon to see on the beach. On going thither, there was an illuminated disk, with the figure of a man upon it. The water was then very low, and one of the conjuring parties had lit up this disk at the water's edge. They had made it of wax with great exactness, and presently it was at full. It was an imposing sight. Nothing could be seen around it; but the Indians suppose that the medicine party are then holding converse with the man in the moon. After a short time the moon waned away, and the conjuring party returned whooping to their houses."

MARRYING IN THE FAMILY.—"THE MAJOR EMPTIED HIS GLASS, LIT A FRESH PIPE, PUFFED AT IT VIGOROUSLY FOR A MOMENT OR TWO, AND, WITHOUT LOOKING AT ME, REPLIED, SLOWLY: 'YES, MY GRANDMOTHER—I MARRIED HER.'"

MARRYING IN THE FAMILY.

"THE fact of the business was, I could not help it, so I married her."

"Not your grandmother?" I exclaimed.

The major emptied his glass, lit a fresh pipe, puffed at it vigorously for a moment or two, and without looking at me, replied, slowly:

"Yes, my grandmother—I married her."

"By way of a joke?" said I, with a wave of my hand.

"By way of solemn earnest, I assure you. Droll, wasn't it? Well, what is droller still is, that I have never regretted it. Dear old lady! She has been a great comfort to me!"

I made no reply. I could not. Rack my brain as I might, I could recall no form of congratulation suited to a man who had married his grandmother, so I held my peace.

"Shall I tell you about it?" asked my companion, soon.

"I am really devoured with curiosity," I earnestly and truthfully replied.

"Then you shall have the whole story," declared Major Halbrooke.

This was a stormy November night, and the major and I, old friends whom chance had reunited after a separation of several years, were making ourselves comfortable in the cozy parlor of an English country inn. And every one knows how thoroughly cozy such a place can be, especially when lighted by the cheery blaze of a roaring, crackling, sparkling fire.

"It was five years ago," began Halbrooke, pulling nervously at his long, tawny mustache.

By-the-by, he was a tall, stalwart fellow, this military friend of mine; well built and handsome, in a bold, manly way, with fair, wavy hair and bright blue eyes. Undeniably brave, too, as the record of many a hard-fought field and his speedy promotion could testify.

I confess that I, Mark Lyndon, a simple country squire, plodding and peace-loving, content to breathe my native air on my own ground, had at first regarded this dashing

son of Mars with a feeling somewhat akin to envy; but at this startling announcement that feeling vanished utterly.

I could not envy a man who had so coldbloodedly complicated his own family relationships. However, I gave him my undivided attention, although I made a mental reservation of my approval.

"It was five years ago," began Halbrooke; "the affair commenced then; but before I say any more, let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir. The title and entailed estate would go, of course, to his eldest son, my uncle, but the greater part of his vast wealth would come to me. In fact, he had so declared. I had lost both parents when but a child, and I had grown to manhood under his immediate care, for he had long been a widower. My father had been his favorite son. What more natural than that I should be the preferred one? There was this understanding, however, between my grandfather and myself: I must never marry without his approval. *Marry!* I had no thought of it. My rollicking bachelor life pleased me too well to exchange it for any other.

"And that sort of existence lasted until I was twenty-seven, and then it was brought to an abrupt close by—— What do you suppose? Well, a girl's face! Nothing more. A girl's face seen for a brief moment only at a carriage window, as I was changing cars at Bolton Station. You smile! I don't wonder; but I declare to you that from thenceforth I knew no peace of mind. That face was ever before me, looking out from under a dainty gypsy hat—pale, pure, perfect in outline, with a luxuriant mass of soft, brown hair, full of shiny ripples; dark eyes, a little, red mouth and shining, white teeth.

"'Housewife!' I said to myself, again and again. 'Some dreamy little chit with a pretty face and a head full of romance! I wish I had never seen her! At all events, it is highly probable that we have met for the first and last time, so I'll forget her!'

"Brave words! I could not forget her, and just then, to add to my perplexity, my regiment was ordered off to India.

"A few days before embarking, I received a letter from my grandfather, Sir John Halbrooke, urging me to run down to The Towers, in order that I might meet the lady who was destined to be my future wife. My answer was short and to the point:

"'DEAR GRANDFATHER: I have no desire to marry. Besides, I start for India in two weeks, so I have no time for courtship. But I shall run down to The Towers *to see you*. Your affectionate, etc.'

"The old gentleman's answer was equally concise and explicit:

"'MY DEAR GRANDSON: If you come to The Towers with the intention of putting yourself entirely in my hands I shall be overjoyed to see you. If you attempt to enter my house with any other intention I'll have you shot! And if you go to India I hope to Heaven that you'll be shot any way! Your affectionate, etc.'

"What could be done in the face of such an epistle as this? Evidently nothing! So I cheerfully made my preparations for departure, and before we sailed—I am glad to remember this!—before we sailed I wrote again to Sir John, but this time it was a letter full of gratitude and affection, and earnest regrets that I could not do as he desired.

"To this I received no answer; but a month after my arrival in India I read the announcement of the baronet's death, and the same paper contained *his marriage notice!* A letter from his solicitors explained the mystery.

"My grandfather had been severely injured whilst overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and feeling that death was fast approaching, he had, almost at the last moment, married Gertrude Vale, only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esquire.

"'Moreover,' wrote the lawyer, 'by your grandfather's will, you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his death-bed. Otherwise, you receive not a penny of his fortune.'

"Gracious Heaven! Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother!

"Just then Somers came to my room; Tom Somers, of Ours, a big, burly, fair-haired giant—a good fellow, too. Well, I always liked Somers; then, what did I do but show him the letter!

"'And, Tom,' said I, 'you are going home on leave. Do try to see her, and let me know something of her—won't you?'

"'Why? Want to marry her?'

"'I'd let her hang first, the scheming jade!'

"My friend was silent a moment, then said, slowly:

"'I can tell you all about her.'

"'You!'

"'I. My sisters are great friends of hers. She is a fat, good-natured, motherly sort of a soul! Not young, rather pretty, and has four children by her first husband. Let me see! Was it her first? Yes, of course! Her second died a few weeks after marriage.'

"'By Jove! Why, how many did she have?'

"'Oh, not many. You will be the fourth, dear boy!'

"'Will I? I think not! Ye gods! *Four!*'

"So, bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer. Not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically, I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept one penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift. In the next, I would not accept the whole of it, if burdened with a single restricting clause. And, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but I absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her.

"'And say to my grandmother,' I added, 'that the world is wide enough, and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere, and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates, and not upon her grandson! For my part, it is my firm conviction that Sir John Halbrooke married a maniac, and left an army of maniacs behind him. Pray, then, my dear sir, bear in mind that *I positively refuse to marry my grandmother!*'

"That ended the matter. I was troubled with no more letters about it; not even from Tom Somers, who, by-the-way, soon after resigned his commission, went over to the Civil Service, and became consul to some little Italian town, I believe.

"Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then Fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

"Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey, and met there—who do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen once, and for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

"She was Helen Ashland, a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately. Not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindliness, unselfishness of her heart, which was constantly and unthinkingly revealing itself in a thousand artless little ways.

"So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park wore on to four, and still I lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the mellow air of a belated Autumn.

"And one clear, starlit evening, when Helen and I were saunteringamong the trim flower-beds that were cut in the soft, green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

"When I ceased, my companion looked up at me, wonderingly, and, upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"'What!' she said; 'are you sure? Do you love me—*me?* Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, it cannot—cannot be!'

"'Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose. But, Helen, I cannot let you go from me! I love you! Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long, weary years of my life without you?'

"'Hush!' she cried, sharply. 'Sir, do you know—do you know who I am?'

"'Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!'

"'No, sir, I am not. Gracious Heaven! Colonel Halbrooke, I am *your grandmother, sir!*'

"My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hands and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!' I gasped.

"And standing there by the broad stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care; always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers—a young lady.

"She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying, and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin, she consented.

"'Not for myself, Major Halbrooke,' she continued, 'for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours, and would have been, too, had your father not left so many debts behind him.'

"'You are privileged to speak as you please about my father,' I murmured; 'were he living he would call you *mother!*'

"'Don't be ridiculous, sir!' cried her ladyship, sharply. 'And if you are trying to mortify me, you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. But what could you, or any other man like you, be expected to know of gratitude and—and—justice? However, let it go. Your innuendoes do not touch me, sir!'

"'My dear madame, I——'

"'Pray allow me to proceed! Of course you are wondering how I chanced to meet you here. It was not by chance; it was by *design!* I knew that you despised me, and I almost despised myself. Still, I meant to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know anything of your grandfather's foolish wishes about us until his will was read, and I beg you to believe that I have repeatedly written to you, explaining my position, and entreating you to take your own and to bear no malice; but you never had the civility to answer even one of my letters.'

"'Because I never received them,' I protested.

"'Pardon me; you received them all! They were sent to you through Captain Somers, whose sisters are friends of mine.'

"Ah, Tom, my boy! Tom, my boy! The veriest daredevil of a Sepoy could not have given me a neater stab under the fifth rib than did you, my Christian gentleman!

"'Well,' continued her ladyship, 'as I was about to explain, I told all to Mrs. Ashland, who is my cousin, and the general was sent to fetch you. So I have kept my promise to Sir John, and I am very glad to be able to explain my seeming hardihood.'

"There was a moment of silence. Then I said, boldly:

"'Do I understand that the money is really mine, Helen? But, pray, is that your right name?'

"'No. Ny right name is Gertrude, but to you I am Lady Halbrooke!'

"'No! To me you shall always be *Helen!* Is that money really mine, Helen?'

"'Yes; all yours.'

"'Well, I want it!'

"'You shall have it, sir! Never fear!'

"'I must have it! I'll blow out my brains if I don't get it!'

"'Are you so frightfully in debt?' asked my companion, in a low, awed whisper, her big eyes full of gentlest sorrow.

"'In debt? Thank Heaven, no! But I have "an itching palm." Yet, I can receive nothing from you unless——'

"'Well?'

"'Unless you give yourself to me also!'

"'Would you marry your grandmother?' she asked, between a sob and a laugh.

"'I would! And my great grandmother too, if she came to me like this!'

"Then a smile like the full June sunshine wreathed my darling's perfect lips, and—and—well, to me that prim old terrace became then simply Eden—a garden of all delights.

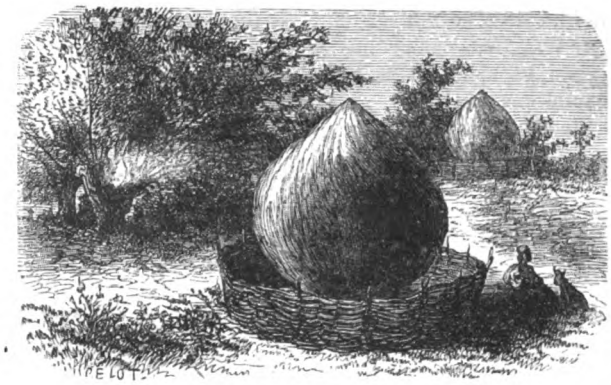
"Later, I remembered the three husbands, and asked Helen about them.

"Poor Tom Somers! To think that he would have romanced as he did about the fat widow, merely to keep me from the woman whom he had long loved. 'Twas her rejection of his suit that sent him away from England. But I could forgive him. I could afford to be generous. And, Lyndon, old friend, come down to The Towers as soon as possible and see my grandmother! She is my wife now. Honestly, I liked my family far too well to think of marrying out of it."

A PORTRAIT.

We all know the "nice" fellow—the cheerful, easy-going society man, who always has a pleasant word for everybody. It is chiefly, however, as a married man that the nice fellow is worthy of a moment's consideration; appearances and reality are so curiously at variance. In public, he retains all his little endearing ways—and in private, too, if poverty does not make itself felt. The nice fellow is scarcely ever rich, and is careful to mix himself up as little as possible with the vulgar troubles of economical household management. He professes himself so bad an arithmetician that he cannot add two and two together, and so ignorant about expenses that there is no use to ask him to apportion his income. Everything will come right in time, he thinks, if "you don't bother."

When his wife foolishly consults him about her difficulties, he tells her that she is morbidly anxious, and ought to have a glass of wine and lie down on the sofa instead of agitating herself about nothing. When there is a bad cook in the establishment, a nice fellow does not grumble, but adjourns to the club or a friend's house, where he is always welcome. When he returns, he has a good story to tell his



A HAY-MOW.

wife, and, if she does not seem very much interested in his doings, wonders how she can give way to temper when he finds it always easier to be pleasant.

The nice fellow is generally in bondage to appearances, and is more particular about his wife's dress than her comfort. It is disagreeable to him, however, to allow himself to think that she wants for anything; so he is always either buying her things he cannot afford or wondering why she herself does not buy them.

When illness appears in the household, the nice fellow takes care to keep out of the way, which, perhaps, is fortunate, as he makes the worst possible nurse; being incapable of that subtle sympathy which supplies ears and eyes and instinctive knowledge to an ignorant person with a heart. The nice fellow, notwithstanding his good looks and charming manner, is painfully inadequate to smooth away the real difficulties of life.

A HAY-MOW.

A RECENT French traveler in Tartary gives an account, with a sketch, of what is called with us a hay-stack, but which is termed by the Tartars a hay-mow. They are much smaller than our farmyard stores of provender, but have a much more graceful appearance.

We have seen, in some parts of the New England States, parcels of hay made up in the same shape, but they are much larger than the Tartar hay-mows, and consequently lose much of their picturesque appearance.

ANCIENT ROMAN CHAIR, WITH IVORY CARVINGS, KNOWN AS ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

AMONG the ancient specimens of ivory carving is one preserved at Rome and known as St. Peter's Chair, being popularly believed to have been used on some occasion, if not habitually, by that apostle. The chair is not all of ivory, but carved plaques of that substance are inserted in it, as shown in our engraving, which gives its present condition, and the arrangement of the carvings. These represent the labors of Hercules, and are certainly of the era of Augustus; in fact, one of the best and earliest specimens of Roman ivory-work.

Another celebrated relic in ivory was executed about the middle of the sixth century; the throne or chair made for Maximian, Archbishop of Ravenna from the year 546 to 556. This is now preserved among the treasures of the cathedral at Ravenna, and is engraved in the great book of Du Sommerard, and by Labarte in his handbook. The chair has a high back, round in shape, and is entirely covered with plaques of ivory, arranged in panels, richly carved in high relief, with scenes from the gospels and with figures of saints.

The plaques have borders with foliated ornaments—birds and animals, flowers and fruits—filling the intermediate spaces. Du Sommerard names among the most remarkable subjects, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Flight into Egypt, and the Baptism of our Lord.

Sir Digby Wyatt says that this chair, having always been carefully preserved as a holy relic, has fortunately escaped destruction and desecration; and, but for the beautiful tint with which time has invested it, would wear an aspect little different from that which it originally presented in the lifetime of the illustrious prelate for whom it was made.

This valuable object could scarcely have been all wrought at one time, as Dr. Kugler distinctly traces in it the handling of three different artists, who could scarcely have all lived at the same period. Some of the plates resemble diptychs. Thus, the series portraying the history of Joseph in Egypt is quite classical; another, and less able artist in the same style, provided the plates for the back, and in one set of five single figures the Greek artificer stands apparent. The simplest explanation appears to be that the throne was made up by the last-mentioned artist out of materials provided for him, and that what was wanted to make it entire was provided by him.

NECESSITY, the parent of industry, has taught the natives to make a sort of artificial land in the barren parts of the island of Malta. They begin by leveling the rock, which, however, they allow to incline a little, that all superabundant water may run off. They then heap together some stones broken into small pieces of an irregular form, which they place about a foot high, and cover with a bed of the like stones nearly reduced to powder. On this they first place a bed of earth, brought either from other parts of the island or taken out of the clefts of the rocks, then a bed of dung, and afterward a second bed of earth. Such, indeed, is the perseverance of the proprietors of this ground, that it becomes in time equally fertile with natural land.

ANCIENT ROMAN CHAIR, WITH IVORY CARVINGS, KNOWN AS ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

HAVANA.—Belen—Asylum of San José—Cemeteries—Diario—Beneficencia, or Foundling Hospital—The State Prison—The Garrote—Washing of Horses—The Fruit and Fish Markets—Cigarette Manufactory—Cigar Manufactory—Insane Asylum—Aqueduct.

We began our sight-seeing one Monday morning with the church and college of Belen, or Bethlehem, notable not only as one of the oldest religious edifices in Havana, but as the royal college of that city, where some three hundred of her coming men receive their education.

The church, hospital, school, monks' quarters, and other buildings, occupy a whole square, the entrance at the corner of Luz and Compostella Streets—the latter named in honor of the Bishop of Compostella, a worthy prelate who built church and hospitals in 1687.

The façade of the church is venerable and impressive, and above it rises the largest dome and biggest tower of any in Havana. The entrance is through a bright little garden, whose scarlet tree-lilies nod pleasantly over the high stone walls closing it in. The church being shut at the hour of our visit, we drove to the door of the monastery adjoining, and, finding it open, walked into a great, cool, dim vestibule, where every day, for more than a century, bread and soup were served at twelve o'clock to whoever came to claim them—and this with such punctuality that a popular proverb still runs: "As certain as the soup of Belen." The dole of soup is now discontinued, but the bread is regularly given out.

Passing through this porch, we ventured to open half of a folding-door at the back, and found ourselves in a great corridor with stone stairs in front, and an arched entrance to some open cloisters at the right hand.

Seated on the steps leading to these was a cross, crabbed old man, engaged in setting a patch upon some trousers so hopeless of aspect that we could not wonder at his own hopelessness. Venturing to interrupt him, we presented our letter of introduction to an English-speaking Father accustomed to act as cicerone; but the old man only muttered peevishly that he didn't know anything about it, and twisted the patch into a new position.

In this emergency a bright-eyed little alycote came running down the stairs, and to him we appealed in well-founded faith; for he at once took the letter and escorted us to the great, cool, dusky *sala*, so long that we could not distinguish the pictures at the further end, and leaving us here, went to summon a *padre*, who presently appeared—not him to whom we were recommended, who was at that moment engaged in the English class, but an unmitigated Spaniard, looking as if he had just stepped out of a last-century painting, and evidently resolved that no daughter of Eve should ever induce him to glance at the fair forbidden fruit, however "pleasant to the vision" it might prove itself.

SCENES IN SUNLANDS.—"'SAN IGNACIO DE LOYOLA,' SEÑORA."

With eyes demurely downcast, he first escorted us up and down the great parlor, and named the popes, bishops and other dignitaries whose portraits covered the walls; among them one really fine head of Christ by an unknown monastic artist.

Finally, unlocking some great doors, he took us rapidly through a long suite of classrooms, including a library, mineralogical collection, one of birds, shells, etc., an *atelier* where the students drew from the flat or from casts, a hall of mechanics, and several others of no especial interest.

Returning through the parlor, we passed into the private chapel at the end, hung with some good paintings, each of which the *padre* politely presented to us, as "'San Ignacio Loyola,' Señora Leslie; 'San Carlos Borromeo,' Señoras," until the sister and myself nearly choked with suppressed mirth as we gravely acknowledged each with a little courtesy; but when it came to the "'Spirits in Purgatory,' Señora Leslie," if the *padre* had glanced into our faces—which he did not—he might have fancied us suffering in sympathy with the unfortunates depicted as calmly standing

breast-high in flames, precisely like surf-bathers, while the Blessed Virgin good-naturedly reached down some water to assuage their thirst.

From this we went to the church, finding it neither very large nor very handsome, and passed through it into a prettily decorated side chapel. Through this again we made our way to a great open court—the play-ground of the pupils, upon which opened refectories, dormitories, a kitchen, a theatre, infirmary and all the offices necessary for the care of more than 200 boys, who remain in the house, while about 100 more come in day by day.

The little sleeping cells were clean and pretty, with a narrow iron bed curtained with mosquito lace, a washing-stand, chair, and crucifix, with holy-water cups for each boy; but no room to swing a cat should he feel so inclined. Each little chamber was screened from the common corridor by a curtain, and the dividing partitions were only six or seven feet high, so that ventilation should not be cut off while privacy was insured—and altogether we agreed that a boy might be much worse off than in the Jesuit college of Belen.

This opinion we confided to the *padre*, who seemed pleased, but a little doubtful as to how far honeyed words might flavor of forbidden fruit; and having made the rounds, we went down-stairs again, past the "'Spirits in Purgatory,' Señora Leslie"—past the sour old porter, who was still struggling with *that* patch, and through the dusky vestibule, to the glare and heat and din of the noonday streets.

From Belen we drove to the arsenal, a large walled space containing not only cannon and other weapons, but a navy-yard and storehouses.

It is just outside the town at the southwest, bordering upon the sea and confronting, on the land side, some picturesque ruins of the old city wall, which, with its gates, crops up here and there in one's explorations of Havana, like a hand from the dead and buried past, beckoning one to listen to its voiceless traditions.

Two young officers of artillery received us courteously, and although inwardly marveling at these American amazons, who drove about in the middle of the day, demanding knowledge and inspection of affairs in no way relating to feminine pursuits, patiently led us from one great building to another over miles, as it seemed to us, of burning gravel walks, and showed us in this great coils of cable, anchors of every size, sails, oars, ships' lanterns, all sorts of brass fittings and mountings; and in another cannon, big and less big; guns, bayonets, cutlasses, stacks of balls, canisters and barrels of rifle-balls and powder, with all sorts of explosive and disagreeable things, both complete and in parts; carpenters' shops, where gun-carriages and kindred articles are made, and blacksmiths' forges and foundries for the production of metal fittings.

One of the most interesting of all these was a building devoted to the manufacture of *persianas*, or, as we call them "Venetian blinds," for the windows of the officers' quarters and some other buildings.

An ingenious little machine cuts the wood into long, lithe strips like very narrow ribbon, and another rounds the edges of half of them so as to leave a sort of great wooden cord. A flat strip and a round one are laid alternately where the *persiana* is to be woven and a stout linen string is arranged at a little distance from either end in such fashion that, as the loom works, it lifts alternately one of the flat and one of the rounded strips, and weaves the cord in and out, securing them firmly together, yet leaving the whole affair pliable enough to roll easily and smoothly. The pretty cut white-wood gave out a cleanly fragrance, the place was quiet and cool, the operators elderly and courteous, and the completed *persanias* pretty and artistic.

These shades are of universal use in Havana, and our own pretty rooms at the Pasage Hotel had one falling from the outside from above the great window, and out across the balcony, which it completely shaded, while at the two ends we obtained glimpses of the busy sunny world and the great sea beyond.

After this, the pleasant young officers took us to see the barracks, several large buildings in which the men were just about to partake of, for dinner, a substantial soup brought in great buckets from the kitchen, and served in plates holding at least a quart, upon long, bare tables.

The gay young captain said he had never tasted this soup, but thought it looked and smelled savory, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he proceeded to test it, and offered the señoras a spoon in case they wished to do the same. The Sister gravely accepted, and pronounced it excellent, but garlicy; and we presently left the refectory to its more legitimate occupants.

The opposite room was a dormitory, with long rows of cots neatly rolled up, the blankets folded up beside them, and a clothes-chest standing beneath—cot and chest numbered to correspond with their owner.

In the corridor between these two rooms hung two or three "Articles of War," framed and glazed for the constant consideration of those whom they might concern; and, albeit they concerned us not at all, we paused to consider them also.

The first ordained that a private stealing money or any article worth a certain small sum from an officer's quarters should be punished with death. The second provided as grimly against quarreling with or striking an officer, with milder penalties for assault and battery.

The third gravely forbade privates from receiving their friends in a jocular manner, calling their names from a distance, running after them, addressing them by nicknames and *sobriquets* in an audible voice, or, in fact, derogating from the dignity and formality suitable to a Spaniard!

The gay young officers laughed with us at the Articles of War, but I caught a very stern glance in the captain's eye, as he turned it upon a private, who, with half-averted head, was evidently listening to the remarks of the visitors.

Leaving the men to their soup and noonday siesta, we strolled on past the dainty little houses with gay gardens and *persiana'd* windows and verandas where the officers live, and paused beneath the shade of a lot of palms, while an orderly ran for the key of the chapel—a pretty octagonal building, standing by itself.

The inside was large enough to contain the altar, a confessional, and a dozen or so of chairs, intended, as we were informed, for the wives of the officers; their husbands finding room in the half dozen square feet of space remaining, and the privates upon the sward outside the building. It must be a pretty sight—the congregation thus described, but we fancy it is generally a very small one.

Bidding adieu to our courteous cicerones, to whom we wish no military hardships beyond those they now endure, we passed through the grim gateway, and with some trouble aroused our *cochero* from his pleasant nap.

Driving leisurely back to our hotel, we passed through the Plaza de Armas, on which stands the residence of the Captain-general—a palace most charmingly associated with my previous visit to Havana, during the reign of General Serrano, Marquis del Torre.

A little further on, at the corner of Ena Street, we came to El Templete—"The Little Temple"—a small edifice built in 1828, upon the spot where, under an old *ceiba* tree, the first Mass was celebrated in Havana, in 1519. A stone

column marks the spot where the old tree stood, and the whole is surrounded by an iron railing. The doors are only opened once a year—upon the 16th of November, the feast of Saint Christopher, or San Cristobal; but there is nothing of interest hidden within, except a bust of Mr. Columbus, and of these one finds so many in Havana that interest in them is apt to flag a little.

In the shadowy afternoon of this day we drove to the Asylum of San José, a sort of reform-school for boys, both white and black. Señor Maestre y Amabile, the warden, or superintendent, received us courteously, and very willingly showed us through the establishment, which is large, but all upon the ground floor; the inner courtyard, open to the sky, being utilized as a cabinet-maker's shop.

There were about 200 youths in the place at the time of our visit, ranging from great, hulking fellows of eighteen or twenty, down to poor little Roman, aged seven, whose baby face and round little body should never have been seen in such a place; but Roman had stolen forty dollars, and the loser, instead of explaining the law of *meum* and *tuum* to the poor baby and putting him supperless to bed, had turned him into this place and this companionship. He was running about idle, poor little soul! but every one else was busily at work at cigar-making, shoemaking or cabinet-work, each department under charge of a contractor, who hires the boys of the Government at the rate of $100 per year, and ten cents a day for each boy's labor.

The worst boys are usually placed in the tobacco rooms, as they can work at this trade without the tools which occasionally prove dangerous weapons, as in the case of an embryo shoemaker, who suddenly turned upon his companions at the right and left and stabbed them both fatally before he could be seized. Two other young fiends deluged a comrade with kerosene oil, and then set him on fire, burning him to death. It was comfortable to know that they were both garroted.

When such offenses as these occur, the criminal is handed over to the civil authorities; but minor misdemeanors are punished by whipping, or imprisonment in the calaboose—a dismal stone cell without light or air, except such as struggles in through an opening in the roof.

Altogether, we concluded that bad boys in Havana are not so much petted and coddled as with us; and Jesse Pomeroy, had he been a Cuban, would not now be alive to frighten every tender mother in the community every time a new Governor is elected.

The tobacco boys were sullen, truculent and bad-looking, and the shoemakers not much better; but the cabinet-makers were more promising, and some of them so merry and boyish of appearance that one's heart ached to see them there.

One lad, busy with shamefaced absorption upon his work of carving a bureau-handle, was pointed out as the son of a wealthy planter, who had spent a great deal of money upon his education, both at home and in Paris, but had finally been obliged to send him here in self-preservation. He was of mixed breed, and his face looked more reckless and undisciplined than really bad.

Much of the work done in the cabinet shop or court, was admirable, especially some great wardrobes just completed.

Opening on the corridors surrounding the court were the dormitories, lettered over the door of each, "*Pequeños blancos*," "*Mayores blancos*," "*Pequeños de color*," "*Mayores de color*"—that is, little and big white boys, little and big colored boys; but the accommodations for the superior race were very little better than for the children of Ham, except that the latter slept side by side upon a wooden platform, whose slant served for a pillow, while the white lads had separate wooden bedsteads, several of them undergoing a suggestive cleansing process at one end of the courtyard.

An infirmary was well provided with simple medicines, and Señor Maestre seemed a most attentive overseer, both of health and comfort.

In a second court, at the back, a great tank, half full of water was shown, where the boys bathe in squads every morning, and we devoutly pray that the day may be hastened of which Señor Maestre spoke so hopefully, when the water will flow in and out of this tank in a perpetual stream, instead of being changed once in several days, as now.

Near the bath was the kitchen—a great, gloomy cavern, its centre occupied by the mass of brick-work representing a stove in Cuba, with several cauldrons simmering in the holes with which it is pierced; the whole superintended by an embodied nightmare, in the shape of an all-but-naked negro, so emaciated as to be scarcely more than a skeleton, his hair cropped close to his head, and his face one of the most malignant and fiendish possible to imagine.

Whether he objected to visitors on principle, or to us in especial, or whether he was annoyed at his picture being sketched—as it was—I know not; but if the ladle in his hand had been a knife, or if he could quietly have plunged the Sister and myself into one of those great steaming cauldrons and made us into soup, I am sure we never should have left the place alive!

Under escort of Señor Maestre and our artist, we stood our ground, and peeped into the kettle of soup, then into one of rice, and finally into one of sweet potatoes and yams, assuring ourselves the *Pequeños* and *Mayores*, both *blancos* and *de color*, were going to have a wholesome and abundant dinner or supper, as you choose, by-and-by.

The hours here are Watts-y, *i.e.*, "Early to bed and early to rise," the rising being at four, with coffee and bread at six, and two substantial meals later in the day.

Besides bad boys the Asilo de San José is a prison for the slaves of debtors, whose creditors seize this species of property and deposit it here. The Asilo charges a small sum for maintenance, or rents the servants to other parties and retains the proceeds.

If the master dies or disappears before his affairs are settled, the slave is sold for the benefit of the creditor. Also, a slave having just cause of complaint against his master for cruelty or neglect, may come here and make his charge, remaining in sanctuary, as it were, until it is investigated; but woe betide the negro should the complaint be pronounced unfounded, and he be handed back to the enraged owner.

We saw a good number of these blacks, the women, many of them, playing with or nursing little coffee-colored babies dressed in nothing but necklaces of beads, shells, beans, or sharks' teeth—considered a sovereign charm against the ills of infancy.

Finally, we sat for a few moments in the quiet little office of Señor Maestre, and looked at the books of the institution, kept upon an elaborate and exact system, every inmate being minutely described as to ancestry, birthplace, antecedents, age, offense, disposition, and various other details.

The negroes were only known by a number, having no patronymics or parentage in especial. We were chiefly interested in the biography of little Roman, to whom we most tenderly wish an early and painless death.

San José cannot be said to have selected a cheerful neighborhood for his asylum, seated as it is between the leper hospital on the one hand, and the great public cemetery on the other.

To the latter, Señor Maestre courteously accompanied us, and would have done so bareheaded, had we not insisted upon his returning for his hat—a most necessary protection in this climate, at almost all hours of day or night.

RUINS OF THE OLD CITY WALLS NEAR THE ARSENAL.

The entrance to this cemetery is through a deep arch, closed with iron gates upon the street. Opening upon this, and at either hand, are the offices of registration and the janitor's room, where we sat for a few moments. In the centre of the arched way stands a pedestal draped in black, upon which is deposited the coffin as it is brought in, and hither comes the priest to murmur a few last prayers above the clay, while the record is made, and the bearers rest for a moment and wipe their brows.

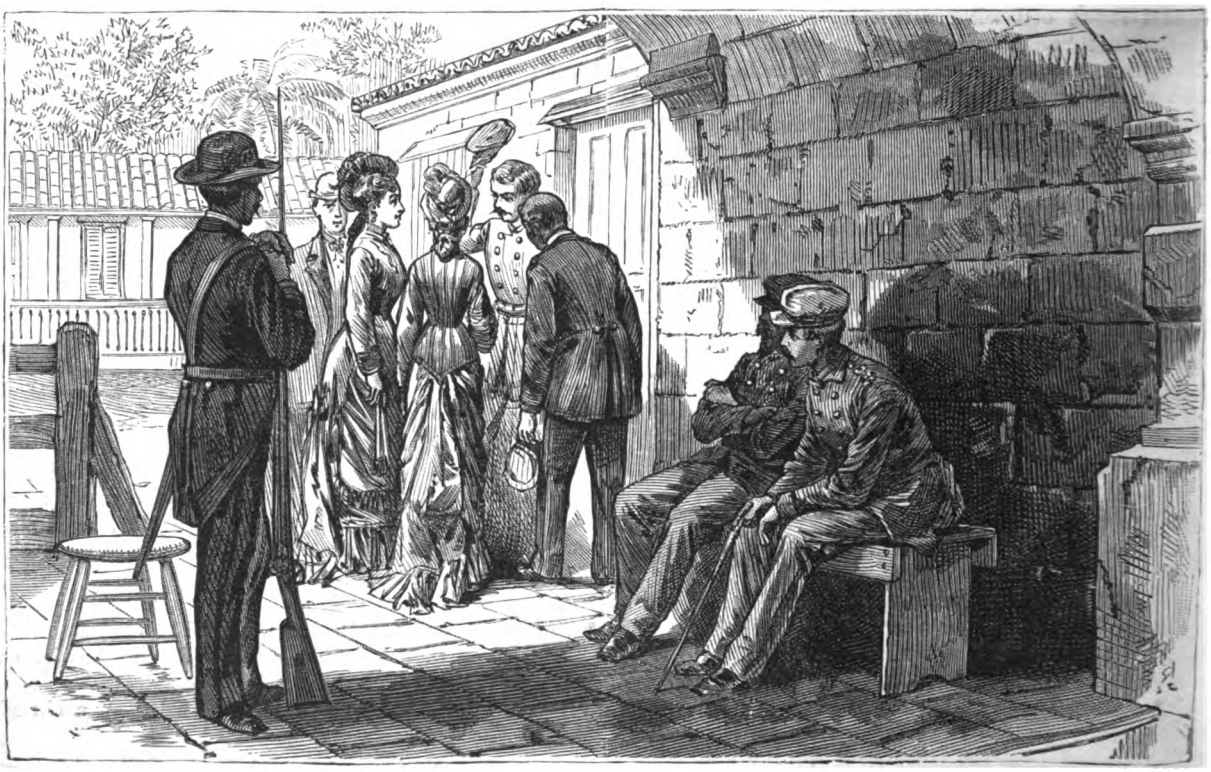
No female relatives of the deceased, however near and dear, accompany the remains to the grave, and often none of the male relatives, for, as in other tropical countries, life is so vivid and absorbing in its brightness and delights as to leave no room for death; and the tender sentiment and reverence with which we surround the graves of our beloved dead is a thing all but unknown in Cuba.

Passing through the arch, we issued upon a great quadrangle surrounded by walls about twenty feet in height and eight feet in thickness. In these walls were the tombs or crypts, each large enough to receive one coffin, and sometimes, perhaps, a tiny one above it; and no one who has not seen it can imagine the strange effect of these rows upon rows, one tier above another, of dark mortuary slabs set in the white wall, each slab hiding a coffin and a life.

A marble-paved walk extended through the centre of the quadrangle, and down this we passed, noticing graves at either hand dug in the ground, but so poorly made that several had fallen in, allowing burrows for rats, and even glimpses of coffins and bones, from which the earth was washed away.

Few graves or tombs are perpetual in the cemeteries of Havana. A crypt in the wall is hired for ten years at a hundred dollars, and may be retained as much longer as the survivors will pay ten dollars per year; but so soon as the rent ceases, the bones are taken out and buried, and the tomb is ready for another occupant. Many of the slabs bore inscriptions showing them to be twenty, thirty, or even fifty years old; suggesting that the deceased must have left a fund to pay for the perpetual occupation of his last bed, since very little affection could be trusted for so long a period.

At one side of this quadrangle opened an arched passage



AT THE ARSENAL.

to another and another—five great courts of death in all, with promise of a sixth soon to be opened. About nineteen hundred tombs are already filled, and there are burials every day.

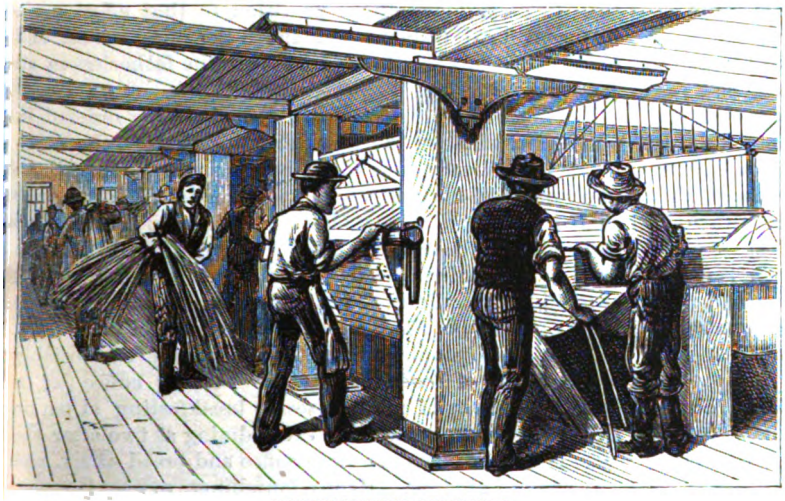
In one of the courts, our courteous guide, Señor Maestre, suddenly paused, and, taking off his hat, pointed to a tablet, saying, simply, "My wife and her little child!" The date was not quite a year old, and the poor young mother was scarcely past her childhood.

The prettiest spot in all the cemetery was a square plot, fenced in and thickly planted with shrubs and flowers, and with garden-chairs and a fountain. It belonged to some titled lady whose son lay entombed opposite.

On a subsequent occasion we drove out to another and still larger cemetery, the burial-place of the poor, as this is of the wealthy. A Cuban gentleman was with us, and on the way we passed four men carrying an oblong box, some three feet in length and one in width, covered with gay pink calico and white fringe. We inquired what might that be, and our friend, in the gayest manner possible, replied in English, "Oh, some small fellow has gone up." It was a baby's coffin.

STOREHOUSE FOR ROPES AND CABLES IN THE ARSENAL.

Before reaching the cemetery we overtook another, covered with blue, and soon after another came in, decked with white and gold, the baby's long, embroidered robes hanging over the end, although the lid was closed.



MANUFACTURING PERSIANAS.

All these children had died of small-pox, so that our charitable wish to assist at their funerals was negatived by common sense.

A horrible black-covered cart with a cross on top was behind us, and, after some parley, entered, and drove roughly down a side path out of sight; they told us it contained the body of a woman from one of the hospitals, and that there would be no religious rite over her burial, although there is one for those who can afford to pay for a priest's attendance.

The poor in this country are laid three deep in their graves, the last interment being very near the surface, and quicklime is employed to prevent infection.

The place was large, unkempt—desolate in the extreme, and as we drove away even I, lover of Cuba and the *Cosas de Cuba* as I am, could not but say:

"Let me live in this beloved island every day of my life but the last, and let me die within reach of Woodlawn!"

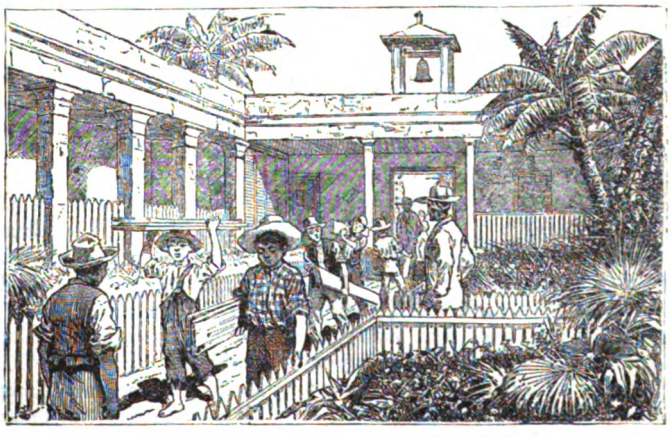
For some days, while pursuing the even tenor of our sight-seeing in Havana, we had been a little surprised at the familiarity with our movements evinced not only by casual acquaintances, but by the custodians of the various places, and where, expecting to be treated as the merest strangers, we often found ourselves received as expected guests. The mystery suddenly revealed itself when some one remarked:

"The *Diario de la Marina* says you were at the match factory yesterday, and think of going to the *carcel* to-day."

"The *Diario* says!" repeated we, incredulously.

"Oh, yes; it tells us your movements every day, and as everybody reads the *Diario*, everybody knows all about you."

Literally we "awoke to find ourselves famous," for the very next morning a damp copy of that day's *Diario de la Marina* was slipped under the door of our apartment, and was found to contain



COURTYARD OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

a most courteous and respectful account of our yesterday's adventures and opinions of the places we had visited—the attention probably given in that *esprit de corps* which so pleasantly distinguishes the editorial fraternity.

No American journal, however, can hope to occupy the place with its public held by the *Diario* among the people of Havana, and for some distance outside the city; for in traveling, one sees his fellow-passengers rushing out of the cars as they approach the city, with eager demand in every line of their faces, replaced by happy smiles as they return, a *Diario* in one hand, a *sapote* in the other. It is the "guide, philosopher and friend," the *vade mecum*, the "Thirty-nine Articles," the Creed, the evangile, of every educated Cuban. Its opinions are quoted as final, its wildest views received as gospel, its jests as the rarest wit. Its circulation is immense, and we were pleased to hear that as property it annually divides a fortune to its happy owners.

We were so fortunate, before leaving, as to make the acquaintance of Messrs. Montaos and Granádos, the editor and publisher, and found them most delightful specimens of journalistic potentates.

Long life and prosperity to the *Diario*, say we, and may it ever succeed, as now, in pleasing all parties, and yet preserving a perfectly independent and dignified position in the vexed whirlpool of Cuban political life.

So, following the prophecy of the *Diario*, we drove, on a lovely Sunday afternoon, to the Beneficencia, or Foundling Hospital, a State institution, but administered by some sweet-faced and low-voiced nuns of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, a chaplain, and thirty or more hired nurses; each unweaned baby having a woman devoted to it, who costs the establishment, in wages, board and proportion of other expenses, about fifty dollars per month.

At the time of our visit there were over six hundred children in the Hospital, from the infant of a few days up to some half-grown girls, whose embroideries and plain needlework were exhibited by their directors with great pride.

The Sisters themselves do exquisite work in lace and embroidery of various sorts, and derive a considerable income from its sale, although the Beneficencia is a wealthy institution, owning houses, lands and stocks to a large amount.

Among other beautiful articles which the Sisters in charge of this department showed us, was a handsome robe in blue silk, with a flowing mantle, which they were embroidering for the statue of the Virgin at Belen, and a blushing, dark-eyed girl was summoned from the gallery around the inner courtyard, where she and her companions promenaded, and was presented as one of the principal workwomen upon this robe.

The less skillful and artistic embroideries of these young Penelopes are used in the house, as was pointed out in going through the dormitories, where each little bed had its pillow-case and sheets trimmed with lace, and its dainty white curtains looped back with ribbons.

The Sisters also showed us press after press filled with little white frocks, skirts, and all sorts of clothing for children, all beautifully made and exquisitely laundried, and stores of household linen enough to set a German housewife wild with envy.

Some little creatures of three or four years old were toddling around, clinging to the Sisters' skirts, as prettily dressed, as plump and merry-looking as any lady's child; but others were pale and sickly, and evidently inheriting the curse entailed from fathers upon the children.

The dormitory of the infants was very pretty, with a long row of little cribs at either hand, carefully curtained with white net, and having a number at the head. Many of these were occupied, the babies often lying awake and staring around with black, shining eyes, or else sleeping, unmindful of noise or light, enough to distract an only child in a private nursery.

A sort of altar at the top of the room, with a picture of the Holy Mother and Child, seemed to shed a blessing over the place, and we thought how much better the vicious and destitute parents of these children had done for them in abandoning them, than they could have done in retaining them. A question for the casuists: Where did these mothers' real duty lie, in the abandonment or in the retaining?

That question may have presented itself cruelly enough to some unhappy mother standing outside the revolving box, which we were shown in one of the lower rooms, accessible outside from a lonely street, and inside from this room, where two Sisters nightly sleep, to be ready to receive any little unfortunate confided to their charge.

Pillows and blankets are laid in the several departments of the turn-table, but wretches are found base enough to steal them, unless of the very poorest quality.

An electric bell is connected with the machine and rings whenever it is turned; six or eight infants in a month are received in this manner, sometimes dressed in delicate linen, sometimes in coarse wraps, sometimes naked. If a name is attached to them they are entered on the books by that name with a number affixed; but if nameless, they receive some saint's name with the patronymic of "Valdez," in compliance with a provision to that effect made by the good old bishop who founded the Beneficencia, and promised in this way to be a father to the fatherless in all generations!

The house is a very large one, and admirably ordered in every part, whether the great airy dormitories, the class-rooms for the instruction of all but the very youngest, the refectories and kitchen, where we saw great Majolica pans for the washing of vegetables, etc., the bountiful larder and storerooms or the spacious *pateo* or courtyard, with its wide surrounding galleries, where hundreds of children played or strolled, or sat in their little arm-chairs, reflecting upon the deep things of life, and when supper would be ready.

These little people live methodically and comfortably in the matter of food, rising at five, taking coffee (let us hope with plenty of milk) at seven, breakfasting at ten on meat or fish with potatoes and rice, dining at two after the same fashion, consuming more coffee and bread at six, and going to bed at eight. Happy foundlings, say we!

The chapel was large and handsome, but, as a visiting Sister of another Order confidentially whispered, the Blessed Sacrament was kept in the Sisters' own oratory, where children and nurses and visitors were not admitted. The same Sister asked me about our own Beneficencia for foundlings, and I grieved to remember that the Orphan Asylum at Randall's Island is not half so attractive or cheery or daintily ordered as this, nor do the nurses there remind one in the least of the sweet faces, gentle movements and quiet voices of those Cuban Sisters. Is it possible that Americans have something yet to learn?

But still we must not forget that the climate and the people and the ways of life modify everything in the two places, and that New York can never be as picturesque and genial as Havana, and Saxons never can be Latins, and hired service can never be given with the grace and fullness of that offered purely for the love of God and His children.

The *Diario* said, that with the courage and energy of American ladies, we were going to the *Carcel*, or State Prison; and, although the *Diario* no doubt privately thought it a very improper thing to do—certainly a thing

that no Cuban lady would ever dream of doing, to the Carcel we went, always under proper authority and protection.

Like the Lazaretto and Beneficencia, and, indeed, almost all the public buildings, the Carcel is down by the sea, and it may add something to the bitterness of captivity to hear the perpetual booming of that great type of freedom—the unfettered ocean.

We were admitted, after some formalities, to an office where, among more appropriate belongings, we noticed a glass shrine, containing a very dressy Virgin, with the photograph of the lady presenting her, modestly placed at her feet! Also, we counted nine rocking-chairs, two non-rocking ones, a sofa and a big desk in a room about ten feet square, and by the time we had duly admired all of these, a dignified official appeared, who received us as in his own house, accompanied by a gentleman who spoke English, and consequently attached himself to the Sister, whose Spanish had been neglected in early youth, while following in the train, although at a considerable distance, was a man of little over twenty, whose great, sorrowful dark eyes fixed themselves upon us with the dumb pleading of a spaniel's.

Before leaving the office we looked at the books, kept much like the register in our own prisons, except that every white prisoner is entered as Señor Don so-and-so, the blacks being distinguished only by a number. The name, age, description of offense, sentence, and any other details peculiar to each convict, are entered in this book, and also whether it is a first or second offense; so that, with the help of a little invention, Mr. Ainsworth, or authors of his stamp, could furnish forth a whole library of Dick Turpin novels, with heroes agreeably drawn from the living models.

Passing from the office through the vestibule, we entered through iron gates the prison proper, a turnkey going before to unlock and relock the various doors, and to sound a whistle at the end of each ward to warn the prisoners, some of whom are rather negligent of attire, to clothe themselves or skulk out of sight.

As usual, the building was a hollow square, built round an interior courtyard; but, instead of the lovely garden of the Lazaretto or the Beneficencia, this was only a dreary, paved area, intersected by iron fences with locked gates; thus making several separate yards, in which the convicts lounged or lay, their misery made more miserable by the aimless idleness of their lives.

There were, on the day of our visit, 670 men in this prison, and perhaps 100 were at work in the cigar and shoe factories, but the rest perfectly idle.

Labor is not enforced, but permitted to those who choose to earn the very fair wages paid by the Government contractors to good workmen. If a man chooses to learn one of these trades, he is instructed, and as soon as his work is worth anything, fairly paid; but it is only a limited number who avail themselves of the privilege.

For those who thus earn money, or whose friends are able to provide them with it, there are various luxuries to be obtained at the stall of a huckster in one of the corridors, in the shape of fruit, sweetmeats and other dainties, as well as tobacco and cards.

Also there are two grades of accommodations above that of the regular prison; the parlor, or *sala*, being a tolerably clean and extensive colonnade, upon which open sleeping-rooms very decently furnished, even to rocking-chairs and strips of carpet. A good table is provided for the aristocratic sinners occupying this apartment, and they pay one dollar and fifty cents a day for their imprisonment.

As we entered this place, a fine-looking man, handsomely dressed, started to his feet, and began pacing excitedly up and down, casting angry looks at the intruders, while the pretty woman to whom he had been talking buried her face in the neck of the little child upon her knee, and never looked toward us. The guide informed us, in a low voice, that this was a scion of one of the first families of Cuba, that he was here for forgery and embezzlement, and that his wife and child were spending the day with him. We went on as rapidly as possible, quite sympathizing with the anger and shame of the man, whose severest punishment was the ignominy he had brought upon himself and all belonging to him.

Beyond this was the chapel, a forlorn place enough, where mass is celebrated weekly, and where a priest preaches to such convicts as choose to assemble in the courtyard to listen to him.

After this, desiring to see everything, we passed through the common wards, everywhere followed by a silent crowd of prisoners to the limit of their section, and always leaving them clinging to the bars of the fences closing them in, and staring after us with eager eyes.

"Do these men expect money from us?" we inquired, a little disconcerted by this mute appeal.

"They would be glad of money, if you like to give it; but that is not why they follow you," replied the interpreter, frankly. "We seldom see women here, never ladies, and above all, such ladies."

"It is a very Cuban speech, Señor," responded we; wondering if, after all, the *Diario's* probable disapproval was not reasonable.

However it may be, I must confess that in no collection of people did I ever behold so many evil, horrible faces, such degraded types of men, such malignant and blood-thirsty eyes. One felt more as if walking through a menagerie than a prison for human beings, and we were glad to see the alert and well-armed guard, who watch night and day in a guard-room at an angle commanding two of the principal corridors, ready to quell disturbance at any moment by the most resistless arguments. Disturbances are, however, rare; for, as the interpreter remarked with a bitter little laugh:

"How can they rebel, but to get themselves shot? What good to them?"

"The ladies will not like to see the garrote?" asked the superintendent, apologetically.

But the ladies desired to see all the secrets of the prison-house, and so were taken up-stairs to an empty ward, where the hideous thing was laid away in a coffin-like box; for it is no longer used, death by shooting having taken its place. But the garrote still lives, and was set up for our inspection; and a burly negro standing by was invited to seat himself upon the stool, that the operation of the thing might be demonstrated upon him. Even the prospect of a dollar, however, could scarcely conquer poor Sambo's horror and suspicion of the affair; and when the iron collar was passed round his neck, his coffee-color blanched to dirty yellow, and he thrust one of his great paws between the iron and his neck with a cry of terror.

Releasing him after a moment, the turnkey gave the winch at the back of the post a few sharp turns, showing how the empty collar could be brought up close to the post, against which the victim's head rests, while at the back at the same time an iron projection upon the post is brought across the spine, which it dislocates, causing instant death.

"Did any one ever actually suffer by this particular machine?" asked we, faintly, as we turned away from the horrible object.

"Any one!" repeated the interpreter, with his bitter laugh. "Hundreds—yes, hundreds of people, and some of them innocent people too."

The Director turned and cast a look of stern warning at him, and the rich mouth of the handsome lad, who continued to follow us, turned pale.

What memories did the garrote evoke for them, aye, and what apprehensions, for as we learned before we left the *carcel*, both the gentlemanly cynical interpreter and the charming Antinöus of a lad were prisoners, incarcerated for

WICKED LITTLE ROMAN.

very grave offenses, but allowed to range the prison, and mix with visitors, as they had with us!

Returning to the more ordinary affairs, we visited the kitchen, where a Friday dinner of salt cod-fish, potatoes and rice was cooking, and we presently saw it served in tin pans, one for each man, carried to the different wards upon a sort of barrow by two men.

The odor of cod-fish is never agreeable, and on this occa-

KITCHEN OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

sion it formed no exception to the rule, and its taste was probably worse; but what would you have? As Governor Robinson of Nassau said: "A prison is a place of punishment, and not of luxury, and if the accommodations are not agreeable, people had better keep away from them."

Coffee and bread are served at six, breakfast at nine, dinner at five, and at eight the lights are put out, and the prisoners, rolling themselves in their blankets, lie down upon the softest board they can select in the floor of the ward-room, and pillow themselves upon their arms. No! it is not a place of luxury!

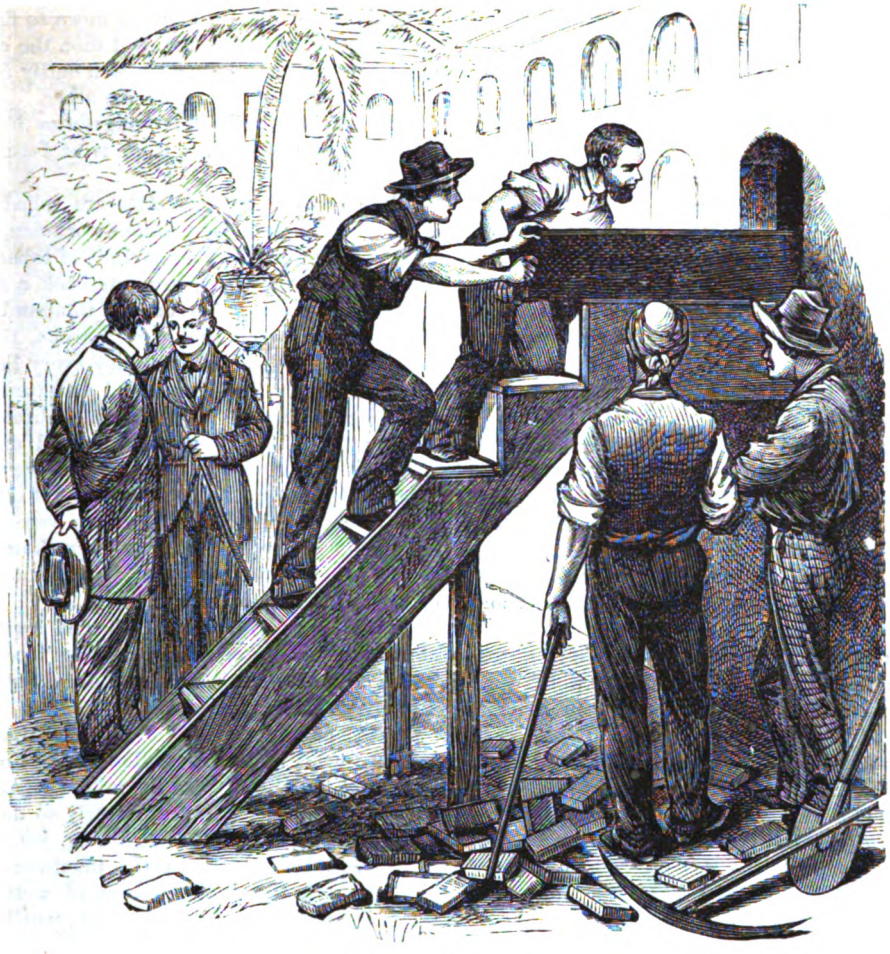
Finally, we took a peep into the court-room, where a judge attends every day to examine and convict or discharge any newly arrested person; and, in passing out, looked at the double grating through which prisoners and their friends converse, while a guard stands in the alley between the two gratings; and if the visitor has brought any little present of food or clothing, this guard transmits it, after due examination.

Oh, how sweet and pure the outside air seemed, as we stepped out of those prison gates! How clear and bright

COURT-YARD OF THE SLAVE-QUARTERS OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

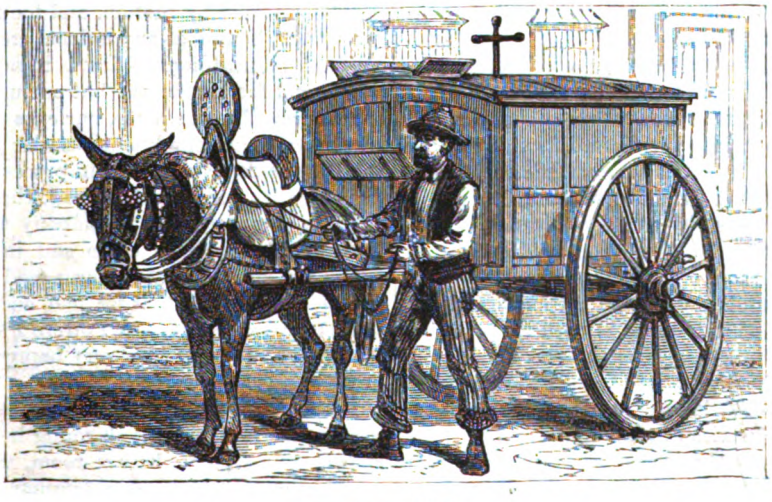
the sky arched overhead! and the ocean at our feet was more gladly free than ever before. "And show Thy mercy on all prisoners and captives" seemed a very eloquent petition just then.

Going home, we saw a more cheerful sight than any in the Carcel; for a troop of horses were going in to bathe in a shallow nook of the bay, and their gambols and plunges, and the bright splashing of the water in the sunlight, made a gay little picture to store in one's memory. This bathing scene is a daily occurrence, and at the right time of the tide one meets horses by the score going down to the beach in long strings, each animal's head tied to his predecessor's tail, and one man guiding a dozen or more horses.



A CUBAN INTERMENT.

A pretty sight, too, are the processions of little donkeys coming into town in the morning, laden with produce of various sorts for market. In some narrow streets one sees a moving stack of corn-fodder, sugar-cane, or other green stuff, with four delicate little gray legs just peeping from beneath it, and, on approaching very closely, and just in the right line, perceives a pair of long ears and two bright eyes niched in the green bower, like an idol in a shrine; while at the other end the feeble whisk of a rope-like tail proclaims how brief is the back which yet supports so long a load. Sometimes, again, one sees a larger beast—a mule, or even a wretched horse—bearing enormous panniers filled with every imaginable garden produce: strings of garlic, gourds, okras, cucumbers, salad-herbs, and generally with a turkey or two, some chickens, ducks or geese fluttering at the top of the load, screaming their expostulations, and advertising their master's wares to the public at large.



THE DEATH-CART

The fruit market, which we visited one morning, is a very pretty sight, divided into stalls, each heaped with its picturesque assortment of gayly colored or verdant fruit and vegetables. An industrious friend counted fifteen species of vegetables, all fresh, and wonderfully cheap; and as one never sees any thing at the hotels beyond tomatoes and little peas, with an occasional garnish of mashed potatoes, the wonder naturally arises how the caterers could resist some day or other purchasing at least a few of the twelve remaining candidates for favor.

Besides edibles, a great variety of other articles were exhibited upon the stalls, such as gay handkerchiefs, hats, shoes, men's clothes, and women's finery, giving the whole more the look of a foreign fair than the prosaic market to which we are accustomed.

The fish market is well worth a visit, and one day as we were returning, by water, from the forts, we directed the boatman to land us on the wet and not over cleanly bench, where the fishing boats came up to unload.

Rather a scramble

up some broken steps brought us into the market, on the venders' side of the tables, and, quite crushed by the grave disapproval of the *Señores Don* fish-dealers, we hastened to go round to the public side, and mingle with the *bona fide* purchasers, who were eagerly bargaining for the strangest-looking creatures and pieces of creatures of the fishy order we had ever beheld.

Some of these fish, however, were very beautiful, and we mildly persisted in wearying the souls of the unhappy dealers with questions, set down by them as mere unprofitable curiosity, until we learned that the gay red and yellow fish was a *perro* or dog-fish; the rainbow-hued one was a *virgen;* the blue was a *bullon;* the dark one a *vieja* or old one; the striped yellow and white was a *ronco*, and the red with black spots was a *bonaci* or cardinal. The great fish cut up into lumps was a *pargo*, and one with yellow bands a *rabbi-rubia.*

Near the fish market was a fruit stall, and the gentlemen of our party thither repaired to refresh themselves after our arduous studies, with the milk of queer cocoanuts there displayed. We ladies were left in charge of one unfortunate youth, deputed to play sheep-dog for the nonce; but the rebellious sheep soon broke bounds, and audaciously invading the fruit stall, demanded to be also refreshed and comforted.

The demand was graciously met, and the pile of cocoanuts overhauled to find the freshest and finest, which were decapitated with much flourish by the swarthy proprietor, and handed over to the thirsty ones, who drank, made wry faces at one another, and drank again. Cocoanut milk, like lobsters and olives, is an article one learns to like very much, but does not like without learning!

Our way home lay past the Honradez cigarette factory, and it was proposed to finish the day by an inspection of this, perhaps the most celebrated manufactory of paper cigars in the whole world.

We were most cordially received by the superintendent, and, first of all, invited to write our names in a visitor's book, already containing several hundreds of signatures and many admiring comments.

Proceeding systematically through the establishment, we first saw the cooper's shop, where they were making charmingly neat boxes and barrels, the wood and staves, as well as the machinery, coming from the United States. The boxes are joined without nails or glue, simply by dovetailing, and the barrels are marvels of neat workmanship.

These latter are destined for the Mexican market, and contain 2,000 packages each—worth $50,000, gold.

The boxes are also sent to South America and the United States; indeed, these cigarettes are dispatched all over the world, and well support their proud title of Honesty (*Honradez*), being made of the best tobacco grown in this hemisphere, and prepared in the most careful manner.

Passing up-stairs, we saw the crude tobacco going through a machine which shreds it into the desired form for future use; and then came to the hydraulic presses, where a pound of these loose shreds, in bulk—"about a hatful," as one of the gentlemen remarked—is, by one slow crunch of the machine, compressed into a flat, thin cake, solid enough to handle and toss about without crumbling.

Packages of sixty pounds are similarly compressed for convenience of export. This tobacco is used for pipes, or by gentlemen rolling their own cigarettes.

In a room by themselves, we were presented to thirty of the prettiest and daintiest little machines possible to imagine—Parisian in make, American in ingenuity.

Packages of paper, cut in the desired form, were inserted at one side, a quantity of tobacco put into a receiver at the top, a workman turned a crank, and through the glass panels one could see the slip of paper gently curled around a cylinder, the tobacco slipping down to fill the tube thus made, the rolling completed, and then the cigarette passing round beneath a steel finger which deftly folded down the top, first at one side and then the other.

Each machine rolls thirty cigarettes in a minute, and the saving of outlay thus made is at least twenty-five per cent.

Still, a great many cigarettes are rolled by hand, both in the establishment, by Chinese workmen, and by outside artisans, who take away six pounds of tobacco and one and a half pounds of paper, bringing back a great, wheel-like package containing five or six thousand cigarettes, for which they are paid in copper checks, the checks being presented and redeemed in money every Saturday.

In a section by itself, we found an extensive and elaborate lithographic and printing establishment, employed in printing the labels for the boxes and envelopes for the single bunches of cigarettes; and here we were charmingly surprised by seeing the little press print off our own names upon some gay envelopes, in which were presently folded bunches of cigarettes for us to carry home and show our friends, in perpetual proof that, if we do not smoke, it is not for need of the opportunity!

Finding that two hours had slipped away in these most interesting investigations, we hastily took our leave, delighted with all we had seen, and deeply appreciative of the courtesy we had experienced.

Another day we went to the Cabañas cigar factory, where the more solid and purpose-like weed is manufactured for those smokers who despise the milder cigarette.

It was a large place, but not nearly so dainty as the Honradez. Beginning at the beginning, we saw the leaves of the tobacco brought from the plantations, and followed them through the whole process of wetting and drying, assorting, trimming and smoothing, until they come into the hands of the workman, who deftly shapes the large outside leaf by means of a sharp little knife, fills it with smaller and more broken tobacco, and rolls it smoothly into the shape of a cigar, finishing the point by moistening it with his tongue. Attention, smokers!

All sizes and several grades of cigars are made here and sent all over the world. In one room we were shown some very handsome cabinets, arranged with good shelves, for the reception of assorted cigars.

The one we looked at had been ordered by an English gentleman, held 4,000 cigars, and was worth $250, gold, in Havana.

Rising betimes one pleasant morning, we sought the Mantanzas Railway Station, and took an early, yes, a very early train, bound, as any rational creature might have surmised, for a mad-house—that is to say, not the train, which was bound for Mantanzas, but our unhappy selves!

However, the sun arose, our eyes gradually consented to stay open, a charmingly enthusiastic gentleman, overseer of the Havana Aqueduct, now in process of construction, was presented by our amiable friend, the editor, and the señor overseer volunteered to accompany us upon our mad visit, if we would afterward come and inspect the waterworks, which we most cheerfully promised to do; so that, altogether, by the time that we had accomplished the twelve miles between the city and Potrero Ferro, where the asylum is situated, we were in a very happy and assured state of mind.

Passing through high iron gates and up a pretty little garden, we rang a most alarming bell, and were presently shown into a great, barren room, with a library table in one corner, to which, as a familiar object, we gravitated with one accord, and seated ourselves in the inevitable

rocking-chairs in its vicinity. Here we were presently joined by two courteous and dignified gentlemen, Doctors Aced y Arana and Lara, superintendents and physicians of the Asylum, which is a Government institution.

After a little conversation, we were invited to the dining-room to take coffee—a welcome refreshment after our early journey—and then proceeded to the *sala*, or principal room of the women's quarters—a large, open place, with a roof, but no walls, with benches running all around it, a great table and a piano at one end.

Scarcely had we entered when a small but exceedingly dignified woman came forward, looked haughtily at the ladies of the party, and demanded why they thus intruded upon her. The doctors soothed her with some deferential reply, and she discontentedly walked away. This was a woman of quality—a countess; and in watching her movements and expression, one realized the truth of the French proverb: "Good blood does not lie."

A tall and masculine woman, wearing a sort of helmet, and having her dress adorned with brass buttons, straws and threads, in a half-military fashion, presented herself as the widow of General Prim, and seemed disposed to dispute our entrance; but, thinking better of it after the distribution of some small pieces of money, walked away, muttering stormily. An exclamation from the Sister recalled our attention, and, turning, we found her enacting a tableau with a horrible-looking negro girl, who had seized the golden cross attached to her watch-chain, and, falling upon her knees, was kissing it passionately, and murmuring *Ave Marias* and *Glorias* by the dozen.

She was a religious enthusiast, and brought to this pass by over-much pious exaltation; and in this connection, Doctor Aced y Arana informed us that first religion, and afterward blighted affection, were the two great factors in the overturn of the female brain. He also said that the proportion of madwomen to madmen was quite large, but that more delicacy was felt in placing them in a public asylum; a great many being cared for by their friends at home. There were, for instance, in this house only 189 women out of 514 patients. About two-thirds of the whole were negroes, and these, among the women, were almost wholly religious fanatics.

Moving among the restless crowd of madwomen in the *sala* and courtyard beyond were seen the quiet black-robed figures of the Sisters, who devote themselves here, as in the Lazaretto, to the most laborious and loathsome duties, and always in that gentle and unobtrusive manner which lends a holy grace to their every action.

There is provision made for fifteen Sisters in this establishment, but the calls upon them from other quarters are so urgent, that only eight can be obtained; and the superintendent greatly bewailed the deprivation, as he said, "their influence upon his unhappy patients was most soothing and beneficial."

From the *sala* we passed into several stone courtyards opening into each other, but divided with locked gates. All were surrounded by cells—some open, with the inmates strolling in and out, and chatting comfortably, if not very wisely together, and some of their cells closed with iron gratings, behind which, the poor frenzied creatures raved and stormed in unintelligible rage.

One Amazon of a negress, taller and stronger than most men, although not twenty years old, had bitten her poor lips and torn her face until she was a horrible object, and at sight of strangers gnashed her teeth, and shook the bars of her door, longing to fall upon us, and make us like herself.

The doctor changed her mood, however, by lighting a cigarette, and handing it to her with a kindly smile; and, although she snatched it without a word of thanks, one could see that it was a sedative for at least a few moments.

Near her was an open cell, neatly and even prettily arranged, with a few woodcuts and little ornaments pinned to the walls, and in a wooden rocking-chair sat, at her needlework, a young woman, with a gentle, frightened face, who rose and made us welcome with pleased alacrity.

Our compliments upon her room evidently delighted her, and she hastened to extract from beneath her counterpane some volumes of bound music, which she assured us she could play quite through, and would do so if the doctor would permit her to open the piano in the *sala*. The permission was given, and it was a rare sight to notice the little feminine airs and graces with which the musician seated herself, spread her scant skirts, adjusted her music, and rendered her score with really a good deal of skill despite the vocal accompaniments of various sorts contributed by her companions, some of whom danced a waltz to a very mournful nocturne.

Returning from the *sala* to the courts, we came upon Camita, the heroine of the day and place.

Carmita was a woman of thirty-odd, with great, glowing dark eyes, wavy black hair, not cut off like most of the lunatics', a large, red mouth and glittering white teeth, a little wolfish of aspect; not regularly beautiful, and yet with that nameless attraction about her which has been the charm as well as the bane of many a woman besides Carmita; for it is one that few men can or do resist, and when united with weak principles and tropical passions, it may well lead its possessor to a madhouse or to a prison.

She was quaintly costumed in a sort of bright-colored turban, and the scanty white or tow-colored garments provided by the house, which were looped and draped with an air of careless grace; and she came to meet us and bid good-morning to the physicians in a jaunty, assured fashion, quite like a princess of the *demi-monde* receiving morning calls from intimate friends. But more of Carmita anon.

Pausing in front of a cell with a white curtain drawn across the open door, the doctor knocked reverentially upon the lintel, and a tall, blonde young woman appeared, looked at the group of strangers in great astonishment, and, catching the doctor's hand, carried it to her forehead, saying, in a childish, caressing sort of way: "It aches so, it does ache, dear doctor. Give me something to make it better—do!"

The medical superintendent promised, always in the kind, paternal manner which spoke volumes for the benevolent tone of his treatment; and, indeed, all of the patients flocked about him with the greatest confidence and affection.

"You must see our Russian," remarked he, as we left the pretty fraulein who had been a milliner, deserted by the youth who should have married her, and had lost her wits in grieving after him.

But the Russian was not to be found for a long time, having ensconced herself in a sort of shed, where she sat upon the ground, against the wall, her knees drawn up to her chin, and her head bound with a gay Turkish towel. A similar one was tied around her waist, and a bit of the fringe cut off and pinned at the neck of her white cotton dress; this being her favorite and special form of ornament, although we are not accustomed, of late, to think of Russians as peculiarly devoted to anything Turkish, unless it be Turkish blood.

But this Russian had lived in Paris, and spoke French habitually. We addressed her in that tongue, but after one quick upward glance, she dropped her head still lower, muttering some more emphatic than polite allusions to

CHILDREN'S DORMITORY IN THE BENEFICENCIA.

people who would come and insult her in her exile. We assured her that we were not of *perfide Albion*, any more than herself; but she remained incredulous, even when we minutely described certain places in Paris, familiar to all denizens of that dear city, but not to casual visitors.

"Do you know Count P——?" asked she, suddenly.

"No."

"Or the Duchesse ——? or Duc ——? or Marquis ——?"

We were obliged to confess our ignorance of all these great people, and were scornfully informed:

"Then you don't know Paris. I know all of those people—yes, and more of the same sort!"

And she actually refused our hand at parting, as we did not belong to her set!

The doctor informed us that she had been a musician of considerable reputation, and had had "testimonials" and gifts from royalty itself.

Before leaving the women's ward, we went with one of the soft-eyed Sisters where were stored an abundance of coarse gray linen garments, bed-linen, the sackings which, stretched upon frames, form the only beds in most public or private Cuban houses, and some long, coarse garments with sleeves tapering down to a point, and finished by strings—the terrible strait-jackets, whose very name, and much more sight, suggest such visions of raving mania and unseemly struggles, more like demoniacal possession than mere mental disturbance.

The milder maniacs sew considerably on all these garments, under supervision of the Sisters, and some do very nice work.

We also looked into the neat store-rooms and larder, all under the supervision of a Sister detailed for this work, who took an innocent pride in pointing out the daintiness of arrangement and cleanliness everywhere obvious. We also saw the pretty chapel, where Mass is celebrated every morning. The men's quarters are quite distinct from those of the women, lying across the road and inside another high fence. They were more extensive, but not so cheery or pleasant, the cells opening upon wide verandas, which darkened them considerably, and the stone-paved courtyards looking very barren and dreary.

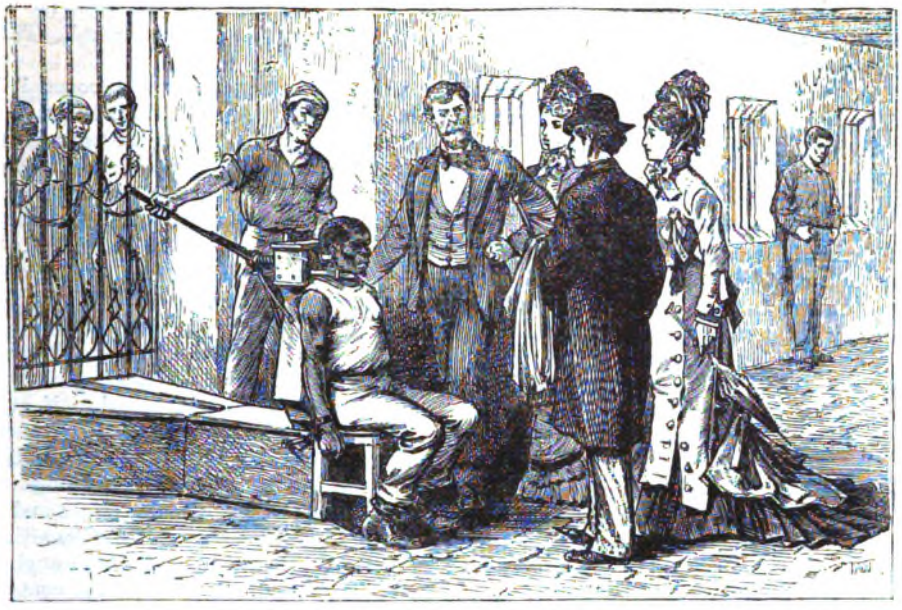
A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE BENEFICENCIA.

The infirmary was large, and a good many beds were occupied by patients more or less ill, who rolled their wild eyes upon the medical director with a hopeful stare, as if wont to find relief at his hands.

A Sister was dressing a little boy, who presently ran from his gentle nurse, and, grasping one of Dr. Aced y Aranas fingers, begged to be taken to his

quarters for the day. The request was smilingly granted, and the little fellow's pale face lighted up with joyful smiles.

His name was Rafael, or Rafaelito, or simply Lito, according to the mood of the speaker, and he was subject to epileptic fits of great violence and danger; so that one could only hope his ten years would never grow to twenty, since his cure was a hopeless one.



ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATION OF THE GARROTE.

Some of the mad men were more grotesque, some more brutal, and all less interesting than the mad women, although probably the most cultivated person in the establishment was an Italian gentleman, reminding one irresistibly of Bulwer's Riccabocca, who sat in his bed eating the roll just served out with coffee as the early breakfast.

Born in Italy and bred in Paris, he had traveled all over the world, and spoke nearly all its tongues with fluency.

He came to Havana as special physician to the Captain-General, and added to this as much practice among the highest class as he could attend to; but the overworked brain gave way, and during the eighteen months he had been in the *Casa de dementes*, his wife and daughter had never made him a visit!

We addressed him in Italian, French and Spanish, and he assured us in English that he knew the city of Boston very well, although he preferred London, "because," added he, after a thoughtful pause, and fixing his mournful, dark eyes on our face, "I was there during my horse stage. I suppose you know that we all have been horses at one time, and when I arrived in London the Prince of Wales at once transformed me into a horse." Of all the sad sights of that house, I think this was the saddest!

WAITING FOR THE VISITING-HOUR OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

In another *patio* we stopped before a securely barred and padlocked grating, behind which stood, glaring at us, a man who, with superhuman strength, once broke bars nearly as strong as these, and rushing out of his cell, seized one of his fellow-prisoners by the throat in his right hand and another in his left, strangling both before he could be dragged away; finishing by biting off the ear of one of his keepers, who finally conquered him.

He seemed quiet enough, but as the little boy ran up heedlessly, close to his cell, an evil light shone from his eyes, and his fingers began to twitch upon the grating.

"Rafaelito!" exclaimed Dr. Aced y Arana, sharply, as he snatched the child away, and then added, "For the love of Heaven, *señoras*, do not go within reach of his hand. If he once gets a clutch upon your throat, no human power could unloose it in time!"

SERVING OUT DINNER FOR THE PRISONERS.

Leaving the horrid creature in haste, we turned to a smiling gentleman who had pursued us for some time, with a portfolio under his arm, and now insisted upon showing us a collection of portraits drawn and colored by himself. They were the crudest possible specimens of art, and nearly all absolutely alike; but the poor fellow gravely turned page after page, announcing, "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Queen Isabella," "Queen Victoria," "General Prim," and finally, in the most sentimental tone possible, describing a page covered with such figures as a child draws upon its slate, with balloon petticoats and curly hair, as "Some ladies that I have loved!"

By the time that we had made the rounds and returned

to the office, or principal room of the house, it was nearly noon, and we spoke of taking leave, but were so gravely assured that it was impossible for us to go before breakfast, that we yielded to the pleasant necessity, and were presently escorted to the dining-room, where, to our own party of five and the four resident physicians, were added four gentlemen, who had mysteriously dropped in from the skies, or elsewhere, as visitors.

Being seated at table, some one suddenly discovered that we were thirteen—a casualty involving, as every Latin knows, the death of one of the party within the year.

"I see," replied the medical director, with one of those melancholy smiles peculiar to Spanish faces; "but the misfortune would never be so rude as to fall upon ladies, and for myself and my comrades, what matter!"

Nevertheless, he beckoned an attendant and gave him a whispered message, which, after some little time, resulted in the startling apparition of Carmita, clad in festal robes of an antiquated pattern, her hair braided and dressed with ribbons, and an enormous blue fan in her hands.

Entering the room with a coquettish grace, not very much exaggerated from what one often sees out of a madhouse, she loudly announced that nothing would give her more pleasure than to breakfast with this worthy company, and that she had often assisted at as brilliant, or even more brilliant, feasts, especially during her life in Paris, of which she kindly afforded many details, especially relating to her dress, which she described as so diaphanous and so white that "I looked like a snow-flake, like a flower, like a meringue, señoritas!"

Placed in a chair between two of the physicians and opposite another, Carmita conducted herself with great propriety, until, in the enthusiastic description of some former gayety, she sprang to her feet, gesticulating a little wildly, when Doctor Lara quietly interposed, telling her that if she talked so much she would have to withdraw.

"Withdraw!" repeated she, scornfully; "and what would be left to your feast if I withdrew? If I was not expected to entertain and charm this distinguished company, why was I invited at all?"

The argument was irresistible, and Carmita was allowed to declaim as she would during the rest of the meal.

Our early journey had given us an appetite, and the cookery, Cuban of the best type, was so admirable as to tempt us on from stage to stage, until at last Doctor Aced y Arana prepared for each of the ladies a delicious *bonne bouche* of preserved peaches, cut into a glass of admirable red wine—a conserve highly to be recommended, although perhaps it might not seem the same under ordinary circumstances as in that pleasant room, its wide doors and windows standing open to the sweet, perfume-laden air, the royal palms rustling their long leaves, and the scarlet lilies glowing in the sun just outside, and the musical ripple of the lisping Spanish talk—for these gentlemen were all from old Spain—with Carmita's shriller tones and laughter within—

> "A pleasant hour—a goodly time
> As those that cheered the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alreschid."

High noon had come and passed before breakfast was over; and, with cordial and sincere gratitude for the great courtesy and attention we had received at the hands of our most agreeable hosts, we began to make our adieux. Carmita watched us with wistful eyes, and finally exclaimed:

"How I wish you would take me with you, lady! I would follow you the world over, even as your servant!"

"As my *servant!* Oh, no, Carmita."

"Thank you," she said, her great, dark eyes suffused with tears, and her voice tremulous with emotion. "I am not so mad but that I can detect the kindness and consideration in your tone. If you took me with you, it would be as your equal—as your friend. Thanks, a thousand times!"

And, seizing my hands, she covered them with kisses, then silently turned and left the room.

Our courteous hosts escorted us to the *volante* placed by them at our disposal, while the *señores*, engineer and editor mounted their horses, our artist sprang into the saddle, the *calesero* dashed spurs into the animal he so valiantly bestrode, the *caballeros* bowed bare-headed and profoundly, and we drove away, crushing the sweet herbage beneath our wheels, and rolling rapidly through brief patches of sunlight. As the faint track wound through fields and copses, and over a flashing, shallow brook, and by a grove of cocoanut trees, whose fruit a negro boy was tossing down to his comrades below, it seemed as if one of the pictures of our childhood's books had suddenly come to life.

The engineer, Señor Radaban, suddenly drew bridle, and demanded one of the great queer things; for the cocoa-nut in its outer sheath is a much larger and different looking creature from the brown and fibrous article brought to our markets, and thrusting his knife through one of the openings at the top, drank the liquid it contained, and rode on refreshed.

A little after this, the *volante* wheeled rapidly into a great open space, surrounded by hills, on one of which stood a picturesque building; while at our feet lay a wide and deep stone-lined basin, with long flights of steps descending into it, and at the bottom, a bright little sheet of water with an open pavilion built over it.

It was the reservoir of the new aqueduct; and this most lovely and picturesque spot is called the Vento, in memory of a certain luxurious Bishop Vento, who, about a hundred years ago, owned the pretty valley, and built a summer-house upon the banks of the little lake that he might resort hither to bathe in its pure waters and refresh his weary brain—overladen with the weight of his mitre.

The place cannot have changed much in a century, for nature is so much stronger than art in the tropics, that man's improvements are soon overlaid and buried beneath her luxuriance; and the palms proudly wave, and the cactus riots, and the llana overruns in ever-renewed and living strength, while the Bishop's Summer pavilion crumbles to dust, and the stone and wood and marble of the great aqueduct planted upon its ruins may see already the beginning of their end, as the dauntless legions of the forest and the field come marching up to the attack.

Going down the long steps, we reached the bottom of the basin; a narrow walk surrounds the water and conducts to the little floating pavilion, to which is to be attached a small rubber boat, for use in the great main channel, an arched and cemented passage, eight feet high and six wide, into which we descended by more steps and proceeded through it underneath the bed of the Almendarez River which has been pressed into the service and made carrier for the waters of the basin collected, with infinite cost and labor, from living springs in the surrounding hills.

The arched passage led to a great circular chamber, lighted from above, where the water is gauged and measured, and takes a new departure through smaller channels.

Chinese laborers swarmed everywhere, and the Rembrandtish light fell most picturesquely upon a wild group who stood aside waiting for us to pass, and evidently commenting, in their own cynical fashion, upon the barbarians who know not Hiang-Ho.

At one point of this subterranean ramble, we passed through a dry channel, and no sooner had we stepped out of it than the engineer gave signal by a whistle, and with a

roar and a rush, like some wild creature released from its cage and leaping after its prey, the waters came dashing and foaming along the path we had just left, hoarsely murmuring as they swept past our safe elevation.

Returning through the great viaduct, we stood at the top of the steps while the coolies, under the direction of the engineer, worked the powerful yet delicate machinery which raises the floodgates and lets the waters of the reservoir escape at the rate of 40,000 gallons per day; the whole capacity of the aqueduct, from all sources, being 600,000 gallons per day.

Seven thousand yards of tunneling are already completed. Six miles of the aqueduct are finished, having about nine miles to carry the water into the city by the new route.

The work has already cost $3,000,000, and will cost at least as much more to complete it; but everything is going on rapidly and well—that is, considering that large bodies move slowly, and this one began to move in 1860.

Leaving the basin, we followed a picturesque little hill-path to a pretty pavilion upon a hill, where was a flight of steps descending to the brink of the cemented channel through which the water turbulently dashed, foaming out from one dark archway and disappearing under another. There are sixteen of these pavilions, or *casitas*, built along the line of the aqueduct, giving light and air to the water, and affording an opportunity to inspect the tunnel if necessary.

Great skill and much labor have been bestowed upon this work, and it is and will be a credit, both to the Government that maintains it, and the learned and accomplished gentleman, Señor Don Francisco de Albar y Lara, to whose hands it has been confided, and to the engineers associated with him.

Finally, our courteous *cicerone* led us to his own little mountain lodge, where, with primitive hospitality, he insisted upon our refreshing ourselves with a glass of cordial, besides the cool water our souls craved, and after this, replacing us in our *volante*, escorted us back into the city, the last few miles being accomplished upon the street cars, which, within a few years, have innovated the city of *volantes* so dear to my memory.

And now the time drew near for our departure—the *Vera Cruz* was in port, was ready, would sail to-morrow—to-day, this afternoon. Trunks were packed, last purchases wildly and hurriedly completed, the Señora Doña Innocencia bade us a tearful farewell; Pancho, Pépe, and Maria stood around, waiting to be "remembered." The victoria was at the door, mine host escorted us to the step, the driver cracked his whip, and with hearts torn between the sorrow of leaving the land of our love, and joy in returning to the land of our belongings, we drove silently through the gay, bright city to the wharves, embarked for the last time in one of the gondola-like boats, and were presently adjusting our multifarious wraps in the comfortable stateroom to be our home for four days and as many nights—days and nights of illness, yet not of unalloyed misery, for Lizzie, the paragon of stewardesses, was there to smooth the rose-leaves of our couches, to provide unlimited slips of thin, crisp toast, to suggest all sorts of possible alleviations, and to bring whatever seemed likely to tempt the languid appetite, or relieve the wearied brain.

Four days will pass, let the human intellect be never so sure they will not, and the morning of the fourth saw us at gray dawn looking across a narrow strip of water, just as we had looked a couple of months before, into the faces of those nearest and dearest, whom, with woman's inconsistency, we wept to leave, and now wept again to meet.

We were at home again, and Cuba was already a memory—yes, and a hope; for we yet will see the fair island again, and again cheat the strong tyrant Winter of at least the heart of his reign.

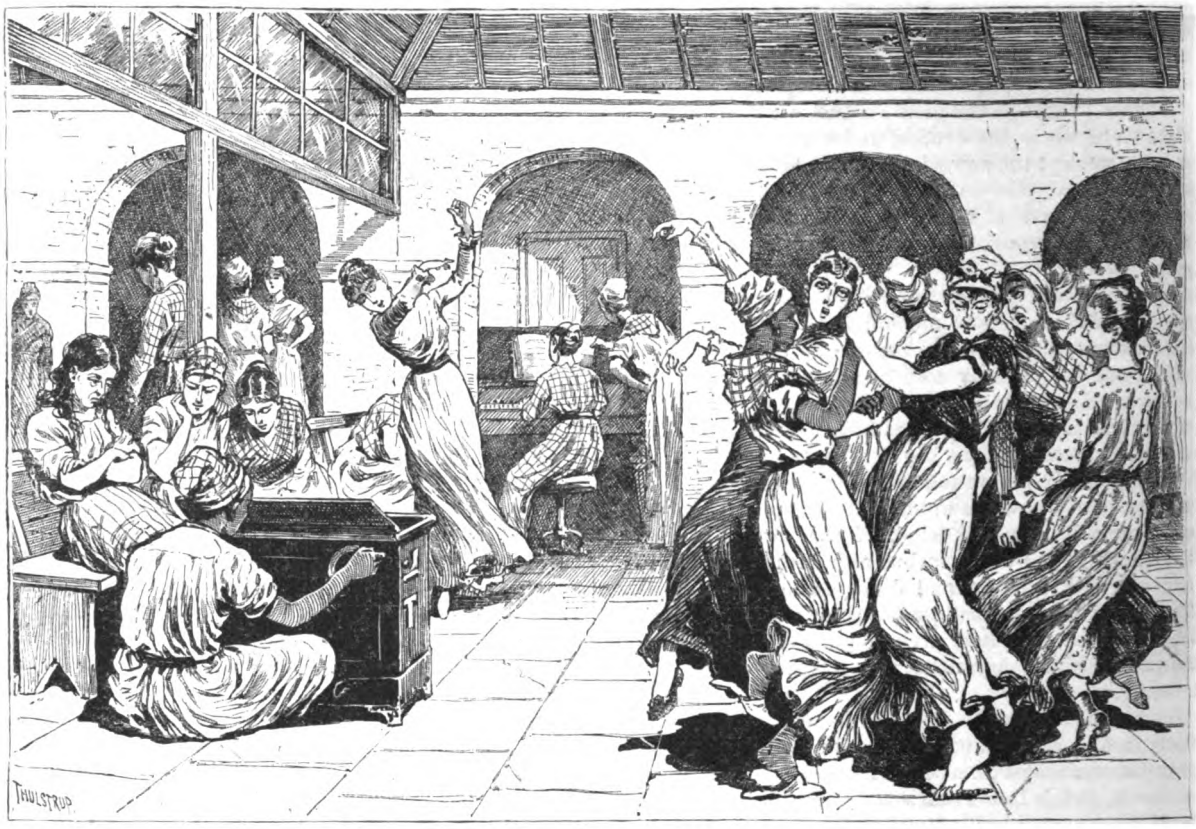
CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

A LITTLE study of the India Office statistics reveals a condition of prostration which even the most sanguine might pronounce hopelessly irremediable. One hundred millions of women, supposed to be actual subjects of the British Empire, are, with few exceptions, sunk in absolute ignorance. They are unable to read a syllable of their mother tongue; they are never taught the rules of life and health, the laws of God, or the most rudimentary truths of science. In fact a feeling exists in most Hindoo families that a girl who has learned to read and write has committed a sin which is sure to bring down a judgment upon herself and her husband. She will probably have to atone for her crime by early widowhood. And to be a young widow is believed to be the greatest misfortune that can possibly befall her. Not indeed that an Indian woman's married life can be described as a blissful elysium. The women of India are victims of the worst form of social tyranny. They are allowed no voice in the selection of their own husbands. According to Dr. Hunter's statistics, infants are sometimes betrothed when but two or three months old. "As soon as a daughter (of a particular tribe of Brahmins) is born, the father immediately looks out for a male child belonging to a family equal in rank with himself. When he has succeeded in his search, and obtains the consent of its parents, he returns to his house, summons his relatives and neighbors to a feast, and solemnly affirms before them that his daughter is betrothed to such a man's babe. Nothing will induce him to break the oath which he thus takes."

This is exceptional. As a rule, girls are betrothed at three and four (a barber being sometimes the match-maker) and married at six and seven to boys of whom they know nothing. They are taken to their boy husbands' homes at the age of ten or eleven.

From that moment they lose their freedom and even their personality. They merge their individuality in the persons of their husbands. They may be loved, and they are rarely ill used, as they too frequently are in Christian countries, but they are ignored as separate units in society. They never pronounce their husbands' names, and they are never directly alluded to by their husbands in conversation. For another person to mention their names or inquire after their health would be a gross breach of etiquette.

They never appear unvailed before their husbands in the presence of a third person. They often become mothers at eleven or twelve. Their life is then spent in petty household duties, in cooking for their families, in gossiping with female friends, in arranging the marriages of their children, in domestic jealousies and envyings, in a thousand foolish frivolities, in a wearisome round of burdensome religious ceremonies imposed by exacting priests. Add to this that the upper classes are cooped up behind Pardahs or in the stagnant atmosphere of zenanas. There they are prisoners in apartments set apart for their exclusive occupation. They have no opportunity of listening to the intellectual conversation of educated men. They are shut out from every wholesome influence, and debarred from every healthy occupation likely to conduce to the improvement of their physical condition, or to their social, moral, and intellectual elevation. They become enfeebled in mind and worn out in body at a period of life when European women



SCENES IN SUNLANDS.—SALA OR OPEN-AIR PARLOR AT THE INSANE ASYLUM.

have barely reached their prime. They are neither fit for independence, nor have they any desire for it.

And what of the young widows? If a young wife has no individuality apart from her husband, a young widow has practically no existence. It is true that our law has prohibited a widow from being burned with her dead husband. It is true, too, that an old widow is cared for by her children if she has remained a wife long enough to have a large family. She is even more than cared for. Every mother in India is an object of veneration to her offspring. As a wife she may be nothing. But as a mother, even though a widow, she is all in all to her children. It is only a young widow or a childless widow who is regarded as worse than dead. But nearly every household possesses a widow of this kind. Such a widow belongs for ever to her dead husband.

MRS. GENERAL PRIM.

A widower may marry again, but a widow never. She is made a household drudge. She is expected to get up at 4 A.M., before the servants of the family. No one will supply her with water. She must go to the well and fetch water for herself. It is unlucky to meet her. She is supposed to be in eternal mourning for her deceased lord, though she may never have seen him except at her child-wedding. She must practice a perpetual fast, and only eat one meal a day. If her young husband had acquired property of his own before his death and the household is still undivided, all such property is taken by her brothers-in-law. She retains nothing but her ornaments, which she must on no account wear. She is told that she cannot have food given to her till she has "eaten her jewels." In other words, she is expected to sell her ornaments to prevent herself from starving. In short, she suffers a living death, and would often cheerfully give herself up to be burned, if the law would allow her.

CARMITA.

Of course there are exceptions to this. In some parts of India—as for instance in the Maratha country—women of all classes are more independent, and assert themselves with more boldness.

AT the bottom of patience there is contentment.

THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.

By Henry Barton Baker.

To none was the French Revolution more merciless than to its creators; it no more respected the fine ladies and gentlemen, the infidel abbés, the enthusiastic *litterateurs* who had theorized so beautifully upon the rights and equality of man, than it did the conservative noblesse and priesthood who had opposed it with all their strength, or the *fermiers-généraux* whose oppressions had sown the dragon's teeth. To the *sans-culottes* all who wore silk, velvet, and powder were his natural enemies—and from his exclusive point of view he was not far wrong. He had no qualms of gratitude for those who had lured him out of his dark holes and corners and taught him the resistless strength of numbers, the power of brute force. Why should not he strut it in those gilded salons which had for years echoed with his praises and his wrongs? The favored ones of the world had had their turn of luxury, now it was his; and those who grumbled at the change should be handed over to the guillotine.

THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.—MADAME RECAMIER.

And so at a single blow sans-culotteism destroyed that artificial civilization which had taken more than a century and a half to build up, and rags, dirt, "noble savages," and squalid vice reveled within those walls which had so lately been the home of the most refined society of Europe.

But among a people so pre-eminently sociable as the French it was impossible that there should not be a speedy revival of the *bienséances*; and as Bonaparte's cannons swept away the last vestiges of the Terror, it came, and under the Directory there were once more salons in Paris.

But what a marvelous change from those of Madame Geoffrin and Dudeffant, which yet were but of yesterday! Surely those strange figures cannot be French men and women of the nineteenth century, these extraordinary-looking rooms the apartments in which Madame la Marquise received the *philosophes* but a year or two ago? What have become of the red-heeled shoes, the vast hoops, the brocades and mountains of powdered hair, which no lady could be seen without? *La mère guillotine* has made a clean sweep of them all.

The hoop has given place to the clinging robe of Greek statuary, which scarcely vails the form it drapes; a tunic of white cashmere, looped to one knee by a cameo, only half covers the neck and shoulders; beneath the bosom it is confined by a ceinture of gold or brass; the bare arms are clasped by antique bracelets; above the white tunic is worn another of scarlet: buskins inclose the legs, Roman sandals have taken the place of red-heeled shoes, and the naked toes are encircled by rings of gold and precious stones. The hair is gathered in a snood, and is of a different color to the complexion, in imitation of the ladies of ancient Rome.

The men sometimes on public occasions also don the classic dress, and appear in tunic and toga; but the costume most affected by the *jeunesse dorée* is that of the *incroyable*, strikingly contrasting in its grotesque hideousness with the graceful beauty of that of the other sex. It consists of a narrow-skirted coat with a high collar that reaches nearly to the top of the head; a huge cravat, half concealing jaws and chin; a short waistcoat; nankeen breeches with bunches of ribbons at the knees; silk stockings, or boots with buff tops; a bunch of seals and trinkets hanging from the breeches pocket to the knee; the hair plaited or gathered into a queue, and rings in the ears.

The Spartan plainness of manner which Robespierre worked to bring into fashion has disappeared with the Convention; and the *incroyable*, who never pronounces the letter "r" is a far more objectionable fop than the aristocrat of the *ancien régime*.

Mingled with these exquisites are a few dark figures of the old Jacobins, coarsely and uncleanly clad, by affectation;

men who frown upon these fopperies, and wish the days of *la Terreur* back again, that they might consign these sham aristocrats to the same fate as the real ones. Between these and the *jeunesse dorée* there is deadly hatred.

The furniture of the rooms is as classical as the ladies; the satins and gildings and mirrors of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze have given place to Pompeian decorations; beds, couches, urns, lamps, bronzes—all are classic.

Literature is all but extinct; odes to Liberty and imitations of the Greek alone obtain favor; everybody has had enough of philosophy—at least in books. It is dancing which is now the all-absorbing rage; and instead of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Diderot—Vestris, Trénis, Gardel, the *maitres-de-danse*, are now the ruling spirits of the salons. The moment they enter, an eager and admiring crowd gathers round to do them homage; then a ring is formed, and these cynosures proceed to execute a series of marvelous and intricate figures, which the bystanders applaud with the most fervid enthusiasm.

After a time all the company join in the dance; the ladies take the Bacchantes for their model, now moving through the figures with a dreamy, voluptuous languor, now all fire and animation; with the light cashmere shawl that is thrown across their shoulders, and the graceful movements of their arms, they strike a series of picturesque *tableaux*, such as are now only seen in the opera ballet. With true French instinct they make a fashion even out of the guillotine. There are what are called *les bals des victimes*, to which no person is admitted who has not lost a relative by *la Terreur*, and whose distinguishing mark must be a band of crape worn round the arm.

The moral system which the ladies and gentlemen of the days of Louis Quinze preached is now in practice. Marriage is a contract which can be dissolved immediately at the will of the parties concerned; women still young have already had three husbands; the Christian religion is banned by law, and instead of Sunday every tenth day is set apart as a holiday.

The most famous of the salons of that time were those of Mesdames Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, and Récamier. The first was remarkable as being the immediate cause of Robespierre's destruction. She was Spanish by birth; she was living in Toulon while Tallien was there carrying out his terrible massacres; she fell in love with and gave herself up to him in the hope that her influence would soften his cruelty. She succeeded; but Robespierre, being informed that the slaughter was growing languid, and of the cause, had her arrested and condemned. Tallien swore to save her, and threw himself heart and soul into the conspiracy against "The Sea-green Incorruptible." The struggle was a close one, for it was only on the very day she was to be guillotined that Robespierre fell.

Under the Directory Madame Tallien, with her friend Josephine Beauharnais, became a personage of great celebrity, and her salon led the mode of young Paris. It was in this society that the latter first made the acquaintance of Bonaparte.

The third, and most famous of the three women named, Madame Récamier, was of quite a different type. Her story is so strange, her influence upon French society so remarkable, that she cannot be dismissed as hastily as the others.

She was the daughter of a notary of Lyons; at fifteen (in 1793) she was married to M. Récamier, a rich banker, who had nursed her as a child and bought her her dolls; he was forty-two at the time of the union, but it was strictly a *marriage de convenance*—a ceremony, and nothing more. He bought her a splendid chateau at Clichy, came there daily to dine, and returned to Paris to sleep. Five years later she removed to Paris, to Necker's splendid hotel, which her husband had taken.

As I have before intimated, society under the Directory not only cast off all moral restraint, but even the show of it. Madame Récamier was a woman of exquisite beauty; her salons were the most magnificent in the capital, and her assemblies were crowded by all the celebrities of the day—Barrière, Lucien Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, and those of the old noblesse who had ventured to return. M. de Narbonne, De Lamoignan, and the De Montmorencies were her faithful friends.

Yet, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her position, the adoring lovers who sighed at her feet, and the corrrupt and voluptuous atmosphere by which she was surrounded, Juliette Récamier remained immaculately pure. The most ardent of her inamoratas was Lucien Bonaparte, who pressed his suit with an importunity that no coldness could discourage. She showed his letters to her husband. M. Récamier, a true bourgeois, thought more of his bank than of his honor, and feared to offend the big brother, who was now First Consul; to shut his door in the face of such a man might compromise his business. Madame must grant him nothing, but must not drive him to despair. The behavior of M. Récamier upon this occasion shows how thoroughly, even at this early date, Bonaparte had succeeded in overawing the French people.

How very small and very contemptible this great fighting man could be is exemplified in his conduct to this lady, which even exceeded in baseness his persecution of Madame de Staël. The first time his eyes fell upon her she incurred his jealous anger. It was in the Court of the Luxembourg, on the occasion of the great reception given him by the Directory to celebrate his Italian victories. While Barras was delivering a long oration, she rose from her seat to obtain a better view of the hero of the day. Clad in simple white—her invariable costume—her wonderful beauty immediately attracted all eyes, and a murmur of admiration ran through the assembly. Bonaparte glanced sharply round to ascertain the cause, and his eyes fell upon that lovely form. Indignant that even a woman should for an instant distract the admiring gaze from him, he cast upon her a glance so stern that she sank back upon her seat, overwhelmed with confusion. From that hour he became her enemy. Being present at the trial of General Moreau, he demanded so angrily "What was Madame Récamier doing there?" that she was counseled by her friends, if she had any regard for her safety, not to attend a second day. Yet the jealous despot was no more insensible to her charms than were other men. It was at a ball given by Lucien that she met him for the second and last time. She observed his eagle glance following her every movement, and presently Fouché came up to her and whispered, in his bold, insolent way: "Madame, le premier Consul vous trouve charmante!" After the supper Napoleon himself addressed her brusquely with: "Why did you not come and sit by me at supper? You should have done so; it was your place."

The Great Mogul, or the Sultan of Turkey, could scarcely have been more dictatorial to a female subject. Lucien Bonaparte, through his vile agent, Fouché, made overtures to Madame Récamier to take the post of Dame du Palais. "He has never yet," said Sir Pandarus, "met with a woman worthy of him; and no one knows what would be the love of Napoleon for a pure-minded woman. She would assuredly obtain an influence over him which would be most beneficent." But Juliette Récamier's virtue was proof against the allurements of this modern Zenghis-Khan: she shrank from all his advances; thus incurring his deadly hatred,

which became more or less extended even to those who frequented her salons. Hearing that three of his ministers had been seen there, he demanded, angrily, Since when the Council had been held at Madame Récamier's? and forbade them thenceforth to appear there. He said openly that he regarded as a personal enemy every person, whether French or foreign, who visited her.

By-and-by the opportunity came to put his hate into an active form. One day M. Récamier came home looking pale and distressed; he was in trouble. Unless the Bank of France would accommodate him with a loan, he must stop payment. His business was perfectly solvent, the embarrassment was only temporary; to any other person in similar circumstances the accommodation would have been readily granted. It was refused—it need not be said by whose influence—and M. Récamier was a ruined man. Everything was sold off. Madame did not retain a single jewel. She let their splendid mansion, all but one room, to which she retired. Not even the dread of the First Consul could repress the sympathy of faithful friends. She became an object of universal admiration and respect; her doors were besieged, and all Paris thought it an honor to be received by one who bore adversity so nobly. Soon afterward she retired to Coppet, where her friend, Madame de Staël, then in exile, was living.

Not even the assemblies of the beautiful Juliette had been so intellectually brilliant as those of Necker's daughter; for thither came not only all the intellect of France, but, attracted by her fine genius and marvelous conversational powers, every distinguished foreigner who visited Paris. Yet of her salons she was the central and all-attracting figure; the greatest men were content to gather round and be mere listeners. Eloquent as were her writings, her conversation was infinitely more so; it was in that that her genius was most thoroughly aroused, was most thoroughly original. "Conversation," says Ste.-Beuve, "was her inspiration and her muse." She possessed the great secret of uniting the most incongruous elements. "In *tête-à-tête*," writes her biographer, Madame Necker Saussure, "her conversation was a thing that could not be conceived by those who have not enjoyed the privilege of her intimacy. Her finest pages, her most eloquent discourses in society, are far from equaling in all-absorbing power that which she spoke when, not being compelled to conform to the ideas of certain auditors, she gave free play to the daring and original thoughts which filled her soul. Then her grand genius, spreading its wings, took flight; then, not knowing whither it might lead her—a witness rather than mistress of her own inspiration—she exercised a power more than natural, to which she herself seemed to submit—a power good or bad, but over which she had no control."

So brilliant a personage could not fail to rouse the jealousy of the small-souled despot. The night after her friend Benjamin Constant made his famous speech against the growing power of the First Consul, her salons were deserted. Napoleon suspected her to be the author of the speech, and she was commanded to quit Paris. After traveling for two years in Italy and Germany, she settled down in exile at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, which had afforded her shelter during the horrors of the Revolution. But even there Bonaparte's persecution reached her; he ordered every copy of her great work, "De l'Allemagne," to be destroyed, because *neither the Emperor nor his army had been mentioned in a work which turned on purely literary subjects.* "Have we then made war upon Germany for eighteen years," cried the Minister of Police, who waited upon her for an explanation, "in order that a person should print a book without speaking of us? That book shall be destroyed, and the author ought to be sent to Vincennes."

The two great queens of society being banished, the salons of Madame Josephine Bonaparte—soon to become imperial—became omnipotent in their influence. The aristocratic refinement of Madame Récamier's assemblies, the intellectual brilliancy of those of Madame de Staël, were of the *ancien régime;* the *réunions* of Josephine, like those of the Directory, were typical of the age. Here were gathered all the crude, inharmonious creations of the Revolution—*parvenus*, who had grown rich upon the plunder of the aristocrats; fervid republicans, who retained nothing of their creed save boorish manners, and who licked the tyrant's boots with fulsome adulation; and, far outnumbering and outweighing all the rest, soldiers—men who had risen, and deservedly, by their bravery, from the ranks of sans-culotteism to be generals and marshals. Their manners strongly savored of the alley and the camp, and, fine fellows as they were, they were sadly out of place in gilded drawing-rooms. Still more so were their partners, who had not had even the advantage of that disciplinary training which renders the soldier always so superior to the class from which he has been drawn. These women, raised from the lowest types of Parisian life, decked out in gaudy costumes and magnificent jewels—the plunder of the battle-field—rendered themselves still greater monstrosities by their awkward attempts at fine manners. The classical costumes of the Directory had degenerated into huge, hideous turbans, surrounding foreheads covered with bull-like curls, into narrow-skirted, short-waisted dresses, which still live in the old caricatures. Being totally destitute of education, dancing was their only amusement. Masquerades were much in fashion; and it was a species of entertainment Napoleon greatly favored, since it afforded such admirable scope for his spy system; he himself sometimes attended these assemblies on that mission. Ladies of *haut ton* frequented these balls, but not to dance; enveloped in dominoes, their faces concealed by masks, they came to coquet with their male friends, whose task it was through this disguise and a feigned voice to guess their identity.

There were many of the old noblesse, however, who did not disdain to frequent the salons of the Tuileries, and dukes and peers of the old blue blood were proud to display their ribbons in the imperial ante-room. "It is astonishing," said Talleyrand, one day, "how many emigrant ladies of the old Court wish me to force them to become *dames d'honneur* in the new!"

When Bonaparte became emperor, his salons were as gorgeous and the etiquette as rigid as had been those of the Bourbons. "The fairy splendors," says Lady Morgan, in "La France," "of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid were united to the cumbrous magnificence of the Middle Ages. The stately formalities of the Escurial presided over the circles of the Tuileries, and the costumes of the Valois and Medici fell in heavy folds over forms which had long exhibited their symmetry in the adhesive drapery of Greek sculpture." The morals of the Court were as voluptuous as its surroundings. Napoleon insisted upon all his officers marrying, that more soldiers might be born into the world; as husbands and wives were frequently separated for years a day or two after the ceremony, the morality of the society may be imagined. There were two vices of the old *régime* that were discouraged under the new—gambling, which the Emperor strictly prohibited within his palaces, and gastronomy. Accustomed to soldiers' hard fare, he cared little for the pleasures of the table, which consequently became unfashionable.

In the Faubourg St. Germain, among a little colony of

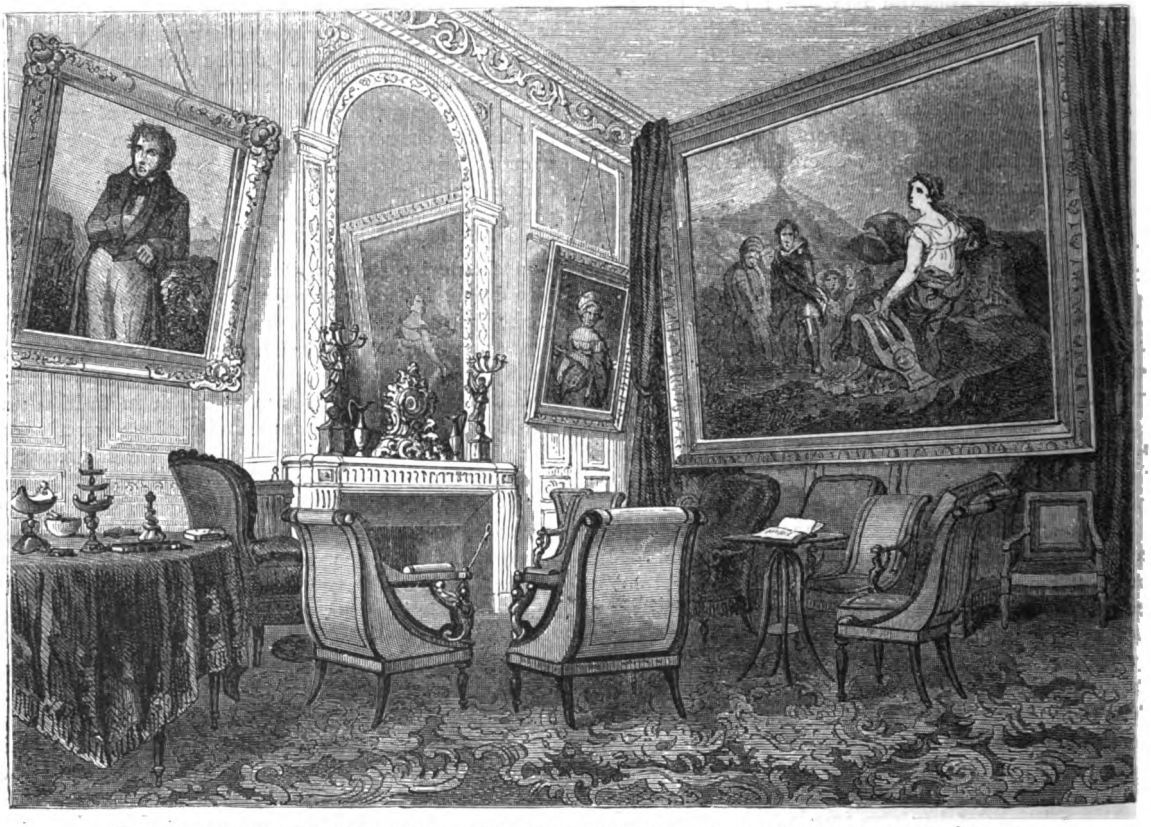
exclusive aristocrats, who disdained to humble themselves to the *parvenu* usurper, there still existed a few salons of the old days, in which the old marquis and the old marquise, wrinkled and tottery, still addressed one another in the language of gallantry and punctilious politeness, and sighed over and called up reminiscences of that old world which was to them far more real than the phantasmagoria passing around.

There Rousseau, Voltaire, the *Encyclopédistes*, were still criticised as though their doctrines were still in theory, and had not swept as a whirlwind over the earth, uprooting and destroying all who opposed them. The Church, the King, the Noblesse, were talked of as though they were living entities, instead of defunct states, never, apparently, to be resuscitated. The costumes were as antique as the manners, and belonged to all three reigns preceding the Revolution; the headdress of a Montespan or a Maintenon was to be seen side by side with the *bonnets à papillon pointés* of Dudeffant or Geoffrin, and the *fichu de soufflet* and *négligé* of Polignac or Lamballe.

Yet the *parvenu* Napoleon would have done much to win over to his side those poor old ghosts, whose submission would have given him something of the prestige of tradition, and there was no opinion to which he was so sensitive as to theirs. After a great victory he would write to Talleyrand, "What do they think of me in the Faubourg St. Germain now?"

Lady Morgan gives us in her book some graphic sketches of this society: "The circles of the ancient nobility are formal and precise to a degree that imposes perfect restraint; the ladies are all seated *à la ronde*, the gentlemen either leaning on the backs of chairs or separated into small, compact groups. Everybody rises at the entrance of a new guest and immediately resumes his seat, which is never finally quitted until the moment of departure. There is no bustling, no gliding, no shifting of places for purposes of flirtation; all is repose and quietude among the most animated people in the world." "But," she adds, "at the same time, in the mixed assemblies there is plenty of freedom, the women move hither and thither, the men lounge and sit with their elbows on the table, and even their feet upon the fender."

"It is high birth," said the Comtesse de Pastoret, "rather than high rank, that is in estimation in France; but neither are marked in private society by those minute forms of precedence to which you free-born republican English pay such minute observance. At Court our dukes have their place, and our duchesses their tabourets; but in the salon, if any distinction is made, it is in favor of genius, celebrity, or age, while to be a stranger is to be an *état* in itself. . . . I have seen Denon and Humboldt received with delight when princes and ministers were treated with indifference."



THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.—THE CHAMBER OF MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Ere passing on to the society of the Restoration, let us take a backward glance at the fortunes of one of its queens. To fill the measure of his revenge, Napoleon prohibited Madame Récamier's return to France, for having dared to visit Madame de Staël in her exile, and for a little while she took up her abode at Coppet.

It was there she met Prince Augustus of Prussia, a handsome, chivalrous young gentleman, who, like every other man who came beneath the influence of her fascinations, fell desperately in love with her; and for the first time her own heart was touched. He begged her to have her formal marriage annulled, and pleaded so eloquently that she wrote to M. Récamier, who was still in France, to have his consent. His answer was that he would reply if she desired it, but reminded her of the affection he had felt for her, of his misfortunes, etc., which pleading more effectually bound her than would his refusal.

MADAME DE STAEL.

Sure of success, the prince was preparing for their nuptials, when the news came that all was broken off between them. In vain, then and thereafter, did he implore her to change her decision; she remained firm to it. Through the remainder of his life her image was his most cherished memory, her picture was the principal ornament of his palace, and a ring she had given him was buried with him.

The selfishness of the man who could not even plead the deprivation of her society, since he was not, nor was he likely to be, in the enjoyment of it, need not be commented upon. But the story gives us a suspicion that Madame's immaculateness throughout so many temptations must have been greatly due to coldness of heart.

After remaining with Madame de Staël a short time, Madame Récamier took up her abode at Chalons-sur-Marne; she afterward traveled to Rome and Naples, and was everywhere received, by Pope and king, by noble and artists, with the most profound respect and admiration. During her travels she visited England—crowds, attracted by her beauty and elegance, used to follow her when she promenaded in Kensington Gardens, and the Prince Regent thought himself honored by being permitted to carry her shawl.

Madame Récamier, with Madame de Staël, was among the first who flocked back to Paris at the Restoration; her husband's fortunes had been restored, and she had inherited a considerable property from her mother; thus upon her return her salons were as brilliant and as magnificent as ever. But society had undergone another metamorphosis, and the *réunions* under Louis XVIII. scarcely more resembled those of the Directory and the Empire than they did the assemblies of the Voltaire and Rousseau times.

Lady Morgan, who visited Paris in 1816, gives an admirable description, in the book I have before twice quoted, of the heterogeneous condition of French society in the first years of the Restoration. "The agitated surface, still heaving with recent commotion, was strewn with relics of remote times thrown up from the bosom of oblivion, and it was covered with specimens of all the recent political systems which had reigned in France since the great social irruption. Characters belonging to different ages, opinions supported in distant eras, dogmas the most novel, prejudices the most antiquated, philosophy the most sceptical, bigotry the most inveterate, opposition the most violent, submission the most abject—all appeared mingling on the scene of daily intercourse, as if the discomfiture of some powerful enchanter had suddenly released the multifarious victims of magic influence, who, resuming their peculiar forms, presented an assembly at once the most singular and contradictory."

Voltairianism had been the fashion of the *salons* of the last century; Christianity was the fashion of those of the Restoration. The Nihilism of the Revolution had produced reaction, and the man who first gave form and voice to the movement was Chateaubriand. "Le Génie du Christianisme" was received with as much enthusiasm by the new generation as had been Rousseau's "Contrat Social," Helvetius's "De l'Esprit," or Holbach's "Système de la Nature," by the past. After the arid cynicism of the *philosophes*, the glowing rhetoric and poetic devotion of the noble writer came upon the world like a fountain of sparkling waters to wanderers in the desert, and French society was now nothing if not Christian.

In literature, André Chénier and his coterie alone fought against the new spirit that was abroad. The darlings of the *salons* were the noble Alfred de Vigny, sweetest of poets; Alphonse de Lamartine, the Byron, Christianized, of France; Victor Hugo, then as ardent a royalist, and as implacable against the revolutionists as he is now uncompromising as a communist and hater of kings.

Then there were Alfred de Musset, Lamennais, De Maistre. These men, the voices of the new ideas, were received everywhere with homage and delight; equally by the exclusives of the Faubourg St. Germain as in the purely literary circle over which presided the brilliant authoress of "Corinne."

But this revival, both of religion and of the literary *salon*, was but evanescent. *Les bohêmes* were born, were growing to manhood in their miserable garrets, were preparing to flood France with a new literature of scepticism and revolution; scepticism as different from the polished cynicism of Voltaire & Co. as fire is from ice. This time it was the utterance of hearts withered by misery, of experiences gained in the *mansarde*, the *morgue*, the *cul-de-sac*, the *bordel*, the streets; not the speculations of fine gentlemen in silks and velvets, and gilded drawing-rooms. Balzac was meditating his "Comédie Humaine," Jules Janin his "L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée," Mürger his "Vie de Bohême," and Hugo was soon to pass over to their ranks and become their chief. Christianity was again menaced, this time by a dreamy pantheism, which is still developing; literature, ideas, scepticism were no longer the monopolies of a class; they were universal; and the *salon*, as a power, ceased to exist.

Ere closing this article, we must take a parting glance at her who was the last representative of the old society, Madame Récamier. Born under Louis XVI., she lived beyond the third Revolution, surviving until 1849. Three generations of the Montmorencies had sighed at her feet. "Ils n'en mouraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés," said one. M. de Chateaubriand held the first place in her regards for many years; that their friendship was purely platonic cannot be doubted. After his wife's death he made madame, long since a widow, the offer of his hand.

"Why should we marry?" she said. "If solitude is sad to you, I am ready to live in the same house with you. The world, I am certain, is just to the purity of our connection, and would approve of everything I could do to give repose, happiness and tenderness to your old age. If we were younger, I would not hesitate; I would joyfully accept the right of consecrating my life to you."

In her last days she became blind; but, although her features were withered and her form was bent, she retained the old fascinating smile and elegance of manner. She had long since quitted Paris for the solitude of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. "There," says a writer in the "Biographie Universelle," "each day, with the exactness of a clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Sèvres saw him (Chateaubriand) pass, elegantly dressed in a short riding coat, toward the Abbaye. But as old age advanced upon him he came in a coach, and found the aid of a stick necessary to ascend the stairs. At length, when his limbs became utterly decrepit, he was carried up in a chair by a couple of servants."

There is something infinitely pathetic in this picture of the two old lovers growing old together. He went first; and she survived but a few months—dying of cholera.

HATRED.—No man will hate a good man so much as he who has ill-treated him. Let a man whom you have injured hate you, and there is an end to his enmity. Reparation, frank and full, puts an end to his hard feelings toward you, and even lays the foundation to a protracted friendship. But let a man hate you without a cause, save such as his envy or bigotry or vanity supplies, and his hate is endless.

DON'T judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

IN LOVE WITH AN AUTOMATON.

EVERYBODY has heard of that famous automaton, the "Chess-player of Kempelin," by means of which the little Russian officer escaped from his enemies, and beat them at chess at the same time. At any rate, Mr. Oliver Conway had heard of it; and, naturally thinking that what a benighted foreigner could do, a free and enlightened American citizen ought to do as well or better, he set to work on a chess-playing automaton that was intended to portray "the father of his country" engrossed in the noble game.

After two years of patient experimenting, the inventor's hopes were crowned with complete success.

At once the wonderful automaton, George Washington, began his travels, appearing successively in all the great cities of the Union, and receiving the most patriotic welcome everywhere.

Indeed, George, as his friends affectionately termed him, performed his part in a way to do honor to his name; winning, as a rule, and losing, when he did lose, with true Washingtonian dignity.

Of course the first question with every visitor was, who furnished George with the needful brains? All who chose were invited to examine the figure and the chest of drawers upon which it leaned; but the peering, poking, thumping that ensued, led to no discovery.

On a certain December morning, the *Gazette*, *Commercial Inquirer*, *Times*, etc., announced to the dwellers of a certain Western city that the well-known chess-playing automaton, George Washington, was now on exhibition at No. 54 Race Street. Doors open from one to five, P.M. Admission 10 cents. Games 25 cents.

Everybody who took an interest in chess resolved to go to No. 54, and quite a number went. Among others, went Mr. Francis Pinkerton, an ardent lover of the game.

The exhibition proved entirely satisfactory—the automatic George winning all the games but one, and so stoutly contesting that one, that the victor, young Pinkerton, resolved to come next day. In point of fact, he not only came next day, but every day for two weeks.

The best time for play, he soon discovered, was the first hour of the exhibition, when, as a rule, but few persons were present. Indeed, he was often left entirely alone with the automaton; when even the exhibitor, after winding up the machine, withdrew to chat with the doorkeeper in the outer passage.

By degrees, what may be called a chess-friendship grew up between the man and the machine. The two were very equally matched, and the games were often warmly contested.

After an unlucky move, or the defeat of some deep-laid scheme, Pinkerton would look up with an involuntary grimace, almost expecting to see the rather blank features of his opponent expand into a smile of triumph. But the Father of his Country stared solemnly at the wall opposite, and gave no sign.

But one day, when a severe snowstorm kept other visitors away, and Mr. Conway had gone out in quest of a cigar, Pinkerton and his silent opponent were engaged in a game that had been exciting from the start, and at last reached one of those dead-locks in which a move may mean victory or defeat.

It was Pinkerton's move; and, after a deliberate survey of the field, he made a move which he regarded as decisive, but which, by an unparalleled oversight, left his queen exposed. His chagrin at this puerile blunder may be imagined. He looked up, confident that even an automaton must be hugely amused; and on meeting the usual blankly benevolent stare, he was provoked into the indecorum of shaking his fist at the unresponsive image.

George did not relax a jot of his wonted dignity. There was no twinkle of the eye, no twitching of the lips, to indicate merriment; yet out of the broad chest came a ripple of half-suppressed, musical laughter, as of a person who had forgotten the impropriety of mirth till too late to control it.

Frank Pinkerton sprang to his feet in utter amazement. It was a young girl's laugh; there was no mistaking the irrepressible, fun-loving intonation. And when the laughter had ceased, as it quickly did, it was a young girl's voice, of almost childlike sweetness, that begun, in rueful, pleading tones:

"Oh, what have I done! Do, pray, promise me, sir, you will not tell. We shall be ruined, else. I forgot where I was; you looked so droll, I could not help laughing. But please promise not to tell any one, not even my father. Quick! I hear him coming now."

"I promise with all my heart, but——"

The door opened to Mr. Conway and a visitor before the young man could finish his sentence; and, it being two o'clock, he was obliged to go at once to the bank, in which he held the position of assistant cashier.

For a whole week thereafter, though he went every day to the Race Street rooms, Pinkerton was never left alone with the automaton for an instant. There was, therefore, no opportunity to open communication with the mysterious tenant of the figure.

Meanwhile, his imagination was by no means idle. What young man with an unfettered heart in his bosom could have sat opposite an invisible female, known to possess a sweet voice, a musical laugh and a good brain for chess, and yet felt no romantic stirrings in his blood?

That cunning elf, imagination, was ready with charming forms and faces to suit the dulcet tones of the voice. Ladies in Venetian masks or black dominos have always exerted a remarkable fascination over mankind, as witness the novels of all nations. But a sweet-voiced lady inspiring an automaton—what a field for romantic speculation!

In short, thanks to a lively fancy, within a week our hero found himself positively in love with a lady he had never seen.

He fell into the habit of strolling down Race Street about the time the day's performance came to an end, scrutinizing with flattering attention all the women who issued from that particular block.

But the whole upper part of the building seemed given over to various sorts of feminine industry, so that women, buyers and workers alike, were continually coming and going. Amid such a crowd, it was not easy to recognize a lady one had never seen.

Pinkerton hazarded several guesses, however. He was particularly struck, for example, with a daintily poised figure, distractingly muffled up in wraps, whom he never saw leave the building, but twice saw enter it shortly before 1 P.M.

He could not, of course, rush across the street and follow the figure up-stairs, as we shall do, to the second floor, and into a room two doors beyond that in which the automaton was exhibited.

Mr. Conway stood in the middle of this room, and greeted the figure's entrance with:

SHE SANG TO ME.

By F. E. Weatherly.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
From her trellised window-pane;
Over the cornlands by the sea,
Till my glad heart sang again.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
And I ran with willing feet,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
To my love, my sweet.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
We heard the sea's faint chime,
Under the cliffs by the dusking sea,
In the tender twilight time.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
In mine her dear hands lay;
And naught to me were land and sea,
My love was mine for aye.

She was too fair for earth and me,
She went in her fresh, sweet bloom;
There is no rest on land or sea,
But only near her tomb.
She sings among the angels now,
She leans from heaven above;
She sings to me, she sings to me,
And the sound is peace and love.

"You are a little late to-day, Ollie."

"Yes; I waited to avoid some one who was watching me, I thought."

And the young lady bit her lip to keep back the blush and half-smile that would come.

"That's right, my dear; be very cautious. A discovery would ruin us. But it is time you were dressing. I will get the machine ready directly."

Mr. Conway bustled away through an intervening room, leaving his daughter to make certain needful changes in her apparel.

When she presently appeared before her father, who,

after carefully locking the outer door, had mysteriously cleft the imposing frame of George Washington in twain, Ollie was arranged to suit the economic requirements of the automaton, which abhorred the redundancy of skirts and other draperies.

My clumsy masculine vocabulary could not do justice to the resulting toilet; suffice it to say that, "from tiny slipper to the mass of dark tresses unconfined" that fell in prodigal luxuriance over the close-fitting jacket, Miss Ollie looked just the model, both in form and costume, for an ideal divinity of uncertain sex.

Unluckily, there was no one to appreciate the effect. A man's daughter being merely his daughter in any garb, Mr. Conway looked upon the outfit from a business point of view solely.

"Come!" he said, consulting his watch. "It's ten minutes after one."

Ollie took her place in the comfortably padded interior of George Washington, and his movable half was swung round and locked. Putting the key in his pocket, the father started for the outer door, but stopped half-way to say, a little anxiously:

"You don't think that young fellow who comes every day suspects anything, do you?"

The faint "Oh, no!" in reply did not seem altogether reassuring; for, as he threw open the door to the public, the exhibitor muttered:

"If he hasn't any other game in his eye, he must be chess-crazy."

As usual, Pinkerton was the first person to enter; and he presently had the good fortune to be left alone with the automaton for a few moments.

The game was at a crisis; but no sooner had the door closed behind Mr. Conway and a departing visitor than the supposed chess-lunatic began, in a low, hurried voice, directing an imploring gaze upon the impassive visage before him:

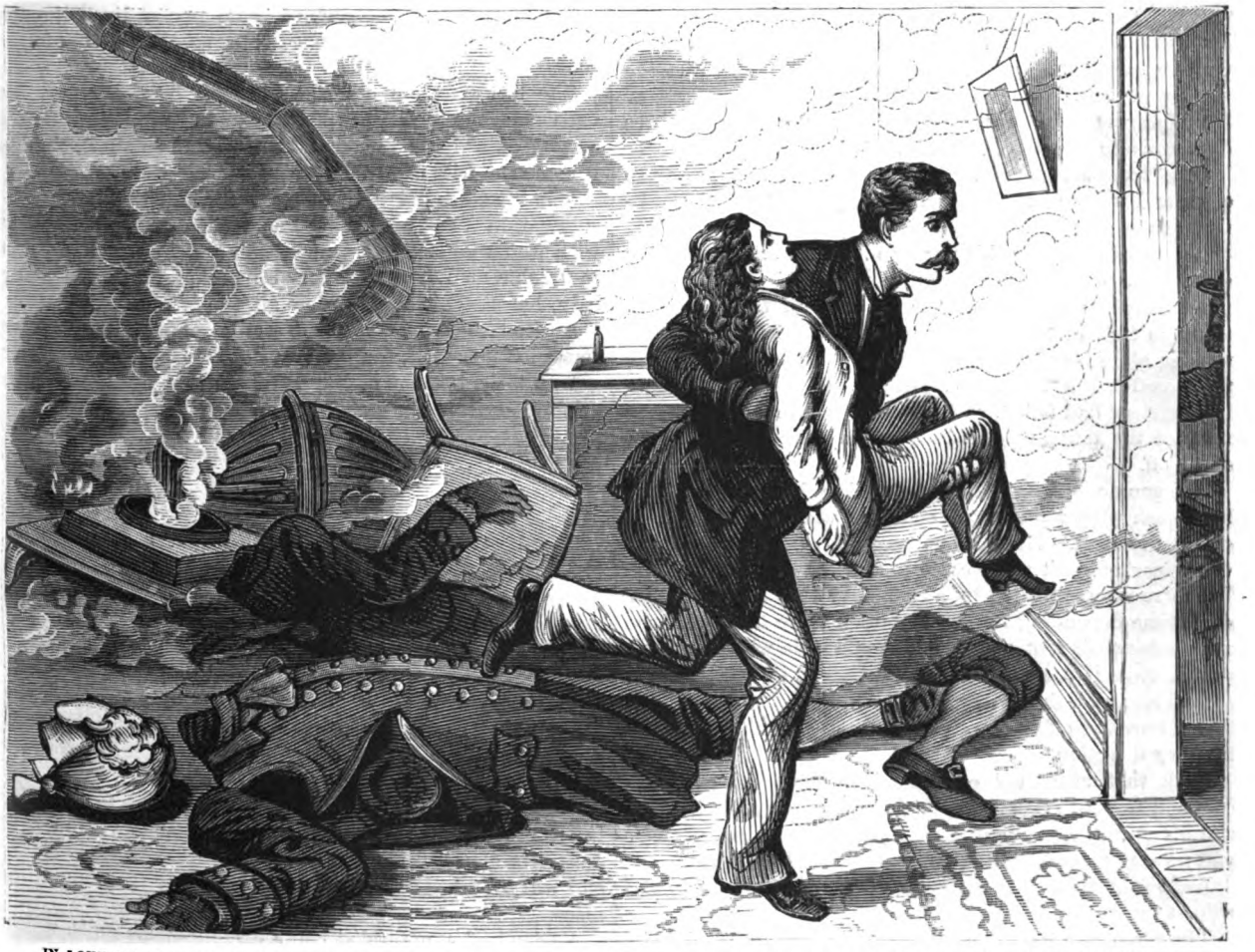
"I have kept your secret inviolate; may I not ask a favor in return? Will you not allow me the pleasure of becoming better acquainted with one who has given me so many pleasant hours to be grateful for?"

Ollie felt sure, from the respectful tone of the request, that no ungenerous motive had prompted it; but a not unnatural reserve made her shrink from meeting anywhere else one who knew the secret of her vocation.

There was a long pause before the same musical voice that had formerly thrilled the young man made answer.

"Please do not ask anything but my gratitude, which you have manfully deserved. Could I even give my own consent to what you ask, my father would then have to know all, and he would be very much displeased with my imprudence."

Pinkerton was rather nettled at the evident reluctance of his mysterious *vis-à-vis* to a further acquaintance. Had he been better acquainted with the devious policy of an enigmatical sex, he might have complacently hugged himself instead; for an unwonted timidity is a sure sign of a woman's interest. Yet he would have pressed his claim still further, no doubt—possibly to a successful termination, for they are soft-hearted, obliging creatures, all of



IN LOVE WITH AN AUTOMATON.—"THROUGH THE STIFLING CLOUD OF BITUMINOUS SMOKE, HE SCARCELY PERCEIVED WHAT MANNER OF BEING IT WAS. HE CAUGHT IT UP IN HIS ARMS, AND BORE IT THROUGH THE PASSAGE, AND DOWN THE STAIRS."

them—had not the entrance of an inopportune visitor cut short the colloquy. The rest of that game was wretchedly played.

Next day, Pinkerton did not come at one o'clock, as usual. Whether his absence was remarked or not, the placid visage of George Washington gave no sign. To be sure, he was a little absent-minded, losing two games to an unskilled opponent.

When two o'clock of the next day came, however, without bringing the usual visitor, George showed signs of an unheroic impatience, rapping sharply on the board to quicken the movements of tardy opponents, and dashing into hazardous positions with unexampled recklessness.

At four the delinquent put in an appearance; but not alone. A fashionably dressed, rather handsome young lady accompanied him. At his solicitation she took her place at the board, and he not only watched her play with great apparent sympathy, but assisted her, now and then, with timely suggestions.

"He has told her," thought Ollie.

Her eyes flashed, and she summoned up all her energies for a supreme effort.

Without the gentleman's assistance the lady would have been no match for her; as it was, Ollie splendidly vanquished both of them. They went away, he complimenting her on the skill she had not shown.

A rough-looking countryman next stepped forward for a game; but the automaton refused to move. Mr. Conway bustled up, pretended to examine something, announced the machinery out of order, and the exhibition closed for the day.

"What was the matter, my dear," he said, anxiously, as his daughter stepped forth from her concealment with white, weary face.

"I was tired."

"Well, well," he said, apologetically, "we've only three days more to stay here, and then we'll take a vacation."

Ollie looked relieved at the prospect of getting away so soon, and went to exchange her unique garb for the ordinary street costume.

The third day after this was announced as the last of the automaton exhibition. An unusual number of persons were therefore present on the opening of the doors—so many, in fact, that Frank Pinkerton, who had resumed his regular attendance, experienced some difficulty in getting the board for a last game. All his attempts to fathom the mystery had failed, and he despaired of ever knowing more of the tantalizing unknown who was so near and yet so far off.

The game was languidly conducted on both sides. Perhaps each player was more occupied with the other than either dreamed. But in one respect, at least, that game was remarkable—it never came to an end.

The room was heated by a coal-stove that had been for some time depending for support upon three legs. A large man, setting his foot upon its decrepit side with some emphasis, gave it a start that resulted, first, in the loss of a second leg, and, finally, in the toppling over of the whole thing, bursting off the top, and scattering the fiery contents in every direction.

With that unlimited confidence in the fire department common to us all, everybody in the room ran out to give the alarm. Mr. Conway had before gone out to get change, and no one thought of the automaton but Pinkerton.

Instead of following the general rush, he sprang to the side of the figure, crying: "How can I help you?"

The room was fast filling with suffocating vapor. A half-stifled voice answered:

"The key! My father!"

The key was not to be had—the automaton was immovable. Pinkerton seized hold of an arm, and wrenched it off from the shoulder, and, inserting both hands into the gap thus made, he, by a single vigorous effort, literally halved the figure.

Through the stifling cloud of bituminous smoke, he scarcely perceived what manner of being it was. He caught it up in his arms, and bore it through the passage and down the stairs. The street safely gained, he became dimly conscious of a very pretty boy, whose long, silky hair massed itself on his, Pinkerton's, shoulder. He felt, however, none of the disgust that the sight of a long-haired youth rarely fails to awaken in every well-regulated masculine mind.

Indeed, to use a mild phrase, he protected that boy unnecessarily, not permitting him to touch the ground for an instant. Though so far from being unconscious, the boy kept continually reiterating: "Do call a carriage! Pray, take me to a carriage!"

The omnipresent hackman soon appeared, and whisked away the pair before even the *Times* reporter, who was on the ground, had learned the boy's name and occupation.

Number 54 Race Street was saved, though the fragments of George Washington were found blazing. Mr. Conway was inconsolable for a while; but what man has done man can do, and a year after a new and portlier George Washington was delighting the chess-loving citizens of New Orleans by his performances. The world-renowned chess-player, Paul Morphy, granted him the honor of two defeats, and graciously allowed that, for a wooden man, he played very well.

Ollie heard, with interest, of these proceedings through the columns of the *Picayune*, copies of which her father sent.

She has given up chess-playing for housekeeping, has exchanged the society of kings, knights and bishops for the society of a single plebeian bank-clerk; in short, she has become the wife of Mr. Francis Pinkerton.

What need to detail the steps by which this happy consummation was reached? The rescue of a young lady with whom he is already more than half in love rarely fails to finish a man of average sensibility; and as for the young lady, her attitude admits of no alternative.

And so they were married, and the automaton mystery remained unsolved, for nobody but our friend Frank ever got at "the bottom facts," and he has none of a certain celebrated namesake's appetite for making statements.

THE SEAGULL.

THIS bird, so numerous on our coast, is a bold creature, caring little for man, and being never hunted by sportsmen, seems not to decrease measurably in numbers, while other classes of birds have been nearly extirpated.

It follows steamers closely, to profit by anything thrown over by the steward or passengers, and in our bays and harbors is constantly seen sailing around, seeking stray morsels, although it depends mainly on fish, which it takes with great dexterity. It also consumes various marine creatures thrown up on the shore.

The gull is easily tamed, and can be taken far into the interior without seeming to miss the ocean air. In a garden it is a useful bird, as it destroys vermin of all kinds, and will even kill small birds that come trespassing in the place.

A friend of a naturalist had a couple of sea-gulls, which ranged the garden freely, one wing of each being clipped to prevent them from flying away. He had also a fine young

cat, which struck up an oddly assorted friendship with the gulls. After a while she evidently compassionated their crippled condition, and thought that it prevented them from hunting. So she set to work at hunting for them, and was in the habit of bringing them little birds and mice, which they ate with the solemn satisfaction of a gull at meals.

It is astonishing, by-the-way, what a large morsel a gull can swallow. I have often seen a gull take a large slice of bread and butter by the middle, and, in spite of the narrowness of its beak, the bird contrived to swallow the slice without putting it down or breaking it.

AY LEE; OR, WHY HE NEVER MARRIED.

By Lieutenant H. D. Smith, U.S.R.M..

SOME years ago a distant relative, a very eccentric man and a retired shipmaster, died, leaving his property to charitable institutions, and bequeathing to me his old sea-kit, simply, I suppose, because I am unfortunate enough to follow the same profession as himself.

Among a mass of papers which I found at the bottom of an old Dutch teakwood chest, was a manuscript, carefully tied up, and written in the bold hand of the captain. I had often wondered why my eccentric relative had never married, for he was really a fine-looking man, as well as very wealthy. The story explains all; and, although I call it a tough yarn, there may be sufficient marines in the world to accept as truth what an old sailor would reject as fiction. One thing I will say—my relative was the soul of honor when in the flesh, and would have scorned an untruth. But here is the story, copied word for word from the manuscript, yellow and faded with age:

Do the dead ever revisit this earth? Even the profound and unsentimental Dr. Johnson was of opinion that to maintain they did not was to oppose the testimony of all ages and nations. I assert solemnly that the following leaf from my private log is a simple, truthful narrative of what actually occurred, with no exaggeration such as men of my profession love to indulge in.

The last vessel I had the honor to command was engaged in the coasting trade between Foo Chow and the Canton River. I had been on the coast so long that I could easily speak their language, feeling perfectly at home with the Celestials.

On the last voyage between the two ports, while bound to the southward, the *Scud*, my pretty little clipper craft, was overtaken by a typhoon. I had made up my mind, as it was during the change of the monsoons, that I should have a brush, and it did not take me unawares.

Any mariner who has ever been in the China Sea knows the dangers attending navigation there. The numerous unknown rocks, shoals and sand-bars, together with strong currents, no mention of which is made upon the charts, increase the dangers and perplexities of the navigator.

Enveloped in darkness and gloom, the *Scud* drifted on, hove-to, while I remained on deck, too anxious even to eat. The wind howled and shrieked as it lashed the sea into a seething foam; the native crew sought the shelter of the lee-bulwarks, while I, on the point of peering into the binnacle, felt a sudden shock, then was hurled with violence across the deck.

For a moment I lay insensible; but the terrible grinding of the timbers on the rocks, and the cries of the drowning men, roused and brought into action every faculty I possessed.

Snatching up a plank that happened to be floating by, I leaped over the lee-rail into the boiling surges. I passed through the breakers, the thick spray from which, mingled with the high, toppling waves, flew over me with such force and fury that I was well-nigh exhausted.

Suddenly my plank struck violently against some object looming up above me until lost in the murky atmosphere. The next gleam of lightning revealed a high, stupendous cliff, around the base of which the seas were thundering, with clouds of vapor and spray filling the air.

Another instant, and I expected to be crushed to atoms against the sharp-pointed rocks; but, with a force I could not resist, I felt myself drawn irresistibly forward—sucked, as it were, into unknown depths.

The boom of the breakers had more of a muffled roar as I reached the surface, and as the vivid sheen of the lightning glared about me I saw that I was in a cavern.

Drawing myself up beyond the reach of the agitated waters, I clung to the rocky ledge circling the bottom of the subterranean room, waiting as patiently as possible for daylight to appear.

The roar of the waves thundering outside, the rattle of thunder and the howl of the wind, continued until a faint ray of light penetrated the slight opening of the cavern, almost on a level with the ocean. By the merest chance in the world had I escaped death, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of the poor fellows who, but a few hours before, had manned the ill-fated *Scud*.

Cold and hungry, I glanced about my quarters, as the daylight increased, in hopes to find something that would satisfy the pangs of hunger and thirst. I was not disappointed. Oysters and crawfish existed in abundance, while streams of pure water trickled down the sides of the cave, affording me a hearty meal.

My next step was to explore the strange harbor into which I had been thrown. I had no other resource to occupy my mind, save watching the foam and boiling waters as they surged and poured through the narrow orifice.

The cavern extended back gradually, contracting in dimensions until I paused before a species of tunnel hewn from the solid rock. Where it might terminate was a question I was determined to solve, despite the gloom and impenetrable darkness into which I resolutely plunged.

I had no weapons—not even a knife, in case I should run foul of some reptile, which was the only danger I feared; but I must confess my heart gave a great leap as I heard the patter of footsteps echoing rapidly along the hollow tunnel.

Nearer and nearer they came, while I shrank to the wall, striving in vain to pierce the horrible darkness, as deep and intense as the shades of Erebus. A cold, soft hand grasped mine; a low laugh grated on my ear; we moved forward, the silence no longer broken save by the clatter of my own feet.

I am not a man who is easily excited or alarmed, I have faced death too many times for that; but, although my conscience was clear, I breathed a silent prayer as I followed my unknown guide.

A small globule of vivid light, floating apparently in mid-air, appeared before me; at the same instant I felt the cold fingers relax from my hand.

A cold breath fanned my cheek, while the light expanded, increased into a moving mass of transparent vapor,

shapeless and unsubstantial; still, there were moments when I imagined I could trace slight resemblances to the human figure in the luminous mist which slowly receded as I advanced.

A strange power impelled me forward, in a great measure controlling my mind and will; for I doubt if my own powers of endurance could have withstood such a startling manifestation of spiritual phenomena.

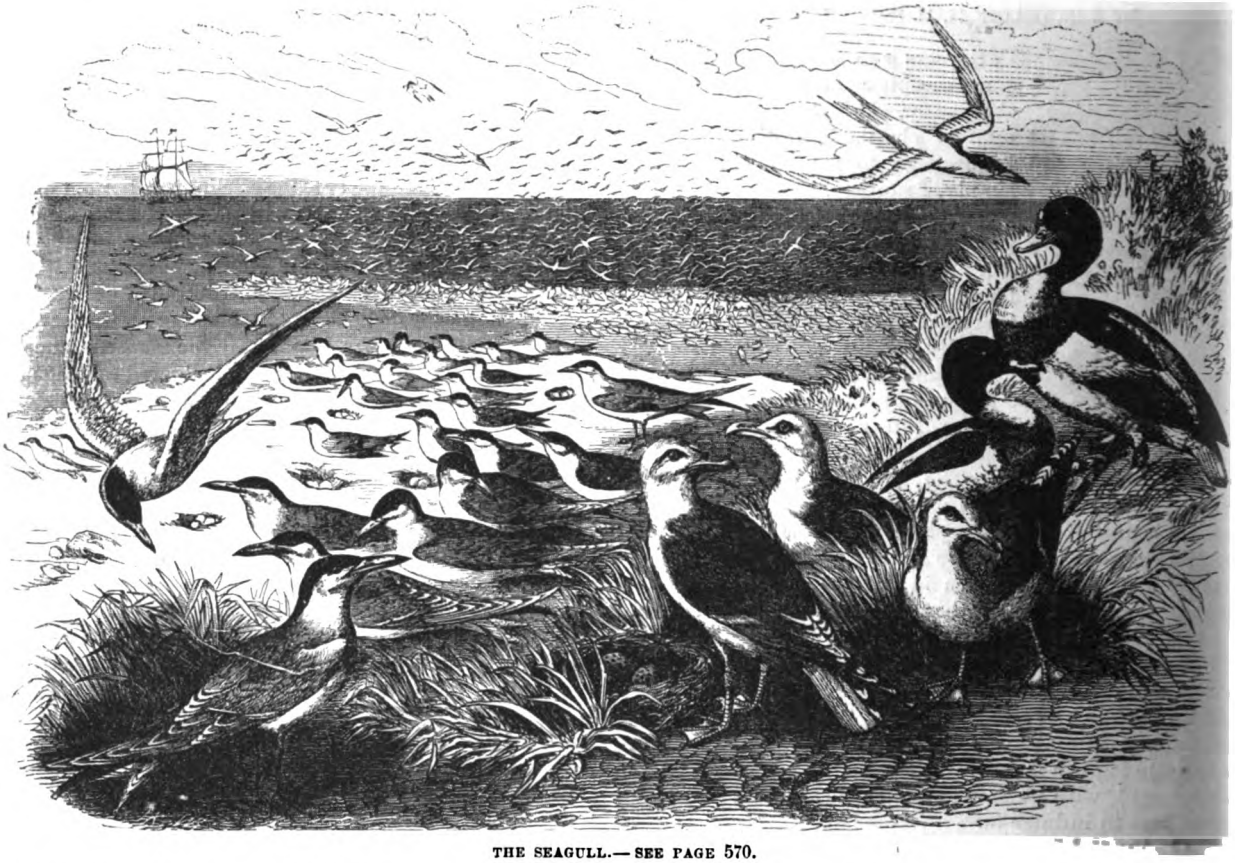
Gradually, the contracted dimensions of the mysterious passage widened, until it merged into a large apartment, not unlike in shape to the cave I had just left. Huge masses of rock, rough and unhewn, jutted out from the frowning sides, from which the moisture dropped in trickling streams, forming pools of stagnant water below, amid which writhed the hideous brown death-adder, the most dreaded of all deadly reptiles infesting China.

Strange murmurs and sighs, so soft and subdued, as if coming from immeasurable depths, mingled with a rustling and moving to and fro, next attracted my attention.

I strove to speak, to reassure myself, but the power of utterance failed me. Was it all an illusion, and I the sport of some horrible nightmare? Could it be possible that I, a mortal, could gaze without fear upon the horrible things flitting about me? No; I was conscious that a power, a will, far superior to mine, supported me, and that I had not yet filled or accomplished its purpose.

Falling athwart the floor of the cave a few yards from me was a dark shadow, which, as my eyes became fixed upon it, began to wave tremulously to and fro, gradually increasing, expanding, until from out of the shadowy depths there stood revealed the figure of a man.

Bent with age, his silvery beard all but sweeping the



THE SEAGULL.— SEE PAGE 570.

Cobwebs and dust, possibly the accumulation of years, were apparent in the dryer portions of the subterranean room, and a rude flight of stairs, hewn from the solid rock, ascended gradually to a broad platform, all of which was revealed to me by the strange light that had guided me thither.

A faint odor, unnoticed before, suddenly transfused itself about me; a mist, not unlike a fog, ascended from the floor. My eyes, fastened on the shadowy mass, became fixed and composed as it gradually faded, concentrating all its brilliancy into one small but vivid atom of light, which quivered to and fro for a moment, then disappeared.

I no longer appeared to have the slightest power over myself, all sensation or thought of fear had departed. A sort of languor swept over me, a tremor shot through my veins, the awful gloom of the apartment rolled suddenly away, revealing shadowy, fantastic forms floating through space.

floor; the eyes, mild but luminous, burned with strange fires as he turned his pallid, wrinkled visage toward mine; while the loose robe, covered with strange characters and hieroglyphics, fell in numerous folds from the attenuated frame, the entire figure or apparition being transparent.

Stretching forth the fleshless hand, he instantly fixed my attention, while a sensation of intense cold, not unlike the breath from an iceberg, chilled me to the very marrow.

I heard no voice, but my soul comprehended the message which was intrusted to me.

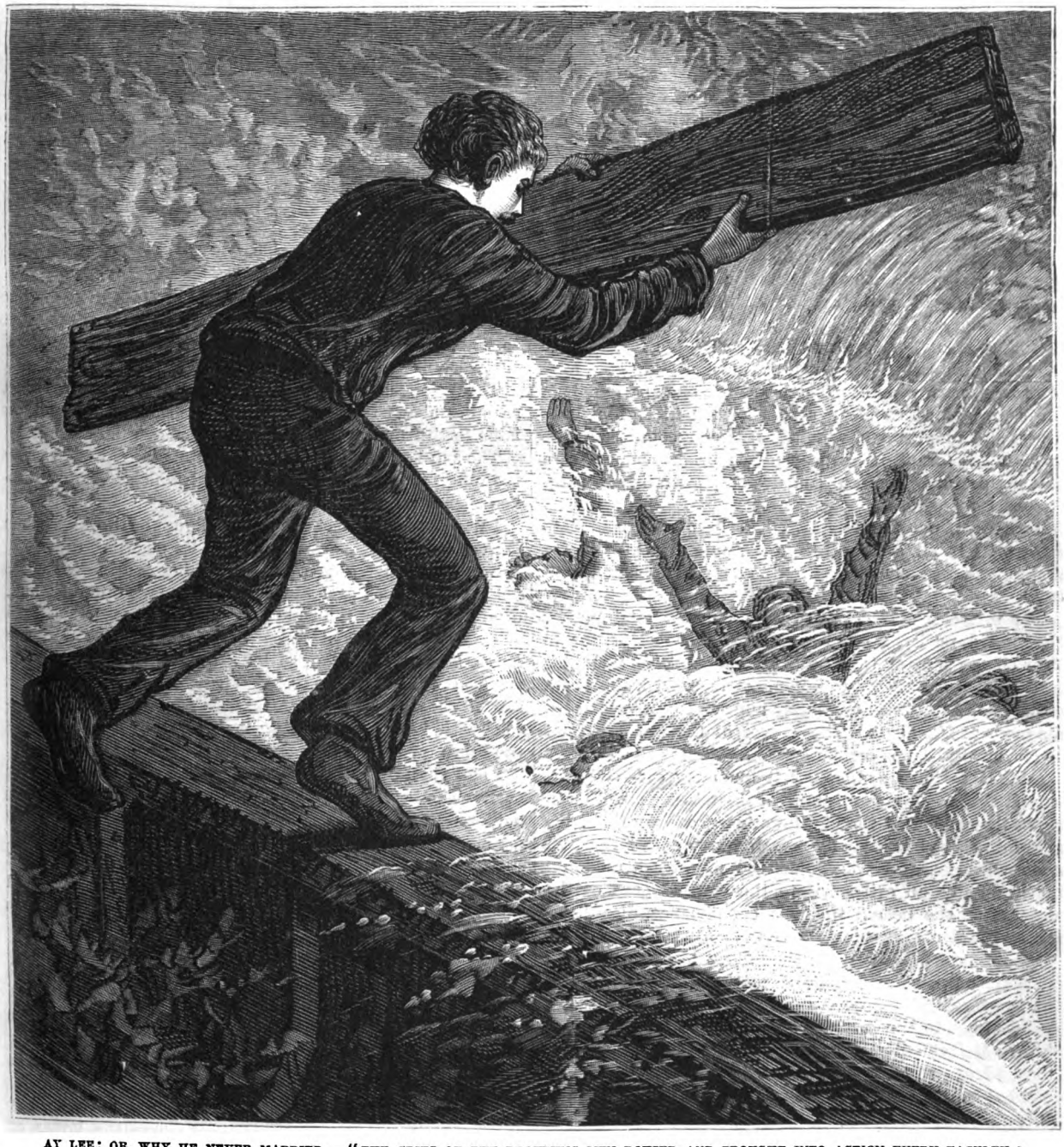
"Mortal, you have penetrated to depths hitherto unknown to man for countless ages. I am Laou Keun, the founder of the magical sect known as Taou-tse, or the Brethren of Reason. Four hundred and fifty years before the birth of Confucius, I founded the temple above us, and established the sacred fire of Kalu. I had this secret chamber constructed wherein to secrete the jewels and wealth of my Order. Through treachery, I, with a number of

followers, were entrapped and died, inclosed by these solid walls. Our bones, denied the right of burial, lie heaped in yonder corner, where lurk venomous reptiles. Our souls, doomed to wander restlessly about for thousands of years, can now be freed by your efforts. A grave must be dug, the bones interred, the temple above destroyed; then all will have been fulfilled. Hitherto you have been supported by my will; hereafter you will have naught to rely upon but your own courage and fortitude. Waver not, and all will be well. Falter, let fright gain the mastery of your brain, and you will be crushed, while your spirit, with ours, will haunt these depths till chance again throws some mortal within the cave of Taou-tse. Farewell; but before I fade for ever from your mortal view, behold, the treasures of the secret temple are revealed!" and, touching a projecting rock in the wall, it turned aside, disclosing a gleaming mass of gold and silver, with handfuls of precious stones that sparkled with unnatural brilliancy.

Another instant, and all had faded from view. Darkness again enveloped me, my brain became clouded, and when I became conscious, the soft sea-breeze from the entrance of the cavern was fanning my cheek.

I started to my feet, rubbed my eyes, gazed fearfully around, and could scarcely convince myself that I had been dreaming. Was it possible that the narrow passage leading to the silent, mysterious cave devoted to Taout-tse was a creation of fancy, the thread of an idle dream?

Clambering over the rocks, I searched for an opening. Yes, there it was, the dark mouth yawning sombre and silent before me. The sight was sufficient; no power on earth would have tempted me to trust myself in that horrible outlet again.



AY LEE; OR, WHY HE NEVER MARRIED.—"THE CRIES OF THE DROWNING MEN ROUSED AND BROUGHT INTO ACTION EVERY FACULTY I POSSESSED. SNATCHING UP A PLANK, I LEAPED OVER THE LEE RAIL INTO THE BOILING SURGES."— SEE PAGE 571.

The typhoon passed away; the sea had resumed its wonted placid aspect, the gentle waters lapped up with a tinkle against the rocks worn smooth by the action of the element. The sun shone joyously forth, imparting fresh courage and confidence in my breast, for, I must confess, the dream or vision, call it what you will, had made a strong impression upon me.

How many hours had elapsed since the wreck of the *Seud* I was unable to form any opinion, but I was determined that night should not come on and find me an inmate of the cavern.

I swam to the entrance, passed the low arch in safety, skirted the base of the cliff until I found an opportunity to obtain a foothold; then by dint of hard work, aided by a strong nerve, a steady eye, and a pair of strong arms, I scaled the rough sea-front of the precipice, and in the last rays of the setting sun saw the tall pinnacles of a pagoda or temple devoted to Buddha, a religion established in China five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

It gave promise of a shelter for the night. The only danger to be feared in case of detection was outrage—possibly death—if caught by the keepers of the edifice within the limits of the temple.

Caution was therefore necessary as I stole from tree to tree, keeping well in the shadows, until I glided through the rough, narrow door. There was but one apartment, in the centre of which stood a thin-formed idol of hideous aspect and proportions, which I at once recognized as the god Fo. Before the idol gleamed the bright embers of a fire, the perfume from the sandalwood penetrating to every corner of the edifice.

This, then, was the temple I had been commanded to destroy! It all seemed like a dream—an illusion of a brain overtasked and excited by the dangers it had encountered.

The priestess, always selected for superior attainments, beauty and purity, I knew could not be far distant, for to their charge is given the care of the sacred fire. Should it be neglected or suffered to become extinguished, the wrath of the god is supposed to be only appeased by the blood of the recreant attendant. The keeper of the fire could not be far distant—I was certain of that.

A light footstep suddenly fell upon my ear—so light, indeed, that I had no opportunity to secrete myself. Standing in the shadow of the idol towering above my head, the uncertain light but partially revealing my entire figure, I stood motionless, my arms folded on my breast, no doubt appearing like an evil spirit to the startled gaze of the priestess as she beheld the pale countenance, disordered hair and wild eyes peering out from amid the gloom.

She was robed in a white, gauzy dress, her long, luxuriant hair, black as midnight, streaming down her back. The low forehead, expressive eyes, fringed with lashes in deep contrast to the carnation mantling her cheek, teeth white as Oriental pearls, lips of the hue of coral, a form lithe and graceful as a willow—such was the maid who stood before me, her hands clasped, as she sank slowly to the floor, kotowing nine times.

In low, faltering tones her voice reached my ear. She looked upon me as a spirit—a superior being sent from unknown regions to destroy the temple; a tradition, it appears, that had been handed down from generation to generation.

I could easily have made my escape, as the priestess bowed before me without venturing to raise her eyes; and such was my first impulse. But the sweet face of the Chinese girl had a fascination that thrilled me to the heart.

I stepped from out the shadow, and raised the trembling girl, assuring her that I was only a poor shipwrecked mariner, a mortal like herself. It was long before I could convince Ay Lee. She had never before seen a white man, or indeed, any male save the leathery, wrinkled visage of the old priest, who, to my satisfaction, I found to be the only male guardian of the temple. He was at the time absent collecting herbs, but would soon return. It would never do for him to discover me; and Ay Lee, whose gentle heart pitied my misfortunes, led me to an alcove shaded by a curtain, where she assured me I would be safe.

Days and weeks passed by unheeded, and I lingered in the company of the priestess, who, to my delight, had learned to blush, and her eye to sparkle, when I approached. The spirit of Laou Keun and his grim exhortation was forgotten in my dream of love. That Ay Lee, in her purity and innocence, loved me in return, I was assured. Every pulse of her heart beat for me.

I determined to escape, and take Ay Lee with me, who would give up all and follow me wherever I bade her. My greatest drawback was the uncertainty of the island—for such it was—the location of which I was unable to form the least conjecture.

A large sampan, with sails, lay moored in a little cove to leeward, by which I could reach the main land. Justice to myself and owners demanded action on my part, and that very night I resolved to fly.

The priest, as was his wont, was absent in the evening, roaming about the island; giving me an opportunity to issue forth from my hiding-place for recreation and air.

The sun had set. Deep shadows stole tremulously across the rough floor of the temple, through which a deep, unbroken silence reigned.

I was leaning against the central figure of the idol, when it trembled, moved, revolving upon its pedestal, disclosing to my astonished gaze a small opening leading to depths below. I glanced over the edge of the dark opening, and, dimly perceptible, the rude stone steps met my gaze.

Then with renewed force the solemn words of Laou Keun, all but forgotten, so long unheeded, came back to my heart with crushing force. Great drops of perspiration started out on my brow. A terrible feeling of dread, mingled with horror, swept over me as I stood spellbound on the brink, while strange odors ascended to my nostrils.

I had yet a duty to perform before leaving the island forever. The bones of Laou Keun and his followers must be gathered; and the treasure which had been disclosed to my startled vision—that, too, floated through my brain.

Calling Ay Lee, I pointed out to her the discovery I had made by accident. She turned a shade paler; for I had related the details of that singular dream, which I was about to test beyond all doubt.

A torch was procured, and, assisting Ay Lee to descend—she insisted upon accompanying me—we slowly descended the slimy steps, dripping with moisture.

The bottom of the cave was strewn with a fine dust, in which I distinctly saw the imprint of a huge foot suddenly form; and as I advanced, another and another followed in rapid succession.

I said nothing to Ay Lee, who clung to my arm, but pressed firmly on to the gloomy spot where the bones of the ancient followers of Taou-tse had already more than half crumbled into dust. A huge, bloated adder raised his head to strike, but I ground the loathsome reptile under my heel; at the same time a low, hollow laugh rang through the vault.

From the dark recesses of a distant corner, I beheld a pair of fierce, luminous eyes glaring into mine with a malignancy that sent an involuntary shudder through my frame. Ay Lee trembled violently, without venturing to look up; and concentrating all my faculties, I resolutely set about

my task. Gathering the bones and dust together, I conveyed them up the stairs, digging a hasty grave beneath a tree selected by Ay Lee, and carefully depositing the remains in their last resting-place.

Together we returned to the dismal chasm. The terrible viper had disappeared, and nothing bordering on the supernatural troubled us. The projecting stone covering the hidden treasure jutted out from the wall, seemingly inviting me to advance and claim the glittering mass.

For the first time I trembled, hesitated, until the low, soft voice of my beloved bade me hurry. For some time I was baffled; the hidden spring refused to work, until by mere accident I pressed against it. Slowly the massive, cunningly contrived door swung back, revealing a mass of wealth such as mortal never dreamed of or conceived in the wildest dreams of ambitious gain.

My eyes feasted on the fascinating display. I waved the torch to and fro, watching the myriad reflections flashed back from piles of brilliants. I ran my hands through the precious accumulations, gloating over the power I had acquired, and the happiness in store for Ay Lee and myself.

Bidding her ascend for the purpose of obtaining a basket by which we could remove the priceless wealth, I watched her as she ran lightly up the steps, disappearing through the opening.

The minutes passed quickly by. I toyed and played with the gems mechanically, placing some of them in my pockets. She did not return. I grew first impatient, then alarmed. I shouted aloud, my voice echoing dismally through the vault.

Nervous, and imagining all sorts of dire misfortunes, I was far from realizing the extent of the terrible calamity that, at one fell swoop, wrecked my life, my hopes, my love.

Bounding up the stairway, I leaped into the temple, coming suddenly upon the old priest, who, with a bloody knife in his hand, recoiled in terror before me.

On the floor of the temple, before the bronze urn which had contained the sacred fire, lay Ay Lee, bathed in blood, which was flowing from a ghastly wound in her side. Her eyes, over which the film of death had gathered, were upturned to mine in a last passionate glance. A sigh, a gentle heave of the bosom, and the pure spirit departed from its earthly covering to the God who gave it.

The sacred fire, during our absence below, had become extinguished for want of attention. The old priest had discovered the sacrilege just as Ay Lee appeared in search of the basket, and in a moment was stricken down, a victim to the old fanatic's wrath.

Scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I seized the shrivelled carcass of Ay Lee's destroyer as he kotowed before me, hurling him headlong down the abyss.

Applying the torch to a dozen different points of the temple, the light woodwork was soon enveloped in a blaze.

Bearing the body of my lost love to the grove of fragrant pepul-trees, I covered her white robe with sweet-scented flowers, kissed her lips for the last time, and turned my face toward the cave wherein lay the sampan, a broken-hearted, despairing man.

Long into the weary hours of the night did I watch the reflection of the flames from the burning temple, as I drifted, aimless and helpless, over the broad ocean. A sudden pillar of flame, shooting up into the dark heavens, the smothered report of an explosion, and darkness reigned unbroken on every side.

I sank into the bottom of the boat, and knew no more until weeks afterward, when convalescent from an attack of brain fever.

I had been rescued far to leeward of the Ladrones by an American ship, bound to San Francisco. Luckily there was on board a doctor—a passenger—and to his care I owe my life.

The few stones I had placed in my pockets were more than sufficient to make me independent of the world and my profession. I had lost all ambition. I no longer cared to mingle in the busy, bustling world, which had lost its charms for me.

Amid every comfort and luxury, every pleasure, hope and aspiration, the memory of my lost love, the sweet face and flower-bedecked robe of Ay Lee rise constantly before me as I left her amid the pepul-trees in the lone, seagirt island, and I look forward for the hour to come when I shall be summoned aloft, hoping, praying that my first and only love may be the first messenger to guide, and bid me welcome on the silent, echoless shore from which no traveler returns!

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

What a simple, beautiful, powerful institution it is! The nursery and preparatory school of the affections and moral sentiments of our nature, what an incalculable influence it brings to bear upon the development of our best capabilities!

Take, for example, the relation of children to parents; submission to right authority; trust in a higher wisdom and a stronger power than their own—love answering to love; meeting it sometimes as a monitor, sometimes as a playmate, and unconsciously becoming assimilated to it;—is it possible to conceive an atmosphere more exquisitely adapted to quickening in young souls the innate germs of that moral and spiritual life which is destined to find its highest object in the disclosures to it of the fatherhood of heaven?

We often speak of the sanctities of home. Literally, as well as figuratively, our characterization of it is true; for it is there that those affections are first elicited, exercised and expanded, which, in due time and unless perverted by evil, will be filled with the fulness that flows from the uncreated source, and that will constitute our sublimer life when the present initiatory one has passed away.

The family circle is a scenic representation to young hearts of that higher world of relationships wherein humanity is to reach its perfection; and the unquestioning obedience we yield to earthly parents, our implicit trust in them, our unreserved love of them, are, in their first exercise, just those susceptibilities of our nature which in their last will unite us for ever.

Our training for immortality begins with our first recognition of the right to command which the tones of a father's voice express, with the first appreciation of the love which plays in a mother's smile. True, we may frustrate but too effectually these simplest preparations for what we should be hereafter; but it is not the less true that it is in the family circle that we acquire those primary sentiments which constitute the very substratum of subjective religion.

Success.—The way for a man to truly succeed is to do what he thinks best worth his doing, in the way he thinks it ought to be done. Let him never step aside from this path, either for profit or praise, and he will have all the success that it is possible to have, and all that is worth having.

Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

THE NUTMEG TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

In spite of the endeavors of the Dutch to confine the nutmeg tree to the narrow precincts of Banda, it has likewise extended its range, not only over Sumatra, Mauritius, Bourbon and Ceylon, but even over the Western hemisphere.

It is of a more majestic growth than the clove, as it attains a height of fifty feet, and the leaves, of a fine green on the upper surface and gray beneath, are more handsome in the outline, and broader in proportion to the length.

When the trees are about nine years old, they begin to bear. They are diœcious, having male or barren flowers upon one tree, and female or fertile upon another. The flowers of both are small, white, bell-shaped, without any calyx, the embryo fruit appearing at the bottom of the female flowers in the form of a little reddish knob.

When ripe, it resembles in appearance and size a small peach, and then the outer rind, which is about half an inch thick, bursts at the side, and discloses a shining black nut, which seems the darker from the contrast of leafy network of a fine red color with which it is enveloped. The latter forms the mace of commerce, and having been laid to dry in the shade for a short time, is packed in bags and pressed together very tightly.

THE NUTMEG TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

The shell of the nut is larger and harder than that of the filbert, and could not, in the state in which it is gathered, be broken without injuring the nut. On that account the nuts are successively dri in the sun and then by fire-heat, till the kernel shrinks so much as to rattle in the shell, which is then easily broken.

After this the nuts are three times soaked in sea-water and lime; they are then laid in a heap, where they heat and get rid of their superfluous moisture by evaporation. This process is pursued to preserve the substance and flavor of the nut, as well as to destroy its vegetative power.

The kernel contains both a fixed oil, which is obtained by pressure, a pound generally yielding three ounces, and a transparent, volatile oil, which may be obtained by distillation in the proportion of one thirty-second part of the weight of nutmeg used.

Banda still furnishes the most and the best nutmegs, though the tree is now cultivated in many other tropical countries. The yearly produce is estimated at about 500,000 pounds of nutmegs, and some 150,000 pounds of mace.

The outer rinds are likewise not without a use to the natives. They are laid in large heaps, and allowed to rot, when they get covered with a blackish mushroom, which is esteemed as a great delicacy.

Delays.—Fortune is like the market; many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of all things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"DOWN SAMANTHA SAT ON THE FLOOR, CRYING AS IF HER HEART WOULD BREAK. 'NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND,' SAID RALPH, EXAMINING THE CANVAS. 'I CAN EASILY PAINT ANOTHER—I'VE PLENTY OF TIME."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

On the morning of that Thursday a certain subdued excitement was very perceptible among the rows of children seated in Mabel Jordan's schoolroom, in the village perched amid the hills between Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks.

The little people showed a virtuous desire to attend to their duties which was truly praiseworthy; but, like so many of the efforts of older people in that line, the carrying out of the design was coupled with great difficulties. The apple-cheeked boys positively could not keep still in their seats, and were forced to work off a portion of their enthusiasm by kicking each other's shins and indulging in extraordinary grimaces; and every now and then from the benches where the girls were clustered, looking like a collection of rosebuds, an occasional titter would break forth; and when the teacher's voice checked it, a sort of flutter went through the ranks, which reminded one of the sounds in a dove-cote.

A half-holiday was to be accorded the school, all the more delightful because it was not usual to have such relaxation in the middle of the week. Festivities of some sort were taking place in a neighboring village, and, with the approval of parents and guardians, Mabel had consented to dismiss her charges at noon, in order that they might have an opportunity to witness and share in the gayeties—though

I fear the major portion of the small folk termed the affair "doin's and high jinks," in spite of their teacher's numerous lessons as to the use of words and their pronunciation.

I must confess that the anticipated release from duties was as enjoyable to Mabel as to the children. Not that she was given to seeking such, or considering that the monotony of her life called for sympathy, either from herself or others; only she was just eighteen. At eighteen, holidays are still boons to grow enthusiastic over, and freedom and change are magical phrases, the mere mention of which can quicken the pulse and rouse the fancy of a dweller in the elf-land of youth.

The lessons and the hours went on, the children vaguely wondering how it was possible to make three hours so long as those between nine and twelve of that particular morning—certain that the clock must have stopped; and, when ocular demonstration convinced them this was not the case, inclined to believe that it was in league with Time to go slower than ever clock did before.

However, the small imps did their best in the matter of behavior, and Mabel was very patient with them—the more so, perhaps, because she felt a little conscience-stricken in regard to her own shortcomings. It was so difficult to fix her attention upon the work in hand! While she listened to the children read, vague fancies kept making music in her soul; and when asking questions of the class in geography, she suddenly discovered that instead of being occupied with an inspection of the rivers of Europe, she was off in some enchanted world not set down upon any school-map whatever.

When the clock struck eleven, a murmur went through the whole room like the noise of a beehive; but Mabel checked that. The grammar-class came up to torture prosody and parsing—no, to be tortured by those grim tyrants—and the rest of the scholars fastened their eyes upon their books with such unnatural steadiness that it was evident they were gazing straight through the dog-eared volumes upon the delights in store for the afternoon.

Half past eleven! A shout positively went up from the boys—an unheard of breach of discipline in Mabel's well-regulated domain; out a quick-witted youngster saved himself and his fellow-culprits by making the mistress laugh.

"We didn't go to do it," he said, "but we thought old half-past 'leven had forgot to come in. He's ben a-hangin' round the corner these two hours, as if he'd done sumpthing he was ashamed of."

Mabel got back the gravity befitting her position, and said:

"Now, if you will all see how quietly you can put away your books, we will have our singing-lesson, instead of waiting till Saturday."

This was a blissful idea; and presently the chorus of childish voices rose in unison with their mistress's clear, sweet tones, and the concert was a pleasant thing to hear—so interesting to the children, also, that the minutes flew almost as fast as ordinary moments do.

It was nearly upon the stroke of twelve, fortunately, when a small daughter of Eve made a discovery. She had been obliged to stop singing in order to repress an inopportune sneeze, and as she raised her head from the desk, where she had hidden it—a good deal flushed, but triumphant over the weakness of the flesh—she happened to glance toward an open window near her seat, and, before she knew what she was doing, called aloud:

"There's Mr. Desborough a-peekin' in! He's ducked now, but he was there, and he shook his finger at me!"

All eyes turned toward the casement, so there was nobody to notice that the sedate young schoolmistress blushed to an excess, as undignified as it was bewitching.

And now the boys set up another shout. Ralph Desborough had appeared again at the casement. Such a wonderfully handsome young fellow, as he stood there with an expression of mingled fun and impatience on his countenance. His hat was off, and the light breeze stirred his auburn curls; his eyes looked out from under a forehead which betokened a high order of intellect; his mouth was sweet as a woman's beneath the curve of his slight mustache, yet full of pride and strength; and, to add to all his other advantages, he was barely three-and-twenty.

Ah, to us older, tired men, there is something at once irritating and pathetic in the sight of such extreme youth; we feel ready to be envious, yet to cry God help him, for we know what inevitably lies beyond!

Desborough waved his hand to the children, then glanced toward the teacher with a bow of mock contrition.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jordan," he said; "but it is just ready to strike twelve—I want to say something to the children before they go."

Mabel accorded the permission, though she tried a look disapproval of such breach of discipline—such a breaking, too, of his compact; because, weeks before, she had made him promise not to approach the schoolroom during lesson hours.

Ralph vaulted easily over the low window-sill, patted the heads of two or three of his favorites as he passed up toward the little sort of dais on which stood Mabel's desk and chair. He bent over the young girl's hand, answered some hesitating remonstrance by a gay laugh, then turned toward the expectant pupils.

"School is dismissed," said he. "You have worried your teacher until she has no voice left even to send you away."

Then a whoop and a shout, from boys and girls, and they began to crowd about the platform.

"We've been pretty good, haven't we, Teacher?" called little Nettie Graves, Ralph's special pet. "Tell Mr. Desborough how we said our g'ography lesson."

"Then there hasn't been anybody naughty?" Ralph asked.

"No—no!" chorused the flock.

"I'm sorry for that," said Ralph; "I brought a present for all the bad children, just to console them; but since there are none here——"

The eager little creatures began to coo and flutter, and Nettie, with the assurance of a conscious favorite, pressed close to Ralph, and called out:

"Maybe not to say real good, you know; but you see we didn't know what you wanted. I guess most of us have earned the present, anyhow."

"Oh, Nettie, what an admission!" said the mistress, laughing.

"Yes, but you see—you see!" faltered Nettie.

"The little wretch is ready to sacrifice her character, and that of her friends, for the sake of a gift!" said Ralph.

"No, indeed!" pronounced Nettie, primly; then her dignity gave way, and she tried to climb up his legs, whispering, "Tell me what you are going to give us—oh, do, now!"

The present proved most acceptable, considering the occasion—twenty-five cents for each child to spend at the fair. And now thanks were hastily spoken, farewells to the teacher uttered, and away rushed the score of happy creatures as fast as their small legs would carry them.

Mabel was in readiness, and followed to the door in the wake of her pupils.

"I hope you were not vexed with me," Ralph said, as

they stood watching the children scamper down the hill toward the village. "I knew the young imps were dying to get out, and it was so near twelve."

"I hear the church-bell striking now," Mabel said. "Are you not going over to the celebration, Mr. Desborough?"

"I? No, indeed! You told me several days since that you did not mean to go," he replied, quickly.

Mabel both blushed and smiled at the apparently unconscious fashion in which he admitted that his movements depended upon hers; but he was shutting the schoolroom-door for her, and lost the sight of her face at that particular instant.

Close by was a gate which led into Mabel Jordan's small domain. The house stood some distance back from the road, so covered with running roses, Virginia creepers and trailing vines of divers sorts, that it looked more like a bower than a substantial habitation. In front of the dwelling a green lawn, dotted with flower-beds and shadowed by grand old forest trees, sloped down to the highway. It had been originally the property of a physician, from whom Mabel's stepfather had purchased it years ago, when he had removed to the village with the little girl and her mother.

Now that she was obliged to earn her own living, in these days of orphanage, the little tenement in the corner of the road, which had once served for the doctor's office, afforded her a convenient schoolhouse.

Ralph opened the gate and stood aside for her to pass. She turned as if expecting to receive his parting salutation; but he said, composedly:

"I want to get my books;" and accompanied her toward the house.

As they approached the porch, a woman came out of the passage and began violently shaking a bit of carpet—a tall, gaunt creature, on the wrong side of forty-five, with spinster written in every line of her stiff, angular figure; and a face, which, if plain, was kept from being commonplace by an expression of force and energy.

"This is one of Samantha's grand scouring days," Mabel said.

"It seems to me that most days are devoted to those saturnalia on her part," returned Desborough; "I never knew such a fearfully industrious creature in my life."

By this time the female on the piazza noticed their approach, and stopped beating the carpet.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me it's twelve o'clock, Mabel Jordan," she called, in an injured tone.

"Indeed it is, and some moments after," returned Mabel.

"I want to know, if I didn't think it was about 'leven. I'm as behind hand as behind hand can be."

"Have you been hunting about with a microscope to find some particles of dust in some corner, Miss Dawson?" asked Ralph.

"Land's sake, Mr. Desborough, is that you? You're forever a-dodgin' round when a body's all at sixes and sevens!" cried Samantha, giving him a grim smile of welcome. "You're always pretendin' to have work of your own to do, but when you 'tend to it is more than I can tell."

Mabel passed into the house, saying:

"I will get the books, Mr. Desborough."

"A good deal more than I can tell," added Samantha.

"I was off to my work before eight o'clock, Miss Dawson," said Ralph; "and I've a sketch of Martin's Hollow that I think you will like."

"Oh la, I don't call potterin' about with a paint-brush, work, unless it's on the side of a house," retorted Samantha. "Not but what the way you draw the things off is pretty enough to look at."

"Thanks for the compliment," laughed Ralph.

"Well," pursued Samantha, "if you've earned your dinner, you'd better go and eat it, and not keep Aunt Betsy Turner down at the tavern a-waitin' till all her good things are spiled. She says you're dreadful aggravatin' that way."

"I thought you meant to ask me to dine with you," said Ralph.

"Not a ask!" cried Semantha. "Mabel will only get bread and milk this noon. I've been too busy to cook. Where all the dust comes from is more'n I can guess, but I've been at it ever since I got out of bed, and I'm not near done yet."

"I am very fond of bread and milk," said Ralph, "so your invitation is exceedingly welcome."

"Go along with you!" exclaimed Samantha, shaking the carpet at him. "But I'll tell you what—I'm going to have a meat-tea to make up; so if you're around then, why, I'll show you what a briled chicken is; for, though Aunt Betsy can bake and bile with a Heathen grandee, or a Mexican nabob, she can't brile. That I'll stand to—only you needn't tell her I said so."

"I will, the first time you scold me," Ralph declared.

"I'm a heap better to you than you deserve," replied Samantha; "city sprigs ain't in my way, and so I've told you often!"

"Then, since I'm not in your way I can stop," said the provoking Ralph, moving forward as if to mount the steps.

Samantha again shook the carpet fiercely at him, but retreated toward the door, conscious that the back breadths of her gown were pinned up in a way which would not bear inspection by the profane eyes of masculine humanity.

Mabel came out of the house with the books, and Samantha kept her stand. It was evident she meant to do so as long as he stayed.

"Will you have time to give me a sitting this afternoon, Miss Jordan?" he asked. "One more will finish the portrait."

Mabel acquiesced, and Samantha looked more amiable. That picture had been the only means of making her relinquish certain prejudices against Ralph, founded partially on the fact of his being what she styled a "city sprig," arising still more from an inordinate jealousy of any person who claimed much share of Mabel Jordan's affection.

She had lived in the house since Mabel was a child—had been, indeed, a distant connection of Mabel's step-father; and all the capacities of loving which the spinster possessed were lavished upon the young girl. Mabel's mother had died when her daughter was thirteen, and Samantha had better filled her place than one would have supposed possible in merely looking at her and listening to her barbarous pronunciation; though that must have been a matter of habit and early association, for she was not an illiterate woman. When Mr. Seymour — Mabel's stepfather — bought the house, there had been a farm attached, but he was a student, not a farmer. Matters went from bad to worse—field after field was sold, and when he died, some eighteen months before the time of which I am writing, he had nothing to bequeath his dearly beloved Mabel save the homestead and a few acres.

But Samantha Dawson had long since brought her little income to the aid of the household, and given the work of her hands into the bargain. She was a specimen of the old type of a New England housekeeper; and a moment's leisure was a sin in her eyes. From dawn to dewy eve, Samantha must work, and her only complaint was that she had not half enough to do.

Finding that the spinster had no intention of entering the house so long as he stood there, Ralph Desborough took his leave.

"May I come back at half-past one?" he asked.

"Mabel, you promised to look over the accounts," said Samantha, quickly.

"I want to begin early because of the light," said the artful Ralph, as if he had not heard Miss Dawson's parenthetical remark, inspired by a sudden distaste to the eager expression of admiration with which the young man was regarding Mabel. "It changes so often these Autumn days, that it is very troublesome."

"Oh!" said Samantha, before Mabel could speak—softened at once by a fear that the wonderful portrait might suffer if she persisted too far in her little humors. "Law, Mabel, you can easily have finished by two o'clock!"

Ralph caught Mabel's eyes, and she could not help smiling.

"Very well," she said, demurely; "two o'clock, Mr. Desborough."

"And remember, Miss Samantha, you promised to give me supper," cried Ralph, as he went down the steps.

"Depends on how much work you do," returned Samantha, bridling, though she laughed; "you've been an awful while over that picture—you'll never make your fortune if you can't reel off likenesses quicker."

Mabel retreated indoors before the sentence was fairly completed. Ralph made some merry response, and went his way.

"He's got too much money, that's what ails him," soliloquized Samantha, picking up the bit of carpet which she had dropped. "I like him—a body can't help it, he's that smooth and coaxing—but I don't trust no city sprig! Samantha Dawson ain't to be caught napping where that dear angel is concerned—but he saved her life—yes, he did; I can't go back of that—the Lord bless him! It gives me the shivers only to think! And he's handsome—why, the statiary in Boston Museum ain't handsomer; but only a fool would be took in by such stuff! The rascals are all handsome chaps—you've only to read the newspapers to find that out."

And Samantha gave the carpet a venomous shake, as if it had been somehow in fault; then turned back into the house, seized with a qualm of conscience to remember how long she had been idle.

Like a great many other notable housekeepers, Samantha had a vague idea that the mysterious sentence in Holy Writ which declares that we shall hereafter answer for each misspent instant, somehow referred especially to any neglect of dusting, beating carpets and the like; beautifully unconscious that, necessary as such duties are, much time, valuable to a human soul, may be wasted therein.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

NATURALLY, the two young people's narrow escape from drowning had caused a good deal of excitement. The men who came to their aid were near enough to recognize Denis Challoner. He had lived once for more than a year at the village on the shore, and afterward in Hillside. He was considered moody and strange, though few people had ever really thought him insane, but Mabel Jordan had known that he was.

She had seen little of him till during the latter part of his stay in her neighborhood, when he occupied a position as bookkeeper in a large manufactory, but after he had succeeded in making her acquaintance, he persecuted her a great deal.

He conceived a crazy affection for her, and his conduct when he learned the hopelessness of his passion had convinced Mabel that his mind was seriously disordered. At length he disappeared, and it was currently reported that he had gone to South America.

The wretched man's body was recovered on the day following the accident, and buried in the village cemetery.

Desborough had managed to use influence enough to keep Mabel's name and his own out of the account given in the public prints—the fact of the two passengers having escaped unhurt being the only mention made.

Ralph lingered a few days at the the village by the lake, and then followed Mabel Jordan to Hillside.

Three weeks had fled with such rapidity that in their passing they only seemed like so many days to Ralph Desborough, though the time appeared very long to look back upon, as those periods in existence when we feel acutely always do, and Ralph could scarcely realize that he had not been living for months and months in the midst of his happy dream.

His stay in the village occasioned no remark, his acquaintance—the Burlington newspaper man—had given him an introduction to the most important personage in the neighborhood, the owner of a large manufactory; and this gentleman, knowing Gilbert Harrington well by reputation, was only too pleased to show every possible attention to his adopted son; and as for the inhabitants in general, of course, anybody received by their chief magnate must be a person worthy of esteem.

Then, too, Ralph Desborough possessed, to a remarkable degree, that most fortunate gift which nature can bestow upon any human being—the faculty of winning confidence and friendship. It was impossible to resist the fascination of his manner and conversation, his strong personal magnetism, his keen intuitions, his wide, active sympathies—carried him straight into the hearts of those he approached.

Before he had been a week in the village, he was on familiar terms with every creature in it, and from the parson down to the hostler at old Turner's tavern, "Young Desborough" was regarded as the model of mortal perfection. And as for his genius, well, probably few of the villagers were acquainted with the name of Raphael, but, in any case, they would have shaken their heads incredulously had any person ventured to suggest that his talents could have approached those of this wonderful fellow, "who beat photography hollow" with his liknesses, and "drawed off anything you could ask for as nat'ral as life."

The narrative of those weeks where Ralph Desborough and Mabel Jordan were concerned would be only a repetition of "the old, old story"—the old story which is always new to each human heart in turn.

There had been no process of making acquaintance—the incidents connected with their first meeting would, of themselves, have prevented such necessity. This bringing them suddenly face to face had been the work of destiny; neither would have doubted that. Ralph knew that he had loved her from the instant he set eyes on her photograph; that when he started forth to find the original, though he told himself it was because her portrait realized the loveliness he had dreamed of for the principal figure in a large picture which he contemplated, he had in reality gone because some power higher than his own intelligence bade him seek this girl; in her he was to find the earthly realization of that ideal which had haunted his fancy from boyhood.

As for Mabel, he came straight into her dreams as the prince came to the maiden in the sweet old fairy tale. There was this difference between the man and the girl—from the first, Ralph admitted to his soul, joyfully,

proudly, that he loved her; but Mabel, with the reticence of her sex, kept aloof from any admissions in her secret thoughts—just drifted on and on through the bright, enchanted days, and never sought to discover what made their sudden glory.

The portrait which he began of her in the first days after his arrival was a charming excuse for spending a great deal of time at the house, and its excellence softened even Samantha Dawson's heart. She had given him an unused apartment off the dining-room, which he arranged as a studio, and once his easel set up, and he discovered that the light was good, she could not refuse to let him work there to finish any sketch he wanted to complete in oils.

Even when Mabel was absent at her school, he haunted the house, and so charmed Samantha against her will, that often when alone or troubled by some fear where Mabel was concerned, she used to vituperate her own folly in not being able to resist his fascinations.

Samantha was as little given to gossip as a stern sphinx—had no time for visiting or receiving visits; indeed, her neighbors stood rather in awe of her, and pitied their favorite Miss Mabel for having such an uncongenial companion.

"It's as onnat'ral as seein' a lily grafted on to a prickly pear!" old Aunt Betsy Turner declared, and everybody agreed with her.

But, at least, Samantha's solitary habits prevented the village from becoming aware how much Desborough was at the house, and it had no knowledge of the portrait; though, of course, the gossips had very soon decided that this rich, handsome newcomer was exactly the sort of man Miss Mabel ought to marry.

Mabel's beauty and Mabel's acquirements were the admiration of the neighborhood, and it was true that many a girl who graduates from a fashionable boarding-school would have fallen far below her either in accomplishments or solid knowledge.

Her stepfather had been a rare student, and after the exigencies of life drove him to seek the retirement of that mountain-village, he divided his time between the care of his invalid wife and the education of her daughter. When he died, the neighbors, knowing how little property he left, had feared that Mabel would go away to find a wider scope for her talents, in the necessity which devolved upon her of gaining a livelihood; so they were suitably delighted on discovering that she meant to open a school in their midst.

Samantha Dawson, fortunately, had a legacy left her about that time; she could not bear to leave the place where she had lived so long, and feared that any change might separate her from Mabel; and, therefore, persuaded the girl to try the present plan for at least a year. It had succeeded well enough, so that between Mabel's earnings in her school, and the translating work she received from a New York publisher, who had been a friend of her stepfather's, she earned sufficient money to equal Samantha's little income, and the pair lived in comfort.

Ralph Desborough was even too punctual in the matter of the appointment for that afternoon. The old-fashioned clock in the passage still lacked a quarter to two when he presented himself at the house on the hill. Samantha Dawson chanced to be crossing the hall as the young man appeared in the outer doorway.

"Humph!" said Samantha, glancing at the timepiece, and then looking grimly at Ralph. "Seems to me Aunt Betsy Turner's clocks must go at a gallop."

"You see the hill is so steep that the hours can't get here as quick as they do into the village," returned Ralph, and Samantha had to laugh in spite of herself, though she scowled portentously immediately afterward, in order to show that she was not to be wheedled by any such nonsense.

"Wal," said she, "that old clock there regulates the house, and I'd ruther trust it than a dozen gimcracks like that fine watch of yours!" For the deceitful young man was holding out his chronometer, and it is true that the hands pointed at two, but they had done so ever since that hour of the past night, careless Ralph having forgotten to wind up his watch, and was well aware of the fact. "It's like a good many young men—nice enough to look at, but not up to the mark for any use it is."

"I suppose you won't make me climb the hill again, even if I am a little ahead of your time," said Ralph, still laughing.

"Oh, you ain't ahead of my time—not a bit!" cried Samantha, with a meaning nod, half smiling, half glum.

"No, no! I might as well expect to accomplish the much-talked-of feat in regard to the weasel as hope for that," returned he. "But come now, let me sit down and rest—I'm out of breath."

"So you ought to be—flying up that hill like a teetotum gone crazy!" cried Samantha, vexed with herself for thinking how handsome the young fellow looked, his cheeks scarlet from exercise, his great brown eyes shining like stars, and a happy, confident smile on his parted lips.

"Handsome is that handsome does—remember that, and don't be a fool at your age, Samantha Dawson!" she muttered.

"What is this you are saying?" asked Desborough, carelessly sweeping the heavy mass of short, auburn curls back from his forehead. "I believe you're a witch, Miss Samantha, and trying to put a charm on me."

"Anyhow, I don't mean you to bewitch me," returned she, still muttering too low for her words to reach his ear. Then she added aloud, "I say, you must be a'most cracked, to go runnin' up-hill just after your dinner—turnin' your stomach topsy-turvy."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Ralph. "You see I am very anxious to begin the sitting—I am just in the mood to-day to finish that portrait as it ought to be done! To-morrow I mean to begin yours——"

"I'll bet you don't!" interrupted Samantha. "There, go along to your easel! Mabel's in the room—but don't you speak to her till she's finished those accounts, or you'll have me to deal with! I've spent a dollar and a half that I can't get track of, and the figgers has got to come out right if it takes a week to do it!"

"All serene—I'll remember!" returned Ralph, and hurried on through the dining-room into the apartment where Mabel sat. "I don't dare speak," he cried; "Miss Dawson forbade me."

Mabel looked up with a merry laugh.

"The embargo can be removed," she said; and seeing Miss Dawson's grim face peering in at the door, she called, "I have discovered your much-lamented dollar and a half, Samantha—you had added the figures wrong."

"Wal, that's good, anyhow! If there's a thing aggravates me, it's not to know where money has gone;" and Samantha returned in a greatly mollified state of mind.

But relieved as she felt, and occupied as she was, Miss Dawson found leisure every now and then to peer into the room, and was gratified to perceive that the artist kept busily at work, while Mabel read aloud—a favorite occupation of hers during these sittings—for very often when she remained idle, the revelations uttered by Ralph Desborough's eyes brought a blissful confusion which startled her, sweet as it was.

"I'll not touch the face again!" cried he, suddenly,

laying down his palette. "I am not satisfied, but I can do nothing more. Satisfied? Good heavens! as if anybody could reproduce that coloring and the tint of that hair!"

"Please don't abuse my face, after all my patience," Mabel said, blushing and laughing; then rose hurriedly to look at the picture. "What a very sad expression you have given to the mouth—it wasn't there the other day."

"It is the expression you have when you are silent—pensive rather than sad," said Desborough. "The truth is, one ought to have two portraits of you—when you smile the face changes completely! This sketch might answer for Elaine, and another be taken which would serve for Titania."

"Painters and poets are allowed to be fanciful," Mabel answered, still speaking playfully, though his words and the glance which accompanied them sent a wave of rich color into her cheeks.

"The permission is worth remembering," he said.

"I must call Samantha to see what you have done," said Mabel, with an odd embarrassment for which she could not account—intuitively feeling (though without admitting the knowledge) that the conversation would drift into more serious channels if not ended then and there. "She has not so much as taken a peep at it for over a week. You asked her to wait till it was done, and she has kept her word."

Just then the spinster's step sounded in the next room, and Desborough called:

"Come in, Miss Dawson—I want your opinion.

"My opinion is that it's time to strike work," answered Samantha, with an accompaniment of rattling dishes. "I'm settin' the table, and the chicken is biled to a turn. You can't say *I* don't keep my promises, Mr. Desborough."

"And I want to show you that I keep mine, Miss Dawson. Come this way for a moment."

Ralph turned the easel round so that as Samantha entered the room the portrait was directly in face of her. She uttered a little cry of astonishment, stood still, then approached, studied the picture for a time in silence, and finally struck her hands together, exclaiming:

"I vum, you *have* done it! I never see the beat of that, and I don't expect to, though I was in Boston once. Why, if it ain't Mabel all over! You might a'most hear it speak. Jest the way she sets when she's a-thinkin'—with her head a sort of bending, so fashion."

"You have one satisfied critic, at all events, Mr. Desborough," said Mabel.

"He has—if you mean me," said Samantha; and she went up to the artist, seized his hand, and shook it heartily. "I don't believe but what you're a right honest, straightforward chap from top to bottom—there!"

"I hope the longer you know me the more firmly you will be convinced of that fact," returned Desborough, pleasantly. "I am glad you like it. I was in doubt whether to touch the hair——"

"Not a touch!" broke in Samantha. "Jest let it alone. It's perfection, and that's enough."

"I have not finished the background, but I can soon do so," Ralph said, seizing the first occasion to show her that she must still expect to see him occupying the painting-room.

"Nobody wants to hurry you," said Samantha, surprised into good nature which she might regret later. "We never use the room. You can paint here till all's blue, if you want to."

The portrait really was a wonderful effort for so young an artist. Desborough had reason to be proud, and to look upon it as an additional proof that he had not mistaken his vocation.

Presently Samantha called them out to the tea-table, looking flushed with the consciousness of success, as well she might, for every eatable was delicious, from the chicken to the crisp, tender, hot biscuits.

They had a merry meal; and after it was over, Ralph went out into the porch to smoke his cigar. Mabel lingered to offer some assistance to Samantha, but, as usual, it was sturdily refused.

"Nobody can have two trades and 'tend well to both," said the old maid. "You're a schoolma'am, and that's enough. I don't meddle with your part, don't you with mine. Let each fellow mind his own end of the schooner."

Mabel listened to the frequently uttered remark, and went laughing through the hall. She had reached the porch—Ralph was calling her to look at a brown thrush which had just lighted on a tree near the house. They were startled by a crash and a heavy fall, then a cry from Samantha.

They rushed back through the hall, and looked into the dining-room, thinking she must have hurt herself. She was not there.

"Samantha! Samantha!" called Mabel.

Dreadful groans sounded from the apartment where Desborough had arranged his studio. They ran thither. In the middle of the room stood Samantha. She turned a white, horrified face toward them, and pointed to the window.

The easel lay on the floor. The picture, in falling, had struck with such force against an old-fashioned chair, whose top was ornamented with a row of pointed knobs, that there were two slits in the canvas—one between the eyes, the other across the mouth. The portrait was ruined.

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Samantha. "You must ha' left the door open, Mr. Desborough. That plaguey big dog of old Turner's followed you up—he run out as I come in. Oh! oh! oh!"

And down she sat on the floor, crying as if her heart would break—an almost unheard-of proceeding on her part, and a very tumultuous performance indeed.

"Never mind, never mind," said Ralph, examining the canvas. "I can easily paint another—I've plenty of time."

"'Tain't that—though to lose the pretty thing is bad enough—but it's dreadful luck," moaned Samantha—"the worst of luck. Oh, something awful is going to happen! It's a—a—oh, what was that word, Mabel, in the story you read the other day?—an omen—an omen!"

"For heaven's sake, don't say or think such things," said Ralph, growing pale. "Nothing of the sort. Come, come! who would think of your being superstitious, Miss Dawson! I shall laugh at you well."

Samantha wrung her hands, and sobbed more loudly; but at last the young couple succeeded in quieting her.

"Wal," said she, "I never expected Samantha Dawson to go so near hysterics. Go 'way, both of you—go out and take a walk. Samantha and I will step into the pantry till she can stop making a fool of herself."

And up she rose and away she ran.

The young people left the room quickly, shutting the door behind them. Neither could bear to look again at the wreck, and besides, for the moment, Samantha's superstitious fears had startled them.

"Shall we go for a stroll? It will do you good," said Ralph.

So they went out through the garden, and past the meadows, to a grove on the top of the hill. The sun was setting. There was a beautiful view from where they stood; but, though they had both a keen appreciation of nature, I think neither paid much heed to the lovely scene. They tried to talk, but it was in a disconnected fashion, very

unlike their ordinary animated conversations. At last both grew silent. Mabel sat with her eyes fixed on the great masses of gold and amber clouds gathered in the west, and Desborough sat with his eyes upon her.

Suddenly he called her name:

"Mabel—Mabel!"

She turned quickly, and her glance drooped beneath his gaze.

"I meant to wait," he said; "I cannot—it is stronger than my will. Mabel, Mabel, I love you! From the instant I saw you—oh, before that—I set out on my journey because I had found your picture—I came in search of you! Then that dreadful accident seemed to bring us so close together—why, a whole life seems to have passed since we met! Say I have not deceived myself. Oh, fate could not be so cruel! You do care—you must care—Mabel, only say a word!"

He had dropped on one knee before her; he caught her hands; the eagerness of his voice grew full of anxious pain.

She could not endure that. The little hands, which had struggled like frightened birds, settled softly, confidingly into his, as tired doves that had found shelter. Her head was averted; she had no voice wherewith to speak.

"Mabel, darling, just a word!"

She found courage to look at him now. Her lips framed no words, but her eyes spoke.

He was answered, and he caught her in his arms.

There they sat for a long, long hour, forgetting how time passed. They had talked themselves worlds away from the common earth. Confidences concerning the past neither had to make; the simple record of their lives had been told in many former conversations during the past weeks. Mabel knew Desborough's home and his guardian as well as if she had seen both; and Ralph had heard every particular connected with Mabel's early years, from the details of her childhood up to her first sorrow—her mother's death.

Just themselves and their love—that filled all the universe. For the time they could not even look forward or back. The bliss of the last hour's confession crowded existence too full for either past or future to have a place.

Does it sound overstrained—foolish? Ah, my sneering critic of thirty-five, look back—look back, and see if there is not some season in your own life which gives the lie to your verdict!

Suddenly the moon flashed her glory into the sky, and her coming roused Mabel to say:

"We must go. I did not think it was so late."

So they turned homeward. When they reached the house they paused a moment in the shrubberies.

"Let me come in," pleaded Ralph. "It is early yet."

Just then they heard the front door open and close. Samantha's steps sounded in the passage. She had "run out" for awhile—a most unusual proceeding on her part; but after her hysterical troubles had passed, she felt so ashamed of her senseless behavior that she longed to escape her own companionship.

She caught the sound of their voices, and called:

"Now, don't stop there like two crazy loons. It's damp, and you'll both get cold. I'll put a lamp in the parlor, for I'm going to bed. I've got such a headache I couldn't tell my own name. But you needn't be turned away yet, Mr. Desborough—and to-morrow I'll agree to let you laugh as much as you please at me for having behaved like such an idiot."

"Good-night," said Ralph; and Mabel echoed his words. They were too well acquainted with the spinster to annoy her by intruding upon her while the recollection of her absurd conduct was still fresh in her mind. They stood still, saw her pass with the lamp and return.

"Good-night," she called. "Mabel, be sure you fasten the house when Mr. Desborough goes."

Then she went up-stairs.

So the pair went indoors and sat down in the old-fashioned room, which, to their sight, expanded and grew a royal palace; for they were young, and their vision of happiness was brilliant enough to transform the commonest haunt into a gorgeous home fit to hold their dreams.

"No wonder the picture fell and got itself ruined," said Ralph, suddenly. "Fate knew that I was to have you, and so he granted plenty of time to improve upon that attempt. You are so beautiful to-night, I wonder I could ever think my sketch looked like you."

Living out the old, old story—the old story that is always new, and shall remain so while youth brightens this hard world with its presence.

The clock struck eleven—even in fairyland the clocks *will* strike when mortals venture there—and Mabel remembered that it was time for Ralph to go.

"I suppose so," he said. "I must not risk vexing the good Samantha. Well, you must not tell her until I hear from my dear old Gilbert Harrington. I shall write at once. He will be so pleased!"

"You think he will like me?" Mabel asked.

"My darling, my beautiful! As if he could help it! He will be ready to adore you; and he has always preached about my marrying young."

After all, the parting proved a lengthy affair. Ralph went away—as far as the outer door—and came back; repeated the performance three separate times—finding, on each attempt, a last word which caused him to return.

"I can't bear to go!" he cried, at last. "It seems to me that I am too happy—as if destiny would not forgive me. But that is nonsense, since she gave the happiness. I am growing as superstitious as Samantha. How we will laugh at her, to-morrow!"

Then he held Mabel's hand anew, and made her whisper the precious words over and over—the words which told him how dear he was; and twice again he hurried back, recollecting something he wished to say, but each time it resolved itself into:

"Good-night, my beautiful! good-night, love!"

He was gone at last. She would willingly have called him back to hear one more sweet farewell, but that might not be.

He was gone; and Mabel, after carefully fulfilling Samantha's directions in regard to the closing of the house, went up to her room. Such a pretty chamber!—the prettiest nook in the whole dwelling. On her sixteenth birthday her stepfather had furnished it anew, and, simple as all its decorations were, their perfect taste would have delighted an artist, and, like most artistic things, had cost a considerable sum of money—more, as Mabel had since learned, than the unsuccessful man who had loved her so fondly could afford.

It was very late before Mabel got far enough away from her heavenly dreams to recollect that she ought long since to have been in bed. She was partially undressed, and had taken up her mother's miniature to give it her usual good-night kiss, when she remembered the case which held her stepfather's portrait.

In the first sorrow for his loss, the sight of the picture had been a pain, so she had hidden it. Now, in her new happiness, she might bring it forth—who could rejoice with her as he would have done!

She went to the cabinet, in which was set a bronze box that held certain precious relics. As she opened the casket,

her hand touched a sealed package. She knew what it was. A chill shook her from head to foot, as if an icy wind had blown through the room.

Her stepfather's dying injunction flashed across her mind—came so suddenly, so like the whisper of some unseen watcher, that she fairly started back with a sensation of superstitious awe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

DURING the closing days of Harvey Seymour's life, he had been occupied in writing a manuscript—writing with great difficulty, often obliged to pause in his task from weakness, from loss of breath; attacked by terrible spasms of nervous pain, which Mabel could not help fearing were partially mental, though she could imagine no reason therefor.

"Why don't you leave that tiresome writing alone?" she said, over and over again.

"It must be done! I have put it off too long—it must be done."

"Why not take me for your amanuensis?" she one day proposed, when, unable to rise as usual, he had insisted upon being propped up among his pillows and having his writing-desk placed upon the bed. "Dictate, and let me write, Harvey," she added, calling him by his Christian name, as had always been her habit.

"You, child—you!" he exclaimed, in a voice so strange, with such sorrowful emphasis on the words, that she looked at him in alarm. He tried to smile—to speak quietly.

"No, no; I must do it myself—I never could dictate. I am too impatient."

"As if you had ever been anything but the soul of patience!" cried Mabel. "At least don't attempt to write to-day—to-morrow you will be better again and able to sit up. You can finish it then."

"I have so few to-morrows left that I cannot afford to delay," he replied. "I have put off the work too long. It must be done—it must be done!"

So the task was finished that day. He insisted upon being left alone, though, as a rule, he could not bear Mabel out of his sight.

The work, whatever it might be, was finished—at a terrible cost of physical suffering, the girl knew; for when at last, terrified at the length of time which elapsed without his summoning her, as he had promised, she softly opened the door of his room, he lay back among his pillows, his eyes closed, his face so white and drawn that Mabel's first thought had been that he was dead, and she cried out in such pain and fright, that Samantha came running upstairs in dismay.

But Seymour had only fainted. They restored him to consciousness at length. Mabel had placed the writing-desk on a table, noticing, as she did so, that a sealed packet lay upon the velvet. As soon as her stepfather could look about, he began searching eagerly with feeble, uncertain hands, and demanded, brokenly:

"Where is it—what have you done with it?"

"He is out of his head," whispered Samantha.

He looked at her with a good-naturedly ironical smile.

"Samantha is always practical," he said; "she would send anybody to a lunatic asylum who ventured on a remark for which she could see no good reason."

"Land's sake, Harvey Seymour, how you talk!" returned the aggrieved Samantha.

"The letter! What have you done with the letter?" he demanded.

"Not a sign of a letter has come," persisted Samantha.

But Mabel motioned her to be silent—bent toward the sick man, and laid the packet in his hand. The nerveless fingers closed slowly over it, and an expression of relief crossed his features.

"Thanks. Samantha, I should like some beef-tea—will you go and warm me a little?"

"You bet!" said Samantha, and hurried away.

As soon as the door closed behind her, Mr. Seymour held out the packet to Mabel, saying:

"Take this—put it away carefully. Even after I am gone you are not to look at it until—are you listening, Mabel?"

"Yes, Harvey—yes."

"You will do exactly as I bid you?"

"You know I will."

"You will not even ask a question, no matter how strange what I am going to say may sound. You must try not to think about it! Put the letter away, and do your best to forget it, until the time comes when it will it be necessary for you to read what I have written."

"Yes! But I don't understand—you have not told me how I am to know when I ought to open it."

"Wait! Lift me up—so. Mabel, if the time comes that some man woos you for his wife—some man, mind you, to whom your heart has gone out, then, before you give him his answer, you must read that letter—never until then! Promise—promise!"

"I promise," she answered.

"Go and put it away now—now!" he continued, speaking still more faintly, as if exhausted by some repressed emotion. "Lock it up in the safest place you have—never to be looked at except under just those circumstances I told you of—never to be spoken about, even to Samantha—never to be thought about if you can help it."

"Yes, Harvey."

"Some women never marry—I think very often they are the happiest," he went on. "If that is your destiny, you will not open that envelope. If you were to die suddenly; ah! that must be thought of! Mabel, take a paper, and write on it these words: 'If this packet is found after my death, it is to be burned unopened. I leave that as a sacred duty to whomsoever shall be near me——"

"I am writing," she said, as he paused with his sentence unfinished. She began to think, as Samantha had done, that his mind was wandering. Probably, the paper only contained regulations for her conduct. Harvey always had odd ideas about marriage—no doubt something of that sort.

"That is not all," he continued, after a pause. "Have you written so far?"

"Yes; it is written."

"Then add, 'I warn that person that the curses of the dead will follow any infringement of this command!"

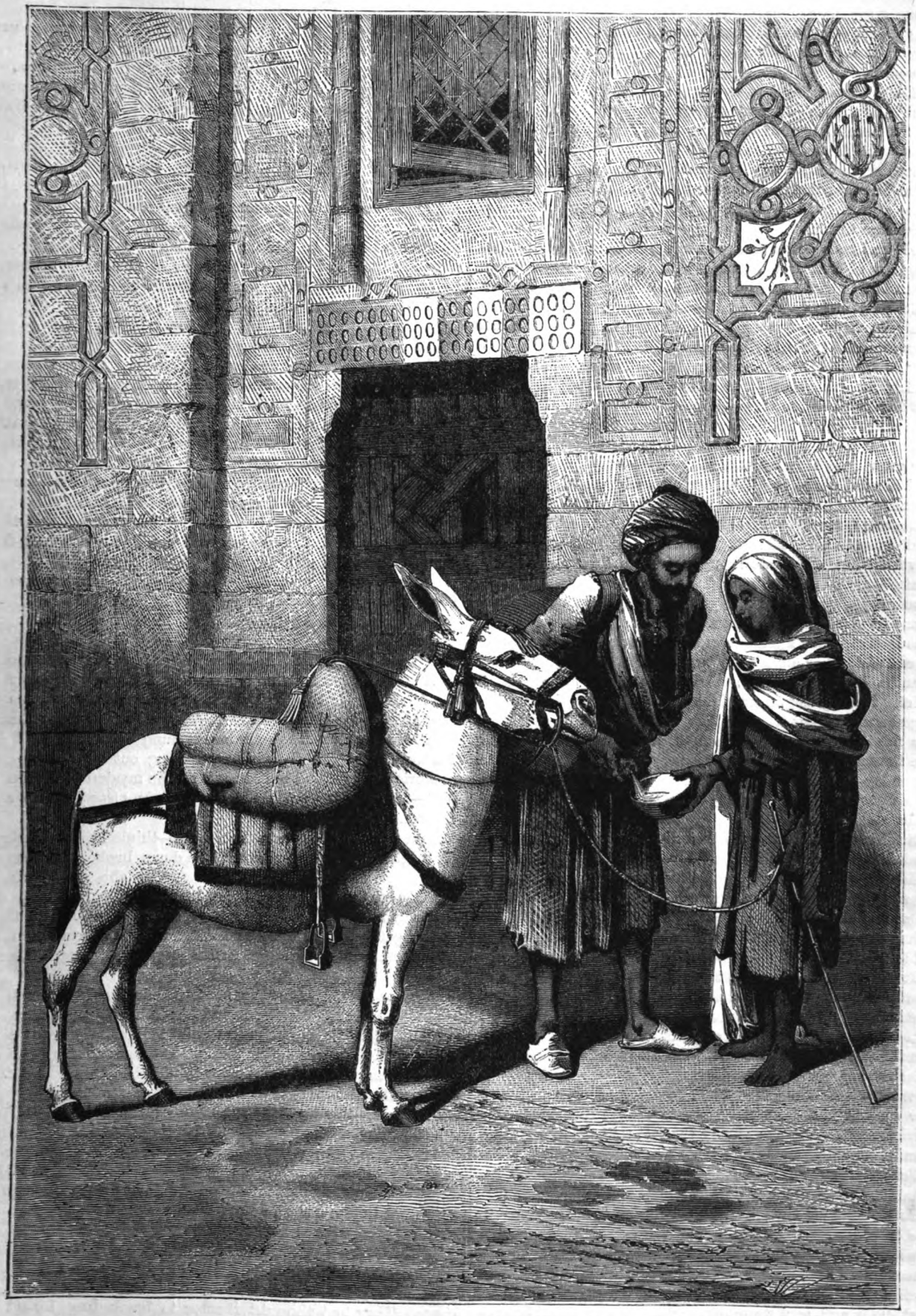
"Why, Harvey, surely I need not put that!"

"Write, write!" he exclaimed, in such sudden excitement, that she hurriedly traced the lines just to quiet him. "Is it done?" he asked. "Sign your name—show it to me!"

She held the paper up so that he could read it. His cheeks were crimson with fever, his eyes bright with pain. She felt certain that he was partially delirious.

"Now you can rest," she said.

"Put it away!" he ordered, and she went to her room and locked it in the little bronze box.



THE THOUGHTFUL DRIVER—A SCENE IN THE EAST.

When she returned to his chamber he had fallen into a doze. He slept uneasily until roused by Samantha's opening the door; then he started up, muttering:

"Rest in peace, dear—rest in peace. It is done—it is done!"

He died very quietly only a few days afterward; suddenly, one might almost say; although he had been ill for weeks from some active trouble connected with the arteries about the heart, the result of weakness, which had lain dormant for years; though he had known that, sooner or later, he must die from its effects. Mabel had known it too, since a journey they had made to Albany to consult a noted physician there.

He had been better that morning; had insisted on getting out of bed and dressing, with Samantha's assistance. Then Mabel came into his room and read to him. He was quite gay, and talked a good deal. He settled back in his chair as if going to sleep—lay for a few moments with his eyes closed. Suddenly he called:

"I promised her—remember that! Kiss me, Mabel!"

She bent over him—pressed her lips upon his forehead; his head sank on her arm—he was dead.

Mabel had grieved for Harvey Seymour as she might have done for an elder brother; he had seemed such to her as she grew up. He was still so young—only forty-two—he had been at once her guide, her counselor and her familiar friend. She had been only twelve when her mother died, but a child mentally developed beyond her years, adoring that beautiful invalid mother with the feeling which a devout Romanist bestows upon a favorite saint. Their mutual grief had brought the stepfather and child still closer together, and for five years they lived in a sweet harmony, such as too seldom exists between parent and child. His loss had been a terrible blow; it was only the necessity of exercising her abilities or remaining a charge upon Samantha Dawson, which roused Mabel from her stupor of grief. I can give you no plainer idea of the kind of suffering she underwent, than to tell you that even the sight of his miniature was like a knife in her heart. The day of the funeral she put the picture away in the box where the letter lay—put aside all the objects which had appertained to his personal use, thinking that, later, she might be able to bring them forth again.

So it was natural that on this night, when life had blossomed into such bewildering loveliness that she seemed suddenly to have been transplanted into a higher and more glorious sphere, she should have felt that the time had come to seek her stepfather's picture, and place it beside the miniature of her mother, which always stood upon her table.

It might seem strange to write that, for months and months, constantly as she had thought of Harvey Seymour, she had scarcely given a recollection to the sealed packet and his solemn injunction, only that so many of us could recall incidents connected with the death of our dear ones which would prove her conduct perfectly natural; especially as from the first she had rested completely satisfied with her earliest idea that the letter in reality contained only advice, and that it was merely the fact that his senses were wandering which made him that day so insist upon the literal carrying out of his wishes. Now she remembered his command—the time for its fulfillment had come.

As she opened the letter, Mabel Jordan turned at once to the inside page. The very first words which caught her eyes made the whole story clear. She dropped upon her knees—not to pray—not from any conscious volition; only bodily strength gave way, and her incoherent thought was that body and soul were parting under the awful blow—death meant to set her free!

She sank slowly forward till her head rested on the floor—not faint, even the relief of insensibility was denied her—physically so paralyzed by the shock that to move was out of her power. She lay thus for some time, still grasping the fatal letter in her hand—a mad whirl in her brain, whereon the words she had read seemed imprinting themselves in characters of fire—the very touch of the letter like a flame against her icy fingers, but she held it fast.

She rose at length, seated herself, unfolded the entire packet, and turned to the beginning. She would read it—she would—from the opening sentence to the close! Oh, it must be some awful nightmare—it was not real! She was not awake; the letter she grasped was nothing but a figment of her fancy! Oh, the face that stared at her from out the mirror! white, distorted in every lineament, lighted by two maddened eyes, was not her face—hers, Mabel's! But she would read—read to the end.

"Of my own will, Mabel," the letter began, "this revelation should die with me; but I swore an oath beside your mother's deathbed that it should be made. Twice when I have faltered, has she come back in my dreams to warn me that my vow must be fulfilled—so I write. Child, it would be easier for me to strike you dead when you come with your loving smile into my room, as you will come presently, than to pen this record; but I dare not attempt to evade my task. She would rise from her grave to utter the confession if I failed to keep my oath; she has warned me that she would; and my last hours would be haunted by the awful recollection that by my own act I had lost her for ever—so I write."

So he had written; so Mabel read—read to the very end. The first tangible thought which rose in her mind was, that her misery and her shame could not kill, since she had not died in the agony of that reading.

Religion tells us that in the existence beyond this, there shall be no mistakes—no vicarious suffering—no hell for the innocent; but I think Christ, in His infinite mercy, must forgive the blasphemous doubts which so often torture our souls when we see the innocent flung down into hell in this world, through the pitiless carrying out of that most mysterious and dread sentence in all the mysteries of Holy Writ—"*The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.*"

Hours passed. She still sat there—thinking, thinking! The night wore on to its close; the dawn broke and stared in through the parted curtains. There she sat, gazing vacantly at the gathering light, looking like the ghost of the girl who had that evening left heaven behind her at the garden gate—ay, as if those brief hours had been countless years, and she dragging her anguish through their sweep!

Disgrace—that was her portion! Predestined to bear the weight of her mother's shame and her father's sin—that was her part in life! No help—no relief! Man might give a little scornful, careless pity; but since this would be harder to bear than contumely and ostracism, it had seemed better if humanity were as deaf as heaven and as dumb.

The dawn—the day—the sun rising, and she alive! That was the wonder—that she could be living still. Nothing else appeared strange. She was as familiar with her misery as if the hours from midnight till morning had filled up the whole count of her past life, from infancy to womanhood.

She was living, and she must live, and her mother and her mother's husband had thrust this awful secret out of their graves to stretch for ever between her and the light.

They had supposed that she would go to the man she loved with this degrading story on her lips instead of kisses. They had thought it wiser to break her heart at one blow; blight her youth, peril her soul, by putting the

truth within her reach; because there might be a chance that, after she had been a happy wife for years, the knowledge should come to her or the man who had given her the shelter of his name, the refuge of his affection. Yet so far as the pair had known, when the wife laid that charge upon her husband to reveal the truth to her daughter, no human being then alive had cognizance of the tale. But such mortal might exist, and so, to guard against the possibility of her happiness being rudely destroyed after years of its enjoyment, they tore it from her with their own dead hands in the instant of its blossoming.

Long before she reached the possibility of coherent reflection, one resolve started up, fixed and unalterable, amid the chaos of Mabel's soul—to force her lover away from any further contact with her own present or future. She could endure her shame, but she could not share its secret with any human being. More than this, had her lover known the whole truth, and still been ready to take her to his heart, to call her wife, she would not have permitted such wrong—no, not if the refusal racked him with the woe which wrung her broken heart.

Accept such sacrifice from the man who loved her? Never! At least, now, she could remember that she was personally innocent of guilt; but she should not be if she let him join his life with hers—for she felt that he would—yes, he would—if she told him the whole tale, he would still claim her. Never! The story of her mother's shame—oh, God!

Now she comprehended many things in the lives of her mother and stepfather which had puzzled her—all clear now. She understood how it had come about that a man possessing such mental gifts had buried himself alive in that retired mountain village. It had been impossible to confront the world, to continue the course he had begun, with the possibility of exposure staring him in the face.

So far in her thoughts went Mabel; then she remembered that it was her mother of whom she was thinking—her angel mother! Ah, innocent, she knew! Harvey Seymour had believed it, too, and had persuaded her to become his wife. Why, that fact of itself, knowing the man, presented evidence convincing, if Mabel had needed such, of her mother's freedom from aught but wrong and suffering.

And the man—dearly as she had loved her stepfather, Mabel knew that until this hour she had underrated him. What heavenly patience, what superhuman depth of affection and self-abnegation, he had shown! And she had half thought him indolent, weak, in that he had deserted so young the busy fields of the world, where fame and profit were to be won, and immured himself in this mountain hamlet. Yet in so doing he had shown the grandest strength of all—the fullness of love. He took a task upon himself, and never faltered in its fulfillment—never even once allowed any regret for the future he had flung away to cross his mind. Mabel was sure of that—a thousand memories of their past lives came up to make her certain.

No wonder her mother had reverenced him like a god! No wonder she had taught her child to prize his smile like heaven's sunlight—to treasure his lightest words as the utterance of something beyond mere human wisdom! And not only had he been faithful to his love, but had the nameless child whom he took to his heart been his own flesh and blood, he could not have been more tender of her.

Ah, they were gone, those two—thank God for that! Both safe in heaven—safe in the existence beyond this mortal strife, where their souls must have bloomed into such fullness of perfection that the earthly past could not count, save as its privations and atonements helped them on toward bliss.

But for her, Mabel, in her turn, to condemn a man to such possibilities as had been realized in the case of Harvey Seymour, would be a sin so horrible that neither in this life nor the life beyond could she atone therefor. No; her lover was to be sent away—driven forth from any contact with her future—no word of explanation uttered which could bring a suspicion of the truth, because she knew him so well that she felt certain the truth would bind him faster to her side.

No matter at what sacrifice, no matter what wrong he believed of her, he must go—go at once and for ever. The old life had come to an end; her world had fallen in ruins and crushed her heart beneath; but her courage, her strength of will, remained. She must save him—save him! If he loathed and despised her as the falsest of her sex, so much the better—he might then cure of his hurt. As for her, personally, nothing mattered—nothing—the world had come to an end.

Was she going mad? She must not yet—she had work to do. Her task accomplished, then it was indifferent what might arrive. Oh, her head, how it throbbed and burned. Her heart was a living flame—every pulse a quivering fibre of heated steel!

The letter! She caught sight of the letter lying on the floor where she had dropped it. If she should go mad and Samantha enter and find her gibbering there, and bring aid, and human eyes should read the record! No! She had reason enough left to prevent that—enough to prevent that!

She sprang up—seized the scroll, and held it with such stern determination close to the lamp, that the blaze scorched and blistered her fingers—held it till every trace was obliterated, then, shuddering, hid her eyes from the ashes which blackened her hands like a visible reminder of her shame.

Relief came; without warning, she sank down—down—endless leagues through the dark it seemed to her; and for a blessed season she lay inert and lifeless, as if the tortured soul had fled for ever from its earthly tabernacle.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS THE DAY WORE ON.

MABEL'S fainting fit did not last long; when she recovered consciousness she dragged herself to her bed and lay there till long after the sounds from below-stairs warned her that Samantha was up, and busy with the never-finished round of duties which filled her days.

Mabel knew that if she did not appear, Samantha would presently come to summon her, then there would be endless questions and surmises to answer, and Mabel hoped by going down and conducting herself as usual to escape comment or notice; especially, as on Friday, it was Samantha's custom to hold a sort of witch's sabbat in the cellar, from which recreation she usually emerged scarred like an ancient Roman warrior, from the effects of prying into dark corners and bringing the bridge of her nose into sharp contact with evil-disposed beams and angles, which seemed possessed by the spirit of total depravity commonly supposed to be the special attribute of animate objects.

As a rule, on Friday morning, when Mabel went downstairs, she found her coffee and toast smoking on the hob of the kitchen fireplace, and when ready to go to her

school, she would stand at the head of the cellar-stairs to bid Samantha good-by, while Samantha called up her salutations in a cavernous voice suited to the bowels of the earth where she had voluntarily imprisoned herself.

But on this particular morning Samantha, almost for the first time since Mabel's remembrance, had not entered upon her heathen rite—it really seemed to deserve that name, so mysterious was the performance, and so like some disheveled Pagan priestess did Samantha look when she consented to emerge from the cellar, having apparently attached all the week's accumulation of cobwebs to her dress and hair, not to mention sundry gray spiders which invariably caused her spasms of fright and rendered it necessary for Mabel to dust her with the kitchen broom from head to foot; Samantha the while performing an eccentric kind of slow, solemn dance, and uttering strangled squeaks of misery. When Mabel entered the dining-room, Samantha was standing by one of the windows looking out toward the hill. Mabel's first thought was that in the confusion of her mind she had mistaken the day.

"I hear you—good-morning," said Samantha, without turning round, and began to rub the window-panes with her apron, for to be caught idle was a positive crime in the spinster's eyes. Besides this, she had by no means recovered her spirits after her sobbing fit of the previous evening. She was heartily ashamed of the weakness she had shown, and would have been glad to escape seeing Mabel for a while yet, and still the superstitious feeling remained active in her mind. The most dreadful premonitions had haunted her slumbers and she woke with a grim determination to carry out a design which had greatly occupied her for days past.

She wanted to talk to Mabel about Ralph Desborough, but, though accustomed to express her opinions with the utmost freedom, she stood in awe of a certain dignity and pride the girl could show on such an occasion, and how she was to hint her fears that the young man was too familiar in the house—that after all he was a stranger—without risk of giving offense she did not see. But speak she would before the day ended! He had been one of the chief elements of trouble in her unquiet visions of the night, and she had gone back to her first prejudices against him, made the stronger by the recollection of how insensibly and completely she had yielded to the fascination of his manner and conversation.

So now, deeply absorbed in her reflections, at the same time irritated by the consciousness of having behaved absurdly, she rubbed diligently on the glass, partly to be able to go on thinking, partly to be able to avoid Mabel's eyes where she dreaded to read an amused recollection of her insane conduct in presence of the accident of the portrait.

Mabel went in search of her coffee, and came back with the pot and plate of toast, and sat down at the table with her back to the window to make a pretense of eating and drinking.

"Have you had your breakfast, Samantha?" she asked, for Samantha, instead of sitting at her meals in a Christian fashion, was greatly given to snatching them in secret, behind the pantry door or with her head in a cupboard; as if the natural satisfying of her appetite was a weakness or crime which must be performed in a surreptitious manner if she desired to preserve a good repute among her fellow-mortals.

So now Samantha gave vent to a sort of gurgle which might mean anything or nothing. Mabel relapsed into silence; to eat was impossible, every mouthful choked her, though she drank the coffee eagerly, and the fragrant liquid was grateful to her parched, feverish throat.

She was dreading each instant that she should have to meet Samantha's inquisitorial gaze, and be subjected to a stern interrogatory as to what ailed her; afraid to be silent lest that should attract the spinster's attention—afraid to speak lest her voice should warn her friend there was something amiss.

She tried to think of some question to ask—some ordinary remark to make. Anybody who has been suddenly crushed under the earthquake shock of a great trouble knows how difficult it is to find such words; how unfamiliar the surroundings of years will look; how far off and new will appear the daily occupations which have hitherto been so much a matter of habit that they were performed without any conscious exertion of the mind.

"You are not in the cellar, Samantha," she heard herself say.

"Not that I know of," returned the old maid, dryly, polishing the glass till it creaked; "I hain't learned yet to be in two places at once; mebby I shall, bime-by."

The idiocy of her own speech, and Samantha's reply, struck Mabel. A hysterical inclination to laugh seized her. She knew if she did, her last remains of strength would go, and leave her unable to act her poor little part.

"There's that consarned yaller dog of old Turner's prowlin' about!" exclaimed Samantha, suddenly. "Jest let me get at him! I can tell Mr. Ralph Desborough if he don't cure the critter of coming up here, I'll——"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the distance. Samantha rushed out of doors in pursuit of her enemy, and when she came back she was crosser than when she went, not unnaturally, either; for she had tripped herself up with the stick she had seized for the purpose of beating the dog, and as she regained her feet, she flung it with such ill-directed aim that it landed full in a bed of her favorite dahlias, and decapitated half a dozen of the finest flowers; while the yellow dog escaped scot-free, bounded over the fence and dashed off down the hill, uttering yelps and barks of triumphant delight and scornful derision—at least they sounded as such to the ears of the enraged Samantha.

Mabel had taken advantage of her absence to return to her room, from whence she did not emerge till toward the hour for opening her school. She could scarcely walk, or even stand; but she would not give way! The very sight of the face which looked at her out of the mirror was startling, but she must go to her school—anything was better than solitude and inaction. If only she could leave the house without encountering Samantha! She listened; there was no sound of the active woman's step or voice—for the spinster had an odd habit of keeping up a muttered monologue while she worked—so Mabel, hoping that she was occupied in the kitchen, went softly down-stairs. But just as she reached the foot of the stairs, Samantha appeared, broom in hand, from the front porch, and where Mabel stood, the light struck full on her worn, pallid countenance.

Samantha cried out in absolute terror, and dropped her broom to hold up her agitated hands.

"What on earth is the matter!" she exclaimed. "If I didn't a'most think you was your own ghost!"

"Nothing ails me but a headache; you know what bad ones I have sometimes," Mabel answered. "I must hurry, the clock is striking nine."

But Samantha barred her passage.

"I never see a headache make you look like that!" said she. "You're sick—that's what it is! You've caught a cold, or you're comin' down with a fever or sumthin'!"

"Nonsense, Samantha!" returned Mabel, trying to laugh. "You are getting fanciful in your old age."

"Fancysome or not," said Samantha, "you ain't a-goin' to that plaguy school, I can tell you! I'll jest run and tell the children to scat——"

"No, no!" Mabel interrupted, catching her arm.

"Then let me send one of the young ones to the tavern to ask Lizzie Turner to teach to-day—she's come to stop with Aunt Betsy a while, and she'll do it willing enough."

"I shall be much better occupied; I can't stop in the house and do nothing," said Mabel. "Oh, please don't tease me, Samantha—I must go!"

Samantha regarded her with wide-open eyes of troubled suspicion, and gave her head a toss, expressive of injured feelings.

"I don't want to tease you, mercy knows. I hope I ain't a blunderin' bumble-bee, if I am an old maid!" she exclaimed. Then her conscience smote her, and she cried, "I was a brute not to see you was sick when you first came down this mornin'! The truth was, I felt as cross as two sticks, and didn't look at you; and I wasn't cross neither—I never felt so worked up and queer in all my born days; I knew sumthing was going to happen."

"A headache is not very serious, my dear."

"I know better! And I had the awfulest dreams all night—I woke myself up a screamin' a dozen times; it was always about you, and sometimes it seemed to be about your mother, only it was you too; and that was what it meant—you're sick!" cried Samantha, incoherently.

"Indeed I am not," said Mabel, as well as her quivering lips would allow her to speak. She could not stand there and hear of Samantha's troubled dreams—her mother's name, too! Ah, the poor mother! Well, at least she was gone away from the disgrace, the misery—gone, and left it as a legacy to her child! Her head reeled; she had to put out her hand and grasp the banister to support herself; but still she pleaded:

"Don't keep me, Samantha—please don't! If I feel no better I can dismiss the children; but I shall—it will do me good to be occupied."

"Wal, I won't plague you—there!" And Samantha put both arms about her and kissed her—a most unusual demonstration of tenderness, for the spinster had an idea that any exhibition of affection was folly. "Go along, my pretty, since you will! But mind you don't stay if you feel any worse. I shall drop in myself after a while and see how you get on. I may be a nutmeg-grater kind of old creatur', but my heart ain't a brickbat, after all—no, nor a millstone neither!"

"You're the best soul in the world!" said Mabel, half choked by the sobs which she still had strength to repress. "Good-by now. I shall have forgotten my pain by noon."

"Well, I hope so," replied Samantha, dubiously; permitted her to pass, and went back to the kitchen. "I expect t's one of them plaguy sick-headaches, such as her mother used to have," was the reflection with which the old maid, whose cast-iron frame had never known an ache, tried to keep herself from feeling alarmed. "She was as sweet a body as ever lived, was Harvey's wife, and as pretty as a picture up to the last; but dreadfully weakly always. I do hope Mabel ain't a-goin' to take up the same trick."

For the life of her, Samantha could not help regarding delicate health as a kind of sin, and it was a favorite aphorism of hers, "That half the folks in the world die just because they haven't got vim enough to hold together! Vim and faculty are what a body needs to keep a stiff back while a-pilgrimagin' along this old footstool!"

She repeated this to herself as she went about her work; but all the same, consoling as she usually found the reflection in the presence of ills, it failed to quiet her anxiety in regard to Mabel's appearance, or remove the superstitious dread left by her evil dreams.

Mabel found her little charges in a state of intense excitement over the enjoyment of the previous day, and even with the best will in the world to be obedient and studious, it was very difficult for them to carry out their intentions.

But when Nettie Graves came in, she felt certain something was amiss with the young mistress, and speedily made an errand up to the dais to whisper:

"Oh, you ain't sick, Miss Mabel?"

"I have a headache," Mabel answered, aloud, "and I want all you children to see how good and quiet you can be."

"That we will!" chorused the jacketed and trowsered part of the flock, making so much noise about their praiseworthy determination that the little girls said, "Sh! sh!" in a warning manner, and Nettie Graves, as she left the platform, added to the reproof by regarding the offenders with a scornful glance.

"That's the way boys keep still!" said she, and walked back to her seat with such majesty that the urchins felt both frightened and guilty; for Nettie was the belle of the school, the recipient of more rosy-cheeked apples, in the Winter more rides on sleds, and at all seasons of the year the cause of more battles among the boys than all the other girls put together. To incur Nettie's displeasure was a serious matter, so a great stillness fell suddenly upon them all. Even the girls felt the influence of Nettie's grandeur, though one red-haired damsel did whisper to her neighbor:

"Ain't she stuck up! Who's she, I want to know! My pa's got twice'st more money than her old grandmother, I can tell her!"

But the neighbor was Nettie's stanch adherent, and whispered back:

"You'll set yourself afire if you toss them red stringlets of yours about in that way! Billy Johnson says your folks sets the griddle on it when they bake pancakes, and so save wood! And it's lucky they can, for your pa is as tight as the bark of a tree, if he is rich."

"You're tribe—your ma's tribe, and so's your big sister!" muttered the irate red-haired. "You ain't fit to be spoke to—your petticoat's got a hole in it! Oh, won't I pinch you when recess comes!"

But before recess arrived, even the red-haired had forgotten her own private wrongs in the general sympathy for the beloved schoolteacher.

Mabel managed to drag on through her duties, the pain in her head always increasing, the horrible weight pressing heavier and heavier down upon her heart, like some actual physical burden heavy beyond endurance; a thousand wild thoughts making a tempest in her brain; the awful words, shame, disgrace, sounding in her ears so loud that they drowned the voices of the class, seeming to print themselves in fiery characters before her eyes, and to blot out every actual sight! All the while Ralph Desborough's image haunting her—the thought of his woe growing a deeper agony even than her own; for he loved her—he loved her! And she must send him away—no explanation possible; but she must do it—at any cost—by any means! Oh, if she could fly!—hide herself without the loss of a moment in some place so secret and distant that even his love could not trace her! Ah, she was going mad—mad! And the lessons droning on—the children's tones sounding like hisses in her ears—their anxious eyes, watching her more and more attentively, seeming cold, scornful eyes of strangers cognizant of her shame—upbraiding her with it—and Ralph Desborough's voice cursing her as false!

Then a rush and a roar in her ears; she felt herself falling, down, down, and uttered a shriek which restored her

to consciousness. She had sunk back in her chair; the scholars were all on their feet; Nettie Graves was supporting her head; an older pupil holding a glass of water to her lips; most of the little girls, and boys too, crying in terror, and she trying to raise herself—to speak—to bid them not be frightened; and all the time that sensation of falling—of sinking through immeasurable space growing stronger! Then Samantha's voice—Samantha beside her; Samantha's arms about her waist; and even in this strait Mabel found words which should help to guard her secret.

"Only my head, dear—only my head! I'll go home—I'll go home."

Samantha had already once come down to the schoolroom and peered in at the window; Mabel was seated at her desk, the grammar class in front; her head turned away so that Samantha could not see her face. Everything seemed going well, and Samantha retreated unperceived, except by Nettie Graves, to whom she made a sign to take no notice, and quick-witted little Nettie understood at once.

So Samantha had gone back to the house, trying to believe that she felt relieved in her mind—Mabel was better—her own dreams and warnings were just pure folly! She was idle, that was what ailed her! She would find some work. There was neither washing nor scrubbing to be done—she would look over the store of Winter blankets; maybe the moths had got in, despite her careful hiding them in a closet, well sprinkled with camphor and red cedar chips. Any way, it was time to get them out; the nights were growing chilly. Ten to one Mabel had taken cold from not having covering enough on her bed—all her fault, Samantha's; and if the dear girl should have a fever and die, that would be Samantha's fault too! And she had been cross lately, from morning to night, unable to hinder the ebullitions of feeling, yet not exactly conscious what caused them. She was a brute, was Samantha—a cantankerous old catamaran, not fit to live near Mabel, and if anything happened to the girl, Samantha ought to be hung—and worse! And the old maid vituperated Samantha as if the dreadful creature had possessed an identity completely separated from her own.

She flew first into the kitchen, where she had left her bread rising, and the bread had got too light and run all along the floor; and the tea-kettle had boiled over, and nearly put the fire out; and Samantha, before she knew what she was about, seized the kettle, burning her hand in the operation, and poured its contents into the bread-pans, and then sat down in a chair, hid her head in her checked apron, and, like Isaac, lifted up her voice and wept.

Then she remembered the blankets. Her last hope lay in them—a vigorous shaking out of their folds might shake a little common sense into herself. She, who had always been the very incarnation of that quality, equal to any and every emergency, from fire to small-pox! and now, when nothing was the matter but her own dreams and Mabel's headache, suddenly to lose every gleam of her chief faculty—it was too much!

She dashed into the dining-room. The closet which held the blankets was in the chamber beyond, a place for storing old lumber, until Ralph Desborough converted it into a studio to hold his portrait of Mabel—an enchanted palace to hold their dreams.

Samantha opened the door. The window-curtains were arranged so that the light was focused on the spot where the easel stood; the rest of the room remaining in shadow. As Samantha crossed the threshold, the first object which met her eyes was the mutilated picture, where Ralph had left it the previous evening, when they all hurried out from the presence of the disaster which had so strangely disturbed the strong-nerved spinster that for a few moments she had even troubled the youthful pair by her superstitions, till, looking in each other's eyes, they remembered that they stood there together. Fate itself would be powerless to harm them—they stood there together.

The light fell full on the ruined picture. Samantha gave one glance at the wound between the eyes, the rent below the mouth. Mouth and eyes seemed full of pain, as if the insensate canvas were Mabel herself—Mabel murdered, dying, appealing in mute anguish to Samantha for help.

The spinster uttered a cry of fright, shut the door and fled. She could not stop another instant in the house. She must go back to the schoolroom—must see with her own eyes that Mabel was still sitting quietly among her scholars. Only the sight could banish from Samantha's mind the horrible phantoms conjured up by that mutilated painting—that distorted mouth, those beseeching eyes.

"I wish he and his picture had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before ever he found his way here!" groaned Samantha. "Oh, if he is in fault—if he has been showing the cloven foot—I'll tear him into inch pieces with these nails—yes, I will! I will!"

Away she rushed down the path.

As she reached the open windows of the schoolhouse, she heard that chorus of the frightened children

"Teacher! teacher!"

On dashed Samantha, and flew into the room.

Mabel was just trying to raise herself in her chair. Nettie Graves was supporting her. Several of the older girls gathered about.

The spinster had done herself injustice when she declared that she had lost her talent of being equal to emergencies. She laid Mabel's head on her arm, sprinkled water in her face, forced a few drops between her lips, and called to the scholars:

"It's only a faint. She's got sick-headache. Take your things, like good children, and go home."

Then, with a sudden recollection that the small people would perhaps carry such doleful accounts to their families that Mabel would be troubled by an invasion of visitors, she added:

"Don't go making mountains out of mole-hills. It's nothin' serious. I'll put her straight in bed, and I don't want a creetur to come near the house to-day. What she needs is sleep. All your folks know how often her mother used to be just so. Now get off with you!"

So she scattered the flock. Only little Nettie Graves kept her stand.

Mabel had caught that one word, and was muttering it: "Mother! mother!"

(To be continued.)

ARNAL, OF THE PALAIS ROYALE.

Arnal had a sovereign contempt for theatrical managers in general, and for his own in particular; his especial *bête noire* being Bouffé (not the actor), for some years lessee of the Vaudeville.

One day, during the rehearsal, Arnal came into the *foyer* in a towering passion, and when asked what was the matter, replied that, contrary to the terms of his engagement, he had been required to play in three pieces on the following evening.

"Am I a pack-horse," he indignantly exclaimed, "that he expects me to carry all the *répertoire* on my shoulders?" Then, suddenly reflecting, he added, smiling half compassionately, half ironically, "Au fait, ce pauvre Bouffé, c'est un âne; et il croit que tout le monde lui ressemble!"

But his bitterest foes were the *claqueurs*. Unlike most of

his fellow-comedians, who consider the *chevaliers du lustre* as important and necessary auxiliaries, he cordially hated them, and resolved one night to play them a trick. Choosing for his purpose a word which they were in the habit of applauding, he pretended to say it as usual, but merely moved his lips without uttering a sound; whereupon the *claque* shouted and clapped in simulated ecstasy. When the noise had subsided, Arnal camly took up his cue where he had left it, and emphasizing the hitherto unspoken phrase with peculiar distinctness, looked significantly at the audience, who, heartily enjoying the joke, applauded him until the house rang again.

At the conclusion of the performance, the *chef* gravely contended, with the air of a deeply injured man, that he was in the right and the comedian in the wrong; for, said he, "we should not have been a second too soon if monsieur had not been a minute too late."

No one was more exact at rehearsals than Arnal, or more minutely particular as regarded the slightest deviation from established rules; a missing or mislaid "property," for instance, entirely upset him. One evening, while playing in "Le Sergent Mathieu," in which piece he had to seize a stick and put to flight three soldiers, the indispensable weapon had been unfortunately forgotten, and the effect of the scene was consequently spoiled. Boiling with rage, and utterly indifferent to the *qu'en dira-t-on*, he abruptly left the stage; and in spite of the threats and entreaties of the manager, and the loudly muttered discontent of the public, stubbornly refused to continue his part.

Since then, whenever (which was frequently the case) a similar mishap occurred, and the comedian's voice was heard in angry remonstrance, the habitués of the *coulisses* merely shrugged their shoulders, and whispered to each other, "Tiens, voilà Arnal qui a perdu son bâton."

During one of his provincial excursions, he happened to play "Une Passion" in a certain country town. Unluckily for him, the audience were already familiar with the piece, having seen it performed by a strolling actor with an elastic wig, the effect of which, from its perpetually bobbing up and down, was extremely ludicrous. Arnal, to his surprise, found, almost for the first time, a public unable or unwilling to appreciate him. In vain he exerted himself to thaw the living icicles staring fixedly at him; nothing would do; they looked at one another with a disappointed air, listened coldly and with evident disapprobation to the *couplet final*, and it was not until after the curtain had fallen that he was told, in confidence (and in a very disconsolate tone) by the manager, *why* he had failed to satisfy these unreasonably difficult judges.

"Monsieur," said that functionary, "your talent is incontestible, but, pardon me, how could you possibly think of appearing before *real* connoisseurs without an elastic wig!"

In private life, Arnal was grave and taciturn, fond of solitude, and accustomed to devote his leisure hours to study. Judge, then, of his horror on discovering that the newly installed occupant of the adjoining apartment in the next house, separated only by a thin layer of brick from his own, was an enthusiastic pianist, who not only practiced during the entire day, but perseveringly continued his labors until three or four in the morning!

Certainly Rubenstein and Bulow are deservedly popular artists, but it is a question whether their next-door neighbors are as favorably disposed toward them as the public in general. However this may be, our hero, feeling nowise inclined to sacrifice his peace by day and his rest by night without a struggle, indited a polite note to his persecutor, requesting him at least to suspend his manual exertions between midnight and 7 A.M., and impatiently awaited the answer, which ran as follows: "If Monsieur Arnal fancies that he is invariably an amusing actor, he is mistaken; but this is his affair, not mine. I do not interfere with him, and demand reciprocity."

"Ah!" cried the irritated comedian, "you will have it, then. So be it; war to the knife!"

And before a couple of hours had elapsed, he had hired the most discordant barrel organ that the manufacturers of Batignolles could supply, and conveyed it triumphantly to his bedroom. The first note of a sonata of Beethoven was the signal for him to begin, and then ensued the most horrible cacophony imaginable; Arnal working away like a born Savoyard at the overture of "La Caravane." A few minutes settled the matter, the pianist closing his instrument in despair, and the battle ceasing "*faute de combattants.*"

The truce, however, was not destined to last long. On the following morning, profiting by the actor's absence at rehearsal, his neighbor unsuspectingly resumed his sonata, only to be interrupted anew by the terrible "Caravane," for which purpose a *commissionnaire* had been especially retained at the rate of fifteen sous an hour, with strict injunctions to go on turning until ordered to stop. This finally brought the pianist to his senses; and on the same evening, terms of peace having been agreed upon by the contending parties, the barrel organ, henceforth unnecessary, was duly deposited in a *fiacre*, and transported to its native Batignolles.

AN INDIAN JUGGLER.

MR. E. STANLEY ROBERTSON, late of the Bengal Civil Service, contributes to the capitally conducted *University Magazine* (Hurst and Blackett) an interesting article on the above subject. He says:

"Early in January, 1877, I was stationed at Moradabad, in Rohilkund. My wife was in England, invalided; so, instead of living alone, I had adopted a common and convenient Indian fashion, and was 'chumming' with a friend. My chum was Mr. Carmichael Smyth, acting superintendent of police for the district.

"One day Mr. Smyth told me that he expected to receive a visit from a native, an amateur conjuror, who would perform some amusing tricks. It so happened that on the same day we were waited on by a Parsee pedlar, who wanted to sell us ivory and sandal-wood carvings, and such like knick-knacks, which are the usual stock-in-trade of the Parsee traveling merchants. While we were chaffering with this man the conjuror was announced, and was shown into the common sitting-room. He was followed by a crowd of our servants; for the native of every rank loves a conjuror, and gazes on a conjuring performance with the simple admiration of a child.

"There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance or dress of our conjuror. An elderly man, short and sparely made, dressed in dingy white cotton, with very tight sleeves to his robes and very tight legs to his drawers. He might have been a respectable servant out of place, but actually was a small landowner, who had taken to conjuring for his amusement.

"When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor, and sat down upon it, with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smith sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room; I was sitting on a sofa near the door; the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway, about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror.

"As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The pedlar at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjurer's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the conjurer, looked at it, and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

"*Conjurer:* 'Are you sure that it is a rupee?'

"*Smyth:* 'Yes.'

"*Conjurer:* 'Close your hand on it, and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.'

"Then the conjurer ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and *America*—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause, Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

"'Then open your hand,' said the juggler. 'See what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of.'

"It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjurer, but the latter said: 'No; pass it to the other sahib.'

"Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand. I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian, but a Turkish silver piece about the size of the five-franc, or of our own crown piece.

"This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjurer's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin—indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been said."

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

We hear such wonderful instances of the intelligence of dogs, that we can scarcely wonder at any fresh proof of their sagacity; but the following anecdote would appear almost too good to be true:

A certain Monsieur N——, going on foot from Leuze to Lessines, in Belgium, took with him his dog, which he was anxious to get rid of; but as he was unwilling either to drown him, to hang him or to shoot him, he resolved to lose him on the way. The dog, who, instead of kind words and caresses, received nothing but threats, seemingly understood his master's project; he kept quite close to his heels, and would not leave him for a moment. N——, obliged to sleep out for that night in order to finish his business, went to the inn, and said to his four-footed companion, instead of good-night: "To-morrow, you rascal, I shall take the train, and you will have to walk about here." He then went up to his room and went to bed.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

The next morning, great was N——'s surprise to perceive, when he got up, that one of his socks and his waistcoat were missing. The landlord, when questioned, maintained that no one could have taken these articles, as no other stranger had been lodged in the inn. They were all searching and wondering, when they found, in a corner of the house, the dog who had been so threatened the evening before, lying upon the stocking and the waistcoat of his master. The poor animal seemed to have wished in this way to prevent his master from starting without him. N——, admiring the sagacity of his dog, no longer tried to get rid of him.

BULLFIGHTING IN ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN SPAIN.

After a jingling, a jolting, a jostling, a bumping, a crunching, a crumpling and a scrooging, such as put me in and out of shape about as many times as there are Arabian Nights' entertainments, in the diligence that left Perpignan, in France, for its rickety passage across the Pyrenees to Gerona, in Spain, I found myself decanted at the dingy railway station, in an atmosphere of garlic, mixed half-and-half with the vilest of vile tobacco, together with the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever assailed human nostrils.

My *compagnons de voyage* were four cut-throat looking ruffians, who smoked the whole way through—we left Perpignan at 3.30 on Friday afternoon, reaching Gerona in thirteen hours—save when they lugged out a black leather bottle for the purpose of imbibing an abominable compound consisting of, heaven knows what, or flung away their cigarettos with a view to supplying their places by wedges of sausages made up of such unsavory rancids, as, to recall them even at this present writing, causes intense nausea.

Why had I subjected myself to this terrible inconvenience? Why had I flung myself into an express at the St. Lazare Station, at Paris, *en route* for Perpignan? Why did I travel day and night, never stopping save when the tired engine panted for water, to find myself at the gray dawn of the second day in this dingy and dismal primitive town of Spain?

I was seated in the *vestiare* in the gorgeous Hotel du Louvre, glancing at a French daily paper. Suddenly my eye became riveted upon an advertisement of a forthcoming bull-fight, thirty-six hours from Paris. *Thirty-six hours!* I had longed to witness one of these semi-gladiatorial contests. The opportunity was within reach, for, upon the following Sunday, at four of the clock, one of the most magnificent fights, recalling the *corrida* in its palmiest days, was to be fought at Barcelona!

Thirty-six hours! All day long the refrain of thirty-six hours rang through me, along the Boulevards, beneath the shade of the trees in the Champs Elysées, in Tortoni's, whither I repaired for an ice; at Philippes, where I wandered to dine; at the Maison Doré, while I supped. "Thirty-six hours," "thirty-six hours," kept tick, ticking, like the old clock on the stairs. Go! Don't stay! Go! Don't stay! Go! Don't stay!

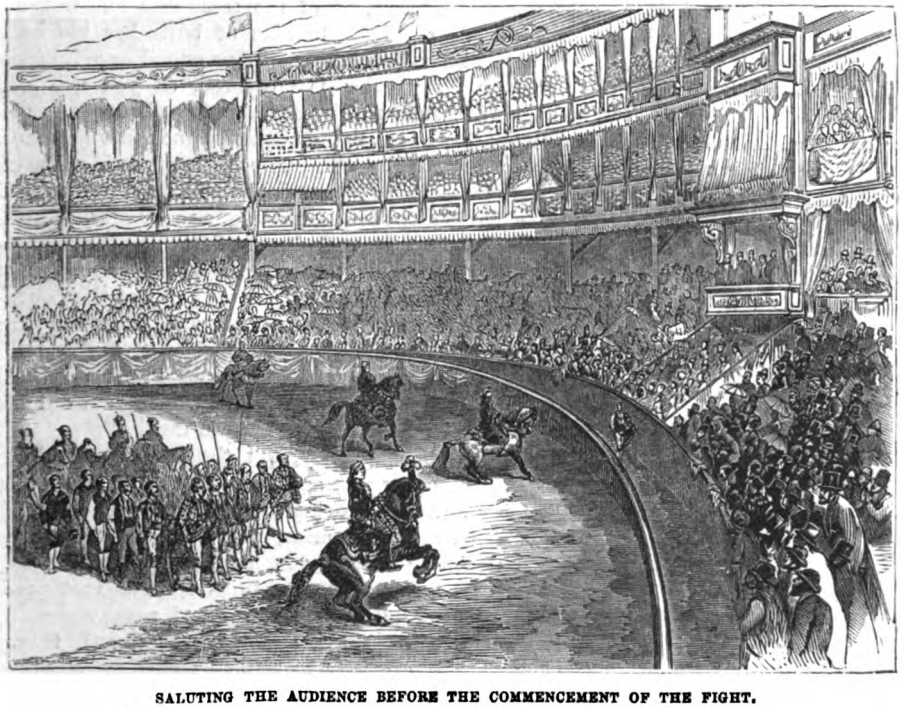
What slight circumstances lead to decisions! In passing along the brilliantly lighted Boulevard des Italiens, I stopped to gaze into a print shop. The first object that my eye alighted upon was a portrait of Manuel Garcia, the Prince of Picadors. I took one look at his counterfeit presentment as he stood in that shop window. His name was familiar—ha! it was set forth in the advertisement of the morning. I would see this Hercules in the flesh! Half an hour subsequently I was ensconced in a first-class carriage and on the road to my first bull-fight.

DOMINIQUE, THE ESPADA.

Upon arriving at Barcelona, I was captured by the commissionaire of the Fonda de Cuatros Naçiones, situated on the Passeo, and borne away to that hostelry by the exultant tout. A very substantial but exceedingly Frenchy *déjeuner à la fourchette*, tended to soothe me, while the copious draughts of Catalan wine I gulped down, eventually succeeded in restoring my wonted animation.

So soon as the cravings of appetite had been appeased, I turned to my next neighbor, a Manchester bagman, who had been engaged in making frantic love, through the medium of the most diabolical Spanish, to a dark-eyed senorita seated opposite to him. The young lady, who was thoroughly Andalusian, enjoyed her Saxon admirer's blandishments from behind an enormous fan, over the laced edge of which, or through its elaborate carvings, she ever and anon flashed bewildering glances, to the utter subjugation and undoing of the man of cotton.

"Bull-fight, sir? I tell you there *will* be a bull-fight tomorrow. Have you got a ticket? They're selling at a



SALUTING THE AUDIENCE BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT.

premium. I doubt if you'll get a *sombra* that's on the shady side. Lord, how I was gulled last Monday week at Seville, for I got in the *sol* or sun. I say, ain't that a stunning fine girl opposite? You needn't be afraid—she doesn't understand one word of English. Between ourselves, she's spooney on yours truly. That's her father—that old chap who's bolting the cherries. Do you speak Spanish? What a pity—you could have given a fellow a lift. Ah, about the bull-fight! There's an office opened for the sale of tickets at the Opera House over the way, on the other side of the Passeo; but I'll give you a straight tip. Just tell Pedro—that's the Spanish for Peter—to get you a ticket. He's the commissionaire. Tell him you'll stand a couple of *pesetas*—that's about two shillin's British—for himself. See how she's grinning. What teeth, what eyes—so liquid, and all over the shop! I wonder is she going to the fight? I'll lay the odds she is. No Spanish girl could stay at home when there's a bull to be baited! Ain't they a rum lot—those Spaniards! Give 'em garlic, and *bolao*, and *vino tinto*, and bad cigars, and you can wind 'em round your fingers like tow, sir! Ah, you charmer! *Mucho calor!*—much hot!"

Thus did my loquacious neighbor carry on his flirtation, enlighten me, and dilate upon the peculiarities of the Spanish race. His name was Price, and although a vulgar, self-asserting, loud, and of the "'Arry" type of Englishman, not half bad, excessively obliging, and ready for anything, from assaulting the Alcalde, to eloping with the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Preferring rather to purchase my own ticket than to trust to the good offices of Pedro, I crossed the Passeo—a magnificent promenade, stretching from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to the great Post Office, about two miles, and planted with four lines of umbrageous trees, beneath which is held the flower market, and by the aid of Mr. Price, negotiated for a ticket, *sombra*, for which I paid ten *pesetas*, or about two dollars and a half.

The walls of the Opera House blazed with immense pictorial bills, announcing the coming *corrida*, the portraits of Manuel Garcia as *picador*, and Frascuella, the celebrated Bilboa *banderillero*, being eminently conspicuous. A vast crowd swayed and surged around the posters, evidently indulging in criticisms upon the performances of each bull-fighter, while some, as well as the pressure permitted, demonstrated this stroke of the sword, that dart of the *banderrilla*, and this or that acrobatic feat of some bright particular star in the *torero* world.

Having spent my day in promenading the Passeo, admiring the glorious carnations in the flower market, in visiting fearfully gloomy but exquisitely cool churches, in staring at the picturesque dresses of the country folks, and in "lapping up"—I use the phrase advisedly—*granazao*, a sort of slushy ice very delectable and very refreshing, I got back to the Cuatros Naçiones, once again a hungry man.

At dinner, the conversation turned exclusively upon the coming *corrida*. An English lady asked me if it was my intention to witness it.

"I have run down expressly from Paris to see it, madame," was my reply.

"Expressly!" elevating her eyebrows, and pursing her mouth.

"For no other purpose."

"How shocking!"

I remembered her exclamation next day when I beheld her seated in front of a private box, and applauding *a deux mains* a well-executed movement by Frascuelo which added even more exquisite torture to the maddened bull.

I was seated in my room enjoying a *copita*, or small glass of brandy, together with a mild cigaretto, when a knock came to the door.

"In," I said.

A tall, stately-looking man, entered with a bow such as Don Quixote de la Mancha might have made to the Duchess. He was spare to emaciation, slightly bald, but about his whole person the air of your true *hidalgo* seemed to evolve itself like a subtle perfume. He was plainly but richly attired, and wore the ribbon of a decoration in his button-hole.

"Pardon this intrusion; but, having heard you state at the dinner-table, just now, that you have come from Paris for the express purpose of witnessing our national pastime, I thought that perhaps a slight sketch of its history and surroundings might not prove disagreeable to you."

This in perfect English, with just the faintest long *o* in it.

Thanking him very heartily—for this was just the idea that haunted me—I begged of him to be seated.

"You will confer a favor upon me if you will visit me in my own apartment. I am lucky in having it larger, and with a more available balcony."

Having shifted our quarters:

"Pardon me if I ask if you are English?"

"I am American," was my proud reply; my heart beating stars and stripes.

"Then I shall offer you a bottle of port. You do not get the tawny and the bee's-wing in the United States."

Such a glass of port! I smack my lips to it, even as I write, in sorrowful *Vale! vale! vale!*

"Permit me to unburden myself. I am the Marquis de Casa Castajohn. My estates lie in Andalusia. The *ganaderia*—that is, the troop of bulls—that are to fight to-morrow, were, as you Americans say, 'raised' on my estates. English noblemen breed horses for the Derby and the Leger; Spanish nobles breed bulls for the bull-rings at Madrid and Seville. Take that wine—it belonged to our ex-Queen, and is a little better than her *Claret*—ha, ha!"—playfully alluding to the name of the Royal Chaplain.

"The two most renowned places where bulls for the *corrida*, or ring, are raised," continued mine host, "are Colmenar Viejo, situated a few miles from the Escurial, and the Vista Hermosa, in Andalusia. The bulls from these estates are fierce, brave, all of the same size and weight and agile as deer. Each breeder of bulls has his own colors, just as horse-breeders sport blue or red or yellow on their jockeys. My color is blood-red, as you will see to-morrow; for when the bull is about to plunge into the arena, the *divisa*, or knot of ribbons, is stuck into his neck as he flashes past the barrier. The bulls of each *casta*, or breed, have their perfections and their faults, their points being as closely looked into as those of a race-horse. Those of the Salvatierra are brave and agile, defending themselves well, but they have no staying qualities, and cannot fight very long; while those of the Gijon, very slow at the beginning of the course, fight to the bitter end, always dying game. My bulls have the special quality of fighting all through the piece, and a matador would prefer any bull but mine to kill; for he knows that his work is cut out for him until the animal's eyes are glazed in death."

The Marquis spoke gravely, but the fire of animation lighted his dark, soft eyes; and as he tossed off his glass of port, I saw he was preparing to continue the subject.

"My bulls—I speak of mine, not from any feeling of egotism, but simply because you may accept my 'stable,' if I may call it so, as a type—the bulls feed on vast prairies, detached from human habitation, and never see man, save the *vaqueros*, or herds, appointed to guard them. Their breeding is carefully looked to, and, though often magnificently bred, they are unfitted for fighting. When

a bull is a year old, one of the *vaqueros*, whom they call *el conocedor*—the connoisseur—puts them through a sort of examination, by charging at them mounted on a powerful horse, and pricking them with a sharp goad called *garrocha*, in order to test their dispositions. Those who take to flight, or receive the goading quietly, are set aside as being unworthy of death by the sword, and are condemned to the yoke, or to die by the hand of the butcher; while those who display valor are branded with a hot iron—an operation known as *herradura*. After the lapse of some time the young bull becomes a *novillo*, and is subjected to a further proof, called *embolado*. As he has now gained strength enough to render him dangerous, this operation is conducted with considerable caution, and consists in flinging an apparatus composed of pieces of wood over the head of the animal, whose horns are then regulated with as much care as is taken in sharpening the point of a rapier. I wish," added the Marquis, "I had you down on my estate, that you might witness the process." I thought of that bin of port, and murmuringly acquiesced.

"The *novilladas*, or fights with *novillos*, are gotten up in small country places that could not afford the expense of a course of *toros de muerte*, or bulls who fight to the death. The true lovers of the sport despise these displays, as the *novillo*, after receiving a few pricks of the pike and a few darts from the *banderillas*, trots quietly back to his stall, to serve upon another occasion."

"At what age do the real fighters come to the front, Marquis?" I asked.

"When they are five years of age they are deemed worthy of figuring in a *corrida*."

"How do you bring them to the bull-ring, Marquis?—in closed carts, like lions or tigers?"

The hidalgo smiled a grim smile at my brutal ignorance, as he replied:

"You are thinking of your great Barnum. No, my dear sir; the wild bulls are led by tame bulls, called *cabestros*. The *cabestros* feed on the same pasturages, and are as quiet as lambs, despite their exceedingly formidable appearance. The fighting bulls, who are accustomed to them from a tender age, follow them with astonishing docility. The marching is done at the dead of night, in order to lessen the risk; but it is a movement full of danger. The *vaqueros*, or herds, bring up the rear, armed with long, steel-pointed pikes, by a prick of which, they control the motions of the tame bulls. You remember how Don Quixote gave battle to the *vaqueros* who were engaged in transporting bulls for a *corrida*?"

I endeavored to appear as though conversant with the passage, and smiled the smile of the knowing one.

"Before arriving at their destination, the bulls are rested at some quiet place not far from the city, from whence the *vaqueros* conduct them rapidly to the *plaza*, or bull-ring, upon the eve of the combat. This last move is not without danger, since the lower orders, fiercely interested in the bulls, press behind the herd, unmindful of consequences. Many terrible catastrophes occur on these occasions."

"What do you do with the bulls when you get them to the *plaza*?"

"The bulls are shut up in a *corral*, or stable, before the *vaquero* proceeds to execute the *apartado*."

"What is the *apartado*, Marquis? You may perceive, American that I am, I avail myself of your kindness," I laughed.

"I am very pleased indeed," was his reply. "The *apartado* is the operation of passing the bulls one by one into a dark, straight cell, the *toril*—the last prison of the bull, since he only quits it for the combat, which means death."

"Are the animals long in the *toril*?"

"No; the *apartado* takes place a few hours only before the *corrida*. I shall bring you to witness it to-morrow. A *cabestro*, or tame bull, leads a single wild one into the *toril*, round which runs a gallery, to enable the *vaquero* to reach the fighter with his pike. The bulls are imprisoned in the order in which they are to fight."

"Where are the bull-fighters, the matadors and those fellows I saw swaggering about the Passeo to-day, in short jackets and pigtails? Why, our Heathen Chinese haven't a much better show of plaited hair than those."

"I had better touch on the men who meet the bulls," observed the marquis, refilling both glasses. "Bull-fighting, as you are probably aware, goes back into the dimmest pages of the history of this country. The Cid, our Achilles, was a superb *torero*. Our conquerors, the Moors, loved the *corrida* to distraction; but the sport became general toward the middle of the sixteenth century. A bull," laughed the marquis, "of Pius V., not a horned animal, but dangerous in its own way, thundered forth against bull-fighting. At Valladolid, in 1512, ten bull-fighters were killed. At that time between two and three hundred men were slain every year in the bull-ring. Under Charles II., bull-fighting reached its apogee; but during the eighteenth century, in the reign of Philip V., it rapidly waned."

"Did the Spanish nobility enter the ring?"

"Yes, until the end of the eighteenth century, when *picadores*, adroit *banderilleros*, agile *chulos*, and, lastly, the *espada*, who fought the bull on foot, face to face, without any means of defense save his sword and his *muleta*, a little piece of red cloth, came into fashion."

"I suppose there have been some tremendous fellows in the ring, marquis?"

"Magnificent. Pedro Romero is regarded as one of the most famous *espadas* that ever lived. He was of gigantic height and herculean strength. One day he was in the arena—he had just killed his second bull—when a shout of horror arose on all sides of, 'Save yourself, Romero!' He had scarcely sufficient time to turn his head, when he found himself almost on the horns of a bull which had escaped from the *toril* by the negligence of the attendant. The slightest hesitation would have been fatal. His only chance was to meet the bull as he stood. This he did, and his sword thrust was so effective that the terrible animal rolled dead at his feet."

The hidalgo went through the whole performance with a dramatic action worthy of Edwin Booth.

"What became of Romero?" I asked.

"He died in the arena, killed by a bull. I think it was in 1839."

"I suppose he slaughtered a good number in his day?"

The marquis spoke slowly and gravely:

"He is said to have slain, with his own hand, no less than *five thousand six hundred bulls!*"

I thought of the butchers in Washington Market, but said nothing.

"Pepe Illo was another remarkable bull-fighter. He received wounds innumerable in combat, amongst which were twenty-five *cornadas*, or rips from the horn."

"Did he die in his bed or his boots?" I laughingly inquired.

"In his boots, if you mean in the arena. In 1832, appeared the famous Francisco Montes, the Cæsar and Napoleon of tauromachy, whose coolness and adroitness in the arena were so great as to drive away every sense of fear of danger from the spectators. His nephew, José Redondo, was also a superb fighter. Manuel Dias was a bold fellow, for he used to wait for the bull with his arms crossed on his chest, and did so more than once upon his knees. Julian

Casas, a medical student of Salamanca, quitting the scalpel for the straight sword, turned into a very remarkable fighter."

"Have you any swells just now ?"

"Manuel Garcia and Frascuela. You'll see them both to-morrow."

"Will they do any of those daring tricks of the arena ?"

"That will depend upon the Alcalde. If he is at all nervous, you'll see the course without any of those super-exciting spectacles ; if he is in good tone, Frascuela will do the 'chair trick.'"

"What is that, pray ?"

"I'll explain it when at the *corrida*."

"Are the bulls expensive ?"

"Very. A good bull costs, in your money, say, from 200 to 250 dollars. The cost of a course is 3,000 dollars. Every town of any size in Spain has its *plaza de toros*. Some of these are owned by the municipality, who farm them out at high rents to *asentistas*, or speculators."

"How many bulls are killed at a course ?"

"From six to eight; sometimes nine, when the spectators demand a *toro de gracia*. I have seen as many as ten bulls killed at a single course. At Madrid, the *corrida* is held every Sunday from Easter for seven months. The spectators sit under the canopy of heaven, but in the south, the winters are so mild, that I have sat out a course at Seville in the month of December."

The Don continued to dwell upon the points of his bulls, sometimes bursting into rapturous exclamations in Spanish, such as *Mi alma! Mi querida!* my soul ; *Mi corazon!* my heart ; which he would gravely translate to me with a ponderous apology for having used a language with which I was not on terms of familiarity.

It was late in the night when I took my leave of him.

"You will honor me by accepting a seat in my *palcos*, or private box, for to-morrow's combat. It is next to that of the Alcalde's."

Thanking him feelingly for his superb courtesy, I left him, congratulating myself upon dropping in for so solid a slice of good luck.

The Sunday sun rose upon Mount Monjuich—a lofty mountain standing sentry over Barcelona, and whose summit is strongly fortified, in a splendor superbly reflected by the blue waters of the Mediterranean ; and as I took my swim in the rippling, gilded, and glancing wavelets, I cast my eyes toward the gloomy looking Colosseum in whose *torils* the ill-fated victims would so soon be imprisoned, ere let forth once again beneath the glorious dayshine to—die.

SPANISH BOYS PLAYING "BULLFIGHT."

Noblesse oblige. The marquis was as good as his word, for upon my return to the *Fonda*, I found him awaiting me.

"Now for our *café noir*, and then a quiet stroll over to the *plaza*. I should like you to witness the *apartado*."

The streets of Barcelona were thronged with devotees, wending their way to the various places of worship, whose many and musical bells summoned to prayer. It grieved me to see so little of the Spanish costume and so much of a bastard French. Of course the predominant color with the ladies was black, with the lace mantilla. But garish hues were evidently regarded as the "correct thing," and flash bonnets supersede the high comb, so closely interwoven with one's ideas of Spanish womankind.

We reached the plaza, where my guide, philosopher, and friend, was received with immense respect—much as Lord Derby would have been welcomed at Epsom, and we were at once ushered to a coigne of espial attached to the *corral*, or

THE LADY BULLFIGHTER.

inclosure wherein the bulls were imprisoned; fierce, terribly fierce-looking animals, with fiery eyes, expanded nostrils, and horns sharp as the tulwar of an Afghan.

The marquis was immediately the centre of a ring of the "knowing ones," who pointed out certain bulls, indicating the neck, the horns, the chest, the limbs, with a fierceness of gesture, and a fire of excitement, that at first caused me some apprehension on the score of the safety of my trusty don. The *vaqueros* had a busy time of it prodding some bulls, separating others who had closed in mortal combat, urging lazy *cabestros* to a lively sense of their duties, swearing (I'll *swear* it was swearing) like Vermont loafers, and by every saint in the calendar, while a privileged few, persons of distinction in Barcelona, gossiped in groups, to the fragrance of superb tobacco that lent its perfume to the clear morning air.

What bulls those were! Wild, savage, villainous. Dark as to coat, and shaggy, with great heads and massive necks morticed into their huge bodies! What catapults! A blow from a battering ram would be less destructive than a "crasher" from the tuft of black wool jauntily growing on the top of the cast-iron skulls of one of these ferocious-looking towers of strength.

A tame bull in a field, quietly browsing on the tender, green grass, is formidable-looking enough; but a fighting bull in a *corral*—*ay di mi!* I instinctively tested the strength of the palisade as I watched the movements of that doomed band of warriors.

Presently the *apartado* began to take place. Men with notebooks in hand pointed energetically in the direction of some particular brute; the *vaquero* at his post, and close to him a *cabestro*. When a bull was decided upon, the *vaquero* urged the *cabestro*, who tamely trotted into the *toril*, followed by the animal sentenced to die. Thus were nine cells consecutively filled, the most vicious-looking bull being led into cell No. 6.

The *apartado* lasted some little time, in consequence of the complications which inevitably arise. For example, when the *cabestro* leaves the *corral*, two bulls rush after him, and it becomes necessary to put back the one that has advanced out of its turn. It also happened that a bull got into the wrong cell, an animal that was not considered quite up to the mark, and to "draw" this warrior required some very vigorous action on the part of the *vaquero*.

"Now for breakfast and *siesta*," exclaimed the marquis, as the *apartado* had concluded.

It was half-past three o'clock when the coach that was to bear me to my much-coveted bull-fight—what I had heard, and what I had seen, but served to whet my appetite—drove up to the entrance of the Fonda de Cuatros Naciones. Mr. Price was in the hall, busily engaged in ogling the dark-eyed señorita.

"It's only an American could do the trick like that," I heard him exclaim, as I passed, the marquis ceremoniously bowing me in advance.

An immense concourse of people thronged the streets, all going toward the grand and bloody centre of attraction. Magnificent equipages, with armorial bearings on their panels, and drawn by horses that stepped as if walking on eggs; dingy old rattletraps, that might have been in the procession when Ferdinand and Isabella visited the grand old Cathedral; and crazy wagons, the bells on the heads of the horses making merry music, stopped the way. Immense omnibuses trundled along, laden from roof to step, while on foot were peasants in gala dresses, and citizens more soberly clad but still *en fête*—the men smoking, the women gesticulating and fanning themselves. Small boys rushed frantically through the crowd, bawling and shrieking the sale of programmes of the *corrida*, while others vended paper fans attached to cane handles, each fan being illuminated by a representation of some super-exciting episode in the bull-fight.

As we neared the *plaza* the crowd became so great as to slow all vehicles. On either side of the streets oranges, grapes, tomatoes, and *bolao* with *vino tinto*, *granazao*, and *aguadiente* were vended by *bizarre*-looking characters with whom Gustave Doré would have been madly in love. Shrieks, yells, vociferations and laughter filled the Summer air, mingled with the cracking of whips, and the shrill, discordant cries of the drivers of vehicles. The *plaza* looked grim and gaunt despite the gay festoonery of colored calico, and decorations of small flags stuck all around the top of it. Great wooden barricades prevented crushing, and broke the pressure, while soldiers of the Civil Guard, in cocked hats, fierce mustaches, and swords more terrible-looking than those of the *espadas*, kept order, with a stern and gloomy grandeur very imposing to witness. One great bit of color in the vast crowd was the parasols of its women—those sun-defiers being red, yellow, blue, green, and every tint in the rainbow.

We drove to the private entrance, where the marquis, being known, was received with every demonstration of respect.

"Now, my young friend," he observed, gently, laying his hand upon my arm, after we had ascended a carpeted staircase, "be prepared to witness one of the most marvelous sights of the world!"

Before entering the box, an attendant handed me two large cards. One of them bore the date of the *corrida* at the top, and underneath were several columns in blank. The other was engraved with the outlines of a bull. To my look of inquiry the Don observed:

"Those are programmes of the fight. This one with the blank columns is for the purpose of noting the number of strokes given by the *picador's* lance, the falls of the *picadores*, the horses killed and wounded, the sword-cuts, etc. This one with the effigy of a bull in blank is to enable you to keep an exact account of the different, what you would call 'hornings' given and received during the combat. You mark them with this pin, by making a little hole, just as the *rouge et noir* or *roulette* players mark the progress of the play at Monaco or Monte Carlo. The number of punctures made in your card should correspond with those in the hide of the dead bull."

"I promise you I'll not make much use of mine, Marquis," I observed, as an attendant, flinging aside a scarlet velvet curtain, admitted me into the private box, and to a complete view of the arena.

The sun shone down upon thirty thousand people seated in tiers, one above the other, around an enormous circular basin of yellow sand. The building had no roof, and, save for the highest tier, exclusively devoted to private boxes, the amphitheatre was in the open air. The arena is called *el redondel*, and surrounded by a wooden barrier five feet in height, painted blood-red. Upon each side of this barrier, and resting upon the ground, is a plank of wood forming a step, placed for the purpose of enabling the *toreros* by a single bound to vault across the barriers when too closely pressed by the goaded bull. The *tablas* is provided with four doors, which face each other and open in both directions. The principal door communicates with the *toril*, affording a passage into the arena to each bull; the others are for the many purposes of the place. All round the arena is a space of about six feet wide, called the *valla*, or *callijon*, bounded on one side by the *tablas*, a second barrier, behind which, at an elevation of eight feet from the ground, commence the seats of the spectators, rising to the private boxes. These seats were of stone; in smaller towns

they are of wood. The genuine lovers of the sport secure the front and lowest seats, the *gradas*, as they can see every movement of man, horse and bull, and can even touch the ferocious animal when he leaps across the *tablas*. Next to the *gradas* come the *tendidos*, higher still the *tabloncillos*, and then the *palcos*, or private boxes. The prices vary according to the merits of the *cuadrilla*, or troupe; going up to three dollars for ordinary seats, while those in the sunlight sell at half price.

I was perfectly dazzled by the brilliancy and novelty of the sight that met my eyes as I stood in front of the box. Thirty thousand people in brilliant costumes, twenty thousand parasols of every color under the sun, and fully twenty-five thousand fans going at the same moment, while the din of conversation rose like the hum of a million hives of bees. Every inch was occupied in this human mosaic, which stood in such picturesque relief against the blue and cloudless sky.

Peripatetic venders glided like lizards from tier to tier and seat to seat crying *clinfas*, *marangos*, and oranges daintily and temptingly cut, while some plied a brisk trade in the *asientos de Sol*, or "Sun Seats," by selling wine from great leathern pig skins, called *botas*, which they poured into a cup for their customers.

There was a great deal of *bromas de toros*, or skylarking, going on in the shape of flinging from the upper tiers a shower, consisting of small particles of paper, on the heads of those below, and in several instances I saw flour whitening hats, coats, and costumes; but the most intense good humor prevailed, and a joke passed current all around, without let, hindrance or question.

The marquis, at my elbow, most courteously explained everything as it came to pass, going into detail and *technique* with a good will for which I thank him as I write.

A hum arose as the *despejo* took place. This consists of clearing the *ralla* of loiterers—soldiers being employed for that purpose; then burst forth the strains of a charming Spanish opera-bouffe, entitled "Il Barbarillo de Lavapiez"—I wonder it has not yet reached us—and then came the march past.

This march was headed by two *alguaciles*, attired in dark velvet costumes of the sixteenth century, and bestriding black Arabian horses, whose housings were of gold. After these came the *gente de á pié*, or foot men, consisting of *espadas*, *banderilleros*, and lastly the *chulos*. Their costumes were simply superb, consisting of colored silks and velvets, and satins, broidered in gold. Their heads were decorated with cocked hats—the *monterilla*, each side being fastened with a rich silken rosette. At the back of the head the *moña*, a sort of black silk chignon, was attached to the *coleta*, the little pigtail which every *torero* is entitled to wear, and of which he is so exceedingly proud. The short jacket and vest disappeared behind a rich fringe of bullion and silk tags. At either side appeared a cambric undershirt, usually embroidered by the *querida* or *torero's* lady love. Over the breast fell a richly laced and dainty cravat. The short trowsers, revealing limbs molded in perfect symmetry, and indicating immense strength as well as the most acrobatic agility, were of blue or rose, or pink, or lilac, satin, and always of the most delicate shades. The waist was confined in the invariable *faja*, or silken sash of some brilliant color. Silk stockings and black shoes with huge rosettes complete the costume, which, although familiar to us in pictures, should be seen in the bull-ring to be fully appreciated.

The dress of the different classes of *toreros* is pretty much the same, save that the *espada* indulges in richer ornamentation, his costume sometimes costing between $250 and $300.

The *toreros* advanced with undulating grace, and a superb consciousness of their powers, their gold, and satin, and broidery, sheening in the dazzling sunlight; each proudly draped in his *capa*, or silken cloak, by means of the bright color of which, the bull is attracted hither and thither, as the *capa* is destined to play a very important rôle in the forthcoming combat. Behind the *espadas* came the three *picadores*, solidly seated upon their horses, wearing gray felt hats with very wide leaves, surmounted by tufts of ribbons that rose like cones on the tops of their heads. Their embroidered coats and vests were cut away, and ornamented with silver buttons. A large, gaudy sash was wound round the waist. The pantaloons were of untanned leather, beneath which is hidden armor and padding, that render harmless the numerous stabs received during the combat from the horns of the bull. The saddle, after the Moorish fashion, was very much raised, both before and behind. The stirrups were of wood, causing the feet to disappear as if in boxes. The spurs, recalling the Middle Ages, were of unusual length, the rowels sharp enough to galvanize the unhappy horses into a miserable vitality.

After the *picadores* came the two *tiros*, or attelages, drawn by mules covered with scarlet housings, their heads being ornamented with three tufted feathers, their collars with pretty little banners bearing the national colors. These mules are harnessed three abreast to a rope and chain drag, and as they were exceedingly skittish, two gayly attired *muchacos* led each team by the bridle, while a third sustained the drag, used for the purpose of removing the dead bodies of bulls and horses. The march concluded by a number of retainers, dressed after a quaint, Old World fashion.

The cortége defiled round the arena, and proceeded to salute the *alcalde*, or mayor, whose entry into his *palcos* was the signal for the march past. One of the *alguaciles* rode up to the barrier, and doffing his hat, demanded the key of the *toril* from the *alcalde*. The *alcalde*, bowing, seized the key, which was lying on a cushion beside him, decorated with a bunch of ribbons, and flung it down to the *alguacil*. This functionary caught it gracefully in his hat, and, putting spurs to his satin-coated Arab, dashed once round the arena, and then disappeared like a flash through the door which stood open to receive him.

"Take your seat," cried the marquis; "the combat is about to commence!"

I have been to the Derby, and have *felt* the hush that falls upon that mighty assemblage for the two or three seconds following the start for that celebrated race, but the hush that fell upon the thirty thousand people, as sixty thousand pairs of eyes turned toward the wooden gate leading to the *toril*, was simply appalling in its intensity. I could hear my own heart beat, while every nerve seemed to be strained to the very highest point of tension. The instant the *alguacil* disappeared from the arena, the *mozos*, or doorkeepers, flung open the double doors of the *toril*, one of them slapping the wood with his spread hand to attract the prisoner, the other prepared with a knot of ribbons, the colors of the marquis, attached to a small barb, to plant in the neck of the bull as he flashed fiercely past.

"Now!" exclaimed the don, in a whisper, hoarse from excitement.

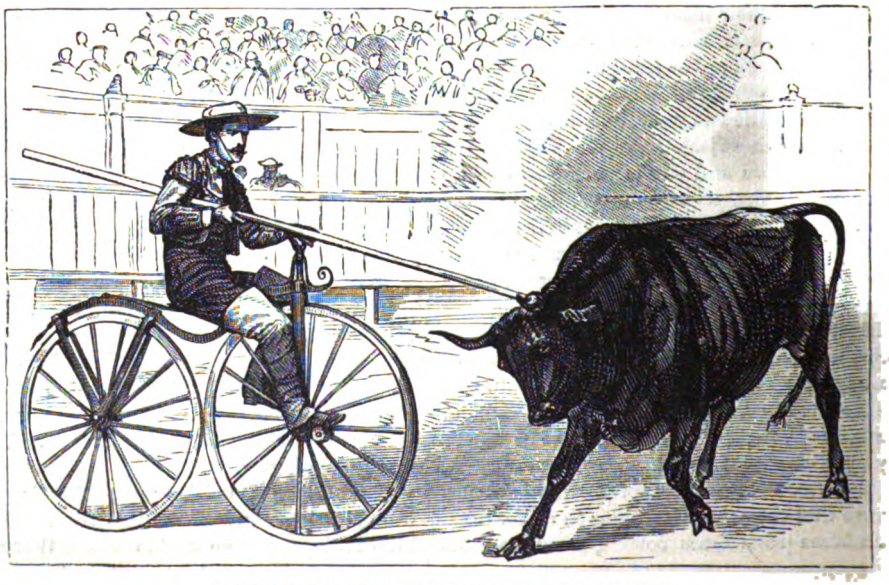
Like an arrow from a bow darted the bull from the *toril*, excited to madness by the prick of the *divisa* of blood-red ribbon dexterously plunged into his neck. He was a superb animal, of great size, black crest, and with long, sharp, formidable horns.

The *picador* was at his post—that is, eight or nine yards from the door, and about two from the barrier. He had blindfolded one eye of his horse, that the devoted animal might not see the bull, and had planted his thumb in the leather guard upon his lance, to prevent his grasp

CURIOUS BULLFIGHTING.—ACROBATIC PERFORMANCES.

from slipping. The bull bounded right into the centre of the arena, where he stood with head and tail erect, blinded by the sudden glare of the sun, and bewildered by the sight of the thousands of spectators; then, perceiving the *picador*, he lowered his head and charged at him full tilt. The lance, passed beneath the iron arm of the *picador*, and mounted at the point by a steel prick with a guard that only permits an entry into the bull's body of half an inch, arrested the furious animal for a second, by striking him on the shoulder, from whence a stream of bright red blood trickled to his ebony flank; but the iron had only grazed his skin. The bull having made a movement to the right, the lance slipped upon him, and in an instant one of his long, sharp horns was deeply buried in the chest of the horse, from whence the blood commenced to gush in great, ghastly gouts.

The sight of this blood made me feel a little giddy, but the sensation soon passed away. The horse staggered, then reeled from side to side, the *picador* driving the spurs into its quivering sides, endeavoring to utilize the few minutes of life left to it; but the animal sank beneath him, after making two or three ineffectual efforts to advance, and the cavalier, without paying the slightest attention to this incident, shouted to the *muchachos* to bring him another horse. Embarrassed by his armor, he moved heavily toward his new mount, whilst the

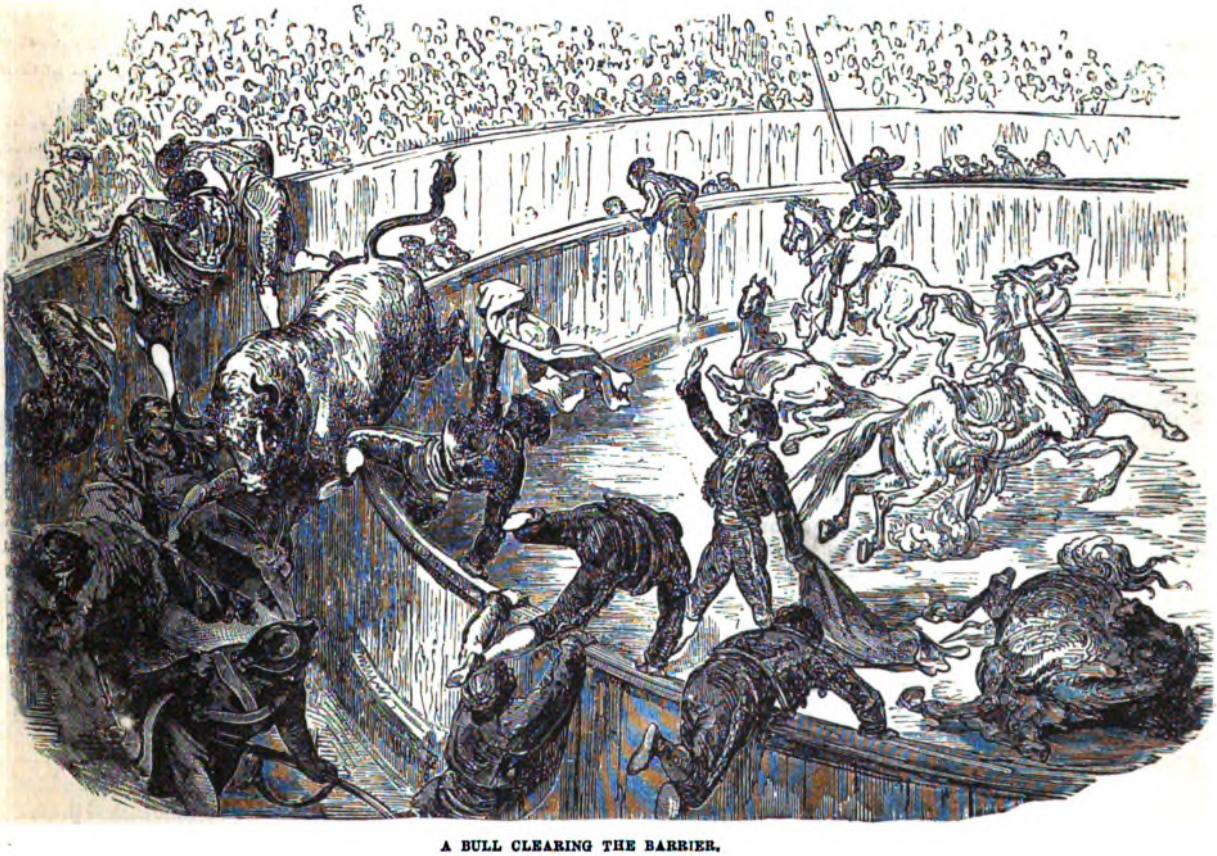


A BULLFIGHTER, ON A VELOCIPEDE, CHARGING A BULL.

A BULLFIGHT ON STILTS.

other, lying upon the sand in the middle of a pool of blood, gave no signs of life save by a few convulsive quiverings of legs and tail.

"Horse number one, and well struck," was the exclamation of the Don, as he noted the transaction on his programme.



A BULL CLEARING THE BARRIER.

In the meantime the bull had rushed to the other side of the arena, and had charged upon the second *picador*, who received him with a great "fend-off" of the lance on the shoulder, so good, that it gained a great shouting of applause from the spectators.

Again did the bull return to the charge, to be received in the same skillful manner; but on the second rush, the wood of the lance seemed to bend, and the *picador* was hurled to the ground, the horse falling heavily upon him. A sort of sharp cry was uttered by the assemblage, particularly when the bull, unable, in the blindness of his rage, to distinguish its real enemy, commenced to plunge its horns time after time into the flanks of the dying horse. Two of the *chulos* rushed to the assistance of the *picador*, who lay as still as death, and, disengaging him from the prostrate horse, lifted him by the shoulders on to his feet, while the others fluttered their *capas* before the bull, in order to draw its attention from its mangled victim. The bull at length abandoned the horse, and set off in pursuit of one of the *chulos*, who ran like a deer, in a zig-zag course, trailing his *capa* after him, the bull pursuing hotly; but, finding himself too closely pursued, he dropped his *capa* and disappeared by a single bound across the *tablas*, when the bull stopped, like one intensely astonished; then, with incredible fury, he buried his horns in the blood-red wood of the barrier.

The performance of the bull was enthusiastically applauded, and cries of "Bravo, *toro!* bravo, *toro!*" were repeated by thousands of voices. The bull had acquitted himself admirably, having, in an incredibly short space of time, unhorsed two *picadors* and killed two horses. It was a sorry sight to behold the two dead animals lying stiff and stark upon the yellow sand, dyed, where they had fallen, with their lifeblood. But there were worse sights yet in store for me.

The spectators applauded vociferously each *suertas de pica* or feat on the part of the *torero*, as well as each *cogida*, or attack, of the bull, calling the *torero* by name as they would an actor on the stage, and yelling "Bravo, *toro!*" to signify their approval of the fighting qualities of the bull. This bull, as the marquis informed me, was a singularly courageous animal, *boyente—duro*, that is, quick of attack, and without hesitation.

"Now," exclaimed the Don, "you will see some good fighting; that *picador*, Estaban Murillo, will avenge his having been compelled to fall before his antagonist. See him now. He is preparing for a grand attack upon his terrible adversary!"

The *picador*, driving his spurs into the flanks of his *rocin*, took a short gallop, which brought him within five or six yards of the bull, who stood, pawing up the sand, and uttering a hideous bellowing. This act on the part of Estaban Murillo was one of extreme temerity. When a *picador* attacks a bull, he knows full well that the chances are ninety to one that both horse and rider will be hurled to the earth, consequently, he arranges as nearly as possible to fall between his steed and the wooden barrier, thus using a protection on two sides; for were he to bite the dust in the middle of the arena, he would be exposed "all round" to the horns of his adversary.

Murillo's action was received by the spectators with frantic applause, again and again renewed, and I am free to confess that I joined in the general shouting myself. Excited by this ovation, he called upon the bull to come on, "*cita*," as it is technically termed, provoking the animal by brandishing his lance; but the bull remained immovable. Murillo urged his trembling horse forward a couple of paces, and deliberately flung his large felt hat at the bull, who, doubtless astonished at such audacity, still maintained inactivity. This act of the *picador* is known as *obligar a la fiera*, or compelling the brute to fight.

Murillo now advanced still closer, till he actually touched the nostrils of the bull lightly with his lance. This affront proved too much, and the bull, lowering his head, literally shot at his enemy, with such swiftness and terrible force as to roll both man and horse over on the sand. A roar of applause arose from the spectators, mingled with a few feminine shrieks, as the *picador*, with his *rocin*, lay at the mercy of the infuriated animal.

In a second, however, the *chulos*, with Tato, their chief, at their head, were engaged in flashing their showy cloaks before the eyes of the bull in order to draw off his attention from the fallen *picador*. *Chulos* is a word signifying agility, combined with gracefulness, and from the manner in which these men performed their perilous work, the title is no misnomer. Much depends upon the judgment, courage and quickness of the *chulos*, and woe to the unhappy *picador* who, when fallen, has to trust to clumsy or insufficient help!

In the meantime the horse had regained its legs, kicking furiously, so that Murillo, stunned by his fall, was between the danger of being brained by the heels of his steed or disemboweled by the horns of the bull. Tato, however, came gallantly to his rescue, and by a series of brilliant *suertas de capa*, or passes of his cloak, succeeded in turning the fury of the bull upon himself, who pursued him to *outrance*. At one moment I held my breath, imagining I saw the cruel horns penetrating his loins; but the chulo, by a swift movement, gracefully stepped aside, allowing the bull to shoot past him, and then, as the animal turned for another charge, commenced literally to play with the furious brute, by blinding him with his *capa*, the horns almost touching the man's body at every movement.

When Murillo fell, the spectators bounded to their feet, and as, in an insensible condition, he was borne out of the arena, the excitement became greater. His bearers passed immediately beneath our box—it was ludicrous to behold how anxiously these men regarded every movement of the bull, being played with by Tato at the other side of the ring—and I could perceive a wound upon the *picador's* forehead, from which the blood was freely flowing. The *alcalde* asked a question of one of the *chulos*, who immediately responded, "*No es nada*" ("It is nothing"), and the *picador* was borne to the infirmary.

"Murillo did a very silly thing," observed the marquis, "that bull was too fresh, and he ought to have known it. He was in luck that so good a performer as Tato was at hand; otherwise, he was a dead man."

One of the *reservas*, or *picadors* in reserve, now galloped into the arena to replace Murillo, rendered, in technical terms, *inutilizado*, or useless. This man was more cautious but equally brave as his predecessor, and firmly fixing his lance under his right arm, beneath his shoulder, awaited the charge of his antagonist. He had not long to wait; at the very instant the bull perceived him, he went for him. The *picador* fended him off with a vigorous lance-thrust, but the bull's horn had penetrated the stomach of the horse, and through the aperture the luckless animal's intestines instantly protruded. The *picador*, fiercely using his spurs, endeavored to urge the horse forward, as the bull was preparing for another charge. The horse tried to obey, and the effort caused its intestines to issue from the new-made orifice, and to hang down in a bundle till they dangled against the unfortunate brute's legs. Presently they trailed along the sand, and, sickening to relate, in a few seconds they became entangled in one of its hind feet. The horse commenced to kick; the more it kicked the more the bleeding intestines twisted round its extremities, and

at length, by one supreme effort, it finally succeeded in disemboweling itself! Ugh! I shudder when I recall that hideous, revolting, inhuman spectacle!

The *picador*, heedless of the condition of his *rocin*, redoubled his spur-plunging, while one of the attendants ran forward, and seizing the bridle, endeavored to force the animal into position by a shower of blows from a thick stick. The spectators, unmindful of the ghastly agony in which the horse was writhing, and merely considering its condition from a combative point of view, continued to yell, "*Fuera! fuera! Otro caballo!*" "Away with him! away with him! Another horse!" when the bull put the question beyond all dispute by charging at the miserable animal, and dispatching it at a single blow.

Two more horses shared the same fate, while the bull mortally wounded a third.

"The fight promises well," said the Marquis, offering me a pinch of snuff. "Five horses killed, and one wounded. That bull shows his breeding. I am proud of him. Let me see how we stand"—consulting his card, or programme. "Twenty-five strokes of the lance, and eight unhorsings of *picadors*, without counting Murillo, placed *hors de combat*—yes, a good bull."

When a horse falls, a *muchacho* runs forward as soon as he gets a chance, and strikes it on the nose, to ascertain if the animal can be still used in the fight. If too far gone, the *muchacho* instantly removes the saddle and bridle, together with the red handkerchief that covers the right eye; while another attendant pours handfuls of fine sand from a small basket over the pools of blood, in order to prevent the possibility of a *torero* slipping upon them.

The *alcalde* waved a handkerchief, and two trumpets sounded. This was a signal to announce that the task of the *picadors* had finished, and that the bull would now be handed over to the tender mercies of the *banderilleros*.

The *banderillas* are little pieces of wood about half an inch in diameter, and two feet long, ornamented for about two-thirds of their length by cut, gayly colored tissue-paper, till they resemble huge *bon-bons*. At one end is a steel dart, shaped like that on a harpoon. The *banderillero* must plunge this dart into the shoulders of the bull, which, when once inserted, remains fixed, with unendurable anguish to the maddened animal; the point being in its skin, and the handle dangling against its shoulders, adding terror to torture. The *banderillas* are used in pairs, one being planted into either shoulder of the bull. It is an operation of the greatest difficulty, exacting the utmost agility and coolness, since it becomes necessary, while plunging them, to lift the arms above the horns of the bull in such a manner as almost to touch. An instant's hesitation, the least false calculation, and the *banderillero* is exposed to the most ghastly peril.

The bull, provoked by Frascuelo, bounded upon him like lightning. I thought the man would be impaled to a certainty, as he calmly awaited his adversary, his arms high in air, the terrible "teasers" in his hands. Just as the bull was upon him, he leant lightly over, stepped but one step aside, and planted the *banderillas* in either shoulder; the bull, so horribly decorated, dashing madly around, frantically tossing its head, while the showy tortures were flung hither and thither over its body, their awful grip never relaxing. A second *banderillero* successfully added two more, which drove the animal into a paroxysm of fury; their maddening effect being so great as to give birth to a popular saying, *poner banderillas*—that is, to drive one mad by torture.

"Aha!" chuckled the Marquis. "I told you we'd have a good fight. Frascuelo is going to let the bull have *banderillas de a cuarta*."

And, upon perceiving my look of inquiry:

"These are less than half the length of the others; and to place them considerably increases the danger. Very few *toreros* try it. You'll see how cautiously Frascuelo will go to work."

As foretold by the marquis, the renowned *torero* awaited his opportunity; shifting his position on several occasions, and running away from the bull when he found himself sorely pressed. At length, however, he took his stand right in the very centre of the arena, and the bull, suddenly turning, went for him. Frascuelo, immovable as a statue, stood until the horns of the animal were about to toss him; then he stooped over and planted his *banderillas*, to such a thunder of applause as it has never been my lot to hear before or since, while cigars, canes, oranges, and even hats, were flung into the arena, in token of the delirious pleasure of the spectators at so admirable a *coup*, so gracefully and so gallantly done.

Frascuelo, bowing his acknowledgments, called for another pair of *banderillas*—three are the regulation number—when the trumpets rang out the death; the *alcalde* being opposed to further risk, as the bull was still full of fire.

The honor of dealing the first death-blow was bestowed upon Tato, who, vaulting across the barrier, advanced beneath the *alcalde's* box, his sword and *muleta* in his left hand, while with his right he removed his *montera*, or cocked hat, and then proceeded to utter *el brindis*, a short speech full of gesture, by which he craved permission to kill the bull or perish in the attempt.

Having concluded the harangue, the *alcalde* nodded his head in token of approval, and the *espada*, turning a pirouette, gayly flung his *montera* from behind his back, high into the air, then strode resolutely in the direction of the bull; his superb physique and gorgeous raiment showing to the utmost advantage as he proudly crossed the yellow sand in the glowing sunlight—perhaps to his death.

The *muleta*, as I have already stated, is a blood-red flag, used as a lure, *engaño*, to turn the attention of the bull. The sword is of the ordinary length, of polished and flexible blade, the hilt short and heavy, in order to give a better purchase to the hand. The *espada* leans upon the "heel" of the blade, and thrusts in, leaning upon the pummel with the palm of his hand.

To behold Tato place himself in front of the bull, draw the animal toward him with his *muleta*, and coolly receive its attacks, resembled a child playing with a dog. These evolutions, which the *espada* repeats, more or less, according to the nature of his antagonist, are called *pasas di muleta*. Tato multiplied his passes upon the bull until the animal lost its vigor, and became *aplomado*—that is to say, dull, heavy, and obstinately refusing to charge. The *torero* approached him, sometimes, after the fashion of the *banderillero*, his sword pointed downward to the neck; then he would place himself in position, his arm horizontal, his *muleta* inclined toward the sand. Tato was simply superb in this attitude, and one young lady in the box next to mine enthusiastically exclaimed, "Que bien plantado!" which the marquis translated as, "How magnificently posed!"

"Keep your gaze on the *espada*," cried the don; "the supreme moment is at hand!"

The *denouement* approached. Every eye was turned on the sword of the *torero*. Suddenly Tato plunged at the bull, leaping lightly on the left foot. I saw the horns brushing by his satin vest, but I also saw the point of the sword appearing beneath the chest of the bull at one astonishing stroke, piercing right through from the shoulder.

"Bravo, Tato!" cried the marquis; "a magnificent

A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

estocada à volapié. That stroke was invented by one of our most celebrated *toreros*, Toaquin Rodriguez. It deserves the bull's ear, the highest honor an *espada* can achieve. They are his scalps. Ah, yes; the people have awarded it to him. Bravo, Tato! Bravo. Tato!"

This superb *estocada à volapié* won for the *matador* a whirlwind of applause. From all sides into the *redondel* came sticks, and cigars, and flowers, and fans. As for hats, the air was actually darkened by their flight—hats, from the *sombreros calañeses* of Andalusia, enormous Valentian hats, *bonitas* of the Basques, and pork pies of Catalonia, to the silken stovepipe. An avalanche of hats is the highest expression of enthusiasm, and one can judge the merit of the death-stroke by the pile of head-gear flung into the arena.

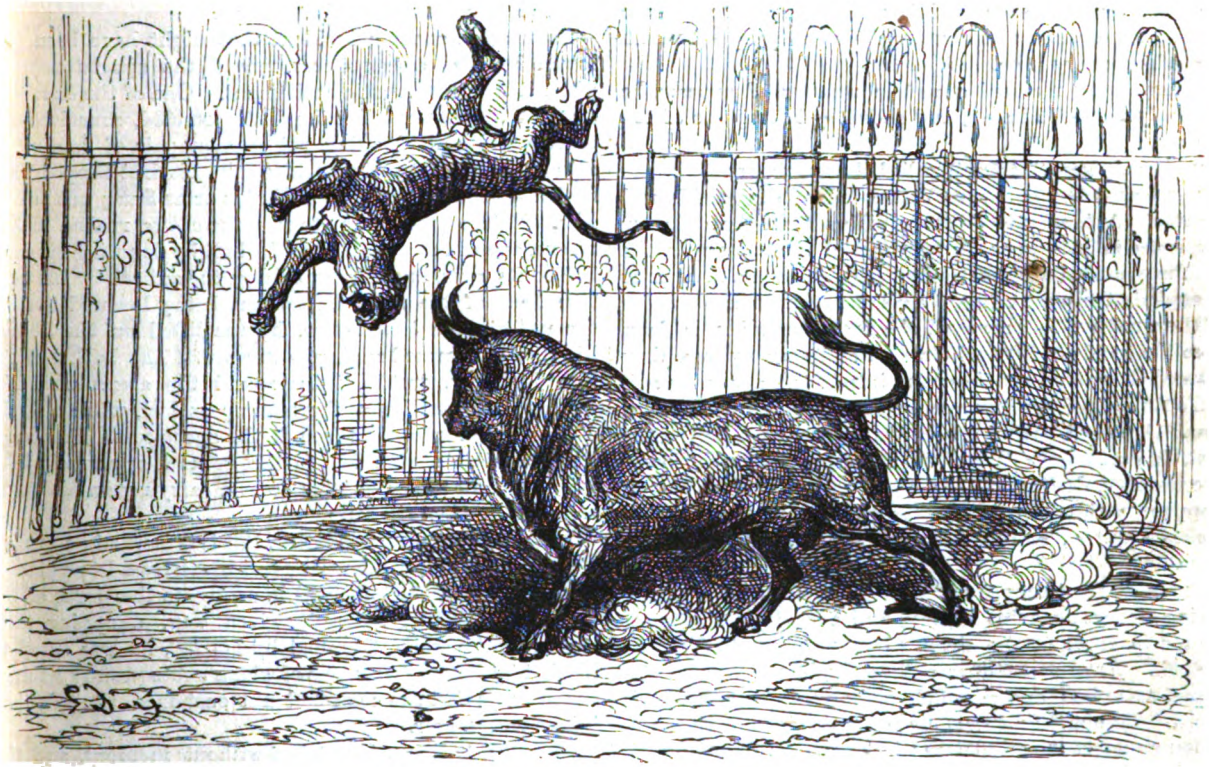
A dark-eyed señora in the next box to ours, handed her little girl of five years a scent bottle, which the joyously shrieking child hurled in the direction of Tato, who stood, draped in his cape, in his hand his *montera*, around him horses, some of them dead, others lifting their heads in a last effort, and falling back into pools of their life-blood; with here and there portions of still palpitating entrails—strange and revolting contrast, flowers and satin, blood and intestines!—a true illustration of a bull-fight.

While the transports of the spectators toned down, a number of attendants were employed in returning the hats to their proper owners; a duty discharged with considerable adroitness, since it extended from the *tendidos*, or lower seats, to the highest *gradas*, the owners receiving their damaged head-pieces with considerable satisfaction, but quite prepared to use them in a similar manner upon the next occasion that presented itself.

The bull had not as yet fallen, though he had received his death blow; and, although the sword blade had plunged straight through, from the shoulder to below the chest, the hilt appearing on top, the tip of the blade below. The baited animal commenced to sway from side to side, then to reel like a drunken man, the *toreros* languidly watching his movements, then to turn round and round, a sign that he was about to bite the dust.

"*Se marea, se marea!*" ("He's done for!") yelled the spectators, as with one voice. The *chulos*, forming a circle round him, commenced to flap their capes one after the other, in order to accelerate the movements of the expiring animal, who, with the blood pouring from his nostrils, and still presenting a courageous front to his tormentors, held them at bay. He lived still, and, though his eyes were glazed, and the tide of life ebbing from nostrils and mouth, he boldly held his head erect. He did not wish to die, and fought death inch by inch.

The *cachetero* now appeared, clad entirely in black, whose duty it is to terminate the sufferings of the vanquished bull, by means of a small poniard called a *cachete*. The blade of this death-dealing implement is partly rounded, while the top is enlarged, and finished off like an ink eraser.



BULL AND TIGER FIGHT AT ARANJUEZ.

The bull, who had sunk down by the side of the *tablas*, regarded his enemies with dull and uncertain gaze. The *cachetero*, cautiously creeping between the bull and the barrier, slipping along the beam which enables the *toreros* to bound from the arena, and, clinging on with his left hand, leant over the dying animal, and selecting a point between the horns, instantly plunged the poniard into the spot selected for that purpose. As if struck by a lightning bolt, the head of the bull fell heavily to the earth, and the goaded, tortured, maddened brute was dead.

The band now struck up a merry air. Two *tiros*, or equipages of iron netting, drawn by three mules, entered the arena at full gallop; to which the dead bull and dead horses were fastened by ropes—an operation conducted under considerable difficulties, owing to the intense desire of the mules to dart away. When their ghastly load was duly attached to the netting, they started at full gallop, to the cracking of whips and shrill cries of the *muchachos*, returning till every dead horse was removed from the arena.

During the interval between the fights, the attendants raked the sand in the ring, and carefully covered up the pools of blood marking where the horses had "gone down to their doom."

"You may perceive," said the Marquis, "that the bull-fight is divided into three distinct parts. In the first the *picadors* play the powerful *rôle*, in the second the *banderilleros*, and in the third the *diestro*, whose sword invariably concludes the course. Take your seat now—there goes the trumpet for the second bull."

The orchestra was suddenly silenced by the shrill blare of the trumpet; the same dead silence fell upon the spectators, as the doors of the *toril* flew open and the second bull darted into the arena, whose heavy movement announced him *boyantes*, or intrepid. He justified his name by charging in quick succession the three *picadors*, all of whom fended him off with their lances. Then, as though satisfied with what he gave and what he received, he suddenly returned into a remote corner, to dislodge him from which almost exhausted the most daring and continued efforts of the *chulos*, who flaunted their gaudy *capas* beneath the animal's very nose.

After having received a certain number of *puyazos*, he suddenly aroused himself, and ended by killing two of the horses.

"*Fuego! fuego!*" (Fire!) yelled the spectators.

Banderillas de fuego were demanded of the *alcalde*, and granted. A *banderilla de fuego* differs from the ordinary *banderilla* in this way: that instead of the cut paper, the stick is provided with fireworks, placed in such a manner as to explode the moment the barb enters the flesh.

The wretched bull received the first *banderillas de fuego* from the hands of Manuel Garcia; and scarcely were they planted there than a train of fire burst forth along the animal's flanks, followed by a series of explosions, called *marrons*. A second pair of *banderillas* were placed beside the first, followed by a third. The tortured brute bellowed like thunder, darting off at a terrific pace, ever and anon stopping, as though to realize the ghastly sensation of being hacked by steel, scorched by fire, and stunned by explosions.

At length the trumpet sounded the death, and the *espada*, having pronounced his *brindis*, and hurled his *montera* in the air in front of the *alcalde's* box, prepared to dispatch the bull. After several *pases de muleta*, he made some *pinchazos*, or points, one of which, striking a bone, bent his sword. This maladroitness caused some signs of disapprobation amongst the spectators; but, nothing disconcerted, Garcia quietly flattened out his sword by pressing it with his foot, and, having watched a favorable opportunity, executed an *estocade* that placed the mangled brute *hors de combat*.

In a second the *cachetero* appeared again, to commence his office of assassination. Then came the mules, according to the laid down rules of the arena, to remove the bodies of the horses and that of the bull.

The third bull died as the first two, and showed good fighting all round. The fourth was looked forward to with eager interest; for, as the marquis informed me, Frascuelo had announced his intention of planting the *banderillas sentado*—that is to say, while seated upon a chair.

"It is not often done, and I wonder the *alcalde* permits it. Watch every movement like a lynx," were the Señor Don's words, as, after the usual horse-killing, the clarion sounded the critical moment, and I beheld an attendant carrying a straw-covered chair, which he placed in the middle of the arena.

Frascuelo seated himself upon the chair, and, his two darts in his hand, smilingly awaited the shock of the terrible animal's charge, directed toward him by the flaunting of the *capas* of the *chulos*.

Thousands of hearts palpitated, my own amongst them, as the *torero* calmly sat, facing what appeared to be instant death. The bull at length perceived the *banderillero*, and flinging up clouds of sand, dashed for man and chair. When within two paces of the chair, a cry of excited horror rang out. I could see Frascuelo lift his arms, let them fall, and skip lightly to one side; then the animal, doubly incensed at finding himself goaded with the barb, and by the escape of his tormentor, flung the chair high into the air, and madly galloped off, his flanks ornamented by a gaudy *banderilla*.

To describe the enthusiasm provoked by this display of daring would be impossible; the people rose at the *torero*, shouting till hoarseness precluded further effort, and waving their arms in frantic approbation. Again came pouring an avalanche of hats into the arena, together with a quantity of cigars, which the calmly gratified *banderillero* proceeded to share with his *confrères*.

Soon after, another incident that might have been followed by fatal consequences, moved the spectators to a pitch of the most frantic excitement. One of the *banderileros*, at the moment that the death sounded, conceived the unhappy idea of plunging yet another pair of *banderillas* into the bull, but making a false step, his foot slipped, and he fell with his face to the earth, his arms flung out before him. Before he had time to rise, the *chulos* rushed to his rescue, one of them attracting the bull by flaunting his cape before its eyes, another by seizing the animal by the tail. The head of the animal, however, being lowered toward the unfortunate *banderillero*, he was lifted on the horns, his legs and arms hanging downward. The bull, shaking him furiously, trotted twice round the arena with his burden, and we all gave the man up as lost, while a shuddering murmur passed through the spectators. Suddenly the invincible wretch fell to the ground, apparently lifeless; the bull continuing his course, carrying on his horns some strips of gaudy satin.

I thought the man was killed, but this is what happened. The *banderillero* providentially had his sash and vest pierced by the horns of the bull, which, owing to the jerks of the animal's head, had gradually given way, dropping their wearer on the sand. Stunned by his fall, he was lifted to his feet by his *confrères*, one of whom subsequently assured the marquis that the man had not sustained the slightest injury whatsoever.

The fifth bull was dispatched without incident, and the sixth, which was a leaping bull, *de muchas Piernis*—of many legs, jumped with a single bound across the barrier, quickly clearing the *valla*, and causing a trepidation amongst the occupants of the lower seats. This bull remained alone in the passage for some time, saluted by numerous blows from the canes of the nearest spectators, but he did not hesitate to re-enter the arena when the door was thrown open for him.

The seventh bull showed no fight, and on the cry of the spectators "*Otro toro! Otro toro!*" ("Another bull!") accompanied by a clapping of hands in time to the cry, the spiritless animal was led out between two *cabestros* or tame bulls, sent into the arena for that purpose. The eighth and last bull showed very fine sport, as did also the *toreros*, one of them executing over the back of the bull, the *salto de garrocha*, a leap which he executed by the aid of a long pole, just as he would have cleared a ditch.

When the death sounded, the spectators, evidently desirous of having full value for their *pesetas* and more, call for the *descabellar*. This consists in the *espada* plunging the sword into the head of the bull the instant the animal

owers it, when he will die as though struck by the poniard of the *cachetero*. Manuel Garcia undertook to achieve this difficult and dangerous feat, and the bull fell beneath his terrible sword as though struck by a bullet in the brain.

With this feat the course terminated. In a second the arena was invaded by the lower order of spectators, eager to touch the bull with their hands. Then the crowd filtered away by degrees, each one criticising the bloody and exciting episodes of the last three hours.

"And what are your impressions of a bull-fight?" demanded my courteous *cicerone*.

"Do not ask me," was my reply.

"I shall not press you; but when next I have the honor of meeting you you will tell me. Is it not so?"

"I shall tell you now, marquis."

"Not now, if *you* please."

As my noble friend refused to listen to me, I shall say here that a bull-fight is brutal, inhuman, cruel and disgusting to the last degree; but that it possesses a fascination which, to those who have never attended one, is simply incomprehensible. That it will die out in Spain, I doubt, since the love of it grows with the growth of Spaniards and strengthens with their strength. A vast number of children were present at the *corrida*, and immediately beneath me two young mothers were nourishing their respective infants at "nature's sweet font." I also remarked that the loudest shrieks, when a fresh bull was called for, emanated from infantile throats. The "swells" of Barcelona occupied the private boxes, the ladies and children being attired in the newest Parisian fashions.

That screams were uttered when a *torero* was in imminent danger, it is true; but they were more the outcome of intense excitement than those of apprehension for the fate of the bull-fighter. The first gout of blood from the horse invariably drew forth a few screams, but with its novelty died any further sound on the at score.

When I reached the hotel, I found Mr. Price enjoying brandy and water.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Of all the abominable, sickening sights I ever beheld, this here bull-fighting business beats. I got sick, sir, sick as if I was between Dover and Calais, when I saw the intestines of that unfortunate horse entangled in its own legs. Ugh! it's a cowardly sport, sir, blamed cowardly sport; for the braver a bull is, the more he'll be mangled. I'm out of it. Ah, there goes Signora de Castiglia!" and gulping down the remainder of the contents of his tumbler, he disappeared after his *querida*.

The frontispiece represents a bull-fight as it was fought in the days of ancient Rome.

The bull-fight in old Rome was a ghastly pastime, since the blood of the gladiator flowed freely with that of the bull, while the arena, after the fight, was strewn with human corpses as well as with bovine carcasses. The fighters, armed with spears, short swords and arrows, attacked the bull, and, to render the sight more bloody and exciting, elephants were introduced, whose trumpetings, added to the bellowings of the bull and the cries of the combatants, served to produce a horror of sound seldom, if ever, equaled. Red cloaks were flashed, as in the present hour, and the bull was finally dispatched by the sword.

The horses used by the Romans were powerful, high-bred animals, very different from the sorry nags ridden today in Spain, and it required superb horsemanship to avoid the onslaughts of the maddened bull. These fights were in great vogue, and attended by all the mighty men of that mighty city. Boxes were set aside for the ladies, who largely patronized the sport; and in order to win applause from their bright eyes, many a combatant rushed madly upon his death.

THE CASE OF CONSTANCE KENT.

Dr. J. C. Bucknell, in closing the second of his Lumleian Lectures on "Insanity in its Legal Relations" before the Royal College of Physicians, said:

"It is a happy circumstance for us professionally that we have not often to give direct evidence of crime. It is painful enough to give negative evidence which is incriminating.

"The most remarkable case in which I have been concerned, not even excepting that of Victor Townley, was the case of Constance Kent, who murdered her young brother and escaped detection. After an interval of several years a truly conscientious motive led her to confess; and the most painful and interesting duty fell to my lot of examining her for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be right to enter the plea of 'not guilty, on the ground of insanity.'

"I was compelled to advise against it, and her counsel, Mr. (now Lord) Coleridge, on reading the notes of my examination, admitted that I could not do otherwise. By her own wish, and that of her relatives, I published a letter in the *Times* describing the material facts of the crime, but, to save the feelings of those who were alive at the time, I did not make known the motive; and on this account it has been that the strange portent has remained in the history of our social life that a young girl, not insane, should have been capable of murdering her beautiful boy-brother in cold blood and without motive. I think the right time and opportunity have come for me to explain away this apparent monstrosity of conduct. A real and dreadful motive did exist.

"The girl's own mother, having become partially demented, was left by her husband to live in the seclusion of her own room, while the management of the household was taken, over the heads of grown-up daughters, by a high-spirited governess; who, after the decease of the first Mrs. Kent, and a decent interval, became Constance Kent's stepmother. In this position she was unwise enough to make disparaging remarks about her predecessor; little dreaming, poor lady, of the fund of rage and revengeful feeling she was stirring up in the heart of her young stepdaughter.

"To escape from her hated presence, Constance once ran away from home, but was brought back; and after this she only thought of the most efficient manner of wreaking her vengeance. She thought of poisoning her stepmother; but that, on reflection, she felt would be no real punishment. And then it was that she determined to murder the poor lady's boy, her only child.

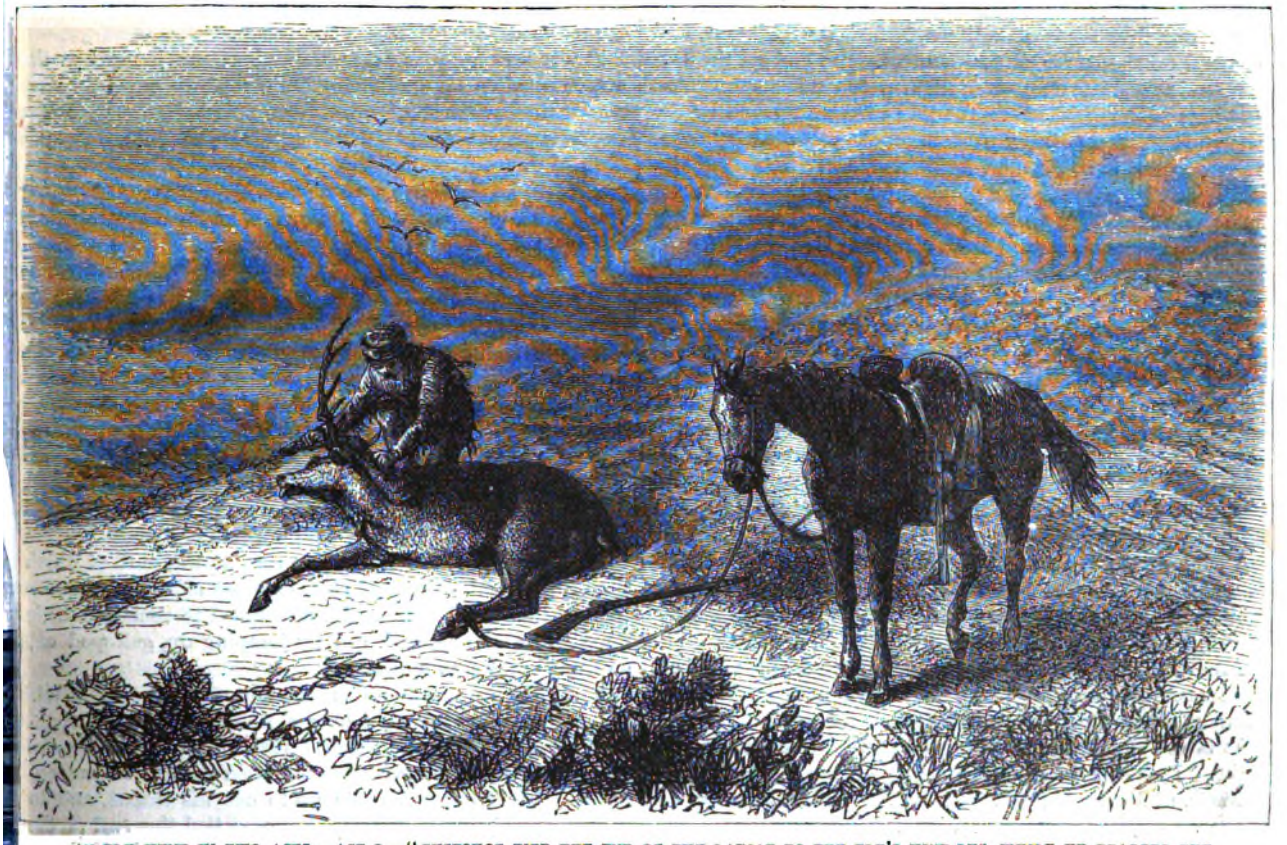
"A dreadful story this; but who can fail to pity the depths of household misery which it denotes?

"At her arraignment Constance Kent persisted in pleading 'Guilty.' Had the plea been 'Not guilty,' it would, I suppose, have been my most painful duty to have told the court the tragic history which I now tell to you, in the belief that it can give no pain to those concerned in it, and that it is mischievous that so great and notorious a crime should remain unexplained."

If you have the feeling of hate or revenge, subject it to a severe process of mental chemistry; examine into its nature, its uses, its philosophy; and, before you have finished the scrutiny, it will probably vanish like a volatile essence into the air.

He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right is surely a liar.

BULLFIGHTER AT CONFESSION BEFORE THE COMBAT.—FROM A PAINTING BY EUGENE GIRAUD.



AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.—"BUCKSHOT TIED THE END OF THE LARIAT TO THE ELK'S HIND-LEG, WHILE HE DRAGGED THE BODY ROUND TO A MORE CONVENIENT POSITION FOR PERFORMING THE OBSEQUIES."

AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.—ACT II.—"BUCKSHOT RACED AFTER THE PAIR, SHOUTING, 'WHOA, WHOA, BILLY!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.

On our first day's march we forded the Calamus, and camped on the banks of the North Loup; and on the second and following ones we hunted a few miles off among the hills nearly parallel to the line of march taken by the wagons. The weather was delightful—clear, sunny days, with a sharp, keen air, and hard frost at night, sufficiently cold to freeze water in our tents, though a small stove for wood was burned in each of them.

White-tailed deer, antelope, grouse and chicken fell before us, but still no signs of elk. We had a capital cook—a German—who dressed venison wonderfully; so we shot, and ate, and prayed for better luck in future. At this season of the year elk are always in bands, and are consequently not easy to find, owing to their not being scattered; and in such a country as we were hunting in, consisting as it did of innumerable hills and cañons, a large band might easily be passed without detection, unless, of course, one hit upon their trail.

At last the happy day arrived. Early one morning Buckshot came on the trail of a large band of elk, and soon after we were in hot pursuit. The wind was in the right direction, and about three hours' riding, following carefully the trail, brought us in sight of the band, who were entirely unsuspicious of the slightest danger.

Picketing our horses, we now commenced the stalk on foot, and, the ground being favorable, got within forty yards of where they were making their midday halt.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfectly beautiful sight. I should fancy about eighty of these magnificent animals, of different ages, sexes and sizes, were in the band. Some were lying down, and others quietly feeding. Our position was on the brow of a small, steep sand-ridge, thickly covered with long grass at the top, through which we could watch quietly the movements of the band, without a chance of being discovered. A good, stiff breeze, blowing directly from them to us, prevented the possibility of their getting our wind; and, there being no danger of anything alarming them, we lay for at least five minutes perfectly still, to admire so grand a sight, and get quite cool and collected after our long stalk.

How poor Landseer or Rosa Bonheur would have enjoyed such a sight! Of all animal creation, I consider the elk is beyond question the handsomest. The bulls were full-maned, and almost black about the neck and muzzle. Some of the old ones had grand heads, but the greatest number were about one and two years old, and with antlers not fully grown. The cows were very handsome, and in splendid condition; and there were many this year's calves, all as graceful and pretty as they well could be.

Picking out our favorites, we now got ready. I selected a fine bull, who was certainly not over fifty yards from where I lay, and taking a deliberate aim, sent a bullet directly through his heart.

Buckshot's rifle missed fire, and the colonel knocked over a grand old bull, who was sent kicking to the ground. We then blazed away at the nearest elk, and knocked over three others. In the excitement of firing at the retreating elks, we paid no attention to those already fallen, and were disgusted and surprised to see the colonel's first love, who was the finest of the lot, trotting steadily away and well out of range.

Cutting the throats of the fallen ones as quickly as possible, we mounted and galloped after the band, who, having neither seen nor smelt us, were by no means greatly alarmed; and after a sharp spin of some four miles, keeping well to leeward and out of sight, again struck the band. This time we got within about a hundred yards from where they were quietly feeding at a walk, and once more did considerable execution.

It was now getting late; we had as much meat as the wagon could carry, and though we might certainly have struck the band a third time, as they had never either seen or smelt us, we tempered mercy with prudence, and rode back to camp.

It is surprising what a number of elk got off, after having been apparently mortally wounded, and considered even beyond the assistance of another shot.

Lieutenant H. once shot a fine bull who rolled over, like the colonel's had done, seemingly *in articulo mortis*. He had on the occasion a new knife, which he was most anxious to christen, and laying down his discharged rifle he advanced to flesh his weapon. The elk, however, appeared to object to be operated upon, and kicked lustily whenever he approached to put his charitable project into execution.

Now, an elk's kick is worse than one from an unshod horse, and the lieutenant, being well aware of his danger, dodged about from side to side in a decidedly cautious and wary manner, trying vainly to get a safe chance.

This game lasted over two minutes, at the end of which time the animal, disgusted at the clumsy efforts being made to send him to a better world, concluded to remain a little longer in this one, and, quietly jumping up, galloped off, and was never seen again.

A still more amusing incident happened to Buckshot. He also one day knocked over a fine bull who fell apparently quite dead, as he pitched right over on getting the shot, with one of his forelegs entangled amidst his branching antlers. Buckshot came up to cut his throat, and to save the trouble of picketing his pony, tied the end of the lariat to the elk's hind leg, while he dragged the body round to a more convenient position for performing the obsequies.

The movement cleared the entangled limb, and the elk, who was only "creased," *i. e.*, shot through the thick part of the neck and momentarily paralyzed, jumped up, and, with the pony fastened to him, galloped off as strong and well as if he had never been even touched.

The sight must have been as ridiculous a one as well could be imagined. Buckshot raced after the pair, shouting, "Whoa, whoa, Billy!" not daring to fire lest he should hurt his pony.

How it would have ended one could scarcely tell, had the elk, instead of keeping up the gallop, not foolishly turned round to fight the pony, whom he could not stand any longer dragging at his heels, while still within easy range of the scout's rifle. The movement was favorable. This time a bullet sped more true, and the poor elk really tumbled over dead.

HIS LUCK.

They were to have been married Thanksgiving evening. Why couldn't he have had even common luck, and made a fair passage? Joe Thorpe or Sam Andrews, who were not half as careful as himself, were probably off Montauk Point by this time, and here he was, south of Hatteras, half his crew down with fever and ague, a whole suit of sails blown away, his cargo of fruit probably rotten, and the wind hauling to the north'ard all the time, with a strong prospect of another gale.

It was too bad—"too thundering bad!" he added, with an emphasis almost allowable under the circumstances, as he glanced at the compass.

"As unlucky as Arad Thorpe," had passed into a proverb

in his native town of Coverly. And yet he was prudent, energetic and smart. He always made money for his owners; but however much he might lay by for himself, was sure to be, in some unforeseen manner, lost.

The Hammerton Bank, wherein he had deposited a thousand dollars, had suspended payment. The cashier of the Home Savings Institute had "defalcated," leaving him a loser of an equal sum. His little house on Elm Street had been burned in his absence, the insurance policy having expired a day or two before. He had been knocked down and robbed of his freight money in Panama. All of which events, occurring at different times, had come nigh to make Arad a fatalist.

But, thanks to Jessie Banks, his betrothed, he had kept up a good heart, and his courage had won from Banks, *père*, the promise that if he brought home three hundred dollars as his own share of the trading voyage in the Carribbean Sea, he should marry Jessie, without further notice, on the coming Thanksgiving evening.

This voyage he had made some successful ventures, which had netted him about three hundred and fifty dollars, said sum being locked up in his desk below.

"How do you head now, Jerry?" was his query, for the twentieth time; and the unsatisfactory answer "East-northeast, sir," caused an ejaculation of impatience to escape him.

"Brocky Joe much sick. He want more med'cine," was the salutation which met his ear, as a tall, powerfully built sailor, a Spaniard, accosted him.

He had shipped his crew of four men and second mate in Jamaica, and a rascally-looking set they were, though up to this time they had done well enough, and now that two of them were sick, the remaining two had done double duty; so that Arad had begun to think very well of them.

Taking some quinine from the medicine-chest, he went forward, and, entering the little forecastle, which was dimly lighted by swinging lamps, he was about to proceed to the bunk of the supposed sick man, when he was suddenly seized from behind, a blanket thrown over his head, and, almost before he could think, was hurried to the rail, over which he was thrown in an instant.

But Arad, like all Coverly boys, was a perfect water-dog; and after coming to the surface, he blew the water from his mouth, worked off his sea-boots, got himself out of his pea-jacket by dint of much squirming, and, wiping the spray from his eyes as he rose on the crest of a wave, he had the cheerful satisfaction of seeing the binnacle-light of his vessel apparently half a mile distant, and rapidly growing fainter.

"My luck!" was on his tongue, as he struck out, with a vague hope of keeping himself afloat till morning; and then Jessie's last words came to his mind: "Be sure, Arad, and do all you can; God will do the rest."

With an inward prayer for help, he resolved to make a struggle for life, though he felt his chances were infinitesimally small; and, by dint of husbanding his strength, the morning light, as it dawned over the turbulent sea, found him chilled to the bone, exhausted and faint, but still swimming.

Oh, how eagerly, as it grew lighter, did he look for a welcome sail! And, rising on the crest of a wave, his heart came almost into his mouth; for not a stone's throw distant was a little hermaphrodite brig, under short sail, bearing down upon him.

"Hillo-o-o-o!" he shouted, with all his strength.

Surely they must hear him; but no answering hail came to his listening ears, and in another moment, to his surprise and horror, the brig's course was altered, and she headed in another direction, though Arad could see that her yards were untouched—being, in fact, braced in an opposite direction.

"Something wrong there!" he thought; and, as it was his last chance for life, with a desperate energy he sought to intercept her course, when suddenly her sails were thrown aback, and for a moment she drifted down toward him, as though he had been seen and measures taken for his relief.

As she neared him, he managed, in a roll of the sea, to seize one of the main-chain plates, and, with a final effort, he swung himself into the rigging and over the rail, where he sank senseless on the deck, thinking dimly how strange it was that no living soul was in sight.

When he recovered from his stupor and feebly groped his way aft, he saw that the wheel was lashed hard-a-port, and the stern boat gone from her davits; and it flashed across his mind that the brig had been deserted—a fact which a voyage of investigation into the cabin confirmed.

An open chart was on the floor, whereon the vessel's course from a little island in the Windward group had been traced, and further examination of her papers and logbook showed her to be the Spanish brig *Don Carlos*, bound from Jacmel, with box sugar "to any port north of Hatteras."

Arad's mind was made up on the instant. He sounded the pump's well, found nine inches of water therein, and, having refreshed himself from the steward's pantry with Spanish wine and tortillas, he stripped and went at it till the pumps sucked.

Then he loosed the lower sails fore and aft, sheeted them home with infinite labor, squared the yards, and went aft to the wheel.

The wind had hauled to the southwest; a glance at the barometer showed that the mercury was rising; and, with high hopes, Arad began his voyage to "a port north'ard of Hatteras."

"Oh, if I *could!*" was the only thought which he dared to give vent to; and, though it did not seem an impossible feat if the weather held fair, he did not venture to carry his hopeful anticipations further.

For four days and nights did he stand at the wheel, only leaving it for his hastily snatched food, or to change the position of the yards, except as he was obliged to take observations; and his heart beat high as, on the twenty-fifth of November, he sighted land, which he knew, from his course on the chart, to be Sandy Hook.

Two hours later, Pilot-boat No. 2 was alongside, and three men sent on board, when his story was heard. And then Arad laid down for a little nap, which lasted precisely thirty-six hours; and when he awoke, the little brig, under lower topsails and jib, was rounding the light at the entrance of Coverly harbor, with half a gale of wind blowing astern.

"Luck was with you this time, sir," said Joe Carter, one of the pilots, as the anchor-chain ran rapidly out, and the little vessel swung round to the wind. "In three hours more you'll see it blow great guns."

"God was with me, I think," said Arad, reverently, as they went aloft and snugly stowed the sails, which, as Arad used to say, were not much larger than a bandana handkerchief.

Old Banks rowed out in his dory, as was his custom at every new arrival.

"What in thunder!" was his lucid remark, as he stared at Arad. And then, "Humph! Lost your vessel, I s'pose? Picked up by this here brig, and come home without any money. 'Member what I told ye when ye went away?"

Arad remembered it very well; and when he went on to tell Banks, *père*, that it was he that had picked up the brig,

that she was sugar-laden, and that his share of salvage money would probably be a nice little sum, Banks embraced him rapturously, and said :

"Didn't I always tell you so, Arad ?"

Arad didn't remember anything of the kind ; but then, it is neither polite nor politic to contradict one's prospective father-in-law, so he said nothing, and accompanied the old man on shore, where, after meeting Jessie with a rapturous embrace, he said :

"You know it was to be Thanksgiving evening, dear——"

And it was.

The mutineers managed to run his schooner ashore on Peaked Hill Bars, Cape Cod, and, in obedience to retributive justice, were drowned ; which, as the owners got an excellent insurance on the vessel, did not seem to cause general grief.

After the usual vexatious delays consequent upon such cases, Arad received something like eighteen thousand dollars as salvage money. The lawyers got the larger share of the remainder.

N. B.—A true story—with a trifle of embellishment.

GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET.

A Fairy Story.

There once lived a lovely princess named Gracieuse. She was always magnificently attired, without being in the least proud, or vain of her fine clothes. She passed the morning in the company of learned persons, who taught her all sorts of sciences, and in the afternoon she worked beside the queen, her mistress.

There was in this same court an exceedingly rich old maid, called the Duchess Grognon, and who was horrible in every respect. Her hair was as red as fire, her face of an alarming size, covered with pimples ; she had but one blear eye left, and her mouth was so large you would have said she could eat everybody up, only, as she had no teeth, people were not afraid of it ; she had two humps, and limped with both legs.

This monster hated Gracieuse mortally, and retired from court to avoid hearing her praises. She took up her abode in a neighboring chateau that belonged to her, and when any one, paying her a visit, spoke of the perfections of the princess, she would scream out in a rage, "It is false—it is false ! She is not charming ! I have more beauty in my little finger than she has in her whole body !"

Now it happened that the queen fell ill and died. The Princess Gracieuse felt as if she should die also of grief for the loss of so good a mother, and the king deeply regretted his excellent wife. For nearly a twelvemonth he remained shut up in his palace, till at length his physicians, alarmed for his health, insisted on his going out and amusing himself.

One day he went hunting, and the heat being very great, he entered a large chateau that he saw near him, for shelter and refreshment. As soon as the Duchess Grognon (for it was her chateau), heard of the king's arrival, she hastened to receive him, and informed him that the coolest place in the mansion was a large vaulted cellar, exceedingly clean, into which she requested he would descend.

The king followed her, and, entering the cellar, he saw two hundred barrels placed in rows one above the other. He asked her whether it was only for herself she kept such a stock.

GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET.—"THE PAGE TOOK THE BRIDLE AND LED IT, TURNING EVERY MINUTE TOWARD THE PRINCESS, THAT HE MIGHT HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BEHOLDING HER."

"Yes, sire," she replied, "for myself alone. But I shall be delighted if your majesty will do me the honor to taste my wines. Here is Canary, Saint Laurent, Champagne, Hermitage, Rivesalte, Rossolis, Persicot, Fenouillet ; which do you prefer, sire ?"

"Frankly," said the king, "I hold that champagne is worth all the other wines put together."

Grognon immediately took a small hammer, struck a cask two or three times, and out came a million of pistoles.

"What does this mean ?" she exclaimed, with a smile, and passing to the next cask she hit that, tap, tap, and out rolled a bushel of louis-d'ors. "I don't understand this at all," she said, smiling still more significantly. Or she went to another barrel, and rapped, tap, tap, and out ran so many pearls and diamonds that the floor of the cellar was covered with them.

"Ah," she cried, "I can't comprehend this, sire. Somebody must have stolen my good wine, and put in its place these trifles."

"Trifles !" echoed the king, perfectly astonished ; "do you call these trifles, madame ? There is treasure enough here to buy ten kingdoms, each as big as Paris !"

"Well, said the duchess, "know that these barrels are all filled with gold and jewels, and I will make you master of all, provided you will marry me."

"Oh," said the king, who loved money beyond anything, "I desire nothing better. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you please."

"But," continued she, "I must make one more condition. I must have the same power over your daughter as

her mother had, and you shall leave her entirely to my management."

"Agreed," said the king; "there is my hand upon it."

Grognon placed her hand in his, and, leaving the treasure-vault together, she presented him with the key.

The king immediately returned to the palace. Gracieuse, hearing her royal father's voice, ran to meet him, embraced him, and inquired if he had had good sport.

"I have taken," said he, "a dove, alive."

"Ah, sir," said the princess, "give it to me; I will feed and make a pet of it."

"That may not be," replied the king; "for, to speak plainly, I must tell you that I have seen the Duchess Grognon, and that I am going to marry her."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Gracieuse, "can you call her a dove? She is more like a screech-owl!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the king, becoming angry; "I command you to love and respect her as much as if she were your mother. Go and dress yourself immediately, for I intend to return this very day to meet her."

The princess, who was very obedient, went to her room. Her nurse saw tears in her eyes.

HIS LUCK.—"'HILLO-O-O-O!' HE SHOUTED, WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH. SURELY THEY MUST HEAR HIM. BUT NO ANSWERING HAIL CAME TO HIS LISTENING EARS, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT, TO HIS SURPRISE AND HORROR, THE BRIG'S COURSE WAS ALTERED."—SEE PAGE 610.

"What is the matter, my little darling?" she asked; "you are crying."

"Alas! my dear nurse," answered Gracieuse, "who would not weep? The king is going to give me a stepmother, and, to complete my misfortune, she is my most cruel enemy—in one word, the hideous Grognon! How shall I ever bear to see her in the beautiful beds which the queen, my dear mother, so delicately embroidered with her own hands? How can I ever caress a malicious old ape who would put me to death?"

"My dear child," replied the nurse, "you must have a spirit as high and noble as your birth. Princesses like you should set the greatest examples to the world; and what finer example can there be than that of obedience to a father and sacrificing one's self to please him? Promise me, therefore, that you will not manifest your antipathy to Grognon."

The poor princess had much difficulty in summoning up resolution to promise; but the prudent nurse gave her so many excellent reasons, that at length she pledged her word to put a good face on the matter, and behave courteously to her stepmother. She then proceeded to dress herself in a gown of green and gold brocade, her long, fair hair falling in wavy folds upon her shoulders, and crowned with a light wreath of roses and jasmine, the leaves of which were made of emeralds. In this attire, Venus, the mother of the loves, could not have looked more beautiful.

But to return to Grognon. The ugly creature was excessively occupied with her toilet. She had one shoe made half a cubit higher in the heel than the other, in order to appear less lame; a bodice stuffed upon one shoulder to conceal the hump on its fellow; a glass eye, the best she could procure, to replace the one she had lost. She painted her brown skin white, dyed her red hair black, and then put on an open robe of amaranth-colored satin, faced with blue, and a yellow petticoat, trimmed with violet ribbon. She determined to make her *entrée* on horseback, because she had heard it was a custom of the queens of Spain.

Whilst the king was giving his orders, and Gracieuse awaiting the moment of departure to meet Grognon, she descended, alone, into the palace gardens, and strolled into a little gloomy grove, where she sat down upon the grass.

"At length," she said, "I am at liberty, and may cry as much as I please without any one to check me!"

And accordingly she sighed and wept so excessively that

her eyes appeared like two fountains in full play. In this sad state, she no longer thought of returning to the palace, when she saw a page approaching, dressed in green satin, with a plume of white feathers in his cap, and the handsomest countenance in the world. Bending one knee to the ground, he said:

"Princess, the king awaits you."

She was struck with surprise at the beauty and grace of the young page, and, as he was a stranger to her, she supposed he was in the service of Grognon.

"How long is it," said she, "since the king admitted you into the number of his pages?"

"I am not the king's page, madame," he replied; "I am yours, and will be yours only."

"Mine!" exclaimed Gracieuse, much astonished, "and I not know you?"

"Ah, princess," said he, "hitherto I have not dared to make myself known to you; but the misfortunes with which you are threatened by this marriage of the king oblige me to speak to you sooner than I should have done. I had resolved to leave time and attention to declare to you my passion."

"How! a page!" said the princess—"a page has the assurance to tell me he loves me!"

"Be not alarmed, beautiful Gracieuse!" said he, with a most tender yet respectful air; "I am Percinet, a prince. I have loved you long; I have been often near you in these gardens without your perceiving me. The fairy power bestowed upon me at my birth has been of great service in procuring me the pleasure of beholding you. I will accompany you everywhere to-day in this habit, and, I trust, not altogether without being of service to you."

The princess gazed at him while he spoke, in a state of astonishment from which she could not recover.

"It is you, then, handsome Percinet!" she said to him; "it is you, whom I so much wished to see, and of whom such surprising things are related! How delighted I am that you desire to be my friend! I no longer fear the wicked Grognon, since you take an interest in my fortunes!"

A few more words passed between them, and then Gracieuse repaired to the palace, where she found a horse ready saddled and caparisoned, which Percinet had placed in the stables. She mounted it, and, as it was a very spirited animal, the page took the bridle and led it, turning every minute toward the princess, that he might have the pleasure of beholding her.

They met Grognon on the road, in an open calèche, looking more ugly and ill-shapen than an old gypsy. The king and the princess embraced her. They led forward her horse, that she might mount, but seeing the one Gracieuse was upon, she exclaimed:

"How! Is this creature to have a finer horse than I? I had rather never be a queen, and return to my precious castle, than be treated in this manner!"

The king immediately commanded the princess to dismount, and to beg Grognon would do her the honor to ride her horse.

The princess obeyed without a murmur. Grognon neither looked at her nor thanked her. She was hoisted up on the beautiful horse, and looked like a bundle of dirty clothes. When she was least thinking of it, lo and behold, the fine horse began to bound, to rear, and at length ran away at such a pace that no one could stop him. Off he went with Grognon, who held on by the saddle and by the mane, screaming with all her might.

At length she was thrown, with her foot in the stirrup. She was dragged for some distance over stones and thorns into a heap of mud, where she was almost smothered. As everybody had run after her as fast as they could, they soon came up to her; but her skin was scratched all over, her head cut open in four or five places, and one of her arms broken. Never was a bride in a more miserable plight.

The king seemed in despair. They picked her up in pieces, like a broken glass. Her cap was on one side, her shoes on the other. They carried her into the city, put her to bed, and sent for the best surgeons. Ill as she was, she never ceased storming.

"Gracieuse has played me this trick," she said. "I am certain she only chose that fine but vicious horse in order to make me wish to ride it, and that it might kill me. If the king does not give me satisfaction for this injury, I will return to my precious chateau, and never see him again as long as I live!"

The king was informed of the rage of Grognon. As his ruling passion was avarice, the mere idea of losing the many barrels of gold and diamonds made him shudder, and was sufficient to drive him to anything. He ran to the filthy invalid, flung himself at her feet, and protested she had only to name the punishment Gracieuse deserved, and that he abandoned the princess to her resentment. She professed herself satisfied, and said she would send for her.

Accordingly, the princess was told Grognon wanted her. She turned pale, and trembled, being well assured it was not to caress her. She looked about everywhere for Percinet, but he did not appear, and sadly she proceeded to Grognon's apartment. Scarcely had she entered it when the doors were closed. Four women, who resembled as many furies, threw themselves on her by order of their mistress, and tore all her fine clothes from her back. When her shoulders were bare, these cruel demons could not endure their dazzling whiteness. They shut their eyes as though they had been looking for a long time on snow.

"Come, come—courage!" cried the pitiless Grognon from out her bed. "Flay me that girl, and leave her not the least morsel of that white skin she thinks so beautiful!"

The four furies were each armed with an alarming handful of birchen twigs, and they had, besides, large brooms, out of which they could pull fresh ones; so that they beat her without mercy, and at every blow Grognon called out:

"Harder, harder! You spare her!"

There is no one who would not suppose, after that, but that the princess was flayed alive from head to foot. They would be mistaken, however; for the gallant Percinet had bewitched the eyes of these women. They imagined they had birch rods in their hands, but in reality they had only bunches of feathers of all sorts of colors.

The flagellants so fatigued themselves that they could no longer lift their arms. They huddled her into her clothes, and turned her out of the room with a thousand abusive epithets. She returned to her own chamber, pretending to be very ill, went to bed, and ordered that no one should stay near her but her nurse, to whom she related her adventure.

Grognon was so gratified to learn that Gracieuse was in such a condition, that she got well in half the time she would otherwise have done, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence.

But as the king was aware that Grognon preferred, above everything, to be extolled for her beauty, he had her portrait painted, and commanded a tournament in which six of the best knights in his court should maintain against all comers that Queen Grognon was the loveliest princess in the world.

A number of knights were made to confess to Grognon's beauty. But at length one brave knight appeared, and said :

"Grognon is a monster; but Gracieuse is the greatest beauty living!"

When Grognon heard this, she was so enraged that she could scarcely speak. She waited impatiently for night to arrive. As soon as it was dark she ordered the horses to be put to her traveling carriage. Gracieuse was forced into it, and, under a strong escort, she was conveyed to a large forest a hundred leagues distant, through which nobody dared pass, as it was full of lions, bears, tigers and wolves. When they had reached the middle of this terrible wood, they made the princess alight, and left her, regardless of her piteous supplications, alone in the forest.

She hurried on for some time without knowing whither she was going—now running against some tree, now falling, now entangled in the bushes—till at length, overwhelmed with anguish, she threw herself on the ground, unable to rise again.

"Percinet!" she cried; "Percinet! where are you? Is it possible you can have abandoned me?"

As she uttered the last words, she suddenly beheld the most surprising thing in the world. It was an illumination so magnificent that there was not a tree in the forest on which there were not several chandeliers filled with wax lights, and at the far end of the avenue she perceived a palace, built entirely of crystal, which blazed like the sun. She began to imagine Percinet had some hand in this new enchantment, and felt her joy a little mingled with fear.

At that moment she heard a noise behind her. She thought it was some wild beast who was about to devour her. She looked back, trembling, and beheld Prince Percinet, as handsome as they paint the God of Love.

"My princess!" he said, "come!—come into the fairy palace. You will find there the queen, my mother, and my sisters, who already love you tenderly from my account of you."

Gracieuse, charmed by the humble and engaging manner in which her young lover addressed her, could not refuse to enter with him a little sledge, painted and gilt, and drawn by two stags at a prodigiously swift pace.

He immediately ordered the animals to proceed to the fairy palace. As Gracieuse approached it she heard exquisite music, and the queen, with two of her daughters, met her, embraced her, and led her into a large saloon, the walls of which were of rock-crystal. She observed, with great astonishment, that all her own history to that very day was engraved upon the walls, and the execution of the work was so fine that the master-pieces of Phidias, and all that Greece could ever boast, were not to be compared to it.

"You have a very diligent artist!" said Gracieuse to Percinet. "Every action, every gesture of mine is instantly sculptured!"

"Because I would not lose the recollection of the slightest circumstance relating to you, my princess," replied he. "Alas, in no place am I happy or contented!"

She made him no answer; but thanked the queen for the manner in which she had received her. A grand banquet was served up, to which Gracieuse did justice, for she was delighted to have found Percinet in lieu of the bears and lions she had dreaded to meet in the forest.

Although she was very tired, the prince persuaded her to pass into a saloon dazzling with gold and painting, in which an opera was performed before her. The subject was "The Loves of Cupid and Psyche," and it was interspersed with dances and allusive songs.

At the close of the opera, by order of the queen, Gracieuse was led to her apartments. Never was anything so magnificent as the furniture, or so elegant as the bed and bedchamber appropriated to her. She was waited on by four-and-twenty maidens, attired as nymphs; the eldest was but eighteen, and each a miracle of beauty. As soon as she was in bed, a strain of exquisite music wooed her to sleep.

When she arose in the morning they brought her dresses of every color, sets of jewelry of every fashion, laces, ribbons, gloves, silk stockings, all in the most marvelous taste. Nothing was wanting. Her toilet was of chased gold; she had never been so perfectly dressed, and had never looked so beautiful.

Percinet entered the room in a dress of green-and-gold (green was his color, because Gracieuse was fond of it). All those we have heard boasted of as the best-formed and most amiable of men would have lost by comparison with this prince.

Gracieuse told him she had not been able to sleep soundly; that the recollection of her misfortunes tormented her, and that she could not help dreading the consequences.

"What can alarm you, madame?" said he. "You are sovereign here—you are here adored. Would you abandon me for your cruel enemy?"

"If I were my own mistress," she replied, "I would accept your proposal; but I am accountable to the king, my father, for my actions; and it is better to suffer than fail in my duty."

Percinet said everything in the world he could think of to persuade her to marry him; but she would not consent, and it was almost in spite of herself that she was induced to remain one week, during which he invented a thousand new pleasures for her entertainment. She once said to the prince:

"I should much like to know what is passing in Grognon's Court, and how she has glossed over her conduct to me?"

He led her to the top of an exceedingly high tower, which was all of rock-crystal, like the rest of the chateau. He told her to place her foot on his, and her little finger in his mouth, and then to look in the direction of the city. She immediately perceived that the wicked Grognon was with the king, and that she was saying to him:

"That wretched princess has hanged herself in the cellar; I have just seen her—she is a most horrible sight; she must be buried immediately, and you will soon get over so trifling a loss."

The king began to weep for the death of his daughter. Grognon turned her back upon him, retired to her apartments, caused a log of wood to be dressed up in a cap, and well wrapped in grave-clothes, put into a coffin, and then, by order of the king, there was a grand funeral, which was attended by everybody, weeping, and cursing the cruel stepmother, whom they accused of having caused the death of the princess.

All the people went into deep mourning, and she heard the lamentations for her loss, and that they whispered to one another:

"What a pity that this lovely young princess should perish through the cruelties of such a wicked creature! She ought to be cut to pieces and made into a pie!"

The king could neither eat nor drink, and cried ready to break his heart.

Gracieuse, seeing her father so afflicted, exclaimed:

"Ah, Percinet, I cannot allow my father to believe any longer that I am dead. If you love me, take me back to him."

"My princess," said he, "you will regret more than once

leaving this fairy palace; for, as to myself, I dare not think you will regret me. You are more unmerciful to me than Grognon is to you."

It was of no use talking—she would go. She took leave of his mother and sisters, entered the sledge with him, and the stags started off.

As she left the palace, she heard a great noise. She looked back; it was the entire building which had fallen, and lay broken into a thousand fragments.

"What do I see?" she cried; "the palace destroyed!"

"My palace." replied Percinet, "shall be amongst the dead. You will never re-enter it till after you are buried."

"You are angry," said Gracieuse, endeavoring to appease him. "But am I not, in fact, more to be pitied than you?"

On arriving in the city, Percinet caused the princess, himself, and the sledge to be invisible. Gracieuse ascended to the king's apartment, and flung herself at his feet. When he saw her, he was frightened, and would have run away, taking her for a ghost. She stopped him, and assured him she was not dead; that Grognon had caused her to be carried off into the wilderness; that she climbed up a tree, where she had lived upon wild fruits; that they had buried a log of wood in her place—and ended by begging him, for mercy's sake, to send her to one of his castles, where she might no longer be exposed to the fury of her stepmother.

The king, scarcely able to credit her story, had the log of wood taken up, and was astounded at the malice of Grognon. Any other monarch would have ordered Grognon to be buried alive in its place; but he was a poor weak man, who hadn't courage enough to be really in a passion. He caressed his daughter a good deal, and made her sup with him.

When Grognon's creatures ran and told her of the return of the princess, and that she was supping with the king, she began to rave like a madwoman, and rushing to him, told him there must be no hesitation about it; he must either abandon that cheat to her, or see her, on the instant, take her departure, never to return as long as she lived; that it was mere folly to believe that the girl was the Princess Gracieuse. It was true she resembled her slightly, but that Gracieuse had hanged herself; that she had seen her with her own eyes, and that if any credence was given to the story of that impostor, it would be an unpardonable want of respect to, and confidence in, her.

The king, without another word, gave up to her the unfortunate princess, believing, or feigning to believe, that she was not his daughter.

Grognon, transported with joy, dragged her, with the help of her own women, into a dungeon, where they had her stripped. They took away her costly garments, and threw over her a rag of coarse cloth, putting wooden shoes on her feet, and a hood of drugget on her head. They barely gave her straw enough to lie upon, and a little black bread to eat.

DODDRIDGE LEARNING SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.—SEE PAGE 619.

In this distress, she began to weep bitterly, and to regret the Fairy Palace; but she dared not call on Percinet for succor, feeling that she had treated him too unkindly, and not being able to believe that he loved her enough to come again to her aid. In the meanwhile, Grognon had sent for a fairy who was little less malicious than herself.

"I have here in my power," she said, "a little hussy who has offended me. I want to punish her, by giving her such difficult tasks to execute that she will not be able to perform them, and so that I may break her bones without giving her a right to complain. Help me to find a new torment for her every day."

The fairy told her she would think of it, and that she should see her again the next morning. She kept her word. She brought a skein of thread as big as four grown-up people, so finely spun that it would break if you breathed on it, and so tangled that it was in a bundle without beginning or end.

Grognon, delighted, sent for her beautiful prisoner, and said to her:

"There, my good little gossip, set your great powers to work to wind off this skein of thread; and rest assured that if you break the least bit of it, you are lost, for I will flay you alive myself! Begin whenever you please, but it must be wound off before sunset."

With that she shut her up in a room under three locks.

"Do not reproach me, handsome Percinet," said she; "I am already sufficiently miserable."

"But, my princess, it is in your own power to liberate yourself from the tyranny of which you are the victim. Come with me. What do you fear?"

"That you do not love me well enough," replied she. "I would have time to convince me of your affection."

Percinet, exasperated by her suspicions, bowed politely, and disappeared.

The sun was just about to set; Grognon awaited the moment with the greatest impatience. At length she anticipated it, and came with her four furies, who accompanied her everywhere. She put the three keys into the three locks, and said, as she opened the door:

OUR TRAMP.—"WITH AN OATH THE SAILOR DROPPED THE BARROW, AND SPRANG FORWARD, EXCLAIMING, 'I KNEW I'D RUN FOUL OF YOU!' CAPTAIN HANSON, CATCHING A GLANCE OF THE SAILOR'S FACE, RAN LIKE A STARTLED FAWN."—SEE PAGE 619.

The princess was no sooner left alone than, examining the enormous skein, and turning it over and over, breaking a thousand threads in trying to find one to begin with, she became so confused that she ceased attempting to unravel it; and, flinging it into the middle of the room, she began to weep bitterly. Percinet opened the door as easily as if he had the key in his pocket.

"I am here, my princess," he said to her, "always ready to serve you. I am not capable of deserting you, notwithstanding the poor return you make to my affection."

He struck the skein three times with his wand; the broken threads were immediately rejoined, and two more taps unraveled it with most astonishing perfection. He inquired if there was any other service he could render her, and whether she would never call on him but when she was in trouble.

"I'll wager, now, that this idle beauty hasn't wagged one of her ten fingers. She would much rather have slept to improve her complexion."

As soon as she entered, Gracieuse presented her with the ball of thread, quite perfect. She had not a word to say, except that Gracieuse had soiled it—that she was a dirty creature; and for that gave her two such slaps on the face, that the roses and lilies of her cheeks turned blue and yellow. The hapless Gracieuse bore patiently an insult she was not in a position to resent.

They took her back to her dungeon, and locked her up carefully. Grognon, vexed that she had not succeeded with the skein of thread, sent for the fairy, and reproached her with her ill success.

"Find out something," she said, "so difficult that she cannot possibly accomplish it."

The fairy departed, and the next day returned with a great barrel full of feathers. There were some of all sorts of birds—nightingales, canaries, green-finches, gold-finches, linnets, red-wings, parrots, owls, sparrows, doves, ostriches, bustards, peacocks, larks, partridges—I should never have finished if I attempted to name them all. These feathers were so mixed together that the birds themselves could not have recognized their own.

"Here," said the fairy to Grognon, "is what will try the skill and patience of your prisoner. Order her to pick out these feathers, and put the peacocks', the nightingales', and every other sort, each by themselves, in separate heaps. It would be a task for a fairy."

Grognon was ready to die with joy, picturing to herself the perplexity of the wretched princess. She sent for her, threatened her as before, and shut her up with the barrel in the chamber, under three locks, ordering her to finish her work by sunset.

Gracieuse took out some of the feathers; but finding it impossible to distinguish the different kinds, threw them back again into the barrel; then took them out again, and made several attempts to sort them, but finding the task was impossible, Percinet again appeared, and giving the barrel three taps with his wand, the feathers came out by millions and sorted themselves into little heaps all round the room.

"What do I not owe you, my lord!" said Gracieuse. "But for you I must have perished. Rest assured of my entire gratitude!"

The prince tried everything to persuade her to take a firm resolution in his favor, She still asked for time, and, though with considerable violence to his own feelings, he granted her request.

Grognon arrived, and was so thunderstruck by what she saw, that she was at her wit's end how further to torment Gracieuse. She did not omit to beat her, however, saying that the feathers were ill arranged. She sent for the fairy, and flew into a violent passion with her. The fairy knew not how to answer her—she was perfectly confounded.

At length she told Grognon that she would employ all her skill in making a box which should bring her prisoner into great trouble if she ventured to open it; and a few days afterward she brought a box of a tolerable size.

"Here," said she to Grognon, "order your slave to carry this somewhere. Forbid her particularly to open it. She will not be able to resist it, and you will be satisfied."

Grognon followed her instructions implicitly.

"Carry the box," said she to Gracieuse, "to my fine chateau, and place it on the table in my closet; but I forbid you, under pain of death, to look at what it contains."

Gracieuse set off, with her wooden shoes, her cloth dress, and her woolen hood. All who met her exclaimed, "That must be a goddess in disguise!" for nothing could conceal her marvelous beauty.

She had not walked far before she felt tired. In passing through a little wood, on the skirt of a pleasant meadow, she sat down to take breath. She placed the box on her knees, and suddenly felt an inclination to open it.

"What can happen to me?" said she. "I won't take anything out of it, but only see what there is in it."

She thought no more of the consequences, but opened the box; and immediately out came a quantity of little men and women, fiddlers, musical instruments, little tables, little cooks, little dishes—in fact, the giant of the party was not bigger than one's finger. They skipped about the meadow, divided themselves into several groups, and began the prettiest ball that ever was seen. Some danced, others cooked, others feasted; the little fiddlers played admirably. Gracieuse, at first, was somewhat amused by so extraordinary a sight; but after she had rested a little, and wanted to get them back into the box, not one of them would obey her. The little gentlemen and ladies ran away; the fiddlers followed their example; the cooks, with their stewpans on their heads and their spits on their shoulders, scampered into the wood when she entered the meadow, and into the meadow again when she entered the wood.

"Oh, thoughtless curiosity!" said Gracieuse, weeping; "thou wilt be too favorable to my enemy. The only misfortune I could have avoided has been brought on me by my own folly. Oh, I cannot sufficiently blame myself! Percinet!" she cried, "Percinet! if it be possible you can still love such an imprudent princess, come and help me in this, the most unfortunate occurrence in my life!"

Percinet did not wait to be called thrice. She saw him appear instantly in his splendid green dress.

Percinet tapped the box with his wand, and immediately the little men and women, fiddlers, cooks and roast-meat were all packed into it as neatly as if they had never been out of it.

She arrived at the rich chateau, and when she demanded in the name of Grognon to be shown into the queen's closet, the governor burst into a fit of laughter.

"What!" said he; "do you imagine that you are to leave your sheep to be admitted into so beautiful a place? Be off with you, wherever you like. Never did wooden shoes tread those floors."

Gracieuse begged him to write a line stating his refusal. He did so, and, quitting the rich chateau, she found the amiable Percinet awaiting her, who drove her back to the palace. It would be difficult to write down all the tender and respectful things he said to her on the road, in the hope of persuading her to put an end to his unhappiness. She promised him that if Grognon played her another wicked trick she would consent.

No long while elapsed before Grognon did play Gracieuse another mean trick. She had a great hole dug in the garden as deep as a well; over it they placed a large stone. She then went to walk in the garden, and said to Gracieuse and those who accompanied her:

"Here is a stone under which I am informed there is a treasure. Come, let us lift it quickly."

Each lent a helping hand, Gracieuse amongst the rest. This was exactly what Grognon wanted. As soon as the princess was on the brink of the pit, Grognon pushed her violently into it, and the others let the stone fall again on the top of it.

This time the case was indeed a hopeless one. How was Percinet to find her in the bowels of the earth? She perfectly comprehended the difficulty of her position, and repented having so long delayed marrying him.

Suddenly she saw a little door open, which had escaped her attention in the darkness; and through it perceived the light of day, and gardens filled with flowers, fruits, fountains, grottoes, statues, bowers and summerhouses. She did not hesitate to enter it.

She advanced up a grand avenue, wondering what would be the end of this adventure. Almost at the same moment she perceived the fairy palace.

Percinet appeared with the queen, his mother, and his sisters.

"Refuse no longer, lovely princess," said the queen to Gracieuse; "it is time to make my son happy, and to relieve you from the deplorable life which you lead under the tyranny of Grognon."

The grateful princess fell on her knees before her, and told her she placed her fate in her hands, and that she

would obey her in all things; that she had not forgotten the prophecy of Percinet at the time she left the fairy palace, when he said to her that that very palace would be amongst the dead, and that she would never re-enter it until after she had been buried; that she had the greatest admiration for his wisdom, and no less for his worth, and that she accepted him for her husband.

The prince, in his turn, knelt at her feet; and the same instant the palace rang with shouts and music, and the marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence. All the fairies for a thousand leagues round appeared with sumptuous equipages; some came in cars drawn by swans, others by dragons, others on clouds, others in globes of fire. Amongst them appeared the fairy who had assisted Grognon to torment Gracieuse. When she recognized the princess, never was any one so surprised. She conjured her to forget the past, and promised she would take every means of atoning for the misery she had made her suffer. Actually, she would not stay for the banquet; but, reascending her car, drawn by two terrible serpents, she flew to the king's palace, sought out Grognon, and wrung her neck before the guards or her women could interfere to prevent her.

DODDRIDGE LEARNING SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.

There are some old houses yet standing, with the capacious fire-places lined with those quaint Dutch tiles seldom elsewhere seen, except in museums. These were not merely ornamental. Dr. Doddridge relates (says his biographer, Job Orton), that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament by the aid of such tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat, and her wise and pious remarks upon the stories there represented, were the means of making deep impressions on his heart which never wore out. He therefore recommended, in an especial manner to parents, the use of illustrations in the instruction of the young.

The artist represents well the pious mother pointing to the Crucifixion, inculcating on the mind of her son the great closing act in the drama of man's redemption.

The power and value of illustration in the education of the youth, although disregarded in those barbarous ages when men blindly deemed that Christianity required of its votaries a war on art and all the poetry of life, is recovering its just place in popular instruction.

America has led the way in the beauty of its illustrated school-books, and we can, with no feeling of overweening pride, claim our just meed of praise in having devoted ourselves beyond all others to make pictorial art a means of popular instruction and enlightenment.

Convinced, like Dr. Doddridge, and, indeed, like the teachers of earlier days, that pictures are the books of the unlettered, no less than great helps to the memory and intelligence of the educated, we have endeavored to render them of the highest possible use.

OUR TRAMP.

By Frank H. Converse.

Our tramp came to us footsore and dust-begrimed one evening last June.

Perhaps it was the title of "Madam" prefixed to his petition for something to eat and a chance to sleep on the hay-mow, which moved Mrs. X—— to acquiesce—somehow against my own judgment—or it might have been the weariness visible in his air and speech. Be this as it may, he was inducted kitchenward, with instructions to wipe his feet carefully, where I judge his performances with knife and fork gave rise to Bridget's remark the next morning, that he'd breed a famine in any community inside of a week!

"What can you do, Jim?" I asked of him the next morning, as, emboldened by a breakfast, he begged for a job.

"A'most anything, sir, that's hard work," was his answer. "Them as goes to sea for a livin', gen'ly speakin', can turn their hands to all sorts."

"There's the strawberry-bed to be weeded, John," suggested Mrs. X——, seemingly interested in the wanderer, who, barring the loss of two front teeth, and hair suggestive of brick-dust in its hue, was not a bad-looking fellow.

I do not assert that Mrs. X——'s gentle will is law in our family, but I find it more conducive to harmony to fall in with her—suggestions with as much dignity as possible; so, with an air of indifference, I acquiesced, and Jim proceeded to his task, which being accomplished with celerity and neatness, my wife conducted him to the flower-garden—the pride of her own heart, and, as far as keeping the same free from weeds is concerned, the detestation of my own.

"Ain't they han'sum, mum?" said Jim, kneeling and turning with his rough forefinger the modest face of an English daisy outward. "'Minds me of that 'ere young lady on the verandy this mornin', as must be your twin-sister."

His reference to a resemblance between Nellie and herself was not at all displeasing to Mrs. X——, who is five years older than her sister, although she affected incredulity at the double-barreled compliment.

"He has a rough sense of refinement, quite uncommon for one in his station of life," she said to me afterward, by which I knew the leaven of flattery was working; and when, the next day, she decided that we had better keep him till the gardening season was over—("It will save you so much hard work, John," she remarked, *en parenthèse*)—I knew that Jim, our tramp, had found favor in her eyes.

"Shall you ever go to sea again, Jim?" asked Mrs. X——, as we made a family group on the piazza in the cool of a Summer's evening, while Jim loitered near by, picking up the garden-tools, and whistling softly to himself.

"Yes'm," was the answer, somewhat constrained withal.

"You must have met with some strange adventures in your life," said Nellie, who was just crossing the threshold of an age when all things are touched with the glamour of romance; moreover, anything pertaining to the sea had of late been full of interest to her—ever since the dashing Captain Hanson had made her acquaintance at Hastings, where she had spent part of the Summer.

I had lately learned, through the medium of Mrs. X——, that Captain Hanson was daily expected to favor Leybridge with his presence, ostensibly to see one of his ship's owners—possibly and probably to renew his acquaintance with my pretty sister-in-law.

"Well, mum," answered Jim, who I have left sitting uneasily on the handle of the wheelbarrow, "adventures is mostly in sea-yarns, as is writ for the story-papers; but I've had some considerable hard pulls, what with bein' wracked four times—the las' time losin' of as good a chist of clo's as a feller would want, to say nothin' of bein' in a open boat 'leven days—me, the mate an' four men—with never bit or sup the blessed time. We was picked up," continued Jim, "by a blasted—beg your pardon, mum, for swearin'—packet-ship, boun' from Liverpool to New York. Ol' Beansole was the cap'n—mebbe you've heerd of him, sir?"—this to me

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—SEARCHING FOR TERRAPINS.—SEE PAGE 622.

"Wasn't it he," I asked, as a dim remembrance of the name brought to mind a newspaper narration of cruelties on shipboard, which somehow died out very suddenly, "who was heavily fined for brutality toward some of the emigrant passengers?"

"Wot's a fine, that the owners steps up an' pays," said Jim, in scorn, "to lettin' a woman die on deck from the wet an' cold? An' why didn't they bring up some of his other deviltries—shootin' men off in the tops'l yard, drivin' 'em overboard in the Mersey, or breakin' a rib or an arm wi' an iron belayin'-pin?"

"Oh, come now, Jim," said I, "you don't mean that there are men on shipboard to-day who are such brutes as all that? Why, the law would——"

"The law!" repeated Jim. "Law's for cap'n an' owners, not for us sailors, though they *did* manage to shove the petty officers of the *Jack Frost, Jr.*, into prison, a few years ago, arter they'd killed two or three men aboard on the passage—though I mind it was said that the cap'n an' mate 'scaped punishment by happenin' to both die—sing'lar, wasn't it?—just afore the ship was hauled into dock."

"But such men are the exception. There are plenty of kind-hearted men who go as captains nowadays," I urged, after a short pause.

"*Indeed* there are!" suddenly broke in Miss Nellie, with energy. "Char—that is, a captain whom I know," she said, interrupting herself suddenly, "says that the trouble is with the men; that they are a drunken, reckless, lot of——"

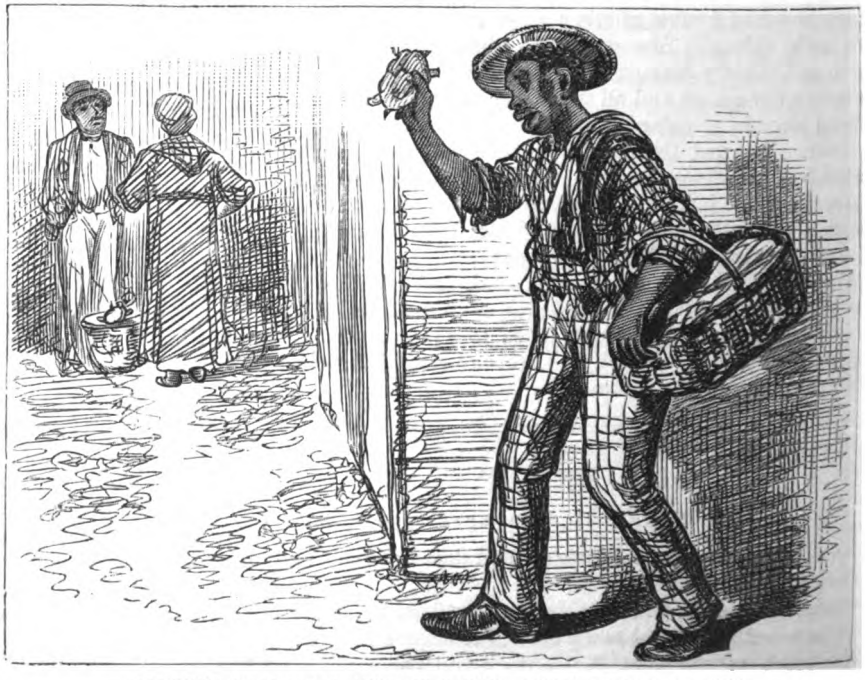
"Nellie!" said Mrs. X——, reprovingly.

"Well, I don't care!" said the willful girl. "Only I beg Jim's pardon; I didn't mean such men as he is."

"It's all right, mum," returned Jim, quietly. "'Tain't to be 'xpected that the likes o' one o' you young women, wi' a heart like one o' them ere big J'pan lilies, knows of men's badness aboard ship—why should you?"

"But are there no captains who are kind to their men?" asked Mrs. X——, in some perplexity; and Miss Nellie was heard by me to say, under her breath, that she knew one, at least.

"Bless you, yes'm," said Jim, "there's lots of 'em; on'y it hasn't been *my* luck to sail with 'em. There's cap'ns sails out o' New York to-day, as I hear, don't allow swearin' from men nor officers; gives 'em good grub, watch an' watch, an' has 'em in the cabin of a Sunday for prayers. Though," he added, "where there's one o' them, there's a dozen that's either devils themselves, else they're that careless as they let the officers do jest as they happen to feel. I don't mind tellin' you," he continued, seemingly betrayed into an unwonted confidence, "that my business ashore is mostly to run foul of a cert'n man as I'm sure to meet, sooner or later. I know he's roun' these parts. An' when he an' I *does* meet," said Jim, rising and striking a brawny, clinched fist into the hollow of his other hand, apparently forgetful of everything but some remembered wrongs, "there'll be a hard ol' reckonin'!"



SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—LOOKING FOR A CUSTOMER.

"I think," said Mrs. X——, rising, with as much dignity as is consistent with a height of five feet four, "that *we* have heard quite enough. Come, Nellie!"

Whereupon the twain (the latter a little unwillingly, as I fancied) entered the house, manifestly to the discomfiture of the sailor.

"There they go," he said, dropping his head and speaking in a rather sad voice, "a-thinkin' how I'm only a low, r'vengeful critter, with no feelin' mor'n the ship's dog! But, sir, s'posin' a man should call the mother that bore you by the wust name as is in this here langwidge of ourn, not on'y once, but a dozen times a day, accordin' as he's mad or not, wot wud you do, sir? How far wud you forgive a man as had you strung up to the main-riggin' for a full hour by the two thumbs, an' all for that I begged of him to send me up to stow a r'yal in a gale, 'stead of a little chap as was a stowaway, an' no more fit to go than a girl baby?" again asked Jim.

Before I could frame a suitable answer, which should combine prudence with the usual forms of good advice, always proffered and seldom heeded in such cases, Jim had taken himself off, whom I saw no more of until the following morning, when he abruptly informed me that it was to be his last day, no persuasion or inducement of mine being sufficient to turn him from his purpose.

Clad in a pair of voluminous overalls and a dilapidated felt hat, I was assisting at the turfing of a flower-bed in front of the house; and while awaiting the return of Jim with the wheelbarrow, I was accosted by an elegantly dressed and gentlemanly looking young man, who, accosting me by the rather familiar title of "old cock," demanded, in a somewhat peremptory tone, to know "where Mrs. X—— hung out."

With an inward chuckle, I mildly designated the house behind me as the residence in question, and asked if he wished to see Mrs. X——.

"What's that to you?" was the rather unexpected answer, in a tone and with a manner that savored strongly of coarseness, but which contrasted strongly with the suavity of manner with which he greeted Miss Nellie, who just then appeared on the scene, with both hands full of flowers.

As the young lady blushed charmingly, and murmured her surprise at meeting Captain Hanson, that gentleman, not at all disconcerted by his introduction to myself, which immediately followed, expressed, with great ease and fluency, his unadulterated satisfaction and surprise at the meeting, as though it had been on the banks of the Nile.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—GETTING A DIAMOND-BACK.

Completely ignoring my own presence, as the two stood by the gate, the creaking of the wheelbarrow was heard, and in another moment Master Jim came bearing down upon us, the wheel just grazing the doeskin-clad leg of the gallant captain, who, turning, remarked, with languid reproach in his tone:

"My good fellow, pray be a little more——"

Captain Hanson, to the best of my knowledge, has never finished his expostulation.

With an oath, the sailor dropped the barrow and sprang forward, exclaiming:

"I knew I'd run foul of you!" but too late to lay violent hands upon Captain Hanson, who, catching a glance of the sailor's face, muttered an inarticulate remark, and, turning down the drive-way, ran like the startled fawn, closely pursued by the avenger, leaving Miss Nellie and myself gazing blankly at each other.

"Oh, John, he'll kill him—indeed he will!" said the girl, with white face and clasped hands, as she watched the pair disappearing over the brow of the little hill which led to the town.

"You needn't be alarmed, young lady," was my confident reply. "Captain Hanson has the lead, so to speak, by at least three lengths, and is gaining all the time."

But to this day I have never learned satisfactorily concerning the result of the race, for neither Captain Hanson or Jim have ever returned to tell the tale.

When last seen, as per report of old Rogers, ex-mariner, now mail-carrier, "they were headin' for Philadelphy, with ev'rything set, the clipper"—by which I understood Mr. Rogers to refer to Captain Hanson—"bein' two knots ahead, an' workin' to wind'ard all the time."

For aught I know, they kept on until they reached the Atlantic; and it is quite doubtful whether Miss Nellie, now engaged to be married to the son of our neighbor Jones, will soon hear the last joke against her runaway lover.

But, being somewhat a methodical man, I have estimated the cash value of our experiment somewhat as follows:

Services of Jim for ten days	$ 15 00
Old clothes left behind	50
Satisfaction at having saved my sister-in-law from a possible marriage with a brute	10,000 00
Total	$10,015 50

I would remark, in conclusion, that my wife takes all the credit of the investment.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS—WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT, HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT, AND WHO CATCH THEM.

DURING the Winter season there is probably not an article of food more sought after in some parts of the country than diamond-back terrapins. On every bill of fare at the hotels and restaurants of Baltimore, at the present season, will be found included terrapin, cooked in various ways. Notwithstanding the popularity of the terrapin, there is much concerning it not generally known; and therefore a few lines in reference to this creature, and the marketable varieties, and the mode of capture, will no doubt be interesting.

The season for terrapins begins on the first of October, and continues until the first or the middle of March. They are frequently brought to market before and after this period, but by good judges they are considered unfit for the table. The three common varieties of salt-water terrapins known to dealers are the true "diamond-backs," the "little bulls" and the "red fenders." The diamond-backs are considered marketable when they become six inches long, and it is but rarely that they are found more than eight inches in length. They are generally about six inches long when three years old. Terrapins of this size bring fifteen dollars per dozen. Larger size, eight inches long, are considered very choice, and easily command twenty dollars per dozen. When less than six inches long, their market price decreases very materially, and they bring only from eight to ten dollars per dozen. These terrapins are caught only in the bay and in the salt-water inlets, as they cannot live in fresh water. They are sometimes caught by the fishermen in their nets; but this does not often occur at this season of the year, as the terrapins become torpid on the approach of cold weather, and burrow in the mud at the bottoms of the small streams along the Chesapeake Bay.

When the season for hunting them arrives, the terrapin-hunters, who are generally colored men, go up these shallow streams in boats, when the tide is out, in search of their game. While one man sits in the stern of the boat and paddles slowly along, another will take his station in the bow, armed with an iron-pointed pole, with which he will probe the mud in search of the terrapin. These men become so expert that as soon as the back of a terrapin is struck in the mud they know the fact by the peculiar sound, and, dropping the pole, take a pair of short oyster-tongs, with which the terrapin is quickly dug out of the mud and lifted into the boat.

These men make very good wages during the early part of the season, as two men will sometimes capture twenty terrapins in a day; but in the latter part of the season, when terrapins become scarce in shallow water, the hunters are not so successful. A prominent dealer estimates that from eight to twelve hundred persons are engaged in terrapin-hunting during the early part of the season. The hunters receive about sixty per cent. less than the market value of the terrapins, which pass through three or four hands before they reach the large cities, where they are sold to consumers. During the season about three hundred thousand terrapins are brought to Baltimore, and from this point they are shipped to all parts of the country, but mainly to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. These terrapins will average in value at least $1, so that the trade must aggregate over $300,000 a year, at the lowest calculation.

The male terrapins never grow as large as the females, and are said to be much inferior as an article of food. The male terrapins rarely reach the length of five inches, and among the dealers and fishermen are known as "little bulls." Their market value at the present time is about ten dollars a hundred, or about ten cents each.

There is another variety of terrapin known as the "red fenders," but their meat is coarse and the flavor is fishy. They grow much larger than the true diamond-back, and often become eighteen and twenty inches long. Their market value is, however, much less than the diamond-back, and they are never purchased by persons who are good judges of terrapin.

Some years ago an enterprising individual from Connecticut took it into his head that terrapins could be cultivated as easily and with as much success as fish; and, feeling confident that if his theory was plausible, "there were millions in it," he leased two well-known salt-water creeks which empty into the Chesapeake Bay near the mouth of the Potomac River. Wire nettings were stretched across the creeks at their mouths, and at the points where his portion of the creeks ended. In the Spring he sent out word to all the fishermen in the vicinity that he was anxious to buy young terrapins, and would pay $50 a hundred for them. The fishermen and colored men for miles around at once set to work catching young terrapins, and in less than a month the speculator's creeks contained between ten and eleven thousand terrapins of over a year's growth. They were fed regularly, and the country for miles around visited the ponds and gazed with wonder on the thousands of young terrapins. After the expiration of a year, and the expenditure of nearly twelve thousand dollars, the terrapin-breeder of the Chesapeake resolved to send a couple of hundred dozen to a Baltimore commission merchant. The terrapins as shipped were not large, but the owner congratulated himself on the fact that they were fat, and, as he thought, in every way superior to the ordinary diamond-back.

A few days after the shipment had been made, the breeder received a letter from the commission merchant stating that the terrapins he had received were not diamond-backs, but were all "little bulls," with an occasional "red fender" or two; and it was found that the knavish fishermen and colored men had imposed upon the speculator's simplicity, and had only sold him ten thousand "little bulls" and "red fenders," instead of real diamond-backs. The speculator sold at a heavy loss after all, besides the expense of keeping them for a year in the ponds.

The speculator left very suddenly, without paying his rents, and the only thing which serves to keep the matter in the minds of the country people in that vicinity is the remains of a couple of rusty wire fences, which have broken from their mooring at the mouth of the creek, and lodged on a sand-bar near by.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT—FORMS OF ADDRESS.

WHAT the obeisance implies by acts, the form of address says in words. If the two have a common root, this may be anticipated; and that they have a common root is demonstrable. Instances occur in which the two are used indifferently, as being the one equivalent to the other. Speaking of Poles and Slavonic Silesians, Captain Spencer remarks: "Perhaps no distinctive trait of manners more characterizes both than their humiliating mode of acknowledging a kindness; their expression of gratitude being a servile "*Upadam do nog*" (I fall at your feet)—which is a figure of speech, for they will literally throw themselves down and kiss your feet for the trifling donation of a halfpence." Here, then, the attitude of the compan-

man beneath the conqueror is either actually assumed or verbally assumed; and when used, the oral representation is a substitute for the realization in act.

Other cases show us words and deeds similarly associated; as when a Turkish courtier, accustomed to make humble obeisances, addresses the Sultan: "Centre of the universe, your slave's head is at your feet"; or as when a Siamese, whose servile prostrations occur daily, says to his superior: "Lord benefactor, at whose feet I am"; to a prince: "I, the sole of your foot"; to the king, "I, a dust-grain of your sacred feet." Still better, when a Siamese attendant on the king says: "High and excellent lord of me thy slave, I ask to take the royal commands, and to place them on my brain, on the top of my head," we have verbally indicated that absolutely subject attitude in which the head is under the victor's foot.

Nor are there wanting instances from nearer countries showing this substitution of professed for performed obeisances. In Russia, even in these days of moderated despotism, a petition begins with the words: "So-and-so strikes his forehead" (on the ground); and petitioners are called "forehead-strikers." At the court of France, as late as 1577, it was the custom of some to say: "I kiss your Grace's hands"; and of others to say: "I kiss your lordship's feet." Even at the present time in Spain, where Orientalisms descending from the past still linger, we read: "When you get up to take leave, if of a lady, you should say: 'My lady, I place myself at your feet'; to which she will reply: 'I kiss your hand, sir.'"

From what has gone before, such origins and such characters of forms of address might, indeed, be anticipated. Along with other ways of propitiating the victor, the master and the ruler, will naturally come speeches which, beginning with confessions of defeat by verbal assumptions of its attitude, will develop into varied phrases acknowledging the state of servitude. The implication, therefore, is that forms of address in general, descending as they do from these originals, will express, clearly or vaguely, ownership by, or subjection to, the person addressed.

Of propitiatory speeches there are some which, instead of describing the prostration entailed by defeat, describe the resulting state of being at the mercy of the person addressed. One of the strangest of these occurs among the cannibal Tupis. While, on the one hand, a warrior shouts to his enemy: "May every misfortune come upon thee, my meat!" on the other hand, the speech required from the captive Hans Stade, on approaching a dwelling, was: "I, your food, have come."

A verbal surrender of life takes other forms in other places. It is asserted that during ancient times in Russia, petitions to the Czar commenced with the words; "Do not order our heads to be cut off, O mighty lord, for presuming to address you, but hear us!" And, though I do not get direct verification for this statement, it receives direct support from the still current saying: "Whoso goes to the Czar risks his head"; as also from the lines—

> "My soul is God's,
> My land is mine,
> My head's the Tsar's,
> My back is thine!"

Then again, instead of professing to live only by permission of the superior, actual or pretended, who is spoken to, we find the speaker professing to be personally a chattel of his, or to be holding property at his disposal, or both. Africa, Polynesia and Europe furnish examples. "When a stranger enters the house of a Serracolet (inland negro), he goes out and says: 'White man, my house, my wife, my children, belong to thee.'" In the Sandwich Islands, a chief, asked respecting the ownership of a house or canoe possessed by him, replies: "It is yours and mine." In France, in the fifteenth century, a complimentary speech made by an abbé on his knees to the Queen when visiting a monastery was: "We resign and offer up the abbey, with all that is in it—our bodies, as our goods." And at the present time in Spain, where politeness requires that anything admired by a visitor shall be offered to him, "the correct place of dating [a letter] from should be, 'From this your house,' wherever it is. You must not say 'From this *my* house,' as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent."

But these modes of addressing a real or fictitious superior, indirectly asserting subjection to him in body and effects, are secondary in importance to the direct assertions of slavery and servitude, which, beginning in barbarous days, have persisted during civilization down to the present time.

HUNTING SKETCHES.

A FAVORITE idea with those who know nothing about it is that tiger-shooting is one of the most dangerous sports ever followed by the adventure-loving Englishman. This opinion is entirely erroneous. With the help of good, well-trained elephants, this amusement will be found to be far less hazardous than the hunting of bison, or of that sagacious animal which proves of so much assistance to us in this sport, but which in its wild state is so formidable an enemy.

Truly, we have often in boyish days dwelt delightedly on thrilling tales of perils encountered in this way—of tigers bounding on to the elephant's back, to render the unhappy sportsman senseless by a blow from the paw ere he had time to fire. But, though well mounted and taking things coolly in the howdah, tigers may be encountered with no danger to speak of, it is very different when the sport is followed, as in the Madras Presidency, alone and on foot. Then, indeed, the peril is so great that it ceases to be true sport, as it is too foolhardy and desperate a venture for those who have any regard for their personal safety.

And yet many sportsmen make a habit of seeking this animal in its native jungle in this way, escaping with their lives oftener than could be expected. The habits of the tiger are so stealthy, and it conceals itself in the jungle, creeping with its slow, noiseless tread, in such a manner, that the hunter on foot is at a great disadvantage, as he may come close upon it unawares; and then woe betide him, if he be not speedy with his gun.

On an elephant one has infinitely better opportunities of observing the movements of the animal, and of taking aim, besides the greater security, the occupant of the howdah being almost out of his reach.

The grand battue is by far the pleasantest method of tiger-hunting, as well as the safest; but there is another way largely adopted by the Anglo-Indians, who hold appointments in the lonely wilds of India, far away from friends and the pleasures of society. This is, to possess two elephants—one a well-trained one for mounting, the other a pad elephant, which is of the greatest use in beating up the game. In this way they go hunting alone, and, without doubt, more animals are taken in this way than in either of the others.

But one has no hesitation in saying that companionship adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of the true sportsman. The solitary tent after the hard day's work must be very lonely; and probably he who returns to it often

wishes for a friend to recount his adventures to, while receiving the sympathy so easy to accord. How pleasant the hours spent together after the *battue* are found by the tired sportsman, as tales of former encounters are related, moving the hearers alternately to feelings of horror and laughter.

Sport in this part of the world may be enjoyed with more thorough comfort than anywhere else; and as one looks out from the tent at the orderly little camp, one remembers with a shiver the elk-hunting on the frozen snow of North America, and mentally compares the steely, never-changing sky of those times with the dark blue, star-pierced one over-head, with its varying clouds of vapor floating past. But one must not forget that those delightful days spent in tiger-hunting had their dark side, for were not two of our companions carried off by the deadly jungle fever, and will not another feel the effect of it all his life?

A party of two or three is perhaps better than a larger number; but this is of little consequence, as the enjoyment to be derived from the sport depends in a great measure on the sportsmen themselves.

The choice of elephants is a very important matter, as they must be steady and to be depended upon, and care should be taken not to choose them either too large or too small. The reason is obvious. A very large one will probably be clumsy and unwieldy, and much less intelligent than a smaller animal; while the other extreme is not so safe, in case of the tiger springing up and reaching the howdah. It is seldom, however, that the spring of this beautiful, lithe creature exceeds seven or eight feet.

A thoroughly trained shooting elephant will astonish you by his intelligence, even seeming to enter into and enjoy the sport; but pad elephants are not necessarily high-trained, as their work is simple and easily taught. These latter are, however, fitted by this work for future training into shooting elephants.

The greater part of the accidents that have occurred in the prosecution of this sport have been in consequence of the inefficiency of an elephant, or have arisen from its suddenly taking fright, as one that has previously been injured by a tiger will not unfrequently become timid, and lose courage on future occasions. Therefore, on the elephant depends safety or otherwise; and too much attention cannot be given to the choice of a mount.

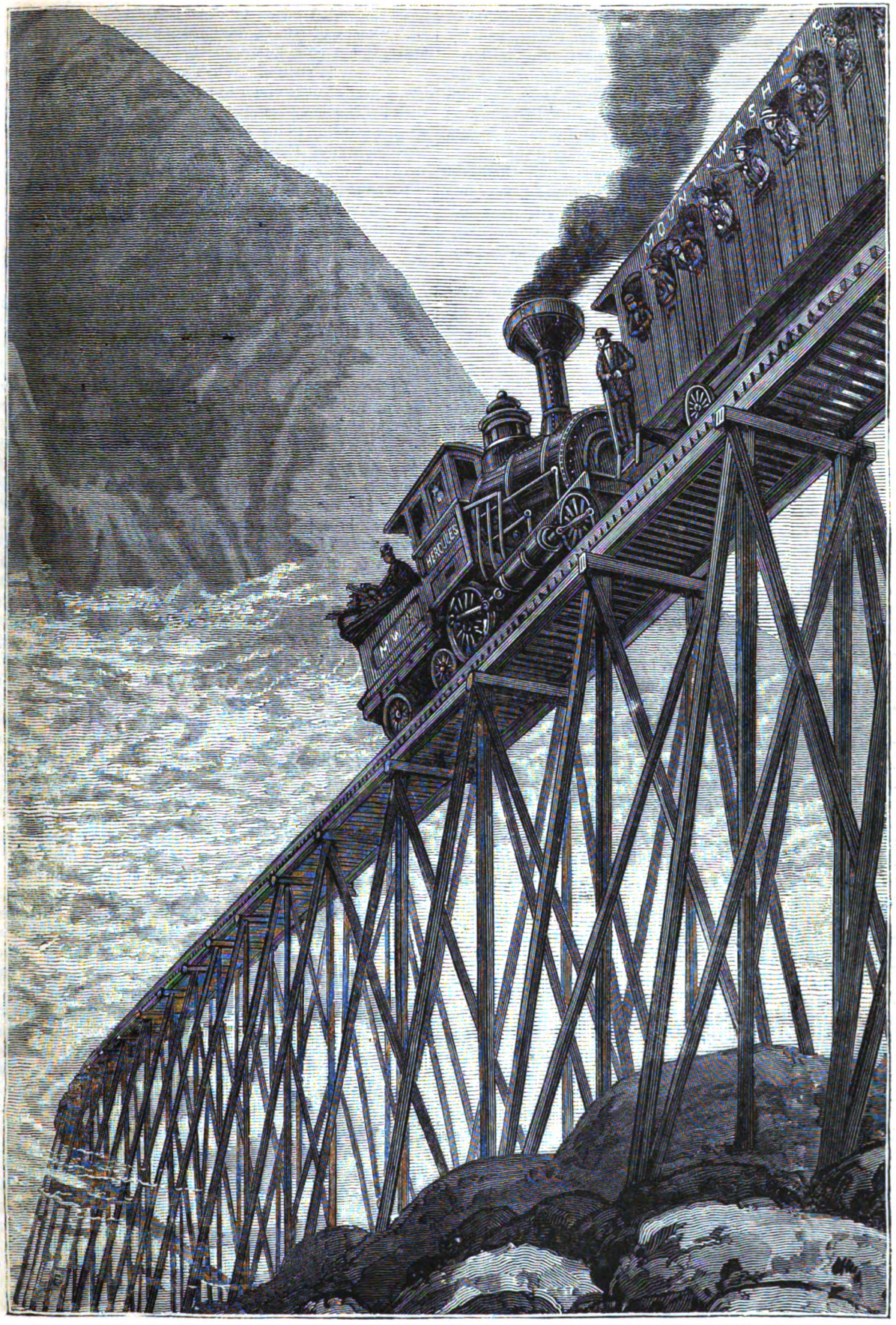
There is another side, though, to the elephant's character. As your friend, he is all that can be desired; as your enemy, he is a most dangerous foe. To have been chased by one of these monsters is no uncommon incident in a hunter's life. Still, the relation of a narrow escape I had may not be without interest.

It was in the up-country, one year that I was staying with some friends, who, being well provided, furnished me with a mount and a couple of dogs, my idea being to try and get a shot or two at the deer. Chance, however, led me out of the open, park-like country—where I had tried in vain to circumvent the deer, finding them so shy that it was impossible to get a shot—and into a well-wooded spot, where it was hard work to get the horse I rode through the trees. Suddenly the two dogs I had with me gave tongue; and, rushing forward I found them baying at some great animal three parts hidden in a dense portion of the forest.

Without pausing to think, I got a little nearer, and, marking the creature's shoulder, I sent a bullet crashing in. Before I knew where I was, there was a fierce trumpeting noise, my horse wheeled round, the dogs ran yelping away, and we were in full flight, with an elephant crashing after me through the trees. Turning in my saddle, there was the angry beast, with his tail up, his pig-like eyes glowering, his ears flapping, and his trunk extended ready to pluck me from the saddle, while the horse began to tremble and sweat, as the beast got faster through the trees the

NORTH RIVER SCENERY APPRECIATED.

OCHRE (National Academy)—"*There's nothing on the Rhine to compare with this scenery on the Hudson. Look at those rocks. How I'd like to paint them!*"
BLATHER—"*Now you're talking for my money. Let's have it in two foot letters—red: 'Heaven's best gift to man—Blather's Shaving Soap!'*"



THE HISTORY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.— THE MOUNT WASHINGTON LOCOMOTIVE FOR STEEP ASCENTS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

we could. Suddenly, just as I thought it was all over, the elephant gave a lurch, and fell over with a crash on to its side, tried to recover itself, struggled feebly, and lay dead; for my bullet had reached its breast.

The shikaree, a native who is well acquainted with the habits of the tiger, who obtains for you information from the villages, and who prepares a decoy, must be your next thought after choosing your elephant; and lucky is he who gets one thoroughly to be trusted.

This man, after gathering intelligence as to when and where our intended victim has last been seen, sets his decoy in the most likely place. The decoy is some live animal, such as a young buffalo. If the bait has disappeared in the night, the shikaree knows where to find our game in the morning.

When a tiger has taken the bait, he seldom moves away far that day, and a good shikaree soon tracks him to his hiding-place, which will probably be in thick jungle. Then the pad elephants go to work and beat him out, which takes time; for the animal generally slinks about for a time, trying to keep out of sight. Now is the time when the sportsman discovers of what sort of stuff his elephant is made; for a good one will scent out where the tiger is, and indicate his position to his master at once. The stealthy creature tries for some time to get away without being seen, rarely charging until wounded. He becomes fierce enough, though, when brought to bay; but when it charges, so long as the elephant stands firm there is little danger, as one gets a good close shot, and it is one's own fault if one misses the opportunity of disabling, if not of mortally wounding, it. Very rarely does it mount to the howdah; and the task of defending himself is not left entirely to the sportsman, as the elephant will assist him to the best of its power. A great deal depends on your having plenty of coolness and nerve; and then, even supposing the vicious brute to almost reach the howdah, no better chance could offer itself of taking a mortal shot.

A friend was once out tiger-shooting, when, having had the satisfaction of seeing his enemy fall to his rifle and stretch itself out, apparently dead, he dismounted and approached it. As he bent down to examine, it suddenly seemed to recover, and, starting half up, seized him by the leg. He had laid down his gun, and now, taken by surprise, lost his wits; and his carelessness might have proved fatal, but for the trusty animal he had ridden, which placed its huge foot on the tiger's body and crushed out its remaining life.

The brain of a tiger is seated far back, almost into the neck; and this should never be forgotten, as a shot at that point is almost invariably fatal.

We often hear accounts of tigers twelve or even thirteen feet long, but, from my own experience, I should say that this is exaggeration; as ten feet is the greatest size I ever knew of any one killing, and this was considered a very rare specimen. This probably arises from the fact that the skins can be stretched as much as two feet, or even more. The tigress is always smaller than the male.

I have heard it said that the "man-eater" becomes mangy in consequence of his human repasts, but do not believe there is any truth in it; however, I do not doubt that the tiger, having tasted human flesh once or twice, acquires a liking for it above anything else. One of these tigers will keep a district of many miles in a state of constant alarm.

Before concluding, it may be as well to say a few words on the subject of guns. The great object is, of course, to produce an instantaneously fatal result, or else the animal may creep away and die by itself, while you lose the skin you had set your mind upon. For this sport, therefore, large bores and explosive shells are the best things possible. Shells, it is true, vary a good deal, and are not quite to be depended on as to their bursting. A shell loaded with picrate of potass, fired from a No. 8 bore, will partially, if not completely, paralyze the tiger, whatever part of the body it strikes. When using plain bullets, you use the largest charge you can; but this is unnecessary with shells. The shoulder shot is generally sufficient with the shell, according to my experience. Many sportsmen make constant use of Express rifles, and no doubt many tigers are killed with them.

It is a strange fact that, in spite of the great numbers of tigers frequently being shot, the number of them in India seems scarcely to be lowered at all.

THE HISTORY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE AND OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF MODERN TIMES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

In the year 1690, Denis Papin brought forward his great idea of the application of the expansive vapors to the propulsion of machinery, and ten years had scarcely elapsed before the theoretical suggestion was carried into practice by Savery & Newcomen, as well as by himself, and the steam engine was fairly established as the great motive power for the use of man. But this powerful agent was successfully applied to propel vessels through the water twenty years before it was adapted to local locomotion.

This is rather a remarkable circumstance, considering how much more complicated steam machinery for water navigation is as compared with the simple locomotive. One circumstance which appears to have delayed the application of steam to locomotives, was the fact that all of the early engines were of the condensing pattern, and the idea of using high pressure on roads struck engineers as an insurmountable difficulty. The early inventors thought that all of the power would be employed in dragging the heavy apparatus required for the condensers, and that no extra force would be left to be utilized to draw a further load.

Nevertheless, Robinson, in Scotland, as early as 1759, and James Watt in England, in 1784, took out patents for the application of high-pressure engines to locomotives, but neither of them could have had much faith in their inventions, as they appear to have abandoned them for more feasible and lucrative applications.

The first mechanic who had a practical idea of employing steam at high pressure for terrestrial locomotion appears to have been Joseph Cugnot of Void, Lorraine, France. This man is claimed, at least by French writers, to have been the inventor of the locomotive. He was born in Void, France, September 25th, 1725, and spent his early life as an engineer in Germany and Holland. He invented a novel gun which was adopted by the army under Marshal Saxe, and gave to him considerable fame. Encouraged by his early success, he went to Brussels, where he occupied himself in the invention of a steam chariot, and of an artillery gun to be drawn by steam power.

From Brussels he repaired to Paris in 1763, where he continued his experiments, and in 1769 was successful in designing a model of a steam carriage which he submitted to the approval of General Gribeauval.

An ancient report discovered by General Morin among the archives of the Department of Artillery in Paris establishes beyond controversy the date and authenticity of Cugnot's inventions. This report goes on to say that in 1775 a Swiss officer named Plasta proposed to the French Government, among other inventions, to furnish a road wagon

to be propelled by steam, he was therefore requested to examine the model offered by Cugnot. His report being favorable, Cugnot was authorized to construct his engine on a large scale, which was accordingly done during the year 1770.

A trial was made of this locomotive in the courtyard of the arsenal which was quite successful, with the exception of the accident that it got under such headway as to be unmanageable, and ran with such force against the walls surrounding the court as to make a large breach.

The banishment of the Minister Choiseul and the troublous times which followed withdrew all further attention for a time from the project. The locomotive was stored at the arsenal, and in 1793 a local committee of safety proposed to break it up and use its material for military purposes, but fortunately the officers in command were able to prevent this wanton act.

Napoleon Bonaparte was made aware of the existence of the locomotive, and expressed the opinion at a meeting of the Institute that the scheme was practicable, and he was appointed a member of a committee to examine and report upon it. His departure for Egypt prevented his acting on this committee, and the original machine was carried in 1801 to the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where it still exists, standing in the same hall with the looms of Jacquard and Vaucanson.

This ancient locomotive, built by Cugnot in 1769--70, is noticeable for its crude though ingenious mechanism and interesting as being the first to introduce the crank and old ratchet-like device for moving the wheels. For a long time Cugnot lived in great poverty, but a commission of the Academy having made a favorable report on his invention, Bonaparte granted him a pension of one thousand francs, which was continued to him until his death, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, in 1804.

Cugnot's locomotive was set in motion by a very simple contrivance. The engine was composed of two bronze cylinders placed perpendicularly, in which the steam was alternately in communication with the boiler and the open air. The boiler was disposed in front of the stage, in the form of a flattened sphere, and the fire-box was underneath. The bottom of the boiler was protected by a layer of fire-clay. The whole system was placed on three wheels, thus constituting a tricycle. A single driving-wheel was in front. The high-pressure steam acting alternately on the pistons in the cylinders communicated motion to the driving-wheel by an ingenious ratchet arrangement. The three-wheel arrangement admitted of very short turns on the road. There was no provision for replenishing the water in the boiler, so that the locomotive could only travel as long as the steam had the requisite tension—it then came to a standstill, fresh water had to be supplied, the boiler must be fixed up, and new steam generated. As this latter operation had to be performed every quarter of an hour, the locomotive could scarcely be pronounced to be a success from a practical point of view, but it contained the germ of the idea, and ought to have been further tried and improved instead of being cast aside and forgotten.

In this country it is customary to give the credit of the invention of the lococomotive to Oliver Evans, and it is certain that he was one of the earliest to conceive of the idea and to endeavor to carry it into practice. In 1786 he addressed a petition to the Legislature of Pennsylvania asking certain privileges in the application of steam to his flouring mills and to road carriages or locomotives. In both cases he proposed to apply the high-pressure engine to his inventions, and he appears to be justly entitled to the great distinction of having invented the high-pressure system as applied to steam machinery.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania readily appreciated the importance of stationary steam engines, but were so incredulous in the matter of vehicles to be moved by anything but horse-power that they made no mention in their report of the second division of Evans's request. They were afraid to have the proposition appear in their minutes, or to have it said that they had ever seriously entertained anything so preposterous. One of the members of the Assembly said, privately: "Our excellent friend Oliver is a little out of his head."

Evans then applied to the Legislature of Maryland, where, on the 21st of May, 1797, he succeeded in obtaining the passage of an act—which, however, owing to the want of faith of his countrymen, was of little practical value.

The Philosophical Society of Sciences pronounced the whole scheme impracticable, and Evans was forced to send drawings and models of his proposed invention to London, hoping to obtain a more respectful hearing in that distant city. This expedient was not without its fruit, although in a manner different from what he had anticipated. His designs and models were seen by two distinguished engineers, Trevithick and Vivian, who, in 1801, constructed their high-pressure locomotives after his pattern.

Oliver Evans established extensive works for the construction of steam engines at Pittsburg, the destruction of which by fire, in 1819, if said to have hastened his death in the same year.

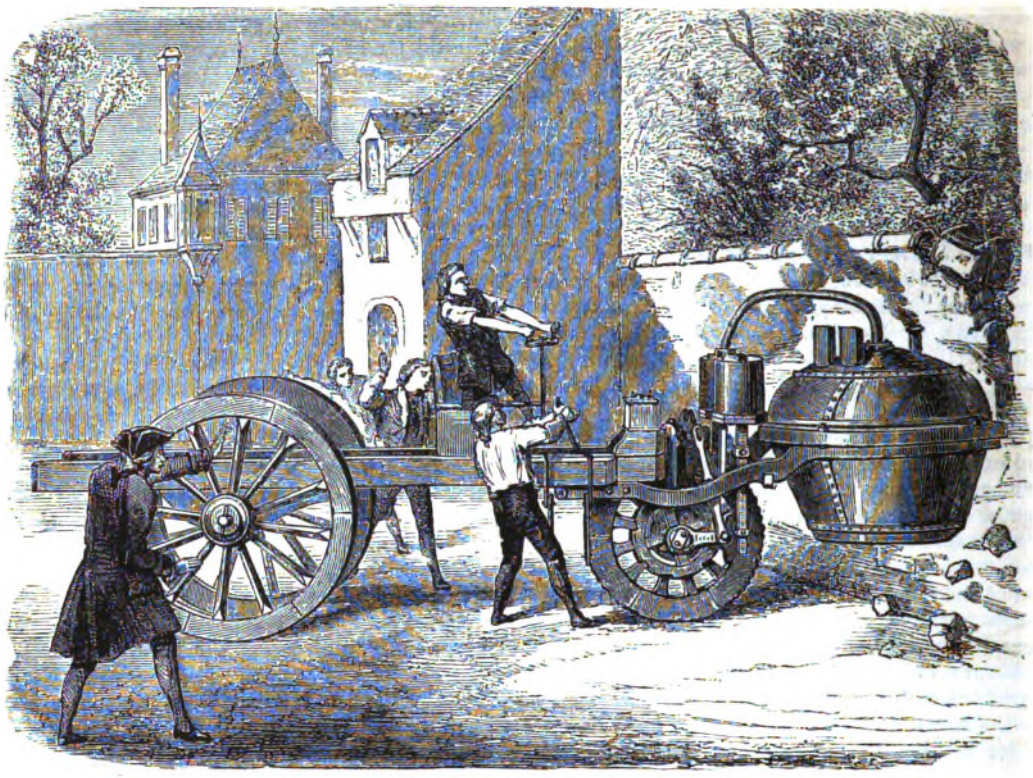
If he was not the first to invent a locomotive, he was the second after Cugnot to prepare a working model; and his services in the application of high-pressure engines were of an importance to entitle him to imperishable fame.

Trevithick and Vivian obtained a patent for the application of high-pressure steam to road-carriages. Their invention closely resembled the modern stage coach or diligence. Between two high wheels was a solid framework of iron fixed to the axletree. This framework supported a furnace surrounded by the boiler containing the water. The steam acted on a piston in a horizontal cylinder, and, by a system of cogwheels, motion was communicated to the vehicle. There was a movable wheel in front to give direction, and a brake to apply on uneven ground. It was, in fact, a tricycle with the driving parts in the rear instead of front, as was the case with the locomotive of Cugnot, invented thirty years previously.

The contrivance of the English engineers offered many curious combinations, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was not possible to apply it on hilly roads, as the resistance to be overcome in ascending heavy grades was greater than the engine could accomplish. In the case of steamboats, where the level remains constant, all difficulties could be anticipated, and the machinery could be made to overcome the calculated resistance.

Trevithick and Vivian were forced to renounce their project, after repeated ineffectual trials and experiments. Desirous, however, of profiting by the fruits of their labors, they at once saw the importance of applying their system to the traction of loads on the tramways which had been for some time adopted in England. A few preliminary experiments satisfied them that it was perfectly feasible to apply steam for this class of work, and in 1802 they obtained an additional patent conferring upon them the privilege of employing their steam-carriages on tramways. They ascribed, however, only slight importance to this project, in consequence of the opinion prevalent in their day that the friction of the wheels on the track would not be sufficient to enable an engine to draw a train.

The slowness which was considered a necessary condition of the new system of locomotion appears to have deterred many persons from giving it a trial, and its use was, in



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE—TRIAL OF CUGNOT'S LOCOMOTIVE IN THE ARSENAL YARD, PARIS, 1770.

consequence, for a long time almost exclusively limited to mines. No one could have anticipated at that early stage that this obscure machine was destined to produce an entire revolution in the means of transportation before the lapse of many years.

There is no certain information at what period tramways were first introduced into England. They are known to have been in existence at Newcastle before the end of the seventeenth century, and are described in a work published in 1696. The author of this book says: "The transportation of coal at the mines is made on wooden rails, perfectly straight and parallel, established between the mine and the river. On these roads large wagons with four wheels are employed, and the arrangement is so advantageous that a single horse can draw four or five chaldrons of coal, very greatly to the benefit of the owners of the collieries."

The advantages to be derived from these wooden railways were so obvious that the system soon spread to all parts of England, and was adopted in other countries, where cheap transportation for mines was considered a necessity. The system was not without its inconveniences, as the friction of the rails and the decay of the wood rendered frequent repairs necessary. The depression formed by the horses' feet in the middle of the track, and the heavy rails, had a tendency to produce inequalities which greatly added to the resistance of the draft. This circumstance early suggested the idea of covering the horizontal rails with bands of iron; at first on the curves and parts of the route presenting the greatest resistance, and finally over the whole extent of the road.

In 1738, the wood was entirely substituted by cast-iron rails. This was not successful at first, in consequence of the great weight of the old wagons which they continued to employ. By substituting smaller carriages, and fastening a number together in a long train, the strain was reduced and the breakage of the rails prevented.

This last important modification was suggested, in 1768, by William Reynolds, the proprietor of the great foundry of Colebrook-Dale, in Shropshire. The rails employed by Reynolds were cast with a depression, so that the wheels of the cars could not slip off the track. There were great inconveniences in this arrangement, as the track became constantly obstructed by being filled with earth and stones.

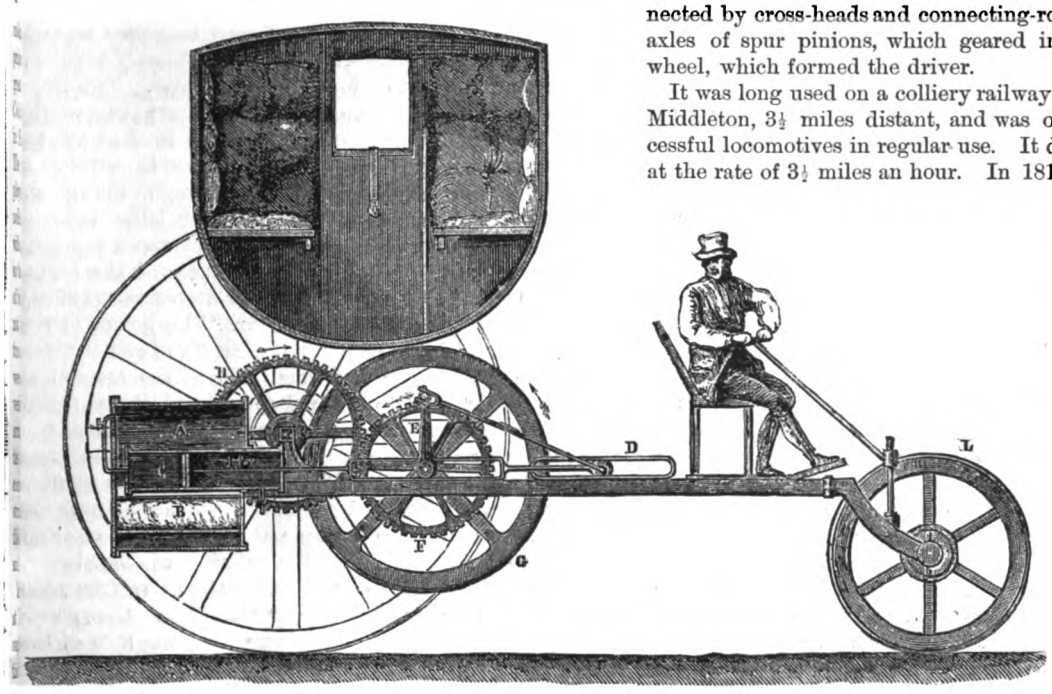
In 1789, Jessop, at Loughborough, replaced this form of rail by a straight and flat one, and, to keep the wagon on the track, the wheels were provided with a rim or border, which kept them always in position.

Between the years 1789 and 1811, this arrangement was universally employed in England. The sole modification was the substitution of wrought-iron rails for cast-iron, which had been rendered possible by the enormous progress made in metallurgy in England. The malleability and tenacity of wrought iron offered great advantages over the cast metal, and it was George Stevenson who was the first to appreciate this circumstance, and to replace the cast-iron by the wrought-iron rails.

Iron railways thus constructed, existed in considerable numbers among the mines of England, and where inclined planes were not demanded by the lay of the land, horse-power was generally employed to draw the trains.

Trevithick and Vivian having failed to adapt their steam carriage to high roads, succeeded, in 1804, in introducing their locomotive at the mines of Merthyr-Tydvil. The engine differed only slightly from the form originally designed, but, unfortunately,

MARC SÉGUIN.



TREVITHICK AND VIVIAN'S DILIGENCE LOCOMOTIVE, 1801.

these engineers were possessed with the idea that the driving-wheels would necessarily slip on the track, and that some peculiar arrangement must be devised to add to the friction. This idea once started, took firm hold of everybody at that epoch, and years of time, great hoards of money and a vast amount of inventive genius were wasted in attempts to overcome a difficulty which had no other existence than in the imagination of the first persons who propounded it.

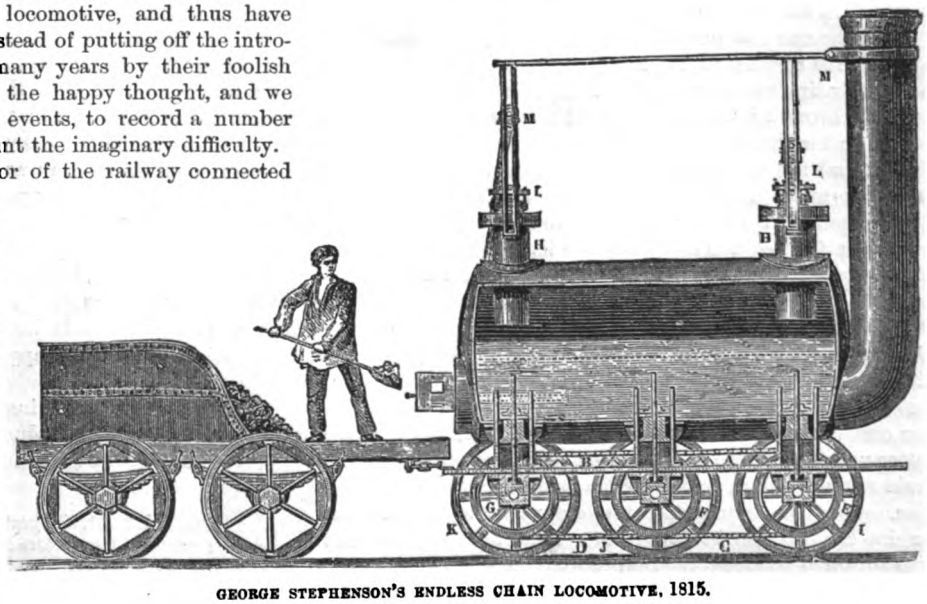
Was it not Charles V., who confounded the wise men surrounding him, by asking why a pan of water filled with fish weighed no more than the same pan filled only with water? The sages immediately set to work to calculate, by aid of mathematics and the known laws of physics, what must be the true solution of the problem, and much valuable time was wasted, until some one weighed the pan, and found that there was an increase equal to the weight of the fish. It is certainly wonderful that some one did not make an analogous experiment with a locomotive, and thus have arrived at the result at once, instead of putting off the introduction of steam power so many years by their foolish inventions. But no one had the happy thought, and we are compelled, in the order of events, to record a number of abortive attempts to surmount the imaginary difficulty.

In 811, Blenkinsop, director of the railway connected with the collieries at Middleton, invented a locomotive which was usefully employed in hauling coals on a tramway for a number of years. The engine, having spur wheels working into a rack on one side of the track, was supported on four wheels. The fire was built in a large tube passing through the boiler, and the tube was bent up at the end to form a chimney. Two vertical cylinders were placed above the boiler, and the pistons were connected by cross-heads and connecting-rods to cranks on the axles of spur pinions, which geared into the main spur wheel, which formed the driver.

It was long used on a colliery railway between Leeds and Middleton, 3½ miles distant, and was one of the first successful locomotives in regular use. It drew 30 tons weight at the rate of 3½ miles an hour. In 1812 William and Edward Chapman substituted for the cog-wheels a cable revolving around a drum and attached to fixed joints in the middle of the track, which was employed on the road at Heaton near Newcastle. In 1813, Brunton invented a most extraordinary device, which was nothing more nor less than a locomotive on crutches. The crutches were arranged behind the boiler and were designed to push the machine forward as a boat is propelled by poles in the water. It soon proved to be a total failure.

In the Spring of 1813, William Hadley built a locomotive with four smooth drive wheels, to run on a smooth rail. The machine failed to accomplish much on account of its small boiler. Hadley, therefore, the same year, built another engine having a return-flue boiler, and mounted on eight driving wheels, which were coupled together by intermediate gear wheels on the axles, and all propelled by a gear in the centre, driven by a pitman from the walking beam.

Hadley's locomotive was objected to by the residents of Newcastle on account of the smoke. He therefore passed the smoke into a large receiver and turned the exhaust steam upon it. From the receiver the steam and smoke were conveyed by a pipe to the chimney, which device soon



GEORGE STEPHENSON'S ENDLESS CHAIN LOCOMOTIVE, 1815.

developed into the steam blast. "Puffing Billy," as it was called, was at work more or less until 1862, when it was laid up as a memorial in the British Patent Office Museum. Hadley died so recently as 1842.

Such are a few of the attempts made to overcome a difficulty which had no real existence. It is wonderful that they should have been considered necessary at all, and there is no telling how long they would have continued nor how absurd the inventions would have been if this line of investigation had not been cut short by a man less learned than the preceding, and consequently less trammeled by preconceived notions of the slippery nature of the track to locomotive wheels.

In 1813 Blackett determined to try for himself whether all that was said about the slipping of the drive wheel on the track was true. He proposed to weigh the fish and the water, or to set up the Columbus egg, in spite of the superior knowledge of the wise men around him. Fortunately for the success of his experiments, the rails of the road at Wylam, where he tried his experiments, were flat and broad, and presented a greater surface than the rounded and sharp pattern generally in use, and it also happened that the locomotive he used was a tolerably heavy one. The locomotive was put upon the track and set to do its work, and behold, in spite of the traditions and sayings of the wise men, the drive wheels adhered to the track—they did not slip, and all the devices of cogwheels, crutches, cables, etc., were shown in a moment to be entirely unnecessary.

It has been said by a writer on this subject, that if Mr. Blackett, in imitation of Archimedes, had rushed through the streets, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!" when he made his important discovery, he could have been readily pardoned for such an exhibition of enthusiasm.

The simple observation made by him was of vast importance. The obstacles which for so many years had interposed to stop the progress of rapid locomotion disappeared in a moment, and the way was now open for the genius of man to supply the requisite engines.

It is to George Stephenson that the world is indebted for a successful solution of the problem. In 1814, less than a year after Blackett's crucial experiment, George Stephenson brought out his locomotive, in which power was applied by an endless chain working in gearing on the the axles. To insure the adhesion of the wheels to the track considerable weight was given to the locomotive, and by the endless chain a number of wheels were brought into play to aid the friction.

This locomotive proved defective in many particulars, and in 1815 Stephenson, in association with Dodd, invented a greatly improved pattern, in which the power was applied through wrists at angles of ninety degrees to each other, on the driving-wheel. The endless chain was abandoned, and the wheels were connected by a horizontal bar, as has continued to be done down to the present day. Stephenson and Dodd added another important feature, namely, a force-pump driven by the locomotive, which constantly supplied water from a tender attached for the purpose.

The locomotive thus equipped was employed on the Darlington and Stockton road until the year 1825. It was at first exclusively used for hauling coal and merchandise, but by degrees travelers took advantage of it, and passenger cars were added to the equipment of the road. This latter use of the road was incidental, as the speed of the train was very slow, owing to the weakness of the locomotive. Further improvements were necessary before the engine could be used for passenger traffic; and this want was supplied by the invention of the tubular boiler.

This capital invention in the history of locomotives was made by a French engineer, M. Marc Séguin. The railway between Saint-Etienne and Lyons had been at first equipped with horse-power, then with stationary engines; and it was proposed to adopt the locomotive. Two locomotives were ordered of George Stephenson. One was to be sent as a model and object of study to M. Hallette, an engineer at Arras, and the other to Lyons to serve as a model for M. Séguin, director of the railway at that place. As a result of the trial trips made with the latter locomotive, M. Séguin discovered that the rate of speed was very unsatisfactory; and he set to work to unravel the cause. He soon detected that a great defect in Stephenson's model was in the construction of the boiler. The power of the locomotive must depend upon the quantity of steam which can be generated in a given time; and as the amount of steam is proportioned to the surface exposed, it was found that in Stephenson's arrangement only a small surface was near the furnace, and that, in consequence, only a moderate effect could be produced. M. Séguin furnished a solution the most extraordinary and the most brilliant to this grave difficulty. He caused a certain number of tubes of small diameter to be riveted into the interior of the boiler, through which the hot gases of combustion could be made to pass, thus offering vastly greater surface for the generation of steam without sensibly increasing the size of the boiler. In the first boiler constructed by Séguin the number of these tubes was forty-three, but in the course of time they were increased to the number of one hundred and twenty-five.

There still remained another difficulty to be surmounted, and that was some method to supply a suitable draft to the furnace without giving inordinate height to the chimney. In the case of stationary engines, very high stacks supply this want; but there was manifestly a limit to the height of a chimney which had to be carried on a locomotive. M. Séguin resolved this difficulty in an imperfect manner by means of a centrifugal blower. A little later he adopted the steam-blast, which Hadley had employed on the *Puffing Billy* many years before, and which is now universally used on all locomotives.

In the month of February, 1828, M. Séguin obtained a patent in France for his tubular boiler, and in December, 1829, for his mechanical ventilator. The tubular boiler was at once appreciated in England, and was adopted in 1829 by George Stephenson; and from that time the vast benefits of the locomotive were assured, and it was only a question of time when the world should profit by them.

We have traced the history of the locomotive up to the period when, in the popular mind, it first had its origin. Very few persons imagine that steam traction was actually employed on tramways in the early years of the century, and, to a majority of persons, the first appearance of the locomotive on the stage was at the famous competition in 1829; forgetful that thirty years of hard study and ingenious invention had preceded this great historical event.

Having reached this period, we should like to return again to the United States, to show what was thought of the feasibility of introducing steam on railroads at the time that Robert Fulton and his brother-in-law, R. R. Livingston, were so successful in the application of steam to water navigation.

In 1811, Chancellor Livingston was consulted in reference to the feasibility of introducing steam-power on land, and in reply, he sent the following historical letter:

ALBANY, March 1st, 1811.

DEAR SIR: I did not, till yesterday, receive yours of the 25th of February; where it has loitered on the road, I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to railway communications. I fear, however, on mature reflection, that they

will be liable to serious objection, and ultimately prove more expensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two such heavy bodies meeting. The walls on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface and three feet above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would scarcely sustain so heavy a weight as you propose, moving at the rate of four miles an hour, on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock, and of preventing them from running on each other—for there would be many running on the road at once—would be very difficult. In cases of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take wood and water, etc., many accidents would happen. The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient.

R. R. LIVINGSTON.

To return to England. It would be an agreeable digression for me to give, at this point, a short notice of George Stephenson, whose biography, by Smiles, affords one of the most interesting and useful books available to the reader; but space will scarcely allow of anything more than a very imperfect sketch. We owe so much to this great benefactor of his race in connection with the progress of railroads and the triumphs of commerce, that it is fitting we should dwell for a few minutes on his name.

George Stephenson was born of extremely poor parentage, in 1781, at Wyglam, a little village near Newcastle-on-Tyne. One single room in a house of four rooms, each occupied by a family, was for years the home of his father, mother, and six brothers and sisters. Far removed from schools, books, educated companions or any means of improvement, his toil at the mines began as soon as he was big enough to lead a horse, and yet from such a beginning, and in the midst of such surroundings, grew the world-renowned master mechanic, the accomplished engineer, the opulent railroad and locomotive builder, the favorite companion of scholars, statesmen and princes. His life affords a most instructive example for all to imitate who, in youth and poverty, are struggling against the vicissitudes of life. He was not lifted by powerful friends to the eminence he attained, but at every step in his inventions he was stubbornly opposed by the ignorant, the selfish, the prejudiced, and sometimes even by the educated. Over all these he triumphed, and by his individual exertions raised himself to the proud position he finally occupied. His success was due to patient industry, careful study, frugal habits and indomitable will.

When quite a boy, his enthusiasm was centred on the stationary engine, and hours that were given by his companions to play, he spent in taking the engine to pieces, examining carefully its separate parts, learning the purposes of each, and when at an unusually early age he had mastered its details, he began to suggest and make improvements. His evenings he devoted to mending clocks and shoes, and cutting out garments for the miners; and at eighteen years of age, he first began to learn the mysteries of the alphabet and to try to read, write and cipher.

When he went to the Killingworth mines, he found them embarrassed by defective machinery for hoisting, pumping and ventilating. He left them with good engines, with improved methods of pumping and draining, a safety-lamp of his own invention, and two locomotive engines for the tramway.

George Stephenson, as he grew more prosperous, appeared before societies of learned men, before Parliamentary committees, and, with earnest Northumbrian dialect, tried to persuade them of the immense advantage to be derived from locomotive engines and iron railways.

So slow were the people of England to believe him, so blind to the value of railroads, that the House of Commons rejected the first Bill because the proposed route lay through a certain nobleman's fox-cover. Finally the Bill for the second railroad could only be carried through Parliament on condition that the cars were to be drawn by horses.

There was a general outcry against the proposed innovation. Catholic priests denounced the scheme as the beginning of Antichrist. It was claimed that the railroad would destroy canals and stage lines; horses would become worthless; half the men in England would be forced into idleness and poverty; cattle and sheep in pasture would be terrified to death at the sight of a locomotive flying through the air, breathing fire and smoke, and giving rise to unearthly noises in its mad career.

Such objections as these were urged sincerely and persistently by all classes of people fifty years ago, but they did not prevail, and permission was finally given by Parliament to build a road. The opposition would not yield—landowners stood at their boundaries and forbid the engineers to enter and make the surveys, and the latter were forced to all manner of expedients to outwit them and accomplish their work. They surveyed at meal-time, when the farmer was at dinner; by moonlight, when he was asleep; and on Sunday, when he was at church. Sometimes they were mobbed by superior numbers, their instruments smashed to pieces, and their very lives put in jeopardy.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was finally completed, and people came by thousands to look at it, and George Stephenson's great triumph was near at hand.

The life of Marc Séguin, the famous French engineer, is less familiar to English readers. Less brilliant than that of Stephenson, his career was not less useful. Born at Annonay in 1786, Séguin found in his uncle, Montgolfier, of balloon fame, the best and most devoted of masters, and under such able teaching, soon gave signs of great genius. In the year 1820, Séguin constructed a wire suspension bridge at Tournon, which cost one-third as much as the proposed stone structure, and was the type of this class of bridges, of which so many have since been built in different parts of the world.

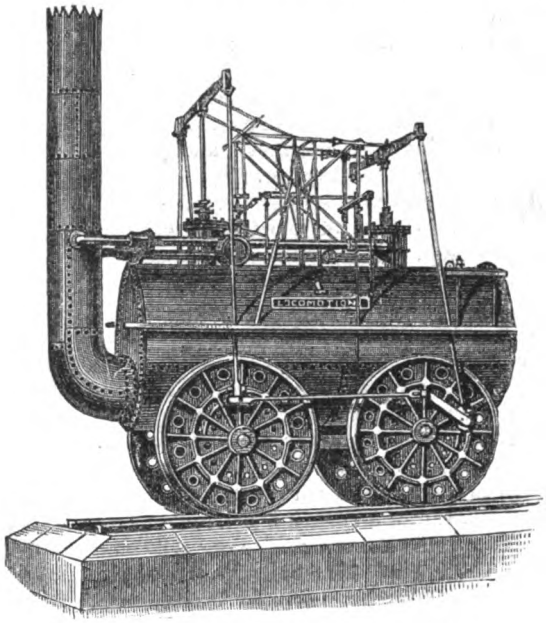
In 1825, in association with his brothers and a son of Montgolfier, Séguin made the first attempts at steam navigation on the River Rhone. It was on this occasion that he tried, for the first time, the tubular boilers which afterward proved to be of such great importance. The Séguin brothers, having subsequently obtained the concession of the Saint Etienne and Lyons Railway, the tubular boiler was at once applied to the locomotive. By putting the furnace where others had thought to place the liquid, and surrounding the water by the combustible, the best effect was produced.

Séguin did not claim the whole idea of the tubular boiler, but only the adaptation of the Perkins's pattern to the locomotive. In 1842, M. Séguin was made a corresponding member of the mathematical section of the Academy of Sciences. Wealthy, surrounded by a beautiful and numerous family, he lived to a great age at Annonay, where, notwithstanding the weight of years, he studied with ardor a new machine in which he proposed to employ perpetually the same vapor, and to restore at each stroke of the piston the heat that had escaped—in other words, sought to invent a regenerating machine.

His life was prosperous and beautiful, and he is justly counted one of the ornaments of France, and not of France alone, but of the whole human family, of which he was such a distinguished member.

The completion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway being near at hand, the directors began to hold consultations

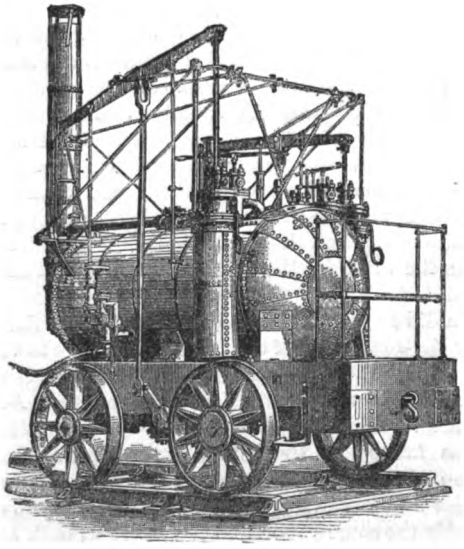
in reference to the best motive power to be employed. Opinions varied; some favored horses, others stationary engines, while George Stephenson urged with ardor the adoption of the locomotive. A majority were disposed to take Stephenson's view of the case, and, finally, one of the directors, Mr. Harrison, had the happy thought to open up



STEPHENSON'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

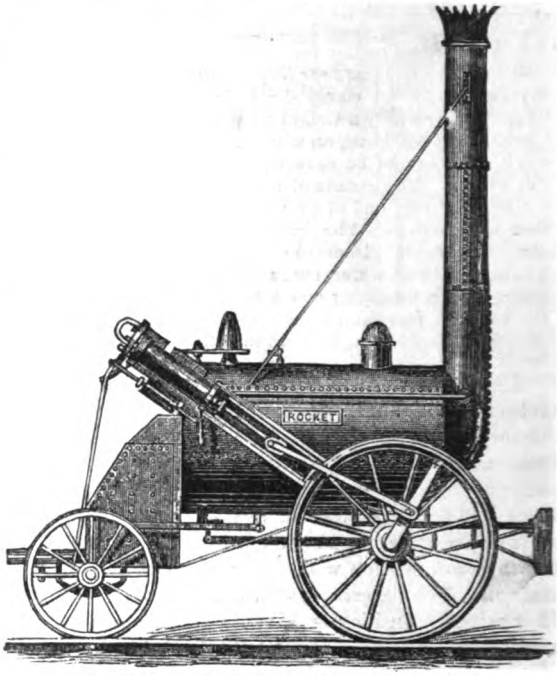
the matter to competition, and to offer a prize of £500 to the successful competitor. Mr. Harrison's proposition was accepted at a meeting of the directors held April 20th, 1829, and the 6th of October, of the same year, was appointed for the grand trial.

Certain conditions were laid down for the contestants:



THE "PUFFING BILLY," 1813.

The locomotive, mounted on 6 wheels, must not weigh more than 6 tons; it must draw three times its own weight, including fuel and water, at a rate of not less than 10 miles an hour. The steam pressure was not to exceed 50 pounds to the square inch, and it had to consume its own smoke. Messrs. Rastrick, of Stourbridge, Kennedy,



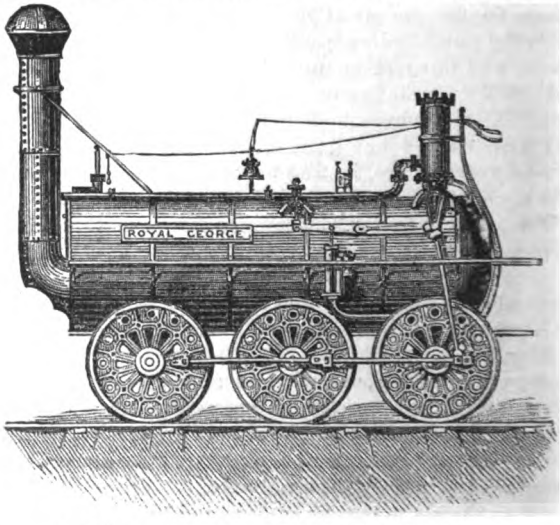
THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S PRIZE ENGINE.

of Manchester, and Nicholas Wood, of Killingworth, were appointed judges.

Five locomotives were entered for trial, but all did not

FIRST LOCOMOTIVE COACH.

compete. These were the *Rocket*, *Novelty*, *Sans Pareille*, *Perseverance* and *Cyclops*. The three competing engines were the *Rocket*, built by George Stephenson, the *Sans*



THE "ROYAL GEORGE," THE SECOND LOCOMOTIVE.

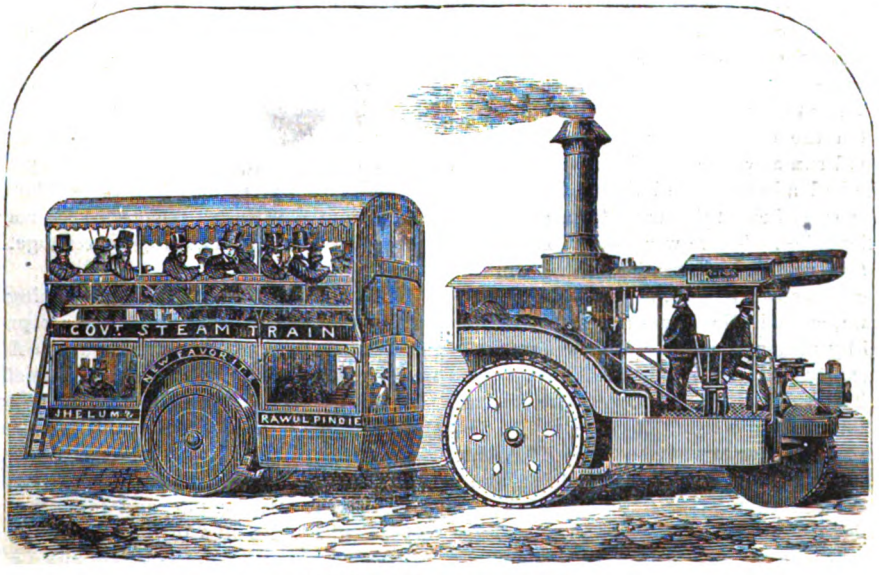
Pareille, by Hackworth, and the *Novelty*, by Braithwaite and Ericsson. The *Perseverance* not being adapted to the track, was withdrawn. In consequence of successive accidents to the working arrangements, the *Novelty* was also withdrawn. The *Cyclops* did not comply with the conditions, and could not be entered. The weight of the *Rocket* was 4 tons 5 cwt., and its tender, with water and coke, 3 tons 4 cwt. It was supplied with the tubular boiler. It had two loaded carriages attached, weighing a little over 9 tons 10 cwt. The greatest velocity attained by it was 24½ miles per hour, and the average consumption of coke per hour was 217 pounds. The *Sans Pareille* attained a speed of 22¾ miles per hour, but with an expenditure of 692 pounds of fuel per hour.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ACCIDENT—DEATH OF HON. MR. HUSKISSON.

The excitement of the trial was intense. The people came by thousands, in Sunday attire, from every direction, to witness the novel sight. The procession was headed by a man on horseback, carrying a flag. Behind him stood the low, uncouth little engine, the smoke streaming lazily from its stack, and George Stephenson, with his hand on the lever, waiting for the signal to be given. Judges were placed at each end of the route to time the engine, and every precaution was taken to insure a fair trial. The prize was awarded to George Stephenson, and the new era of railroad travel was established. From that day Stephenson's name and fortune were made.

The *Rocket* engine was used on the road until 1837, when it was transferred to the collieries, where it showed itself capable of a speed of 60 miles an hour. It was finally cast aside as being too light for the work assigned to it, and it is now carefully preserved in the English Patent Museum, alongside of its elder brother, Hadley's *Puffing Billy*.

A few years after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, George Stephenson became the proprietor of locomotive works at Newcastle employing a thousand men, and was the consulting engineer of thirty different railways. "He had found the locomotive a loose, disjointed machine, running by cogwheels on a tooth-track, without symmetry, power or speed; he left it one of the grandest productions of human skill. Fifty years ago, his two little engines, doing drudgery at the Killingworth mines, were the only locomotives in Europe; today, more than ten thousand are harnessed to trains, drawing passengers by the hundred thousand and freight by the million tons. At the outset the



A THREE-WHEELED LOCOMOTIVE.

only use conjectured for railroads was to carry coal and heavy merchandise, and no one but Stephenson believed that passengers would trust themselves behind an explosive machine going at twenty miles an hour; now, more than three hundred and fifty million passengers are annually carried on the railroads of Great Britain, and find it not only convenient and pleasant, but cheap and safe in the highest degree. Then, the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was the only line in Europe upon which engines and cars could be seen moving; to-day, the citizens of London can stand at one of the numerous stations of the metropolis and count seven hundred trains each day, bearing with mathematical precision and absolute safety their animate and inanimate freight."

It is an interesting fact for the scientific man to contemplate that at the time George Stephenson was perfecting his locomotive, Hans Christian Oersted was making his grand discovery of electro-magnetism. No one could possibly have predicted any connection between these two ideas; but now we know that the telegraph grew out of the latter discovery, and without the telegraph the present immense traffic on the railroads would be impossible. All trains are at present moved by telegraph, and the position of each is governed and regulated from a central office with the precision of a clock. Without such a method, the frequency and speed of trains would have to be moderated, and much less travel and traffic could be accomplished. Electro-magnetism has come to the aid of steam, and vastly increased the usefulness of the locomotive. The security from accidents on English railroads may be inferred from recent statistics prepared for the Royal Institute. Taking a length of ten miles of railroad, for one passenger killed on this extent of travel from causes beyond his control, he would have to travel some two hundred million, eight hundred and ninety-six thousand miles before losing his life. If a person, then, were to travel ten hours a day, at a speed of thirty miles an hour for each of the 365 days in the year, he would probably be killed at the end of 1,835 years. In fact, the statisticians endeavor to persuade us that a man is safer on a train than in a crowded street, and our chances of being struck by lightning or of being hanged are about as great as they are of being killed by railroad accidents. They would persuade us that only those who stay at home run risks—those who travel are out of harm's way.

The history of the locomotive in the United States runs parallel with that in England. The venerable Peter Cooper, of New York City, in 1829, constructed the first locomotive in America, and it was run on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1830. The directors of this road believed that steam could not be used upon it, owing to the numerous short curves; the theory being that a locomotive could only run on straight lines. On the contrary, Mr. Cooper believed that a locomotive could run as well around curves as on a straight line, and he had a locomotive built to decide the question. The boiler was of the tubular pattern, gun barrels being used for the tubes. There were four wheels, and the fuel was anthracite coal, which was just then coming into use. The boiler was so small that, to maintain a sufficient quantity of steam, artificial draft was necessary. This Mr. Cooper supplied by means of a fan, which was worked by the running apparatus of the machine. Motion was communicated by wheel and pinion gearing. The engine was called the *Tom Thumb*.

With this machine Mr. Cooper experimented in 1829, but it did not work to his satisfaction, and he made such alterations that he felt warranted in making a public trial trip with it, which he did, August 28th, 1830. He ran it the round trip between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, 26 miles, pulling 4½ tons, at an average speed of 12 miles an hour, turning some of the sharpest curves at 15 miles an hour. The engine weighed only only a ton, and it was of but one horse-power, but it demonstrated the important fact that the locomotive would go around curves with perfect safety. This triumphant result entitles Mr. Cooper to be regarded as the "Father of the Locomotive System in America."

The South Carolina Railroad Company was organized on the 12th of May, 1828. Horatio Allen was appointed Chief Engineer, and on his recommendation the directors resolved that the road should be constructed for the use of steam locomotives. This action confers upon it the notable distinction of being the first passenger and freight railroad in the world that was planned from the beginning for the use of locomotives.

Among those who went to England in 1829 to witness the experiment of George Stephenson with his locomotive, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, was Mr. E. L. Miller, of Charleston. He was so well satisfied with the workings of steam, that in 1830 he contracted for the construction of a locomotive to be used on the South Carolina Railroad. This locomotive was built in the West Point Foundry in Beach Street, New York. It weighed four and a half tons, was called *The Best Friend of Charleston*, and was the first locomotive built in America for actual use. It had a short career; was exploded through the ignorance of a negro fireman, who sat on the safety-valve until the pressure of steam became too great for the boiler to bear. The negro was scalded to death.

Pending the repairs of this locomotive, which was subsequently rechristened *The Phœnix*, *The West Point* was ordered from New York, which was made after draughts by Horatio Allen, who, in 1831, introduced the first eight-wheeled locomotive.

The Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, between Albany and Schenectady, was older in charter than the South Carolina Railroad, having been incorporated April 17th, 1826, but it was not completed until 1831. Upon this short road the third American locomotive was run. John B. Jervis was the chief engineer of the Mohawk Road, and under his direction the West Point Foundry constructed a locomotive called *The De Witt Clinton*, which was finished on the 20th of June, 1831, and taken to Albany by David Matthews. On the 9th of August, 1831, it drew the pioneer passenger train of New York State. There were three of the old-fashioned coaches, besides some rough cars, in the train. Among the passengers were Thurlow Weed, ex-Governor Yates, Billy Winne (penny postman), Erastus Corning, Mayor Meigs, and other prominent men of the day. David Matthews was the engineer, and J. T. Clark conductor. The signal to start was given on a tin horn. As the cars were coupled together by chains, when the slack was taken up by the starting ahead of the engine, the passengers were jerked out of their seats. To remedy this the train was stopped, and the chain being drawn taut, a fence-rail was placed from the front of one car to the rear of another, thus preventing them from getting nearer together and the chain from becoming slack.

William H. Brown, an artist possessing a rare talent for cutting pictures in silhouette, cut a representation of this train and its passengers on its return to Albany, preserving the likenesses of the latter with great fidelity.

A short time after the *De Witt Clinton* made its trip over the Mohawk and Hudson Road, the company received a locomotive from England, which was called the *Robert Fulton*. It did not work as well as the American engine, but neither of them were satisfactory, and John B. Jervis, in the Fall of 1831, planned a new one, with a truck on the front end of the boiler, to assist in bearing a part of the weight, and in leading around curves, similar to the fore wheels of a

wagon. This truck contrivance was never patented, and its value is attested by the fact that it is in use on all locomotives throughout the world at the present day.

Another American locomotive, called *Ironsides*, is worthy of mention. It was made by Rufus Tyler and Matthias W. Baldwin, in Lodge Alley, Philadelphia, and was put on the track at Ninth and Green Streets, Philadelphia, late in the Fall of 1832. The tender was placed in front, to serve as a guide and to keep the wheels on the track. Steam was generated fast enough to keep the locomotive going only for a short time, when the persons riding upon it would get off, push the engine until it got up some speed, and then jump on and ride until they reached Germantown. It is said that on the return trip the water froze up, and the passengers had to build a fire under it to thaw it out.

Previous to this time, namely, on the 25th of April, 1831, a miniature locomotive engine, drawing two cars with seats for four persons, was set in motion on a track laid in the rooms of Peale's Museum, in the City of Philadelphia. Great numbers of people, not only from the city, but from distant parts, visited the Museum to witness the performances of this wonderful machine. This little engine was the invention and work of Mr. Matthias W. Baldwin, then a skillful and enterprising mechanic of Philadelphia. It was in consequence of the success of this exhibition that Mr. Baldwin received an order in the following year from the Germantown Railroad Company for the construction of a locomotive engine to run on their road.

To comply with the order of the Company was at that time a formidable undertaking; but Mr. Baldwin had confidence in his ability, aided by Mr. Tyler, to surmount all difficulties, and he agreed to build the engine. Without tools, patterns or models, he entered with zeal upon the work; and on the 23d of November, 1832, six months after receiving the order, the historically famous locomotive *Ironsides* was placed upon the road. The trial trip was not encouraging, but a few changes suggested by experience soon made it a most valuable engine, and at once established a reputation for its builder that secured for him more orders than the capacity of his shop could accommodate.

Old *Ironsides* was the ancestor of a long line of most distinguished progeny, and, by a system of selection, adaptation and evolution, a race of giants has grown up which would scarcely consent to own the puny engine that had to be pushed over the road as their great progenitor. Orders came in upon Mr. Baldwin, and before the close of 1834 he had completed five engines. New shops were erected, and in 1835 fourteen locomotives were built; in 1836, forty; and the next year, forty-five. The business was then fully established, and increased from year to year, until the Baldwin Locomotive Works assumed and maintained the great distinction of being the most extensive locomotive establishment in the world, and, from the capacity of one small engine in six months, the works, within a third of a century, attained the capacity of more than one engine a day. The capacity of the works in 1878 is five hundred locomotives per year. The greatest production was in 1873, when four hundred and thirty-seven locomotives were completed, one hundred of which were for exportation. Three thousand men were employed during that year. The ordinary force is from fifteen hundred to two thousand men.

All parts of locomotives and tenders, except the boiler and tank plates, the steel tires and steel forgings, chilled wheels, boiler tubes, and some of the furniture, are made in the works from the raw materials. The plant comprises seven hundred and twenty-seven machine tools, many of them designed and constructed to meet the special requirements of locomotive work. All important parts of locomotives are made to gauges and templets, insuring absolute uniformity and interchangeableness in like parts of engines of the same class. Designs are made to meet every description of service to which a locomotive can be applied, from the heaviest freight locomotive, weighing one hundred thousand pounds, to the smallest locomotive, weighing only fourteen thousand pounds, and designed for manufactories, mines, or street railways. Drawings and patterns for over three hundred classes of locomotives are comprised in the practice of the works. The area at present occupied by the works is over nine acres, of which between six and seven acres are under roof.

During the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, locomotive No. 4,000 was completed, and the occasion was duly observed as a holiday by the workmen, who went in a body to visit the Exhibition.

One of the secrets of the great success of the works lay in the genius of the founder. Mr. Baldwin was gifted with a mind fertile in practical inventions to a degree rarely found in any country. During the earlier years of his experience as a locomotive-builder, almost every engine produced was in some particular an improvement over any of its predecessors, many new devices or changes in combination giving increased strength, durability, and general efficiency to his machines.

Mr. M. W. Baldwin conducted the business of locomotive building in person from 1831 to 1839. In 1839 he associated with himself Messrs. Vail and Hufty, and the business was conducted by the firm of Baldwin, Vail & Hufty until 1841, when the latter withdrew, and Baldwin & Vail continued the copartnership until 1845. In that year Mr. Vail retired, and Mr. Asa Whitney, who had been superintendent of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, became a partner with Mr. Baldwin until 1846, when he retired, to engage in the manufacture of car-wheels. From 1846 to 1854 Mr. Baldwin was sole proprietor of the establishment, and, in the latter year, Matthew Baird, a practical mechanic who had been connected with the establishment since 1836, was taken into the firm. Mr. Baldwin died in 1866, and in the following year the business was reorganized, and the style, "Baldwin Locomotive Works" was adopted. In 1876, at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, the firm was composed of the following six members: George Burnham, Charles T. Parry, Edward H. Williams, William P. Henszey, Edward Longstreet, and John H. Converse.

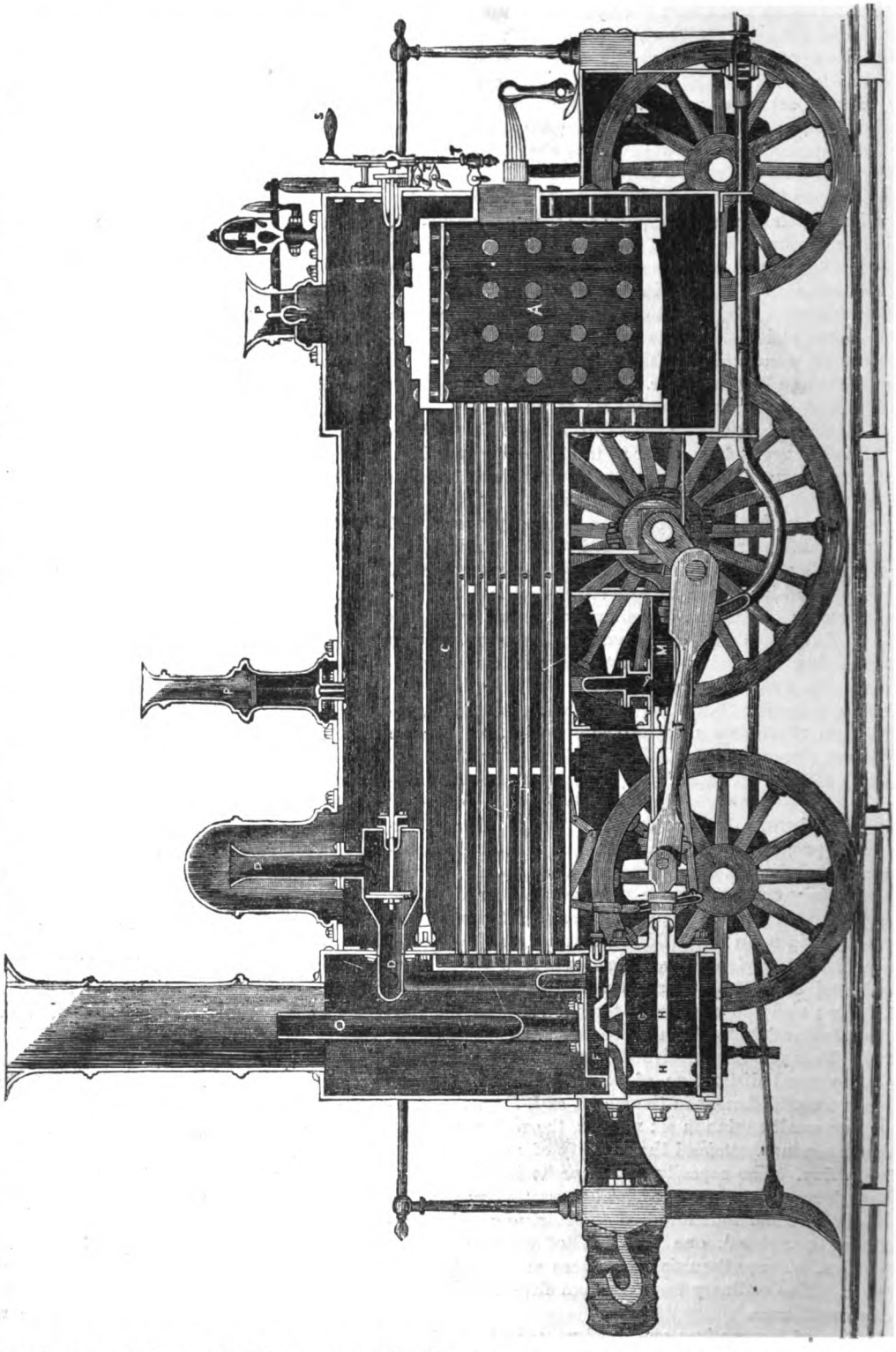
We have dwelt at considerable length in our account of the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the reason that they are an especially American creation of which we can all justly be proud. The influence of the 4,000 locomotives sent out from this one establishment during the last forty-six years has been immense in developing the resources of the United States, and the founder of such an enterprise is worthy of the highest distinction in the annals of our country.

A marvelous contrast is presented between the little engine *Ironsides*, which had to be pushed over the track, and the mighty *Dom Pedro* of 1876, which can hurl a train at sixty miles an hour over its iron bed. But this contrast is scarcely greater than that afforded by the changed aspect of affairs in all conditions of life, and we are forced to the conclusion that the world has made wonderful material progress during the last fifty years.

Having given an account of the earliest European and American locomotives, it is proper that I should conclude my narrative with a mention of the first engine imported into the United States. Previous to 1829 there were only 12 miles of railroad in operation in America—3 miles of a

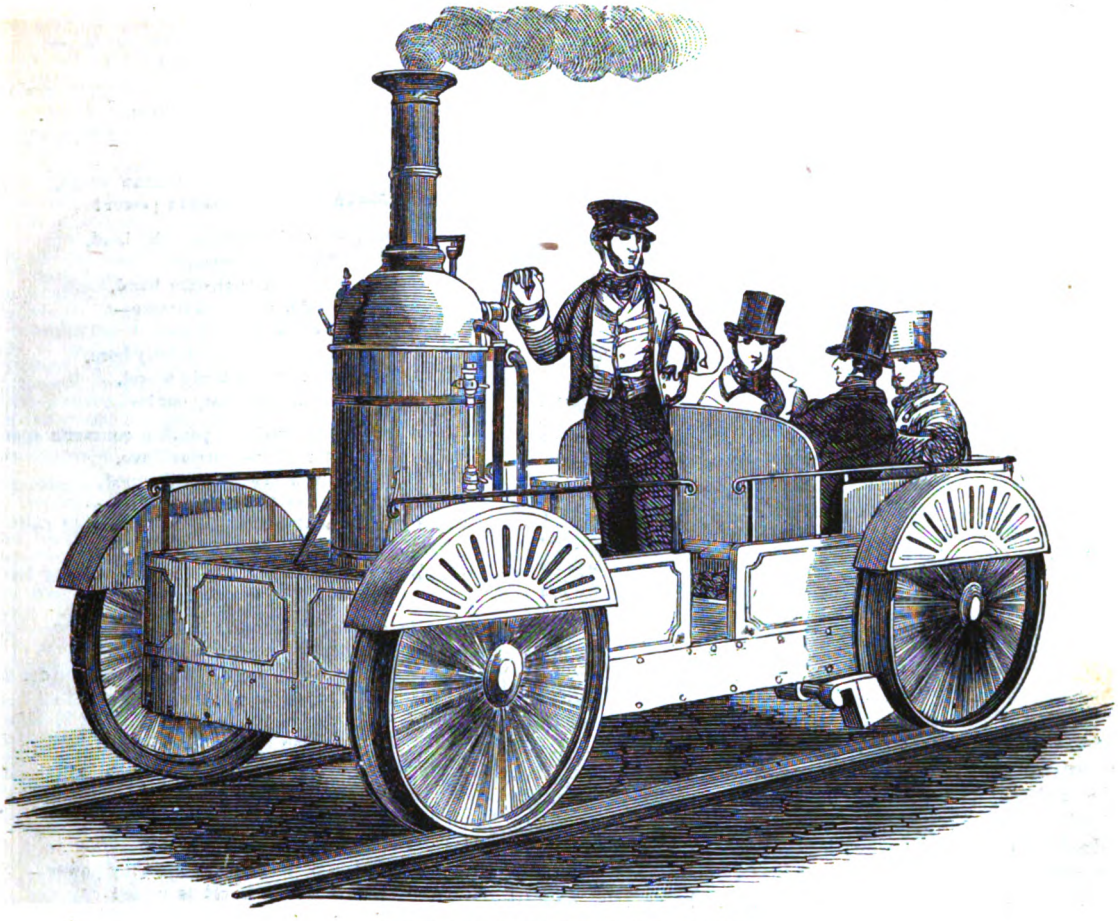
5 foot gauge, running from the Quincy Granite quarries to the Neponsett River in Massachusetts; and the novel mule road, 9 miles in length, connecting the Summit Hill coal mines, back of Mauch Chunk, with the Lehigh Valley. The road between Honesdale and Carbondale was to be 16 miles in length, and was the result of the enterprise and persistency of Maurice and William Wurts, the pioneer coal operators of the Lackawanna Valley, who introduced the first anthracite coal into New York City.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railroad had been in process of construction for some time, and was fast approaching completion. George Stephenson was struggling with the managers of that company for the introduction of steam as a motive power on the road. Pending the decision as to whether locomotives should be used on the Liverpool Road, Horatio Allen, who had been Mr. Jervis's assistant engineer in the construction of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, went to England to examine into the merits of steam as applied to transportation on railroads. He was satisfied that Stephenson's idea would revolutionize all branches of commerce, and, acting on his judgment, Mr. Jervis, by authority of the Company, commissioned him to purchase three steam locomotives for use on the Honesdale Road. George Stephenson was at the time busy in building his subsequently famous engine, *Rocket*, for trial on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Allen, therefore, contracted with other machinists—Foster, Rastwick & Co., of Stourbridge—to construct the engines for the American Company. About the middle of May, 1829, one of them reached this country in the ship *John Jay*, and was landed at the foot of Beach Street, New York, where was situated the West Point Foundry Yard.

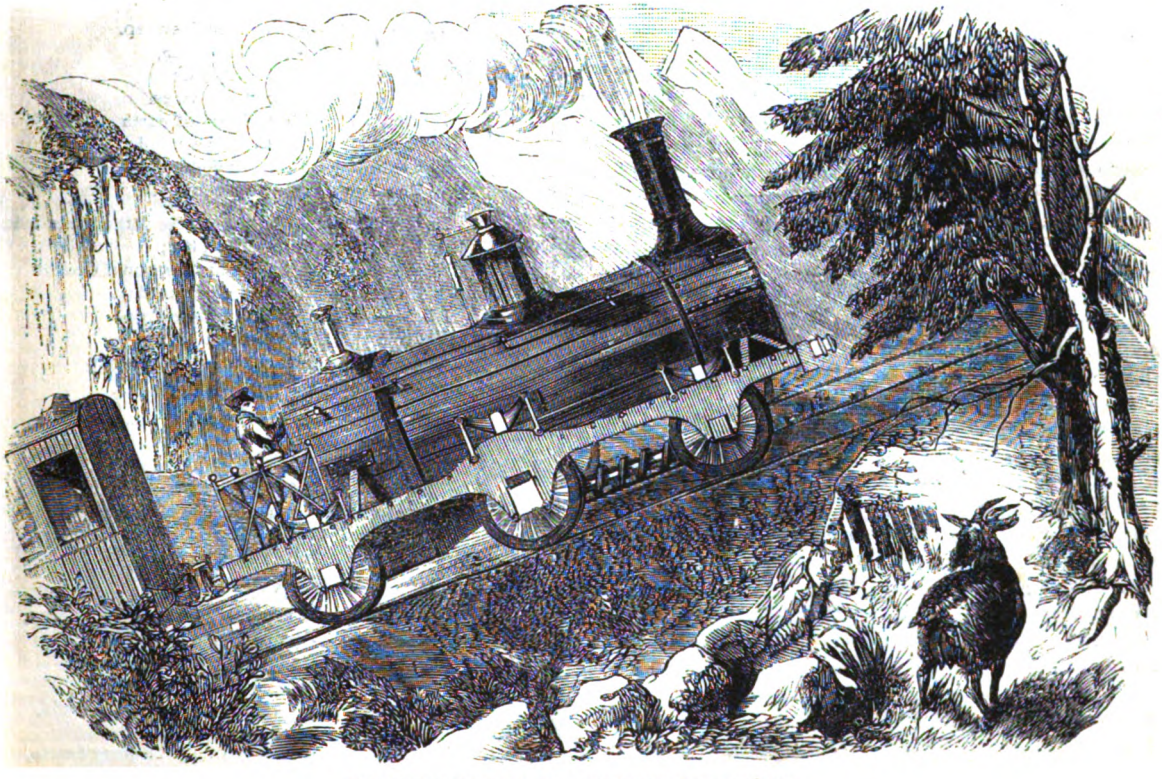


SECTION OF A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Allen put the machine together, blocking its wheels clear of the ground, and exhibited its workings by means of steam generated with the anthracite coal it was intended to transport. It was afterward sent up the North River, and by way of the canal, to Honesdale. The intention of



LILLIPUTIAN LOCOMOTIVE USED IN ENGLAND.



ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE FOR ASCENDING STEEP GRADES.

the Company had been to open the road on the 4th of July, 1829, but the work was delayed so that it was not ready until the 1st of August. When the road was in readiness, the engine was set up on the Company's coal-dock, under direction of Mr. Allen.

This primitive railroad track consisted of hemlock rails, 8 inches by 10 in thickness, placed 4 feet 3 inches apart, and spiked to hemlock ties, with a space of 10 feet between them. The timber had not been well seasoned, and being put down under a midsummer sun, was warped and twisted out of all regularity by the time the locomotive arrived.

The road ran for nearly a quarter of a mile along the coal-docks, facing the village, which had sprung suddenly from the wilderness at the back of the canal, and had been named Honesdale, in honor of Philip Hone, formerly Mayor of New York, and a patron of the great coal enterprise.

After quitting the docks, the track turned abruptly to the west, by a curve of most threatening radius, and crossed the Lackawanna River over a hemlock trestle nearly 100 feet high. When the ponderous locomotive was placed on the track, the impression became general that it was too heavy to be borne by the hemlock rails, and Mr. Allen was importuned by many prominent men among the vast assemblage of spectators not to attempt the crossing of the trestle. He saw the great danger at a glance; but feeling that locomotive power on railroads was destined to become universal in years to come, the pride of possessing the distinction of having been the first man to direct the energies of the first locomotive ever tried in America overpowered his sense of danger, and he declared that he would make the trip, let the consequences be what they might.

He fired up the engine, and, after running it slowly backward and forward on the dock, in sight of the assembled hundreds, for a few minutes, he pulled the throttle-valve open, and, shouting a loud good-by to the crowd, dashed away from the village, around the curve, and over the shaking and swaying trestle, at a rate of speed estimated at 15 miles an hour. He ran several miles up the track, and then returned to the village, amid the shouts of the populace and the booming of cannon.

Although the locomotive, as a locomotive, was a perfect success, the railroad was not calculated to stand its use; and, the expense of changing the road-bed being considered too great, it was housed in a shanty on the dock, where it lay for many years, until gradually broken up. Its boiler was finally taken to Carbondale, where it is in use and excellent order to-day. This engine was called the *Stourbridge Lion*, from the place of its manufacture. It weighed seven tons. Vertical cylinders on each side of the rear end of the boiler communicated motion to a huge walking-beam connected with the side rods. There were so many rods and joints that the locomotive had the appearance of a great grasshopper.

The walking-beam, the wheel-centres, and a few other details of the *Lion* were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876, and some of the visitors at the Centennial had the privilege of hearing its parts explained by Mr. Horatio Allen, who, full of honors as of years, was one of the Board of Awards at the Exhibition, and just as vigorous in mind, if not in body, as he was nearly fifty years ago, when he ran the first locomotive that ever rolled over an American Railway. It is a gratifying fact to be able to say while we are writing this narrative, in the month of May, 1878, that Mr. Peter Cooper, who built the first American locomotive, and Mr. Horatio Allen, who ran the pioneer engine of all our great system of railroads, are both living, venerated and beloved by all who know them.

The following fine lyric poem, by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky., may fittingly conclude this article:

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze—
When I saw the peasant reel
With the toil that he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or toiled at the weary oar!—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide!

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains' steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
The thought of God-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind!

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arms doth play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below;
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breath to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself!
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns the chain.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

TRACING A SUBTERRANEAN CONNECTION BETWEEN THE DANUBE AND THE RHINE.—It has for a long time been suspected that the River Aach, which has its source in the Jura limestone which separates the district drained by the Rhine from that drained by the Danube, really derived its water subterraneously from the Danube. In order to prove this, an ingenious experiment was resorted to. There is in chemistry an interesting compound called fluorescein, a colorless salt obtained by heating resorcin (a body derived by heating gum ammoniacum and caustic potash) and phthalic anhydride together—fluorescein is, in fact, the phthalein of resorcin. It is a compound which yields, with alkalies, magnificent green fluorescent solutions, capable of imparting this property to enormous masses of water. An alkaline solution of the fluorescein was introduced into the Danube at Emmendingen, and two and a half days later the bright green fluorescence was visible in the Aach, about five miles distant, and lasted for thirty-six hours. This experiment shows most decisively that the Upper Danube shares its waters between the Black Sea and the North Sea, and affords an explanation of the close similarity in the fauna of the two great European rivers. The experiment suggests a method of detecting the subterranean connection between sewage drains and well-water, which hitherto has been done by using salts of lithia, and examining the water by means of the spectroscope. As water-courses often carry the germs of cholera and fevers, this line of inquiry has extensive applications.

PHOTOGRAPHING IN COLORS.—M. Ducos du Hauron has invented a process for photographing natural colors, which appears to be nearly identical with that previously announced by Albert in Munich. It is well known that all the colors and tints that present themselves to our senses are the result of the combination of three different fundamental colors—blue, red and yellow. It is, therefore, only a question of these three when it is proposed to reproduce colors by photography. The printing in permanent colors is now possible by the well-known pigment or carbon process. The essential point, the pivot of the new invention, consists in the division into the three colors, and their subsequent superposition on the positive proof. To obtain the negative, a glass having a complementary color to the one it is proposed to isolate is interposed between the objective lens of the camera and the object to be photographed. For example, if we wish to take a red object, we employ a green glass, green being the complementary color of red, and we obtain a clich which will furnish the red. We operate in the same way for the blue and yellow. The division is rigorously exact, because it is made by the sunlight itself. The positive prints are taken from the three clichés thus obtained, and the superposition being accomplished, each color will be found to be copied in its proper place, and the combined colors reproduce by enchantment the diverse shades of the model. Specimens of these pictures are to be shown at the Paris Exhibition this year.

PROFESSOR FRANKLAND'S RESEARCHES IN CHEMISTRY.—Prof. E. Frankland, of London, has published his researches in a volume of 1,000 pages, in three divisions, of pure chemistry, applied chemistry and physics. The researches extend over a period of thirty years, and give evidence of great industry, as well as of scientific acumen, on the part of the author. Prof. Frankland commenced his investigations in organic chemistry at a time when the existence of compound radicals had begun to excite much interest, and nearly gave the key to the cause of the acidity of organic acids, anticipating by many years the notions on this subject which are now commonly received. The discovery of the large group of organo-metallic bodies, and the secondary investigations to which Prof. Frankland was thereby led, induced him to propound the theory of "atomicity," now taught, in one form or another, in our schools of chemistry. Dr. Frankland invented a system of notation in accordance with his views of atomicity, but it has not been universally adopted, and his formulas render the reading of his papers very difficult. There are few living chemists who have done as much as he to advance our knowledge of pure chemistry.

A NEW SULPHUR ACID.—M. Berthelot has obtained persulphuric acid, pure and anhydrous, by making the electric current act with strong tension on a mixture of equal volumes of dry sulphurous acid and oxygen. It is got in the dissolved state by electrolysis of concentrated solutions of sulphuric acid, or by mixing with care a solution of oxygenated water with sulphuric acid, concentrated, or diluted with less than one equivalent of water. At a temperature near 32 deg. Fah., it crystallizes, and resembles, in its general aspect, anhydrous sulphuric acid, only it has longer and finer, and more transparent needles. The formula, determined variously, is S_2O_7. Heated in a flame, the substance is immediately decomposed into oxygen and anhydrous sulphuric acid. In air, it gives off thick fumes. In concentrated sulphuric acid, it dissolves without liberating oxygen. In water it dissolves, giving thick fumes and effervescence. The hydrated acid and its salts are not described.

USE OF THE MICROSCOPE WHEN CHEMISTRY FAILS.—Dr. Bartlett, of London, recently read a paper before the Royal Microscopical Society, on the detection of toxic matter connected with typhoid and other enteric diseases, in the course of which he gave an account of his attempts to trace to its ultimate source the cause of a recent outbreak of typhoid fever, and showed that, while chemical analysis had failed to discover any impurity, either in the water or milk, he had been able, by means of microscopical examination, to detect in the water certain bodies, presumably of fungoid character, which were identical with those found in the bowels of persons who had succumbed to the disease.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

HEADQUARTERS.—A hatter's shop.

A WELL-KNOWN COUNTRY.—The oil regions.

FACT!—A grocer both sells his goods and gives them a weigh.

BY A JEWELER.—All that glitters is not gold—sometimes it's a diamond.

EGGS-ACTLY.—The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

WHICH is the more powerful, the earth or the sea? The sea, of course—it has such a lot of muscles.

AT an agricultural meeting, lately, one of the toasts was, "The medical profession—and less need of them."

TEACHER (examining a girls' class): "What was Brutus?" *Intelligent Child of Twelve:* "Oh, he was a brutal man!"

"WHAT is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered, "Information of the brain!"

THE fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

THOSE who marry for love alone, generally use it all up in a short time, and then spend their lives fighting among themselves, the butcher and the baker.

THE will of Mr. Land, late of Kentucky, leaves all his property to his wife, and specifies that she can "marry if she wants to." And yet people sing about a land that is fairer than this!

AT one of the California mines they cast a ten-thousand-pound gold brick, the other day, and thought nothing of it. They "don't mind a little thing like that in the wonderful climate," etc.

DO NOT place the most implicit belief in that man's statement who asserts he never swears, until he catches his chin once or twice on a taut clothes-line while hastily traversing his yard.

GEORGE WASHINGTON never imperiled his well-earned reputation for veracity by saying he ever once in his life met a Western newspaper man who refused to drink when another stood treat.

A KENTUCKY wife has had twins five times in succession. Her husband thinks this rather singular, or, rather, he does not, for if they had come singular, the lookout wouldn't be quite so gloomy.

A FRIEND rises to remark, that the man who will invent an overcoat button that will stay on, and a bootjack that will kill two cats at one throw, may apply at once, with working models, at his office.

CON.—In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, in the case of the bars of bank and jail windows, to be sure. They are put on the former to keep thieves out, and on the latter to keep them in.

AND SO SAY ALL YOUNG LADIES! A young lady was refused leave to go to a ball. She pleaded that her mother went when she was young. "But now I see the folly of it," said the elder lady. "I want to see the folly of it too, mamma," said the younger.

A CELEBRATED oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What!" exclaimed the beggar, "restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to deprive me of my livelihood?"

A NUMBER of children were making a good deal of noise, and their mother, after rebuking them several times, at last said, "If I have to speak to you again, I shall punish some of you!" At this the youngest child rolled off the sofa, and after gravely reflecting a while, remarked, "Then, mamma, I'd advise you not to speak!"

AT a French provincial theatre, recently, in a military play, an actor who was performing the part of a general slipped on the stage, and fell ignominiously at the very moment when he was supposed to be conducting his troops to battle. With ready wit, however, he saved himself from ridicule by exclaiming, "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me. Pass over my prostrate body to victory!"

THE PHRENOLOGICAL TEST.—A distinguished phrenologist, while recently dining at one of our large hotels, remarked at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman directly opposite said that he would propound a question, and that, if it was truthfully answered, he would for ever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said he was satisfied, and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be afther tellin' me am I married or single?"

A FARMER in Fifeshire had occasion one day to send his man on some business to a neighboring farm. On his arrival there the good wife, with her usual hospitality, had him supplied with a substantial repast of cold bacon and oatmeal cakes. The bacon being more of a rarity to him than oatmeal in any form, he confined his operations exclusively to it. The good woman, on observing this, again recommended the bread to his notice; when he replied, with great energy, "Na, faith, na, mistress, this is strong enough without bread!"

THE FIRST STEP.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. VI.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1878. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

AFGHANISTAN, ENGLAND'S NEW ANTAGONIST.

AFGHANISTAN is the Persian name applied to the country in Central Asia now attracting all eyes on account of the struggle of Russia and England to obtain supremacy over it, as a barrier between their respective empires in the East. Afghans, under that or some other appellation, have for centuries figured conspicuously in Asiatic history. But the Persian name of their country—which they themselves call Vilayet—is not much older than the short-lived empire founded in the middle of the last century by Ahmed Khan.

The Afghans, like the Chinese, have always been averse to admitting foreigners within their country, which is, therefore, imperfectly known; even the most recent maps of it being but roughly accurate.

SHERE ALI, THE AMEER OF CABUL.

Afghanistan is between latitude 28° 30′ and 36° N., and longitude 60° and 71° 30′ E. It is bounded on the north by Turkestan, on the east by British India, on the south by Beluchistan, and on the west by Persia. It lies both beyond and within the Hindu Kush, which is an offshoot of the Himalayas, that broken chain of highlands stretching across the continent of the Old World, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

The portion of Afghanistan

which just now particularly interests England and Russia includes the valleys of Cabul and Kandahar to the south of the Hindu Kush, and within the basin of the Indus. In the latter part of 1872 a correspondence between the Governments of Russia and England had resulted in a declaration by the former that Afghanistan was beyond the field of Russian influence. Ever since that time, the river Oxus, from its source in Lake Sarikol to the western limit of Balkh, has been recognized as the northern frontier of the Afghan dominions. These dominions, reaching from Turkestan or Independent Tartary on the north to Beluchistan on the south, and from Persia on the east to the Punjaub country on the west, cover an area of about 297,157 square miles. Their average extent north and south is 500 miles, and east and west, 580 miles. Their population is variously estimated from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000.

The Ameer of Cabul reigns over Afghanistan and Afghan Turkestan, and Batakshar is tributary to him. On maps the eastern frontier of Afghanistan is made to coincide with the northwestern frontier of India; but in reality all the border tribes both claim and maintain their independence of any central authority, and seldom obey even their own chiefs, except when it suits them so to do. The only authority revered, during recent years, by the tribes on either side of the northwest frontier of India has been that of the late Ahkund of Swat, whose ascendency over them was accidentally won by his reputed saintliness.

Almost the whole of Afghanistan is a mass of mountains interspersed with valleys, some of the latter so large as to spread out into plains. The surface of this great quadrilateral plateau, the lowest tracts of which are considerably above the sea-level, rises at some points in the range of the Hindu Kush, the northern limit of the Cabul basin, to the height of 20,000 to 21,000 feet. The loftiest peaks are above the line of perpetual snow. The Kushan Pass is estimated by Lord at 15,000 feet. The chain in which it rises traverses Afghanistan across the centre, from east to west. The Hindu Kush ends northwest of the city of Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and not far from it is the huge Koh-i-Baba, the loftiest peak of which is 18,000 feet high, and always white with snow. Thence run two parallel chains, the Safed Koh and the Siah Koh. The former ends near Herat, and the latter, at a point just south of that city, trends off to the southwest. These mountains are not high. Another chain of mountains runs in a southwest direction from Cabul, past Kandahar, to Girishk. The main watersheds of the country are the crests of the two chains that run, the one from east to west, and the other diagonally from northeast to southwest.

The natural divisions of Afghanistan are: 1st, the Cabul basin; 2d, the high central part of the table-land on which stand Ghuzni and Kala't-i-Ghilzai, embracing the upper valleys of ancient Arachosia; 3d, the upper Helmund basin; 4th, the lower Helmund basin, embracing Girishk, Kandahar, and the Afghan portion of Seistan; 5th, the basin of the Herat River; and 6th, the eastern part of the table-land draining by streams, chiefly occasional torrents, toward the Indus.

One of the most extensive of the well-watered and fertile valleys or plains of Afghanistan is Cabul; and there is an exceedingly fertile tract in the vicinity of Herat. A great part of Seistan, in the west, is a mere desert, as is likewise a large portion of the south and southwest.

In the Cabul basin, near Gandamak, above Jalalabad, there is a sudden descent from a minimum elevation of 5,000 feet to one of only 2,000. Of this the Emperor Baber, the illustrious conqueror of Kandahar in 1522, wrote: "The moment you descend, you see quite another world. The timber is different; its grains are of another sort; its animals are of a different species; and the manners and customs of its inhabitants are of a different kind." Burnes, on his first journey, left the wheat harvest in progress at Jalalabad, and found the crop at Gandamak, only twenty-five miles distant, but three inches above ground. It has been well said of the Cabul basin that "Here nature has planted the gates of India."

The valleys of the upper basin, though still, in the height of Summer, affected by a sun of fierce power, recall the climate and products of the finest part of temperate Europe; the region below is a chain of narrow, low and hot plains, with climate and vegetation of an Indian character.

Travelers give the most contradictory accounts of Cabul. Some seem to remember only ruggedness and desolation, awful defiles and bare, black crags; others speak eloquently of abounding orchards, greensward, charming dells and purling streams. But both aspects are true and characteristic. "The higher spurs, both of Hindu Kush and Safed Koh, are often clad with grand forests of pine, oak, and other Alpine trees, and resemble the wooded ranges of Himalayas. But the lower hills, generally, are utterly woodless, and almost entirely naked. In the bottoms, often watered by clear and copious streams, we have those beauties of verdure and fertility on which some writers dwell, and which derive new charms from contrast with the excessive sterility of the hills that frame them."

In general, the other natural divisions, which the Afghans include under the vague term of Khorasan, exhibit neither the savage sublimity of the defiles of the Cabul regions, the alpine forests of its higher ranges, nor its nests of rich vegetation in the valleys, except in the northeast part, adjoining Safed Kah, and in exceptional localities like the richly cultivated valley of Herat.

The chief rivers of Afghanistan are the Cabul, the Helmund—which probably exceeds the Cabul in volume, as it certainly does in length—the Heri-Rud, the Murghab, the Balkh and the Lora. Practically, none of them are navigable. The Lora, the most southerly river, is said to end in a lake on the verge of the sandy desert, but nothing is yet known of this lake, and the only other one is the dreary and shallow Ab-i-Istuda, 44 miles in circuit, on the Ghilzai plateau.

The climate of Afghanistan, depending more on elevation than on latitude, often varies within a very short distance, from extreme heat to extreme cold. For instance, Sultan Baber records of Cabul, that at one day's journey from it you may find a place where snow never falls, and at two hours' journey, a place where snow almost never melts!

The differences of Winter and of Summer temperature, and of day and night temperature are remarkable. At Cabul, and over all the northern part of the country to the desert of Gandomad, Winter is very rigorous. The snow lies for two or three months at Cabul; the people seldom leave their houses, and sleep close to stoves. At Ghuzni the thermometer sinks to 10° and 15° below zero; and tradition tells that the population has been more than once entirely destroyed.

The Summer heat is great everywhere, but especially in the districts bordering on the Indus. It is intense all over the province of Kandahar, and sometimes is accompanied, there as well as at Jalalabad, by the fatal Indian simum. At Kandahar, snow seldom falls on the plains or lowlands; when it does, it instantly melts.

At Cabul, the Summer sun has much of its Indian fierceness, though the heat is occasionally tempered by breezes from the Hindu Kush, and the nights are often so cool that, according to Baber, "one cannot sleep without a sheep-

skin." At Herat the Summer heats are more moderate than at Kandahar, and three Winters out of four it does not freeze hard enough to allow the people to store ice. Yet it is not far from Herat, and at a level not much higher, that Ahmed Shah's army, retreating in 1750 from Persia, is said to have lost 18,000 men from cold in a single night!

Speaking generally, the Afghanistan climate is a bright and dry one. "The sun shines with splendor for three-fourths of the year, and the nights are even more beautiful than the day." Nevertheless, the people do not enjoy such an immunity from disease as their climate and their fine personal appearance might lead one to expect.

The country is believed to be rich in minerals, although few have been worked. There are many signs that it may be found to abound in gold, silver, rich copper, excellent iron; in coal, plumbago, lead, silicate of zinc, sulphur, gypsum, antimony, saltpetre, alum and salt.

Agriculture is carried on, as in India, by the clumsiest and most primitive methods and implements. Open canals are frequent in the Cabul Valley, and throughout Eastern Afghanistan; but in the western provinces much use is made of the *harez*, a subterraneous aqueduct uniting the waters of several springs and conducting their combined volume to the surface at a lower level. Some of these conduits are thirty-six miles long. The land is always irrigated before being plowed, and the plowing is deeper than in India. All seeds are sown broadcast, in true Oriental style. In most parts of the country there are two harvests. One harvest is sown in Autumn and is reaped in Summer, consisting of wheat, barley, peas and beans. The other, consisting of rice, Indian corn and maush, is sown toward the end of Spring, and reaped in Autumn.

Besides these crops, there is another, comprising melons, pumpkins, gourds, etc., which is regarded as a distinct harvest. Ginger, turmeric, sugar-cane, cotton, madder, etc., are also raised. Tobacco is very generally grown, two crops of leaves being taken. The ruwash (rhubarb) and the assafœtida plant, as well as the castor-oil plant, are everywhere common.

But Afghanistan specially excels in the production of fruits. All European and most Indian varieties are produced in profusion, and of the best quality. Fresh or preserved, they form a principal food for the inhabitants, and the dry fruit is largely exported. Date palms grow on the oases of sandy wastes. In the cool valleys of Cabul, mulberries are dried and packed in skins for Winter use. This mulberry cake is often reduced to flour, and, used as such, forms a main article of food for the people. The produce of grapes is enormous, particularly in the vineyards near Kandahar. The rose, jessamine, poppy, narcissus, hyacinth, etc., are plentiful in gardens, and some of them grow wild.

The chief domestic animals are the camel, the horse, cows of the humped variety, but with the hump evanescent; two varieties of sheep, both with the flat tail; a degenerate variety of the shawl-goat, and dogs, the climate being very favorable for dog-breeding.

Wild animals are neither numerous in species nor formidable. A small species of lion is found in the hilly country about Cabul, and a degenerate tiger is found in the eastern districts. Hyenas, wolves, jackals and foxes are everywhere, and bears in the wooded mountains. Other wild animals are the gorkhar, or white ass, the hog, the porcupine, various kinds of deer and goats, the dog, the ferret and the hare. Elephants and rhinoceroses, once numerous, are not now found in a wild state.

Among the birds are partridges, quails, herons, storks, cranes, cuckoos and magpies (unknown in India), and several kinds of eagles and hawks. The only reptiles worth notice are snakes and scorpions. Turtles and tortoises are common. Of the insects, locusts have frequently laid whole districts bare and caused famines, and mosquitoes are formidable pests in the hot plains.

The chief wealth of the country is in flocks and herds. The industrial products are comparatively unimportant. Silk is produced in Cabul, Jalalabad, Kandahar and Herat, but is mostly consumed in domestic manufactures, although the best qualities are carried to the Punjaub and Bombay. Excellent carpets are made at Herat; they are so soft, brilliant and durable in color as to be sold usually in India as Persian; felts, and a variety of woven goods from the wool of the sheep, goat and Bactrian camel. Another considerable manufacture is that of the postin, or sheepskin pelisse. Rosaries are made at Kandahar from a soft crystalized silicate of magnesia, and largely exported to Mecca. Foreign trade is less valuable than the internal trade, although of late years Burnes's predictions of a large and increasing traffic in wool from the regions west of the Indus have been verified. In 1871-72, 2,000,000 pounds were shipped from Karachi. Nearly all the trade from southern Afghanistan is managed by Hindus. That between Mesh'hed, Herat and Kandahar is carried on by Persia. The horse trade is mainly carried on by the Syads of Pishin, Kakan, Bakhtiyaris and Beluchis. The Syads also dabble, but less than formerly, in slave-dealing; the Hazâras furnishing most of the victims.

Inasmuch as there are virtually no navigable rivers, and no wheeled vehicles in Afghanistan, goods are borne on beasts of burden, chiefly camels, along rugged roads, through close and craggy defiles and narrow, stony valleys among bare mountains, or over waste plains. Much of the carrying trade is in the hands of the Sohanis, a pastoral tribe occupying the region eastward from Ghaazni to the Indus.

A relic of the old times of Asiatic trade has come down to the present day, in the habits of a class of Sohani Afghan traders who spend their lives in carrying on traffic between India, Khorasan and Bokhara, by means of their strings of camels and ponies, banded in large armed caravans. In Autumn they leave their families and camels in the Punjaub plains, and take their goods by rail to all the Gangetic cities, or by boat and steamer to Karachi and Bombay. Even in Afghan, or in distant Rangoon, the Povindah is to be seen, pre-eminent by stature and by lofty air, not less than by rough locks and filthy clothes. In March they rejoin their families and retrace their steps homeward, returning in time to accompany the tribe down the passes in the Fall. The Povindah trade now reaches £1,500,000, or $7,500,000, in annual value.

The inhabitants of Afghanistan may be divided into Afghan and non-Afghan, the former predominating in numbers, power and character. Of the Afghans proper, there are about a dozen great clans, with many subdivisions. The most important of the great clans are the Durrânis (pronounced Doorraunees), originally called Abdalis, whose country may be regarded as the whole of the south and southwest of the Afghan plateau; the Ghilzais, the strongest and perhaps the bravest of the class. They were supreme in Afghanistan in the beginning of the last century, and for a time they possessed the throne of Ispahan; the Yuaufzais, noted even among Afghans for their turbuence; and the Kakars, who still retain to a great degree their independence, and who occupy a wide extent of elevated country in the southeast, among the spurs of the Toba and Sulimani mountains.

In the vicinity of the Sulimani mountains and their offshoots toward the east, dwell certain large tribes who are excluded by the Afghans themselves from a right to wear

the same name, although they seem, nevertheless, to be essentially of the same stock; speaking the same language, observing the same customs, and possessing the same moral and physical characteristics. These are recognized as Pathâns, not as Afghans.

An interesting sketch of "Life in Afghanistan" appeared in the New York *World* on the 20th of October, including, together with characteristic anecdotes of the Pathâns, the following description of these people: "The Pathâns have strongly marked features of the type generally accredited to the family of Judah. They are usually fair as Europeans, tall, well-built, and standing six feet high; active, enduring, and good horsemen. Their ordinary dress is a thin coat, with long sleeves, and lined with fur; loose, baggy trowsers, with a long cloth girdle or waistband, into which are stuck many weapons, and a *yataghan*, or curved sword. A matchlock is invariably slung across the back. Their head dress consists of a skull-cap of parti-colored cloth, coming up to a peak at the top, encircled by a colored turban, the color and manner of tying which designates their tribe. For foot protection the hill-tribes wear plaited grass sandals, the townspeople the regular Arab slipper."

THE BALA HASSAR AND VIEW OF CABUL.

Of the non-Afghan population associated with the Afghans, the Tajiks are intermingled with them all over the country, though their chief localities are in the west. They are deemed descendants of the original occupants of that section, who belonged to the old Iranian race. They call themselves Farsiwan, and speak a Persian dialect. They are a fine, athletic people, generally fair in complexion, and assimilate in aspect, in dress, and much in manners, to the Afghans, but they are never nomadic. They are mostly agriculturists, while those in towns follow mechanical trades and the

KOHISTAN FOOT SOLDIER IN SUMMER COSTUME.

AFGHAN EXECUTIONER AND ASSISTANT.

THE ENGLISH ATTACK ON GHUZNI.

like, which the Afghans are always above doing. They are generally devoid of the turbulence of the Afghans, whom they are content to regard as masters or superiors. They lead a frugal, industrious life, without aspiring to share in the government.

The Kizilbâshes may be considered modern Persians, or, more strictly, Persianized Turks. Like the present royal race and predominant class in Persia, they speak pure Persian. Their immigration dates only from 1737, in the reign of Nadir Shah. They are chiefly to be met with in towns, as merchants, physicians, scribes, petty traders, etc., and are justly looked upon as the most highly educated class of the population. At Cabul they form the bulk of the Ameer's cavalry and infantry.

Although it is to the industry of the Parsimâns and Kizilbâshes that the country is mainly indebted for whatever wealth it has, few of them ever rise beyond a position which is not somewhat subservient to the Afghan.

The Hazâras have their stronghold and home in the wild, mountainous region on the northwest of Afghanistan proper. Their habitations range generally from a height of 5,000

THE PRISON OF THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

to 10,000 feet above the sea. The Hazâras have features of Mongol type, and are doubtless in part descended from fragments of Mongol tribes who came from the east with the armies of Genghiz Khan and his family. Though they pay tribute to the Afghan chiefs, they do it only when payment is enforced by arms. Their country extends over an area of about 30,000 miles. The Hazâras are accused of very loose domestic morals. They are often sold as slaves, and as such are prized. In the Khanate of Siripul, in Afghan Turkestan, a third of the inhabitants are Hazâras; from them a tribute of slaves is, or used to be, exacted, and Hazâra widows, it is said, were claimed as Government property, and sold by auction.

Some of the Eimaks, as certain nomadic and semi-nomadic tribes west of the Hazâras of the main range of Hindu Kush, and immediately north of Herat, are called, are subject to Persia. The name of Hindkis is given to people of Hindu descent scattered over Afghanistan. They are said to be of the military caste, but they are here occupied in trade, being found in most of the large villages, and forming in towns an important class, as they do all the banking business of the country, and hold its chief trade in their hands. They are subjected to a poll tax, and are denied many privileges; but, nevertheless, they thrive.

The Jats of Afghanistan undoubtedly belong to the same vast race as the Juts and Jâts who form so large a part of the population of the territories now governed from Lahore and Karachi, and whose origin is so obscure. They are an athletic, dark, handsome race, considerable in numbers, but poor, and usually gaining a livelihood as farm-servants, barbers, sweepers and musicians. The experiences of both the Indian and Afghan Jats would add a long and curious chapter to the unwritten history of humble labor.

Many of the Biluchis squat among the abandoned tracts on the lower Helmund. They are a fierce and savage people, professing Islamism, but not observing its precepts. Grossly superstitious, *vendetta* is their most stringent law. Superior to the Afghans in bearing and address, as well as insensibility to privation, a camel-like capacity to do without drink, and a singular endurance of heat and fatigue. they often make bold robber-raids into the very heart of Persia.

The Afghans themselves, in government and general manners, resemble other Mohammedan nations; but they are distinguished by many peculiarities. "Besides their division into clans and tribes, the whole Afghan people may be divided into dwellers in tents and dwellers in houses; and this division is apparently not coincident with tribal divisions, for of several of the great clans, at least, a part is nomad and a part is settled. This is the case, for example, with the Durranis, and with the Ghilzai." There are nomad Afghans in the Cabul basin; but their proper field is that part of their territory which the Afghans include in Khorasan, with its wide plains. These people subsist on the produce of their flocks, and rarely till the soil. They may pay something to the Cabul Government through their chiefs, and they contribute soldiers to the regular army, and, moreover, form the bulk of the militia; but they have little to do with the Government, and they seldom enter towns, unless to sell their produce. They submit to a certain indefinite control by their chiefs, to whom their serious disputes are referred. Civil disputes are determined according to the statutes of Mohammed. Petty matters are settled by the elders or the community, guided by the Afghan traditional code, which is based on retaliation. Many of the nomad tribes are professed and incorrigible thieves.

The Afghans are naturally disinclined to all kinds of productive labor. "Soldierlike, haughty and vain, they look upon mercantile pursuits as beneath them. Field sports and fighting are more congenial to them. Those who engage in the tillage of the soil do so armed, with their matchlocks lighted, ready at the first call to leave the plow to wield the sword." In a double sense they are a feudal people: both keeping up with their chiefs relations similar to those which characterized the feudal system in medieval Europe, and perpetuating tribal and family feuds for generations. They pride themselves on the strict observance of the rites and duties of hospitality so long as a stranger is within their tents or houses; but no sooner is he beyond the limits of the camp or the shelter of the house than they are ready to rob, and perhaps murder. Proudly averse as they are to trading, the Afghan mountaineers, in the hot Indian season, bring down on mules from their snow-clad heights frozen snow and grapes for sale. In the Winter they bring firewood. "It is during these visits that they inform themselves of the whereabout of horses and other booty, which they afterward try to carry off."

It is a true testimony to the real character of the Afghans which avers that the European, especially if he comes from India, is charmed with their apparently frank, open-hearted, hospitable and manly manners; but the charm is not of long duration, and he finds that under this frank demeanor there is craft as inveterate, if not as accomplished, as in any Hindu. Even Elphinstone, who describes them as fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious and prudent, and less disposed than the nations in their neighborhood to falsehood, intrigue and deceit, was constrained to enumerate among their vices revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity and obstinacy. And their character has been still more tersely summed up in the declaration of another witness that "the Afghan is by breed and nature a bird of prey."

Sir H. Edwards, who had intimate dealings with the Afghans for many years, testifies that "nothing is finer than their physique or worse than their morals."

As a race, the Afghans are said to be very handsome and athletic, often with fair complexion and flowing beard, generally black or brown, sometimes, though rarely, red; the features highly aquiline; the hair is shaved off from the forehead to the top of the head, the remainder at the side being allowed to fall in large curls over the shoulders. Their step is full of resolution; their bearing proud and apt to be rough. The women have handsome features of Jewish cast (the last trait often true also of the men); fair complexions, sometimes rosy, though usually pale, sallow; hair braided and plaited behind in two long tresses terminating in silken tassels. They are rigidly secluded, but intrigue is frequent. In some parts of the country the engaged lover is admitted to visits of courtship, analogous to old Welsh customs.

From an illustrated work on Afghanistan, by the late James Rattray, Esq., Lieutenant in the Second Grenadiers, Bengal Army, we reproduce a portrait and description of a type of the ladies of Cabul. The lady, Shukr Lub (sugar lips), the seated figure in the sketch, was the favorite wife of a former Governor of Banmiana, and a niece by marriage of Dost Mohammed, father of the present Ameer. She was a Kuzzilbaushe belle of the first water, and a description of her dress will indicate that of her countrywomen generally. Her long black hair, allowed to enshroud her whole figure, was divided into a hundred strings of gilded plaits. The back of her head was covered with a golden skullcap, adorned with coins of the same metal, while splendid jewels set in peculiar workmanship, hung from her nose and ears. Her eyes were dyed with "soormah" (antimony), which

put on with a bodkin drawn between the closed eyelids, gives to the organ that almond shape so much admired. Her brows, by artificial means, assumed a crescent shape, the dye extending down either side of the nose, and a shawl-pattern was painted between the arches. Her neck and cheeks were also dotted with moles and rouge, and henna stained her hands, her feet, fingers, nails and toes a deep brown color.

These women amuse themselves indoors with their pipes, embroidery and conversation. They are fond of gossip, but their toilet is the chief object of their existence. A few read, but writing is considered highly improper, as conducing to mischief and intrigue. Their habiliments are a loose shirt of crimson, or some other bright-colored silk or satin, braided with gold lace, open at the bosom, and fastened at the throat by a brooch or jewel; a chintz jacket, resembling a hussar's, adorned with loops and buttons, with wide sleeves pointed at the cuffs, and caught by a stud at the wrist, to display the flowing shirt beneath, and trowsers of rich velvet or kimbob, edged with a massive band of gold, the joining of which is fringed out into a tassel. When out of doors, they don an immense white sheet, reaching from the top of the skullcap to the feet; a large, square vail, attached to the back of the head by a jeweled clasp, conceals the face, across which is an opening of network to admit light and air. Long, loose boots of white calico, fastened above the knee with silken garters embroidered with texts from the Koran, and other inscriptions, complete their outfit. They sit astride on horseback, generally behind their husbands, but when alone, the animal is led.

Though the ladies of Afghanistan are strictly under the *purdah* (curtain), they enjoy life more, and exercise greater influence over their husbands than is the case in most Eastern countries. They may often be seen riding on horseback, tripping along the crowded bazars, or listening to the story of some Persian story-teller. On such occasions they keep closely vailed; but they also make frequent excursions to sequestered spots, and then they throw off their disguise and restraint together. "I have occasionally come suddenly upon a group of them," says Lieutenant Rattray, "before they had time to vail themselves, or scud away like startled antelopes, and found the young girls strikingly handsome; though, to a European taste, their regular features were somewhat disfigured by rouge, white paint and beauty-spots."

Another writer says that the Afghan women of some of the frontier tribes go unvailed. When they meet a man coming along the road, the more elderly modestly cast down their eyes and pass on, but the younger women turn their backs to him, and stand still until he has gone by. This coy demeanor has proved fatal to the peace of many a young English subaltern, who has found it impossible to pass the enchanting apparition in his path.

The marriage customs in Afghanistan are like those of most Mohammedan countries. Wives are purchased, and regarded as property. A man marries the wife of his deceased brother, and it is a mortal affront for any other man to take her to wife. Sometimes the bridegroom earns his wife as Jacob did Rachel Polygamy is permitted, but not largely practiced; the poor contenting themselves with one wife, and the middle class with two, and perhaps as many concubines. The wives of the rich live in luxury and indolence, but those of the poor toil both in the house and the field.

Education is conducted much as it is in coterminous countries. The children of the poor are taught by a *mullah*, who unites the functions of priest and schoolmaster, to read the Koran and say their prayers. The rich employ private tutors, while students intended for the learned professions are sent to college.

Afghan literature amounts to more in quantity than might have been expected; but it can boast of but little in point of quality, save in its poetry, and especially its ballads. Abdarshamân, who flourished in the fifteenth century, is the best known poet. Another very popular poet is Kushâb Khan, the warlike chief of the Khattaks in the time of Surangrib. Ahmed Shah, the founder of the monarchy, was also a poet.

The Afghans are Mohammedans of the Sunni, or orthodox, persuasion, excepting a few tribes, who are Shiahs. The latter are more detested than any other sect by them, although they are so tolerant, generally, as to allow many Shiahs to hold important offices. Christians are neither persecuted nor reproached; they are called "people of the book," as deriving their tenets from a written source which the Afghans themselves respect, instead of pagans, like the Hindus, who have to pay a slight tax. Sufeeism, or free-thinking, is gaining ground, although denounced by the *mullahs*, who are for the most part bigoted, avaricious, hypocritical and arrogant. These priests wield great influence, especially for evil. Their devotees are very superstitious in regard to charms, omens, astrology, etc., and greatly addicted to the worship of local saints, whose shrines are to be found on every hill-top. In the immediate environs of Ghuzni there are no less than one hundred and ninety-seven of these shrines.

Marked features of the Afghan character are their passionate fondness for field sports—particularly hawking—their conviviality, and their eagerness to listen to the marvelous fairy-tales of professional story-tellers and to love-songs accompanied by guitars, fiddles and hautboys. They smoke a great deal, and take much snuff, of a finely powdered kind. They are in the habit of training cocks, quails, rams, dogs, and even camels, to engage in combat; and they work themselves into furious excitement with a wild dance called *âtan*, which is sometimes danced by both sexes together among certain Kakar tribes.

Afghan foot-soldiers in Winter are represented in another illustration, from the work of Lieutenant Rattray, who says that the Summer dress of the Afghan infantry soldier consists of a blue, red or white loose shirt, worn outside the full trowsers; a *kummerbund* (waist-belt) of muslin; and a plaid scarf of silk and cotton mixture, from which hangs the *kummurkusa*, or ammunition-pouch, of embroidered Russia-leather, with a variety of useful articles, including a small hammer, a gun-pick, a knife, a rosary, amulets, relics, and little bags full of texts and prayers, which they believe will preserve them from danger or death. The headgear is either a close-fitting skull-cap or a high, flowing turban. In Winter, in addition to the *cameez*, or shirt, they wear the *ncemcha*, a kind of half-jacket of tanned sheepskin, with the wool inside, the outside being tastefully embroidered with silk; and in place of the full trowsers, thick black cloth ones are substituted, fastened with rope round the waist, and bound with the same material from the ankle to the knee. Their arms are short iron spears; shields of buffalo or rhinoceros hide; *choras*, straight knives twenty-five to thirty-five inches in length; blunderbusses—called *sheribuchas* (lion whelps); *tofunes*, matchlocks with barrels forty-six inches long, and stocks inlaid with ivory, brass or silver; curved swords, and *pizzails*. These last are large, heavy rifles, resembling a wall-piece in size, and fixed in an iron-forked rest when fired; but which, notwithstanding their calibre, they fling across their shoulders, and handle with great dexterity, while they spring from rock to rock, or swarm, hand over hand, the hanging precipice

In the picture of the Shah Shujan's palace at Cabul, Lieutenant Rattray represents the Wurzen of the little Prince Shanpoor as sitting on the Herat throne itself. This throne is said to be very ancient. It is composed of an octagonal block of white marble, raised on legs of the same material. The arches and pillars of the windows are of wood, carved and painted. The sides of the room are full of niches, which are embossed in various patterns on the glittering plaster. The ceiling is richly painted in flowers and scrolls.

The portraits of Mohammed Shah, a Ghiljye of Zoormut, and Gowpur, a Populjye of Kandahar, give but an indistinct notion of the truly grotesque and demoniacal appearance of the King's *hassankchibanshis*, or executioners. To judge of them correctly, they should be viewed in a body of some hundreds, dressed in crimson jackets, and wearing on their heads fantastic caps of every conceivable semblance. Some are ornamented with huge ears, like asses', or spikes like those of porcupines; while others take the form of goat or buffalo horns, and many are conical, spiral or bell-shaped—all being more or less decorated with rude figures and devices, and some bearing a spear-head, as an emblem of superior rank.

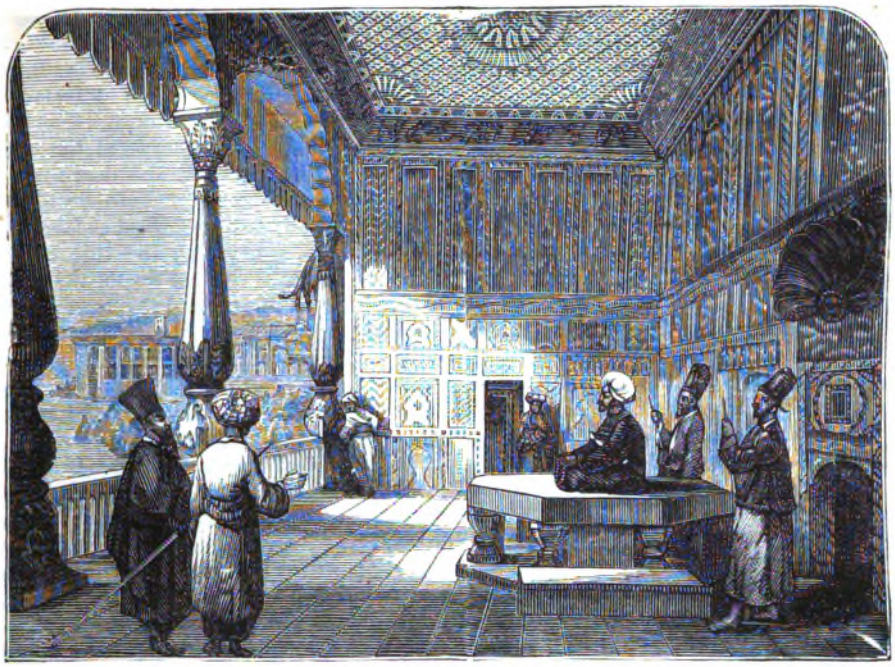
The sealed executioner was a gentleman by birth, who rode before the sovereign. In his hand is the painted wand, surmounted by a bird, indicative of his being the head of a family. This fashion of dress is of very remote

FORT OF ALI MUSJID, KHYBER PASS.

AKHBAR KHAN.

MOHAMMED AKBAR KHAN.

origin, and is said to have been derived from a practice observed in the times of the ancient Roman emperors, whose courtiers assumed this extravagant costume. These executioners seldom kill outright, but rip up, hack and saw their unhappy victims, and leave their bodies to public exposure. At the first capture of Ghuznee, seventy Afghan prisoners were summoned before the Shah, who upbraided them as rebels. One of them, more exasperated than the rest, stabbed a *peishkhidmul* in open court. The whole of the seventy were immediately doomed to death. They were taken outside the camp, pinioned back to back, and huddled together, some sitting, some standing, some lying prostrate. Then, jumping from one to another, brandishing their long, strong knives, the blood-stained ministers of vengeance hacked at their heads and necks at random, resting themselves between times, until the seventy were all butchered.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF SHAH SHUJAN-OOL-MOOLK, AT CABUL.

The chief political divisions of Afghnistan in recent times, are Cabul, Jalalabad, Ghuzni, Kandahar, Herat and Afghan Turkestan, to which are sometimes added the command of the Ghilzais and of the Hazaras. There are but few places in Afghanistan besides Cabul, Ghuzni, Kandahar, that can be called towns. Jalalabad lies, at a height of 1,946 feet, in a plain on the south of the Cabul River. It is, by road, 100 miles from Cabul and 91 from Peshawer. Istalif is a singularly picturesque and beautiful town in the Koh Daman, 20 miles N. N. W. of Cabul. Charikar lies about 20 miles north of Istalif, at the north end of Koh

LADY SALE.

On entering the celebrated Khyber Pass, the progress of the traveler, says Lieutenant Mettray, is impeded by all those terrific obstacles common to the wild mountain scenery of Afghanistan. The road lies up the stony bed of a river, inclosed on either side by perpendicular cliffs, from 100 to 200 feet in height. The ravine varies in width from fifteen yards to a quarter of a mile, and the narrow path up the heights above winds and twists like a spiral staircase, turning sharp angles and zigzags until it reaches the fortress itself, Ali Musjid (Temple of Ali), which completely commands the line of road called Kaffir Thunghee (Infidel's pass).

THE BOLAN PASS.

Daman, near where the Triodon, or meeting of the three roads from Bactria, spoken of by Strabo and Livy, must have been.

Farrah belongs to the Seistna Basin, and is a place of great antiquity. According to Ferrier, the city on the present site within the great rampart was sacked by the armies of Genghiz Khan, and the survivors transported to another position, one hour further north, where there are now many ruins and bricks of immense size (a yard square), with cuneiform letters, showing that site again to be vastly older than Genghiz. The population came back to the southern site after the destruction of the medieval city by Shah Abbas, and the city prospered again till its bloody siege by Nadir Shah. Since then, under constant attacks, it declined, and in 1837 the remaining population, amounting to 6,000, was carried off to Kandahar. Such are the vicissitudes of a city on this unhappy frontier.

Zarni is a town in the famous but little known country of Khur, to the east of Herat, the cradle of a monarchy (the Gharis dynasty) which supplanted the Ghaznerides, and ruled over an extensive dominion, including all Afghanistan, for several generations.

Cabul, a fortified city, and the capital of Northern Afghanistan, is situated on the Cabul River, at a height of 6,396 feet above the sea-level. The Afghans assert that Cabul is 6,000 years old, and that Satan fell there when driven out of heaven. The present city was built by the celebrated Sultan Mahmoud, and before the visit of the avenging British army in 1842, it was a handsome and busy city, full of bazars.

Ghuzni, a famous fortified city 80 miles south of Cabul, is built on the west extremity of a hill range, 1,726 feet above the sea-level, and 280 feet above the adjacent plain. Old Ghuzni, destroyed in the twelfth century, lies about three miles southeast; at the beginning of the eleventh century it was the capital of an empire reaching from the Ganges to the Tigris, and from the Jaxartes to the Indian Ocean. Its ruins cover a wide surface, and with a damaged reservoir, two lofty minarets of unequal height, but exquisite beauty of design and sculpture, the tomb of Mahmoud and a single fortress, point out the ancient site of what was once a superb city of palaces.

Kandahar, the capital of Central Afghanistan, is believed by the Afghans to have been built by Alexander the Great, one of whose alleged lineal descendants was living a few years ago, and may still be living, in Afghanistan. Since the days of Alexander, two more recent cities have been destroyed by earthquakes here or abandoned for new cities. The ruins of one of these ancient cities lie under a hill called Chihel, northwest of the present (the fourth) city, which was built by Ahmed Shah, the "Faultless King." The city is divided into a number of walled divisions, where each peculiar family or clan takes up its abode. "Viewed from without, there is little to catch the eye, as nothing is visible except Ahmed Shah's tomb, the summits of a few minarets and the upper parapets of the citadel. But the interior, as seen from the battlements, cannot fail to delight."

Herat, the capital of Northwestern Afghanistan, situated on the Heri-Rut, 360 miles west of Cabul, is a post of immense military and commercial importance, as both Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, and Alexander, Czar of Russia, well understand.

Without tracing the history of the Afghans so far back as to their own traditional origin as descendants of King Saul, through his grandson, Afghâna, and the lost ten tribes of Israel—they call themselves Bani-Israel (children of Israel)—it may be briefly noted that Afghanistan dates as a nation from a period a little before the Norman conquest of England. Not much is known about it previous to 997 A.D. when Monsoor, a Tartar chief, held sway to the northwest of what is now the frontier of British India. "On his death, one of his officers, Sebek-Tagee, seized the opportunity to carve for himself, out of Tartar territory, an independent State, of which Ghuzni became the capital."

In 1713, Nadir Shah conquered the country. Since his murder by the Persians, the dominant power has been exercised by the tribe of Durrânis, which was founded by Ahmed Shah, who was crowned successor of Nadir Shah in 1747 at Kandahar, taking the title of Durri Duran, the Pearl of the Age. At his death, the monarchy passed to his slothful son Timur, and the five sons of the latter, when he died, engaged in civil war for the possession of the throne. Zemaum Shah secured it for a while, but had to yield to his elder brother, by whom he was imprisoned and deprived of sight, a cruelty which he had himself practiced upon another brother, Humayan.

Mahmoud had soon to give place to another brother, Shujau Shah, who put him into prison, but did not put his eyes out—a clemency which he requited, on regaining his liberty, by reappearing in arms against him. The result was disastrous to Shujau, who fled to Lahore, where he was plundered and confined by Runjeet Singh; but at length he escaped, and took refuge in British territory.

Mahmoud owed his success to the talents of his Vizier, Futteh Khan; but Kamran, Mahmoud's son, persuaded his father to imprison him and destroy his eyesight, and the minister was eventually murdered. The twenty brothers of the Vizier, alarmed at this piece of cruelty, fled to their strongholds and raised a rebellion throughout the kingdom. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died, his son Kamran succeeding to such authority as he had been able to retain, and the rest of the country passing into the hands of various chiefs, the most able and active of whom was Dost Mohammed Khan. His sway gradually spread over the districts of Cabul, Ghuzni and Kandahar. He also held, for a short time, the Peshawer valley.

Meanwhile, Runjeet Singh and his large Sikh army, trained by European officers, were aggrandizing themselves out of the remnants of the old Durrâni monarchy. In 1823, Runjeet Singh had overrun the Peshawer valley; but so obstinate were the hill-men in their resistance that he deemed it best to rule their strip of country through Yar Mahomed, one of Dost Mohammed's brothers. In 1827 this vassal of the Sikhs was slain during an inroad of the Yusufzai clan, headed by a fanatical Mussulman. His place was taken by a Sikh general, Ventura, one of Napoleon's officers.

In 1836, Dost Mohammed felt strong enough to put himself at the head of a Mohammedan coalition against the Sikhs. But an American adventurer, named Harlan, was sent by Runjeet Singh to sow the seeds of dissension in the ranks of the Afghan army. Harlan successfully did this, accomplishing as much by bribery and promises as could have been achieved by a great victory. One brother of Dost Mohammed withdrew with no fewer than ten thousand troops, and other chieftains less closely allied to the Ameer.

It would be interesting to know what became of the adventurer Harlan, from New Orleans. At all events, thanks to him, Sikh supremacy remained unquestioned when the British Government of India resolved to espouse the cause of the exiled Shujan Shah.

What led to this rash resolution was simply the fact that when, in 1837, the conduct of Russian agents in the countries lying to the westward of India induced the British Government to seek an alliance with Dost Mohammed Khan, their overtures were rejected. The consequence

The double lines indicate caravan or trade routes.

AFGHANISTAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, SHOWING THE RUSSIAN AND BRITISH TERRITORY ADJACENT.

was that the British Government took Shujan Shah under its protection, and organized a military expedition for the purpose of restoring him to the throne from which he had been expelled.

A force of 28,000 men, under the command of Sir John Keans, invaded, and successfully advanced to Kandahar, where Shujan Shah was solemnly enthroned in May, 1839. On the 23d of the same month Ghuzni was taken by storm, and on the 7th of August the victors entered Cabul, from which Dost Mohammed had fled, and the war was thought to be over.

This illusion was horribly dispelled by a rising in Cabul, on the 2d of November, when Sir Alexander Barnes and his brother were killed. The Anglo-Indian troops occupying

Cabul numbered 16,000, including camp-followers. General Elphinstone withdrew his whole force into the cantonment, leaving the commissariat fort, containing all the supplies, to be guarded by a few troops, who speedily abandoned their post.

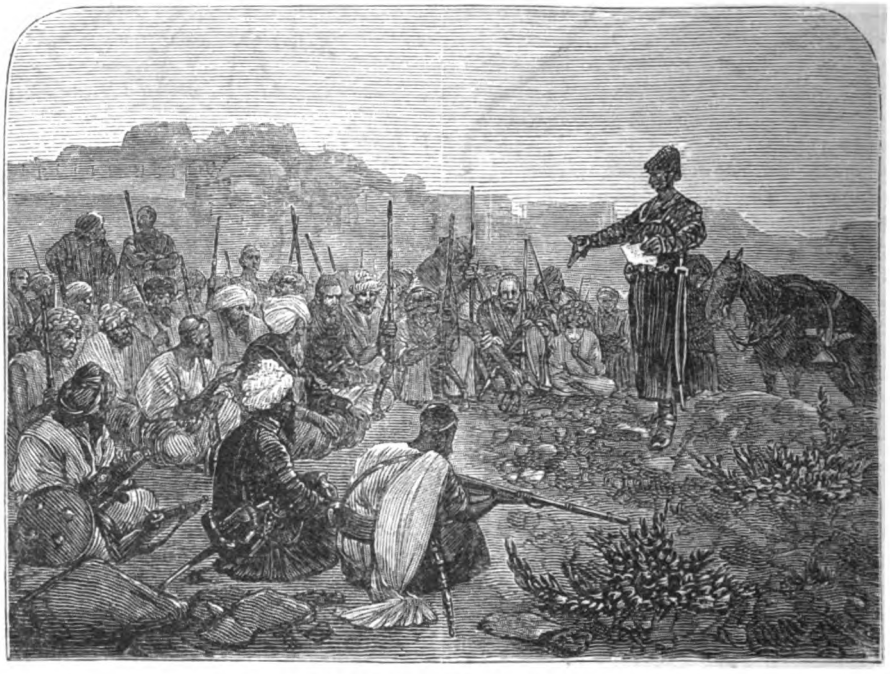
TYPES OF MOUNTAINEERS IN THE DOORANEE.

Every day now brought the soldiers nearer to starvation. After a month of spiritless defense, negotiations were undertaken. Sir William Macnaghten, unaccompanied by an escort, went to meet the leader of the revolt, Akbar Khan, who treacherously shot him in the head, and then exposed his corpse in the principal bazar of the city. Subsequently a convention was agreed to, under which the British were to leave Afghanistan, and have safe conduct to the frontier. On the 6th of January, 1841, General Elphinstone marched out, with upward of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers.

The scenes which followed have no parallel in military history. Almost immediately the massacre began. The rear guard was attacked, the guns were captured, and every mile traversed by the army had to be won with the sword. Want of food and excessive cold paralyzed the native troops, so that they were cut down without any attempt at resistance. The soldiers of the Forty-fourth Regiment were destroyed almost to a man. General Elphinstone surrendered to Akbar Khan, and eight ladies, including Lady Sale and Lady Macnaghten, put themselves under his protection. At Jagdulluck, only thirty-five miles from Cabul, there were, with the exception of a few prisoners, 300 survivors out of the 16,500; and of these only one, a regimental surgeon, Dr. Brydon, who lately died, was left, seven days after quitting the capital.

Shujar Shah was assassinated. As soon as the dreadful news reached the Indian Government, a force of 12,000 men, under General Pollock, was sent to avenge British honor and punish Afghan treachery. The heroic defense of Kandahar by General Nott, and of Jelalabad by Sir Robert Sale, did indeed retrieve the lost prestige of England; and Cabul was again occupied in the ensuing Autumn; but with the tragedy of the Khoord-Cabul Pass ended, for a long time, all thought of conquering Afghanistan.

Nevertheless, the gradual approach of the Russians toward the frontier of the British Empire in India continued to be, as it has long been, a source of anxiety to the British Government. At the beginning of the last century the advanced posts of the Russians were 2,500 miles distant from those of the English. Toward the close of the century, the distance was lessened to 2,000 miles, and early in the present century was further reduced to 1,000. Since the Crimean war they have crept up to within 400 miles.



MEETING OF AFREEDIS IN THE KHYBER PASS.

The reason assigned by the British Government for taking possession of Cyprus and assuming a protectorate over Asia

BAZAR AND CITADEL, FROM THE BAND-ROOM, KANDAHAR.

Minor was, that it wished to be in a position to prevent more effectually further Russian encroachments in Asia. No sooner, however, had such a design been threatened by Lord Beaconsfield than it was announced that not only had a Russian envoy been sent to Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and received there by Dost Mohammed's son and successor, Shere Ali Khan, but that a Russian expedition was actually advancing toward the Oxus, with a view to crossing that river and occupying Calkh, a province of Afghanistan. The Russian envoy, General Abramoff, arrived at Cabul on

the 22d of last July. Early in September a British envoy, Sir Neville Chamberlain, started for Cabul from Peshawer, with a military escort of 300 men—a number aptly described as too large for a mission and too small for an army—and accompanied by a couple of Indian princes. Lord Lytton was still waiting for answers to two letters which he had addressed to the Ameer of Afghanistan, when the British envoy, army, princes and all, were sent forward to the very edge of India. But at the Khyber Pass, a short distance northwest of Peshawer, the British mission was stopped by an officer of the Ameer, forbidding it to enter within his domains. In consequence of the surprise and indignation in British India and in England at this unexpected and humiliating check, the 12,000 troops on the East Indian frontier are to be reinforced, and the most active preparations for war with Afghanistan have been pushed forward. But even if the report should prove premature that not only has the Czar explained satisfactorily, both the Russian mission to Cabul and the Russian expedition in the direction of Balkh, but also that the Ameer has been induced to consent to go himself to Peshawer and apologize for the affront offered by him to England, it is altogether unlikely that a full Winter campaign for the conquest of Afghanistan will be attempted now, so late in the season.

It would not do to run the risk of another such disaster—comparatively no less annihilating than Napoleon's retreat from Moscow—as befell, in the depth of Winter, the ill-fated army of General Elphinstone in 1841-2. Moreover, reiterated declarations by members of the Cabinet that the Home Government will not allow its attention to be distracted from the execution of the Berlin Treaty, show that the British Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, is disposed to leave Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, to fight it out alone with the Ameer of Afghanistan. The wish of the Cabinet is still to make the question an Indian rather than an Imperial one.

According to the latest news Shere Ali has defiantly rejected all overtures from the Viceroy, and the latter has decided to postpone until next year the threatened advance of the Anglo-Indian troops upon Cabul. But there is no doubt that the Czar stands behind the Ameer, and that one of these days the British lion and the Russian bear must confront each other in Central Asia.

THE CHOICEST PIECE OF COMPOSITION.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some other gentlemen of the first distinction and reputation, says the London *Times*, the conversation turned on literary subjects, such as elegance of style, fertility of invention, etc. It was in the end agreed that each person should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his fancy, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden, as one with whom there was no contending, was excepted from the competition and appointed judge of the whole.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to excel; the person who seemed to enter into the thing with the least concern was Lord Dorset, who, with a careless air, wrote two or three lines, and slipped them under the place assigned. When they had all deposited their pieces, Dryden proceed to examine them. In perusing them, he manifested strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction, but at one in particular he was in the most boundless rapture.

"I must acknowledge," said he, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honor to the personages who wrote them; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen; and I believe each and every one of you will approve my judgment:

"'I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds, DORSET'

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence, of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing everything."

All the company readily concurred with the bard, and everyone was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's skill in fine writing, with which it is probable that Mr. Dryden was still more satisfied than any of them.

THE NATIONAL DANCE OF HUNGARY.

The *csardas* is the national dance of Hungary. The general character of the music is known to our concert-rooms—the two-four time and a certain wildness and *abandon* in the *motif*—but given by a band of Hungarian gypsies, who play with marvelous skill, fire and grace, the *csardas* is a revelation in harmony and rhythm.

George Sand, who is a thorough musician, in a conversation with Gottlieb Ritter, said, in that extravagant diction of hers: "I love the music that is full of feeling, fantasy, conception—wild music, if I may call it so—because, though rich in harmony, it knows no convention. During the Exhibition of 1867 I spent almost every evening in a little beer-house where a band of Hungarian gypsies performed. Oh, the *csardas!* Those gypsies, following, like the birds, their own instincts and caprices, played exactly to my mind. Those grand floods of tone that now swelled out in wild power, now languished and died away in a blessed sadness, seemed to open up all earthly and heavenly joy and sorrow, seemed to speak all the secrets of the destroying and restoring strength of nature."

But even a cooler judgment—an English writer's—is led into enthusiasm over the dramatic quality of their playing. He says: "They are lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and abandon themselves to the caprices of imagination. Their themes are often some legend or story related in music, and so they find scope for their talent in improvising. Sometimes they grow so excited they seem actually going through the scene they depict, and end by firing the audience with their own ardor. I have seen a performer work himself up to a sort of frenzy, and, when he has at last given the final note, he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted."

It is only fair to show that others, too, have had reason to assert that among no people, among no affluence of musical cultivation, no inspiring surroundings of nature, can be found anything that approaches the fervor, the originality, the daring, in the dramatic use of harmonies, that are not uncommon among players of this vagabond, thieving, unclean Bohemian blood.

AN INSTANCE OF INDIAN DARING.

An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch in Arizona. The owner of the ranch

was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a blockhouse, and, adjoining it, a courtyard and corral, surrounded by an adobe wall eight feet high and two feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard four hundred head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the blockhouse; but the vigilant herdsmen had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral before the Indians could "stampede" them.

One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing but a blanket to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall. Crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out.

The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache. Vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched his mane with one hand, while with the other he waved his red blanket, and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush, and the "stampede" began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As, in a frenzy, they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and, throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal, disappeared from view.

A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down the valley. The herdsmen fired a volley, which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

AN IMPERIAL HOSPITAL NURSE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE wife of Theodosius the Great was named Flaccilla, and she died in or about 386 A.D. This lady was married to her husband before his elevation to the empire, but is less remembered than she deserves to be, her chief memorials being the coins, in gold, silver and brass, which were struck in her honor, mostly with the inscription, "*Salus Reipublicæ*," or, the "Safeguard of the State." Theodorer, the Church historian, gives a short account of her, which is more briefly told by Fleury, in his "Ecclesiastical History." He says the empress was very much esteemed on account of her virtues, particularly her humility and charity to the poor. She used to visit them in the hospitals and at their houses, without any attendants; she dressed, or, rather, administered, remedies to the sick in their beds, tasted what was prepared for them, helped to feed them, cut their bread, served them with drink, and performed all the offices of a nurse and servant.

This noble example doubtless found imitators: but in any case it should encourage the high-minded and devoted women who, in our own day, out of the same spirit of pure Christian charity, do the work she did. It was, we believe, in her lifetime that the first public hospital founded by private benevolence was established in Rome, by a wealthy lady named Fabiola. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," finely says: "The charity planted by that woman's hand overspread the world, and will alleviate to the end of time the darkest anguish of humanity."

ADVISE not what is most pleasant, but what is most useful.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"DURING the regency of Anne of Austria, the people threatened an insurrection. They gathered from all quarters, forced the gates, mounted the grand staircase with hisses, groans and curses. On the first landing stood the Queen, pale but fearless, her finger on her lip. She beckoned them to follow—led the way into a royal bedchamber, and displayed Louis XIV. in the tranquil sleep of childhood. Ashamed and silent, the crowd retreated."—*Elliott's History of France.*

THE night is dark and starless. Here and there
An ill-trimmed lamp from pulleys in the air
Gives out a fitful glimmer. From the Louvre,
From the old Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois—
From Saint Antoine, from the old Roman tower
Near Notre Dame, the incensed masses move
Up to the royal palace. On the night
A thousand voices lift a thousand cries:
"Down with the tyrant!" "Off with Italian law!"
"Death to the foreign priest and ruler!" "Down
With traitors and usurpers!" "*Madame Anne*,
Come forth, or all you love and value, dies!
Come forth—give up your *lover*, *Mazarin*,
And long live Gondi!" So, with gathering night
The furious mob on surges. Like a flood
Fed by the freshet, so this human tide
Sweeps on resistless; or, like some wild beast,
Gnashing its teeth and howling for the feast
Of quivering flesh, and all athirst for blood.

A shout, a crash! the guards with angry frown
And useless swords, are rudely thrust aside;
While gates are forced, and men are trampled down
And women crushed; but still the swelling crowd
Goes on unheeding! Thro' the lofty doors,
Up the grand staircase, unabashed it pours
With shout and hiss, and imprecation loud.

Up, up, still up the furious people rush;
Then suddenly are still! They pause and hush
Their impious cries, for lo! upon the landing,
Her fair face fearless, she, the Queen, is standing.
With one hand lifted, and her finger tip
Placed as a sign of silence on her lip,
She stands before them. That uplifted arm,
That regal form, acts like a magic charm
Upon the mob. She smiles, and whispers "Come."
And awed to silence, and with wonder dumb,
The motley mass obeys her.
Proud of mien,
With all her splendid beauty at its height;
Robed with the richness that becomes a queen,
Her royal jewels flashing in the light,
She leads the way thro' vaulted galleries
And sumptuous chambers, to a princely room,
And here she pauses.
Sullenly, tho' cowed,
Behind her pauses too the curious crowd.
With her fair hands, so beautiful to see
They shall be molded into history,
She draws a silken curtain. Lo! there lies,
Like some rare blossom only half in bloom,
A young child sleeping sweetly.
Hardened faces
Grow soft and tender as the crowd sways near
To look upon him; and a pearly tear
Falls, gleaming like a gem among his laces.
"Long live the King!" a bronzed man softly cries;
"God bless the child!" an unkempt woman sighs,
And slowly turns, with reverent steps, as one
Who goes from worship when his prayers are done,
And leads the way; and all the mass in shame,
With heads bowed down, retrace the steps they came.

While kneeling low beside her child who sleeps,
The danger over, lo! the brave Queen weeps.

AN AFGHAN INTERIOR—LADIES OF CABUL.

FAIRY-RINGS IN MEADOWS.

So-called "fairy-rings" in meadows are simply produced by the growth of various kinds of fungi. The fungi start from a centre, owing to some peculiarity of the soil and decaying vegetable matter in it, and, when they have exhausted the spot on which they originally sprang up, they enlarge their borders, as it were, and thus form circles, giving a darker tinge to the herbage affected by them. These rings increase in size annually.

THE GRENADIER'S FORGIVENESS.

Chapter I.

The man whom she had married was fifty-five at least, and a captain in the Prince of Hesse's Regiment of Grenadiers. He was tall, broad-shouldered and vigorous; dark, grim-featured and thin-lipped, and his eyes, which were small and black, impressed one oddly and unpleasantly. A scar, reaching across his cheek, in no way increased his beauty, and his best friends never dreamed of asserting that his thin, rasping voice made the sweetest music in the world.

Now, see this person in a bright-blue coat, faced with red and trimmed with yellow worsted lace; a deep white vest, adorned with a row of large gilt buttons, and opening upon a lace-ruffled shirt; long, light cloth gaiters, square-toed shoes with great buckles, and a small, black, three-cornered hat, over which floated a wavy plume of the same sable hue, and you have him as he appeared on the morning of his marriage with Clotilde Vanner, only child and heiress of Anthon Vanner, the rich miller of Eldenburg. Clotilde, in whom the charming vivacity, inherited from a French mother, was tempered by just the slightest suspicion of German dreaminess, was at this time only eighteen; and with her pale face, thoughtful brown eyes and oddly reserved manner, seemed, indeed, but little like a bride.

Her costume, however, proclaimed her importance; for upon this eventful occasion, in the month of August, 1793, she wore a rich, bright-colored silk, plentifully trimmed with lace and embellished with golden ornaments. Her light-brown hair was tightly braided, and held in a close coil by great, golden-headed pins, whilst rings of diamonds and rubies sparkled on her little hands. For Herman Stolberg, besides being a captain of grenadiers, was a man of means, and could well afford to render his wife the wonder and envy of all the country round. And she certainly was envied, for nothing could have been grander than the house of which she was made mistress—that fine old Stolberg palace! To see it, half hidden in its mountain nook, when the golden light of the afternoon sun entangled itself among the dead-green of the ivy that almost covered its high towers and peaked roof, when it glittered upon the waters of a streamlet that babbled down the hillside and round among the shivering poplars at its base, was to see a home that Love might have made heavenly, if Love ever came to it. But Captain Stolberg, after three days of married life, having his doubts that he would ever be called upon to entertain such a guest, spoke in this wise to his young wife:

THE GRENADIER'S FORGIVENESS.—"SHE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW, BUT SHE DARED NOT SEE THE FRIGHTFUL TRUTH UNTIL THE TUMBRIL NEARED HER, AND THERE, AMONG THE DOOMED—ERECT, UNDAUNTED, DEFIANT—STOOD ADRIEN DE ST. EVREMOND! SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS FACE, AND STARTED BACK WITH A SHRIEK."

"Look you, Clotilde! I have a few questions to ask, and I want the truth for an answer—the *truth*, mind! and I don't care the spark of a flint how bitter it is, I want it."

"You shall have it," said Clotilde, without raising her eyes from the book she was pretending to read.

The Captain of Grenadiers frowned darkly, but he asked his questions with an unchanged voice.

"Will you ever learn to love me?"

His wife's eyes looked straight into his now, as she answered, firmly and coldly:

"Never!"

"Do you love any one else?"

"No one!" she replied, patiently responding to his questions.

"Why did you marry me?"

"Because I had no choice in the matter."

"Fool that I am to ask you all this!" cried the officer, savagely, twirling his gray mustache.

"It is not the first time you have asked it," was the quiet response, "and always with the same result. I am your wife because my parents wished it. I do not love you, but I shall always do my duty. You knew all this when I married you, therefore it cannot surprise you now. You made your bargain with my father, not with me. Pray try to be contented."

"Oh, I'll be contented, never fear!" said the captain, grimly. "Only remember, madame, to keep inviolable the vows made at God's altar, for, by the heaven above us, if——"

"Sir!" cried his wife, rising, and regarding him haughtily.

"Very well, my dear, very well! Be careful, that's all!" And with a harsh little laugh, as musical as a curse, the soldier stalked away.

The following afternoon, when the shadows on the hills were deepening, and the waters of the streamlet wore their tenderest glow, Clotilde and the Baron de St. Evremond were walking slowly down a narrow path among the pines.

The baron, an *attaché* of the French Embassy at Vienna, was one of those favored mortals who really seem to have nothing more to ask from Heaven or Fortune. Young, high-born, handsome and rich, Adrien de St. Evremond, who might have chosen from among the noblest in the land, had made the heart of a simple peasant-girl the goal of all his desires.

A girl whom he had met, for the first time, two years before, when, idling away a Summer holiday among the Netherlands, he had found himself at the old mill upon the Elden.

"Wait for me, beloved!" he had pleaded; "I will return; only promise to wait!"

And Clotilde had promised. But the years which should have come to her rich with hope and love, came laden instead with direst woe, and in the end we find these two face to face—she, crushed with the hopelessness of her sorrow, the weariness of death upon her; he, stern, exacting, cruel in his might.

"You have broken my life—a strong man's life!" he cried, fiercely. "You have robbed it of all joy and peace! You have robbed it of all love and happiness! And what do you give instead? Nothing! Ah, fool that I was, to believe that truth could find a resting-place in any woman's heart!"

"I had no choice," sobbed the girl. "You should have come to me sooner."

"I could not. But now, shall I tell you what I will do? Well, I will return to Paris. Trouble is brewing there, and if the worst comes to me, why your hands will be stained and your conscience burdened, that is all. Adieu, Clotilde!"

"Adrien!" Her arms were around him now, her head lay upon his breast, her eyes looked up into his, radiant with love unutterable. "You shall not go!" she whispered. "Nay, you shall not—shall not go!"

* * * * * * *

That night Clotilde, her little, young form shrouded in a loose black mantle, stood by her chamber window waiting—for what?

For the hour that would strike her shackles from her, and leave her free indeed! So she said. Yet, when that hour sounded, she turned away shivering, assailed by an agony of doubt and fear and wild remorse.

"I dare not!" she murmured. "God help me, I dare not!"

Then she stole back to the window, and throwing it open, tried to peer through the gloom of the dull, cloudy night. Soon she fancied that she heard a movement in the walk below, and, leaning forward, she asked, softly:

"Is it you?"

A closely muffled form detached itself from the deeper darkness, and a man's voice called her softly by name.

"Go away!" she answered, in the same guarded tone. "Go, Adrien! It is useless to wait for me. I shall not do it!"

Then closing the window, she lit a candle and calmly proceeded to remove her mantle and replace the wedding-ring, so lately cast aside.

Was she mad? What had come over her? Was it despair, or simply a strong will that kept her so unmoved? It was Fate!

Daybreak found her as midnight had left her, sitting in the great chair into which she had thrown herself hours before, her face white and strained, her lustreless eyes fixed and dry, her bloodless hands loosely clasped in her lap.

Birds were whistling in the early sunlight when there came a sound of footsteps in the hall below, and then a knock at her door. The voice cleft the atmosphere of dreams that hung about her, and Clotilde started to her feet and into life. Opening the door, she found Anna, her maid, standing there.

"Oh, my good, kind mistress!" cried Anna, bursting into tears and wringing her hands convulsively; "they have just brought in the captain. The gardener found him lying near the hedge—bleeding and dead!"

Chapter II.

Anna was wrong. The Captain of Grenadiers was not dead, but he had been grievously wounded. By whom, he knew not; at least so he averred, and even if his concise statement of the affair was doubted, no one attempted to contradict it.

He called for his wife. She came; and at sight of her, new life seemed to pulsate through his veins; her presence nerved his waning strength, her voice dispelled the fatal languor that was slowly creeping over him.

"Clotilde," he whispered, hoarsely, "I have sent for you because I want you to realize how great is the crime you have committed. These wounds were dealt by the man who attempted to lure you from me. 'Twas I to whom you spoke last night. He met me a moment afterward as he was entering the garden, and then——"

"You killed him!" murmured the wretched woman.

"I swear to you that he escaped unhurt," returned her husband. "Now hearken to me, Clotilde! I know all—everything! When I married you, I was foolish enough to have my dreams—we all have them, why not I as well as any other man? Well, they were soon dispelled. Then I set myself to watching you. I was rewarded at last. I discovered your secret. I learned of St. Evremond's arrival in the village the very day after our wedding, and of your meetings with him. I witnessed them—never near enough, it is true, to overhear what passed; but I would surely have been a thrice-accursed fool not to have understood what must follow. Therefore my vigilance never relaxed. I have waited, and you have been the ruin of me, body and soul. Well, some good angel guarded you a few hours since, for I confess to you, frankly, oh wife of my bosom! that you were then as near death as one so young and beautiful would care to be. Yes, had you entered that garden I——"

"You would have killed me!" cried the girl.

"I would have killed you!" answered the grenadier, sternly. "Now go; I need rest. Go; and if I send for you, come to me."

Toward morning the dreaded summons was borne to Madame Stolberg, and she went to her husband's chamber.

She found the whilom boisterous Captain of Grenadiers quiet enough now; and involuntarily she shrank from the sight of that calm, condemning face.

"Light the candles, Clotilde," he said, briefly.

She lit them.

"How is the night?"

She half lifted a curtain. The moon, which had been struggling through a cloud-bank, was shining now with a steady, brilliant light.

"Come here—close, for I cannot speak as easily as I did last night at this hour. See! I wish to give you something."

He slipped his hand under his pillow, and pulled out a little silken bag. This he untied, and from it fell a long, wavy lock of brown hair, tied with a true-blue ribbon.

"There!" he exclaimed; "it is yours! You gave it to me, after much pleading, two years ago. It has lain on my breast through all this time; but if it should lie there when I am dead, it would be a weight to drag me down to perdition; curse it—and you!" He flung it from him and continued: "Don't be frightened; I can do you no harm! You have sinned, but your punishment will come fast enough. And I have loved you, Clotilde—how much, you will never know! Ah, more than tongue can tell. I would have given my life a hundred times to have heard from your lips the words that I know you spoke to that accursed Frenchman! Well, it was not to be. I have blundered somehow—I know it! However, let me die feeling that the last kindly act of my life will not prove a blunder also. Promise to obey my dying request, Clotilde?"

"I promise," she uttered, faintly.

"Good! Now, I have just written to a friend in Paris, who will see St. Evremond at once. But you must go yourself to my friend, Jean Duplay. It is imperative! Do you hesitate? Well, I swear to you that St. Evremond's life is in danger. You know how matters are now in France. Yet Duplay has influence—he can help you. I, alas, can do no more than send you to him. Will you go?"

"I will go!"

"That is right! Upon my desk you will find a letter. Take it to the address indicated. You must start to-day. I am better—I shall not need you; besides, there is no time to be lost. Return to me, Clotilde—mind, I trust you! Later, when I am dead and you are happy, try to think kindly of the harsh old soldier, who, after all, was not as bad as he might have been—will you not, my child?"

"Oh, forgive me!" she pleaded, sinking upon her knees beside the dying man; "I have wronged you bitterly—forgive me! Ah, how I have misjudged you—how I have misjudged you!"

With a mighty effort the Captain of Grenadiers half raised himself upon the pillows; but the words he would have uttered were staid upon his lips. There was a short, sharp struggle for breath and life—a strong man's last struggle, an ominous rattling, a wild glance upward and around, and then all was over.

Clotilde arose and stood for a moment looking down at the white, stern face. Death could not beautify it. The brows were drawn, the black eyes stared up at her with a horrible anger in their glassy depths, the lips were firmly compressed, and the long, ugly scar lay like a red welt across the hollow cheek; and as she looked, a great dread came over her—a frightful, maddening dread—a soul-sickening sense of impending woe and utter helplessness. Before a lesser horror she might have swooned, or fled with cries of lamentation; before this, she could only shudder and crouch, and wail:

"Ah, it is not true! You have not forgiven me! you have not forgiven me!"

Chapter III.

That poisoned heart of a wretched body, Clotilde, arrived at Paris on the fifth day after Captain Stolberg's funeral. Throughout all her weary journey the girl's courage had never once failed her, and all her fatigue and anxiety could not dim the radiance of her superb young beauty. To the contrary, sorrow lent it a pathos indescribably touching, and the simplicity of her attire enhanced it a thousand fold.

She alighted from the *diligence* at the Barrière de St. Jacques, and from thence proceeded on foot to a street near by, where she found Monsieur Duplay, and delivered to him her letter.

Monsieur Duplay, a man of the people, burly, coarse-voiced and slovenly attired, received her abruptly.

"*Citoyenne*," said he, "your husband and I were old comrades in arms. By your presence here I understand that he is dead. He tells me that your mother was a Frenchwoman. Well, I congratulate you. Now, about this affair. I received a letter from Captain Stolberg, written the morning after he was wounded. In it he apprised me of your coming, and urged me to care for your well-being. I shall do so. Come, we will go at once to the lodging which I have secured for you. It is near here, and the person whom you expect will be there about nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The long night in her strange abode was over, and Clotilde arose from the couch upon which she had thrown herself in her vain endeavor to rest. But there was no rest in those fitful snatches of slumber; for throughout her troubled dreams the grenadier's curse and the fiendish malice of his last look pursued her relentlessly.

Presently the *concierge's* wife brought her a cup of coffee.

"Drink it!" said the woman. She was a great, coarse-looking creature, but she had a motherly manner that went straight to the heart of her lonely little lodger. "Drink it! you need all your strength. So you are expecting some one, eh? Well, watch for him, *petite!* He will soon be here."

And then she abruptly quitted the room.

As the hour for her lover's coming drew nigh, all the old vague disquiet returned to Clotilde. Every sense seemed sharpened, every heart-beat stifling.

A knock at the door caused her to start and cry out; but it was only the *concierge's* wife.

"Go to the window!" she called; "he is coming!"

She rushed to the window. In the street below, all was confusion. Little throngs of people were talking and gesticulating excitedly. Others were staring in one direction—toward the corner of the next street, which led to the *conciergerie*. Soon the rumbling of wheels was heard, accompanied by shouts and cries, which were speedily drowned in the deafening roar of hundreds of voices raised in one soul-inspiring chorus.

And now the cause of all this tumult appeared—the tumbril, filled with condemned, on its way to the place of execution. Surrounding and following it came the infuriated mob. Obscene shouts rent the air. Jeers, curses, ribald jests, all mingled with the song, and lent their appalling cruelty to the ordeal of this terrible hour.

A glimpse of the meaning of her position burst upon the solitary watcher at the window, but she dared not see the frightful truth until the tumbril neared her; and then—

oh, Heaven! there, among the doomed, erect, undaunted, defiant, stood Adrien de St. Evremond!

She caught sight of his face, and started back with a shriek.

"Adrien!"

St. Evremond raised his head quickly, and his eyes fell upon her.

"Adieu!" he cried, his clear, strong voice piercing the deafening clamor. "Clotilde! my life, my love! adieu!"

And then —— Well, God is very merciful.

"*Petite!*"

It was the coarse-featured woman standing beside her who spoke. No answer came; so she stooped and drew the girl's hands from her face, into which she looked long and earnestly.

"And this is the work men can do!" she cried, bitterly, as she lifted the little form in her strong arms and laid it on the bed.

"Did she recognize him?" asked some one at the door.

It was Monsieur Duplay.

"Come and see!" was the brief command.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" murmured the man, as he looked down at the white face upon the pilllow; "the poor little thing is dead!"

"I caught her last sigh as I bore her here," said the woman. "Oh, fool! as if the good God would forget His own! Go now; surely you are content with what you have done!"

"Surely you are mistaken, dear friend!" remonstrated the visitor. "It was her husband who did it—not I."

The Error of Modern Science in Restoration of Extinct Animals.

Modern science is very dictatorial, and its professors often assume that unerring certainty guarantees all their theories, and would have all that men have believed bend to them in unhesitating submission. Yet they can blunder, and how seriously we propose to show.

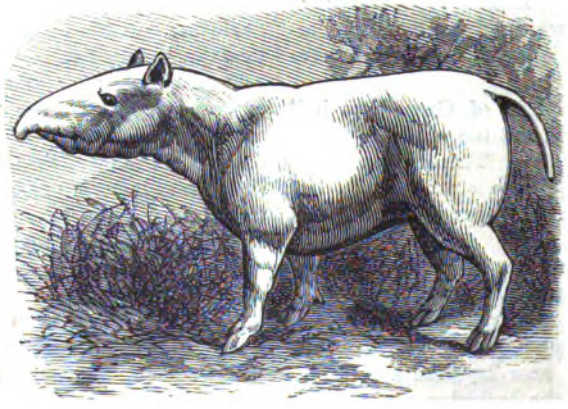
THE ERROR OF MODERN SCIENCE IN RESTORATION OF EXTINCT ANIMALS.—PHOTOGRAPH OF A FOSSIL SKELETON OF THE PALÆOTHERIUM MAGNUM.

One of our illustrations is a reproduction of a photograph taken from the fossil skeleton of the *Palæotherium magnum*, an extinct species of mammalia, from a specimen recently brought to light in the quarries of Vitry-sur Seine, France, and fortunately showing the whole form and character of the living creature.

From parts of skeletons which he studied, Baron Cuvier classed this animal with the rhinoceros and the tapir, and scientists have followed him blindly. All books on the prehistoric world so depict it, and we copy one of these common reproductions of the *palæotherium*.

In Cuvier's restoration the animal is represented as having the exact form of the tapir, the only difference being that the restored animal had *three* toes to *each* foot, instead of *four* toes to the forefeet and three toes to the hind ones, as is observed in the tapir.

Upon referring to our illustration, it will be seen what a ridiculous, though excusable, mistake was made by the great anatomist. Instead of being a heavy, hog-like animal as supposed, the *palæotherium* was a light, graceful and quick-motioned creature, with a giraffe-like neck, somewhat resembling in form the South American llama. As far as the flexible snout is concerned, Cuvier was right; it can be seen from the elongated form of the jawbones that such an organ existed.



THE PALÆOTHERIUM MAGNUM AS ERRONEOUSLY RESTORED.

The dentary system of the *palæotherium* is composed of six incisors, four canini and fourteen molars; the first two being analogous to those of the tapir, and the latter similar to those of the rhinoceros. By nature the *palæotherium* was herbivorous, and doubtless existed in vast herds.

From the position of the fossil recently discovered

entire, it would be inferred that the animal was crushed to death during some convulsion of nature, in the eocene period. Bones have been discovered of some twelve species of the genus *palæotherium*, but none in a perfect state. By the discovery of this remarkable and perfect specimen, the question has been decided as to the true shape and size of this extinct species, and it has become a rare acquisition to the palæontological history of the eocene period.

All the books representing the *palæotherium* as a gigantic tapir must now be remodeled. For some time at least the word *palæotherium* will be a weapon against our scientific friends when they grow too intolerant.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

By Eben E. Rexford.

Chapter I.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street, one Summer night. One of them was a well-preserved gentleman of perhaps fifty-five years, and from his air and dress it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society.

The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something in his face, and a sort of dry atmosphere clinging to him, like that indescribable influence which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

The careless observer would have told you that his life had settled down into such a routine that he had no ambition beyond the careful keeping of his books, that his ideas were confined to bill and invoice and casting up long columns of figures.

But the careful reader of men's faces would have told you that there was a peculiar look of *waiting for something* in his face. He was biding his time.

John Warfield, merchant prince and host, poured out two glasses of wine from the glittering decanter on the table, and motioned John Warne, clerk, and visitor—by express and urgent invitation—to drink with him. And they drank silently.

Then there was a long and painful silence. John Warfield was pale with whatever thoughts were at work in his bosom. Very pale. He was restless, and paced two and fro for many minutes, while John Warne waited paitiently for whatever was to be said.

Suddenly the merchant stopped before the clerk.

"You have sworn, by your hope of heaven, by all you consider binding upon your soul, to never reveal one word of the conversation that takes place between us to-night?"

"Yes," answered Warne; "I have sworn."

"There is no use in beating round the bush," cried Warfield, his hands working nervously, and his face growing paler, as if he were drawing near to something frightful. "I am on the brink of financial ruin, Warne—you know that."

"Yes, I know it," answered Warne.

"There is only one way out of it," said Warfield, ghastly white now.

He was very near the hideous thing that frightened his very thoughts.

"And that way?"

"Is death!" answered the merchant, hoarsely.

"You don't mean to take your own life!" cried the clerk, startled for a moment out of his usual composure.

"Of course not," answered Warfield. "You know that my brother left a large fortune to his only child. She stands between me and

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.—"HE CAME BEHIND HER NOISELESSLY; HE THREW HER CLOAK OVER HER HEAD, AND DREW IT DOWN TIGHTLY OVER HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE COULD CRY OUT."

that fortune to-day. If she were dead, I should come into possession of it immediately. You begin to understand, I think?"

"I think I do," answered the clerk, a trifle pale. "It is her death that you refer to?"

"Exactly, Warne. If she were to die, I am saved. She must be got out of the way. You must do it for me. For years I have kept your secret. No one in the world, save you and I, know who forged those drafts twenty-five years ago. No one but you and I will know how Catherine Oran goes out of the world. I will give you ten thousand dollars when the deed is done. Is it a bargain?"

"It is murder!" cried Warne, pale as death. "I can't do it. Get some one else."

"I can trust no one else," said Warfield, desperately. "Do you want to spend the remainder of your life in a prison cell? You shall, so help me God, if you refuse to help me now! If I go to ruin, you shall go to the punishment I have shielded you from. There is no risk to run. She is at school with my daughter—at a private institution on the seashore, fifty miles out of town. You can go down there—and get her out of the way easily enough, without being detected. I have heard you say, time and again, that you believe in no hereafter. What is there so dreadful in doing this, then? It is merely sending her to her grave sooner than she would otherwise go. She will be better off dead than living."

"She is there with your daughter, you say?"

Warne's voice sounded strange to himself, and far away. His face had lost some of its old apathy.

"Yes; it is a wild, lonely place. You will know her by her resemblance to my daughter. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain!" answered John Warne, hoarsely, rising from his seat. His eyes were full of a strange fire; the time he had waited for for five and twenty years was near at hand at last.

"The wine seems to have got into your head," laughed Warfield, nervously. "Will you have another glass, Warne?"

"No more, thank you," answered the old clerk. "It isn't wine that has got into my head, Warfield—it is something that has been there a long time. It has roused itself to-night. Is there anything more to be said between us?"

"No," answered Warfield. "You understand my wishes; be careful, Warne, and sure!"

"Good-night!" and the clerk bowed himself out.

"Revenge is sweet, they say!" he whispered, in the street. "I shall find if it be so. Oh, John Warfield, I have waited for something—I scarcely know what—for years. I never dreamed of such a grand opportunity as this!"

* * * * * * *

A wild, wet day. The waves screamed in mad glee against the cruel rocks, and the sky was like a pall. The gulls circled in the chill, gray atmosphere, crying harshly and discordantly.

"I wonder if she will come?"

The man who whispered this query to the winds peered out from behind the rock where he was hidden, anxiously.

"She got my message, I know. poor fool! she thinks she is coming to meet her lover, but she will meet—death!"

John Warne shivered. It might have been with cold, it might have been with terror. But he thought of revenge, and his face was hard and pitiless as fate.

She came, presently. He saw her coming down the sandy shore, with the wind blowing her yellow hair all about her face, and an expectant look in her eyes. The sight of her innocent young face, and the thought of what he was there to do, struck him to the heart with a sudden, sharp pain, like a dagger-thrust; but a face as fair as hers came between him and the sight of her, and crushed every vestige of pity out of his heart.

She passed the rock without seeing him. He came behind her noiselessly. He threw her cloak over her head with a sudden movement, and drew it down tightly about her mouth before she could cry out; the folds of it pinioned her arms like cords.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and, with an iron grip upon the folds which prisoned her so securely, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there.

There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty; but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her; it was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore, and dropped it on the wet sands.

He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world for ever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and outcast on the face of the earth for evermore. But he had had his revenge.

Chapter II.

"A telegram, sir."

John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen-leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read:

"We have bad news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately."

He knew whom and where it was from without looking at the signature.

Half an hour later the southward-going train bore him out of the city.

An hour after that, he was standing at the door of the *Pensionnat des Demoiselles*, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill, gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting, with a pale and frightened face—*for what?*

A hurry of footsteps in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white, tear-stained face.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, and burst into tears. "It is so terrible!"

The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could scarcely speak.

"I—I thought it was you!" he cried, hoarsely, at last. "Where is Cecile?"

He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain.

"She is in the parlor," the girl answered, sobbing. "Do you want to see her now?"

He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling round and round, and he was trying to stop it.

"I—I must be a little wild," he said, as if he scarcely knew what he was saying. "Cecile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?"

"Oh, Uncle John!" cried Catherine Oran, with a great sob. "Don't you know? Cecile is dead!"

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing, and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor.

* * * * * *

That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands:

"——— y-five years for revenge. You have ut your secret; you have thought that

no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. You had no mercy for your victim; I have had none for mine. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When you know that I made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you have wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete."

* * * * * * *

To-day John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the world, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here nor hereafter.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

By Henry Barton Baker.

TALENT is seldom transmitted; the sons of clever men are frequently boobies, and a great name does not often repeat itself in history. There are rare instances, however, in which it becomes a heritage to be handed down from generation to generation. It was so in the Sheridan family. Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather of the great wit, the friend and even instructor of Swift, was himself a wit and fine classical scholar; the father, Thomas Sheridan, was lexicographer, elocutionist, and an actor who boldly entered the lists even against Garrick himself; the mother was a writer, whose literary productions were much praised by contemporaries. Brinsley, himself, was one of the most brilliant men of the last century. Married to an exceedingly clever woman, they transmitted something of their talent to their son Tom; and from him it descended with renewed vigor to his daughter Caroline, the Hon. Mrs. Norton; while the late Sheridan Lefanu, a descendant of Brinsley's sister, probably derived his abilities from the same fruitful source.

Born in Dublin in 1751, where his father was an actor and manager of the theatre, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was brought over to England at the age of nine, and placed at Harrow; "where," says Moore, "he was remarkable only as a very idle, careless, but at the same time engaging, boy, who contrived to win the affections and even admiration of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank, genial manners, and by occasional gleams of superior intellect which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character."

Dr. Parr, who was then under-master at Harrow, writing of him thereafter, says, "that as a boy he was by no means vicious. The sources of his infirmities were a scanty and precarious allowance from his father, the want of a regular plan for a profession, and, above all, the act of throwing him upon the town when he ought to have been pursuing his studies at the University."

His literary tastes were early developed, and in conjunction with a schoolfellow named Halked, he wrote a kind of burlesque, entitled "Jupiter," some of the materials of which were afterward put to account in "The Critic." They composed poems and tales, brought out the first number of a miscellany, translated an obscure classic, the Epistles of Aristænetus, and projected much more.

He was only fifteen when his mother died. It was a great loss to a boy of his disposition; her gentle and refined influence might have had a salutary effect upon his erratic propensities. In 1771 he went to Bath with his father, who was professionally engaged there. Young Brinsley was delightfully at home in that gay, pleasant, dissolute resort of fashion, fortune-hunters, hypochondriacs, valetudinarians, gamblers, and scandal-mongers. He wrote verses, some very charming, to the reigning beauties; "threw off," according to the mode of the day, various trifles upon passing events; mixed in the best society; and fell in love with the daughter of Dr. Linley, the composer—the beautiful Elizabeth Linley, the singer, "the fair maid of Bath," then only sixteen years of age. The lovely St. Cecilia, as the Oxford students called her when she went there to sing at the oratorios, was surrounded by admirers, young and old; among the number were Charles, Brinsley's brother; Halked, the latter's former friend; and an elderly gentleman, Mr. Long, to whose addresses an avaricious father forced her to listen.

All was prepared for the wedding, when, her fortitude giving way, she appealed to her suitor, told him she could never give him her affections, and begged him to release her from the engagement. With noble generosity, he not only consented, but took all the blame of the rupture upon himself, paid the father, who threatened an action, a thousand pounds, and settled upon her three thousand more of his own free will.

But this was only one chapter of the romance of which she was the heroine. From the time she was twelve years old a fashionable *roué*, a married man, one Captain Matthews, had been a constant visitor at her home. This villain from the first acted upon a systematic plan to entangle her affections, and, at least partly, succeeded. He found it impossible to conquer her virtue, but he gave her great agony of mind. One time he made her believe he was dying; more than once he threatened to shoot himself; then he vowed he would ruin her reputation; until the poor girl, driven to desperation, actually took poison.

It is now that Sheridan, who has been long her devoted admirer, comes prominently upon the scene. To win the scoundrel's confidence, and gain a positive knowledge of his designs, he has insinuated himself into his friendship. One day, armed with proofs of his villainy, Brinsley hurries to Miss Linley's house, to find her apparently dying; in distracted haste, he rushes off for doctors; an emetic is forced between the teeth of the unconscious girl, and she recovers.

But Matthews, furious at the trick played upon him by his rival, vows he will destroy her character. To remain in Bath after such a resolve, which she knows he will keep too surely, she finds to be impossible. Now, thinks Brinsley, is the time to win my suit. He proposes to take her to France to a convent at St. Quentin, where her sister had staid four years. She consents, and, assisted by this sister, while her father and brother are engaged at a concert, makes her escape. "Sheridan," she says, in her personal narrative, "came with two chairs, and having put me fainting into one, and my trunks into another, I was carried to a carriage that waited in Wolcot Street. Sheridan had engaged the wife of one of his servants to go with me as a maid without my knowledge. You may imagine how pleased I was with his delicate behavior."

A post-chaise waited in the London road, and by nine o'clock the next morning they arrived in the metropolis. They went to Charles Lamb's grandfather's, the tallow-chandler, whom Elia describes as the friend of John Palmer,

AT THE PIANO.

and who was a friend of the Sheridans. Brinsley, with his usual cool impudence, introduced the lady as a great heiress with whom he was eloping, received the old man's congratulations upon his having got over his infatuation for Miss Linley, and so pleased him with the story of his supposed good fortune that he offered the young couple a passage on board one of his ships bound for Dunkirk. The gallant Brinsley had little difficulty in persuading the lady to become his wife—indeed, what other course was open to her after such an escapade? They were married at a sort of French Gretna Green, not far from Calais.

The enraged Linley, to whom his daughter was under articles of apprenticeship until she was twenty-one—at the time of the elopement she was only eighteen—rushed over to Lisle, and, after an angry meeting with Sheridan, it was arranged that she should return to England and fulfill the engagements he had made for her.

Matthews—the lady being now beyond his reach—turned his revenge upon his successful rival, and published some scurrilous paragraphs against him in the *Bath Chronicle*. Sheridan challenged him. They met in Hyde Park. There were a few furious passes on either side, then Sheridan broke in upon his adversary's guard, disarmed him, made him beg his life and sign his recantation of the calumnies he had uttered, at the point of the sword.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

But Matthews had not yet exhausted his malice, and after a while he challenged Sheridan to a second meeting. This time the spot chosen was Kingsdown, near Bath. They were armed with pistols and swords. The pistols being discharged without effect, they drew their swords and rushed upon each other with a ferocity seldom witnessed in such encounters. Both weapons breaking almost at the first onslaught, they grappled with one another, fell, and, rolling upon the ground, hacked at each other with the broken pieces; the seconds, to their shame, standing by quiet spectators. Sheridan was severely wounded, and was in consequence confined to his room for several weeks.

At this time the lady was with her father; but on the 13th of April, 1773, young Brinsley reaped the reward of his devotion and gallantry by being regularly united to the lady of his love. From that time he never permitted her to sing in public. Their honeymoon was spent in a cottage at East Burnham; and to those few weeks of pure and peaceful happiness he ever after looked back with regretful pleasure. Years afterward, he was heard saying to himself, while watching his wife at one of their fashionable *routs*: "Could anything recall the old feelings? Yes; perhaps a return to the little cottage at East Burnham."

Upon their return to town, they went to lodge with Storace, the composer, and Brinsley entered himself as a barrister at the Middle Temple. "If I'd stuck to the law," he said, "I might have done as much as my friend Tom Erskine; but I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep working for our daily leg of mutton, or we should have had nothing for dinner."

Both wrote for the periodicals; but that they were writing for mere bread was an exaggeration, as the lady had the £3,000, Mr. Long's present, which was used, by-and-by, to help furnish a handsome house in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and to set up a fashionable establishment. The host's wit, the hostess's beauty and accomplishments, the romantic notoriety which was attached to both, good dinners and wines of the first quality, attracted some of the best London society, male and female; and Mrs. Sheridan's *soirées* and *routs* were among the great attractions of the season. Whence came the resources for such boundless extravagance is a mystery. Sheridan was penniless, and his wife's small fortune could not have lasted long. Of course they plunged into debt; and those embarrassments which hampered his whole future life may be dated from this early period.

His wit was all his capital, and the first great use he put it to was to compose the comedy of "The Rivals," produced at Covent Garden on January 19th, 1775. It failed on the first night, partly on account of Lee's bad acting in *Sir Lucius*, which was violently hissed, partly on account of its great length, and partly through private malice. But a change in the cast and a judicious use of the

pruning-knife quickly reversed the verdict, and made it, as it deserved, a complete success. It brought the author some £1,200, which, however, must have been a mere drop against his ocean of difficulties. After the lapse of a hundred years, "The Rivals" still remains, next to its author's greater work, the most popular comedy of the last century. The characters were doubtless drawn from his old Bath experience. *Mrs. Malaprop* was the portrait of an original, well known at Bath for "the nice derangement of her epitaphs"; and he must very frequently have met such irascible old gentlemen as *Sir Anthony*, such romance-reading sentimentalists as *Lydia Languish*, such Irish adventurers as *Sir Lucius*, such country squires as *Acres*, such footmen as *Fag*; for the *Captain's* cool impudence he might have sat himself. Indeed, the audience believed they discovered many allusions to his own love-story in the piece. The great blot of the work, according to our present ideas, lies in the forced and pedantic scenes between *Julia* and *Faklland*, now almost expunged in acting. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following: "Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia you may lull your keen regrets to slumbering, while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought and pluck the thorn from compunction." But this was esteemed the proper language of sentiment by the good people of a hundred years ago.

A two-act farce, entitled "St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant," was written by him for Clinch, the second representative of *Sir Lucius*, in recognition of his admirable performance of that character, and was produced at Covent Garden in the May of the same year. It is a work of little merit, and is now forgotten.

But on the 21st of the following November he brought out his celebrated opera of "The Duenna," which Byron preferred to Gay's "Newgate Pastoral," and which in popularity exceeded even that famous work. Lines from its witty, tender and beautiful songs passed almost into proverbs, and such couplets as—

> "Sure such a pair was never seen,
> So fondly formed to meet by nature,"

and—

> 'The boys with all their father's sense,
> The girls with all their mother's beauty,'

are still quoted by many who are ignorant whence they are derived. The exquisite music was arranged by Linley, the father-in-law, and some of the melodies were his own composition; others were borrowed from Rauzzini and Dr. Harrington, and the beautiful Irish air "Molly Asthore" was given to—

> "Had I heart for falsehood framed."

It was performed seventy-five nights to overflowing houses. It is strange that, in an age so barren of dramatic and operatic genius, no enterprising manager should attempt the revival of a piece which even delighted our fathers, and which was interpreted by artists so recent as Braham and Vestris.

Although Thomas Sheridan had been Garrick's rival, and the son had chosen Covent Garden instead of Drury Lane for the production of his successful plays, the great actor, ever generous, was a warm friend of young Brinsley's, introduced him into some of the best society of the day, and, upon his retirement, allowed him to become the purchaser of one-third of his patent, for which he gave £10,000, Linley taking a second share for the same sum, and Ford the remainder at £15,000.

How did he raise the funds for such a purpose? Although, basing his conviction upon certain letters published in his biography of Sheridan, Moore is against the supposition, I am inclined to believe that Garrick credited him with the greater part of the amount, to be paid thereafter by instalments.

"There was, indeed," says that authority, "something mysterious and miraculous about all his acquisitions—whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth. How or when his stock of knowledge was laid in, nobody knew—it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read as the existence of a chameleon has been to those who fancied it never eat. His advances in the heart of his mistress were, as we have seen, equally trackless and inaudible, and his triumph was the first that even his rivals knew of his love. In like manner, his wit took the world by surprise, being perfected in secret till ready for display, and then seeming to break from under the cloud of his indolence in full maturity of splendor. His financial resources had no less of magic about them; and the mode by which he conjured up at this time the money for the first purchase of the theatre remains, as far as I can learn, a mystery to this day."

His first season was inaugurated with a failure—the "Trip to Scarborough, an alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," in which all the wit and talent of the original were excluded with the grossness. It was well hissed, and had to be speedily withdrawn. A mangled and barbarous version of "The Tempest," with songs by Linley, shared the same fate. The prospects of the young manager looked very black indeed, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, he produced "The School for Scandal." The success was immediate and almost unprecedented.

"With but little interest in the plot," says Moore, "with no very profound or ingenious development of character, and with a group of personages not one of whom has any legitimate claims upon either our affection or esteem, it yet, by the admirable skill with which its materials are managed—the happy contrivance of the situations, at once both natural and striking—the fine feeling of the ridiculous that smiles throughout, and the perpetual play of wit which never tires, but seems like running water to be kept fresh by its own flow—by all this general animation and effect, combined with a finish of the details almost faultless, it unites the suffrages at once of the refined and simple, and is not less successful in ministering to the natural enjoyment of the latter, than in satisfying and delighting the most fastidious tastes among the former."

The literary history of the play is very curious. "The first sketch of 'The School for Scandal' that occurs," says the same authority, "was written, I am inclined to think, before 'The Rivals,' or at least very soon after it; and that it was his original intention to satirize some of the gossips of Bath appears from the title, under which I find noted down, as follows, the very first hints, probably, that suggested themselves for the dialogue:

"THE SLANDERERS—*The Pump-Room Scene.*—It opens with Lady Timewell and her creature, who is here called Spatter—the snake of the comedy as it now stands, but there are no Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Charles is called Claremont, and the plot is quite different. It is astonishing the number of names he tried for his hero before he fixed upon the right one; he was called first Claremont, Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant, or Pliable, then Young Harry, then Frank. In a second sketch the characters are Sir Roland Harpur, Captain Harry Plausible, Freeman, Old Teazle, Mrs. Teazle, Maria."

From this comedy it will be perceived that all the scandalmongers were excluded; and that the quarrels of the Teazles, the intrigue of the lady with one of the Plausibles,

and Charles's love affair, constitute the entire plot. The great screen scene was an afterthought. The discovery, according to the following memorandum, was to have been effected in a different manner: "Making love to aunt and niece, meeting wrong in the dark—some one coming—locks up aunt, thinking it to be the niece."

Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," gives some curious specimens of these early draughts. Some of the scenes bear a great resemblance to their present form; but in all cases the improvement is most marked; the wit is more polished, the language more condensed, and the treatment more delicate.

"There is not," says Moore, "a page of these manuscripts that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he selected and arranged and molded his language, so as to form it into the transparent channel of his thoughts which it is at present. His chief objects in correcting were to condense and simplify—to get rid of all unnecessary phrases and epithets, and in short strip away from the thyrsus of his wit every leaf that could render it less light and portable."

One instance among many will show the improving effect of these operations. The following is the original form of the speech of Sir Peter: "People who utter a tale of scandal, knowing it to be forged, deserve the pillory more than for a forged bank-note. He can't pass the lie without putting their names on the back of it. You say no person has a right on you, because you didn't invent it; but you should know that, if the drawer of the bill is out of the way, the injured party has a right to come on any of the indorsers."

Compare with this labored effusion the epigrammatic point of the sentence as it now stands.

"*Mrs. C.* But sure you would not be quite so severe upon those who only report what they hear?

"*Sir P.* Yes, madam; I would have the law merchant for them too, and in all cases of slander currency, wherever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured party should have the right of coming on any of the indorsers."

Even after the two sketches had been incorporated, and the play assumed its present form, great alterations were made, whole scenes were suppressed or transposed, and some of the dialogue entirely rewritten. *Snake* made his confession in a long, heavy scene in the third act, instead of at the end of the piece.

No impression can be more false than that Sheridan was spontaneous, indolent and careless in his productions; everything was written and rewritten, polished and repolished, before it was given to the world. The last scenes of this comedy were, however, written in haste. Moore says there is but one rough draught of them, written upon detached pieces of paper, while of all the preceding acts there are numerous transcripts, scattered through six or seven books, with new interlineations and memoranda to each. On the last leaf was written, "Finished at last, thank God!" "Amen! W. Hopkins." (The Prompter.)

The cast was one of the finest that had ever fallen to the lot of any comedy. "There were more parts performed admirably in 'The School for Scandal,'" says Walpole, "than I almost ever saw in any play."

Such a success could not escape the malevolence of rivals and enemies. A report was raised that the piece was not written by Sheridan at all, but by some consumptive young lady, who had left the MS. at the stage door, and died before she could claim her property! Very like the production of a consumptive young lady! Another gave it to Mrs. Sheridan. In support of the former story, it was pointed out that Sheridan, although offered a large sum for the copyright, would never sell it, and that there is no copy of the play authenticated by the author. The one usually adopted is that which he sent to his sister, for the use of the manager of the Dublin Theatre, who gave her one hundred guineas and a free admission for her family in return. "I have been nineteen years endeavoring to satisfy myself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' and have not succeeded yet," he said once. There was the secret; he was always promising himself to make a last and complete revision before he finally gave it to the world.

Cumberland was in a box with his family on the night of its production; the children laughed heartily at the screen scene.

"What are you laughing at?—there's nothing to laugh at!" he said, pinching them in his vexation. "Keep still, you little dunces!"

"Devilish ungrateful!" exclaimed Sheridan, when this was reported to him. "I sat out his last tragedy, and laughed all through!"

But he revenged himself upon his envious rival the next year, in "The Critic," in which he was gibbeted as *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and in which his style of tragedy-writing was felicitously held up to ridicule. The plan of this piece is by no means original.

Buckingham's "Rehearsal" then firmly kept the stage, and Fielding's "Pasquin" was a work of a very similar kind. The tragedy particularly indicated in "The Critic," is said to be Cumberland's "Battle of Hastings." Like its predecessors, by the same hand, "The Critic" was highly successful.

Two days before the night of the performance, the last scene was not finished. In vain did King, the stage manager, remonstrate, entreat. Sheridan's invariable answer was, that he was just going home to finish it—indeed, it only wanted a few lines. At last Linley ordered a night rehearsal, and that day made Sheridan dine with him. After dinner, he proposed they should stroll to the theatre. When they arrived there, Ford, a partner in the patent, joined them. King came up, and, requesting a few words, led the way into the small green-room, where there were a good fire, a comfortable arm-chair and a table with pens, ink and paper, two bottles of claret, a dish of anchovy toast—and the prompter's unfinished copy of "The Critic." As soon as they entered the room, King popped out and locked the door; then Linley and Ford declared their intention of keeping their companion prisoner until the piece was concluded. Rather enjoying the joke, Sheridan set to, and then and there finished the work.

In the previous year he had purchased Lacy's (Garrick's partner) interest in the Drury Lane patent. Again we may ask, whence came the money? For the affairs of the theatre were in a sad confusion, as we gather from a letter of Hopkins, the prompter, to Garrick, written about this time: "We played last night "Much Ado About Nothing," and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the part of *Benedick*. Soon after, Mr. Parsons sent word that he could not play, and Mr. Moody supplied the part of *Dogberry*; and, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word that he could not play, Mr. Mattocks supplied his part of *Balthazar*. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act, a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of *Borachio*, was not come to the house. I had nobody there that would go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length

we got the play over, without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in "The School for Scandal" to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation."

SHERIDAN AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

What a change since the days of Garrick! Salaries were not paid; unopened letters, frequently of the utmost importance, sometimes containing bank-notes, were allowed to accumulate in heaps, and then burned to save the trouble of reading; and the time that should have been devoted to his affairs was spent by Sheridan in the pleasures and dissipations of fashionable society.

It was at Devonshire House, where he was a frequent guest, that he first met the Prince of Wales, then only in his seventeenth year. From his enthusiastic description,

we can understand how this royal personage won for himself that title of "the first gentleman in Europe," which seemed so inappropriate to those who only remembered the bloated, morose, bewigged *roué* of his latter years: "I have never seen any man concentering in himself so many fascinations as the Prince of Wales. There was a something about him, in his easy address and gayety of manners, that won you to his side and impressed you with the warmest sentiments in his favor. There was no want of dignity, but it was of that pleasing character which is best defined by the single word—gentleman. Full of love, overflowing with animal spirits, he joined in the circle by which he was surrounded, the observed of all, but seemingly in himself unconscious of the homage he eceived." The Duchess introduced Mrs. Sheridan to him, Fox did the same for Sheridan. "We met again several times in the course of the evening; we champagned together; we promenaded together, chatted; and in the hilariousness of youth, and that delicate, open-hearted freedom which cast away the distinction of ranks, he left upon my mind an impression never to be effaced."

EDMUND BURKE.

This was the commencement of a friendship upon both sides which lasted many years, and of the termination of which I shall have more to say presently. No less interesting than the above is Lord Townshend's description of Sheridan's first introduction to Fox:

"I made the first dinner party at which they met; having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of "The Rivals," etc., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them (there were very few present—only Tickell and myself, and one or two more) I shall never forget. Fox told me, breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle, Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both, infinitely; and Sheridan told me, next day, that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and it was a puzzle to say which he admired most—his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

Sheridan soon became one of the Prince's boon companions in those frolics and midnight adventures for which he was as notorious as his predecessor Prince Hal. Meetings were held in an up-stairs room at the old Salutation Inn, still standing, much as it was then, at the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden. An old oak chair, in which the royal scapegrace sat, is said to be still shown. Among others who joined these revels were Surrey, Hare, Fox, Selwyn, and, when he was in England, the Duc d'Orleans. They met, of course, under assumed names; but their secret was known to the landlady, Widow Butler. Hence they frequently sallied forth at night in disguise to seek for adventures in the lowest purlieus of the town.

Sheridan was as fond of a practical joke as Theodore Hook himself. In his home he was the very spirit of gayety, delighting in even boyish tricks, and dramatic disguises. The lively parties with which his country-house was filled were always in momentary expectation of some device for mystification and amusement, and it was not unusual to dispatch a man and horse seven or eight miles for a mask or a piece of crape.

His association with such men as Fox, Burke, Townshend, and most probably their persuasions, excited in him a desire to enter the political arena, and on the dissolution of Parliament in 1780, he stood successfully for Stafford. His marvelous oratory, like the wit of his comedies, was only the product of long and laborious preparation.

After his first speech in the House, he asked Woodfall what he thought of it. The reply was:

"I am sorry to say I do not think it is in your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits."

"It is in me," answered Sheridan, "and by God it shall come out!"

And it did come out some years later, in his charge relative to the Begum Princess of Oude. Burke declared this speech to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there was any record or tradition. Fox said that all he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun. More valuable still is the testimony of his great opponent, Pitt, who declared that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and contained everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Every record of the day is equally enthusiastic in its praise. It lasted five hours and a half, and the House echoed and re-echoed with cheers.

Only the meagre Parliamentary reports of the day remain to us of this masterpiece of eloquence; and Sheridan, although offered £1,000 for the copyright corrected for the press, could never be induced to furnish a copy of it. Probably he feared that much of its brilliant effect, derived from his flashing eye, his animated gestures, his impassioned accents, would be lost in the reading, and wisely determined to let its fame rest upon tradition. Among his papers were found several memoranda of the ornate passages and the imagery, which had been gradually worked up and polished.

At the trial of Hastings, in Westminster Hall, even the speeches of Burke and Fox did not excite the interest and expectancy with which the public looked forward to that of Sheridan. The court was crowded to suffocation; as much as fifty guineas are said to have been offered for a single ticket.

Sheridan, as a politician, ranged himself upon the Liberal side; he was an ardent supporter of the Prince of Wales in the debates upon the Regency Bill, and, indeed, in all that concerned him. Upon the breaking out of the French Revolution, he took the popular side with Fox, and thus created an irreparable breach between himself and his old friend Burke.

In the meantime the affairs of the theatre became every season more hopelessly embarrassed. He had given over the management for a short time to his father, who, however, soon wearied of such a task, and retired. Actors were mutinous from long arrears of salary, and continually striking, as the only means of obtaining any money from him. And yet he had only to appear upon the scene to cajole, to fascinate, and the most contumacious, even without the golden salve, were conquered, and ready to do anything in the world to serve him. Not the sourest creditor, if brought within its influence, could resist this fascination; it would loosen the purse-strings of the most relentless; and however determined a man might be to resist all his appeals for a loan, he seldom or never failed to carry his point.

"Godlike in giving—a devil to pay,"

wrote Tom Moore. And he was generous as he was unjust—would *give* away to a person in distress the money of which another, to whom it was due, was equally in want.

One day a creditor came into his room for a bill, and found him seated before a table, on which two or three hundred pounds in gold and notes were strewed.

"It's no use looking at that, my good fellow," he said; "that is all bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well," replied the tradesman, tearing up his security, "then, now mine is a debt of honor!"

"So it is, and must be paid at once," answered Brinsley, handing him over the money.

Duns, executions, writs, were constantly pursuing him. A creditors' levée was held daily in his house; his library, parlor, butler's room, the very staircase were every morning filled with a motley crowd, anxiously listening for the sound of his footstep. When at last he came, elegantly dressed, all smiles and urbanity, shaking hands with one, nodding to another, he seemed to cast a charm over them; fellows that had been raging like tigers a few moments ago, could scarcely summon the courage to state their errand, while others seemed to actually forget what brought them there. His cool assurance never failed him in any extremity. One night he was stopped by footpads, in company with Challis, the wine merchant.

"My friend can accommodate you," he said to the fellows; "and for myself, I tell you what I can do—I can give you my note of hand!"

While Treasurer of the Navy, he gave a banquet to the Prince at Somerset House. But, fearful of an execution being levied upon them, he had neither furniture nor decorations, most of which had to be borrowed from the Drury Lane property-room for the night, and, for safety, some friendly bailiffs were put in possession, and, dressed in handsome liveries, waited behind his Royal Highness's chair.

In 1792, he sustained a most severe domestic affliction in the death of his beautiful and amiable wife. Every one united in praises of this lady. "She seemed to me the connecting link between woman and angels," said the Bishop of Norwich. To Sheridan she was his best treasure, assisting him in all his pursuits; calculating the receipts of the theatre; reading plays submitted to his judgment; making extracts from State papers for his speeches; entering heart and soul into everything.

"I never," said Michael Kelley, in his Reminiscences, "beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for his beloved wife; and though the world which knew him only as a public man will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition,

They bore her to a grassy grave."

He married again, in 1795, a Miss Ogle, the daughter of the Dean of Winchester. The story of the marriage is an excellent illustration of his powers of fascination. He first met her at a party at Devonshire House. Intemperate habits had, by this time, produced their fatal effect upon a face and form once strikingly handsome, and little remained of his personal attractions save the brilliant eyes. Miss Ogle was a young lady given to express her thoughts with a freedom anything but agreeable to the persons indicated; and as Sheridan's purple cheeks and rather Bardolphian nose passed her, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by him: "Oh, what a fright!" Instead of being mortified or annoyed by the remark, he resolved to exert all his powers to win her love.

At their second meeting, although she still protested he was very ugly, she granted that he was exceedingly agreeable, and in an almost incredibly short time afterward declared she could not live without him. The Dean, opposed to the match, said he would not give his daughter to any man who could not settle £15,000 upon her. Sheridan found the money, and they were united. The match, however, was not a happy one, the lady being in almost every respect the opposite of his late wife, of a lymphatic, indifferent temperament, and very unfit to be the partner of such a man."

On the 4th of June, 1791, Old Drury Lane closed for ever, previous to its demolition. The rebuilding cost £150,000; the money was raised in three hundred deben-

tures of £500 pounds each. But the interest on so large a sum added another and an overwhelming item to Sheridan's embarrassments. The new house was opened for dramatic performances on the 21st of April in the following year.

The season of 1798 was remarkable for the production of Kotzebue's play of "The Stranger," in which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons made so profound an impression. There is little doubt but that the translation was principally the work of Sheridan, although it is not included among his acknowledged plays.

Upon being asked why he did not turn his talents to better account than in the adaptation of such trash, he answered readily with a quotation:

> "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> And those who live to please, must please to live.

"Kotzebue and German sausages are the order of the day." In 1799 he brought out the bombastic tragedy of "Pizarro," which, from the strong political significance of several of its scenes and passages, attained an enormous popularity. He received £2,000 for the copyright. When the curtain rose upon this play the last act was not finished, and was sent down from Sheridan's room bit by bit to be studied by the actors during their waits.

This was his last dramatic work, and, indeed, his last literary production.

"Why does not Sheridan write another play?" was asked of Michael Kelley.

"Oh, he'll never write again—he's afraid to."

"Afraid of whom?"

"*Of the author of 'The School for Scandal,'*" was the reply.

But among his papers were found sketches of several plays, one founded upon "The Vicar of Wakefield"; three acts of a melodrama of the old style, robbers, hermits, persecuted loveliness, and a prince in disguise—evidently a youthful essay cast aside; fragments of a projected opera entitled "The Foresters," an improved version of the preceding, which he long talked of producing. The most important, however, of the unfinished sketches, and one which if carried out might have rivaled his most famous works, was that of a comedy on "Affectation." He does not seem to have advanced as far as even the invention of a plot or the composition of a single scene. In a memorandum-book was found a list of the phases of affectation he intended to satirize: "An affectation of business—of accomplishments—of love of letters, wit and music—of intrigue—of sensibility—of vivacity—of silence and importance—of modesty—of profligacy—of moroseness." There were, besides, the names of three personages—Sir Bubble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit, and a number of detached paragraphs and sallies jotted down as they occurred to him, gems to be polished and appropriately set thereafter.

From these specimens, a number of which is given in Moore's biography, one might predict that in wit "Affectation" would have been worthy of its author. Here is an extract: "A long, lean man, with his legs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him up like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread wide, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun. . . . When his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—set them together, one's a mast, the other's all hulk—were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lacemaker's bolster," etc.

The first great blow to his fortunes, and, indeed, the beginning of the end, was the destruction of Drury Lane by fire on the 24th of February, 1802. There was no performance that night. Sheridan was at the House when the news was brought him. Out of respect for so distinguished a member, a motion for adjournment was made; but he opposed it, saying that "whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped that it would not interfere with the business of the country"; and, with the fortitude of a stoic, he remained at his post. Such is the account given by Kelley, the acting manager, who was present at the fire; and it is far more credible than the popular story which represents Sheridan sitting coolly in a tavern close by, drinking wine, while his property was being consumed, and answering those who expostulated with him with: "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." His loss by this terrible catastrophe was estimated to be £150,000. Yet his own troubles did not absorb his pity for others. He knew the principal actors could easily procure other engagements, but then there were the inferior ones, and the servants of the house. "Elect yourselves into a committee," he said, "but keep in your remembrance even the poor sweepers of the stage, who, with their children, must starve if not protected by your fostering care."

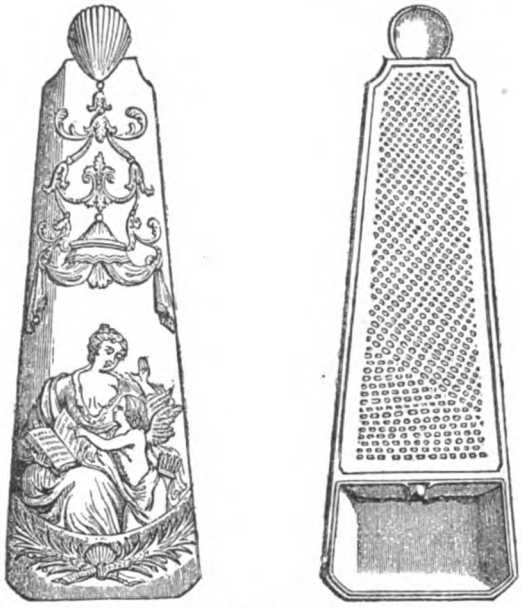
It was arranged that the new theatre should be erected by subscription. But Whitbread, who was at the head of the affair, made an agreement that Sheridan should be bought out with £28,000, *not to be paid until the house was rebuilt*, and that he should have no connection or concern of any kind with the new undertaking. That he had, by gross mismanagement and recklessness, brought this bitter humiliation upon himself, cannot be denied; but Whitbread, who had the not amiable distinction of being the only man who could resist Sheridan's fascination, treated the fallen genius with great harshness; for when he begged of him to advance a portion of the money that was his due, to meet his election expenses at Stafford, he refused, and Sheridan, in consequence, lost his seat.

Not for three years after its opening did he re-enter the new theatre, and then it was to see Kean play *Othello*. Between one of the acts he went behind the scenes, where Lord Essex, who was his companion, found him surrounded by the actors and *employés*, who, down to the lowest sweepers, were delighted to find their old master once more among them; and yet there was probably not one to whom he was not indebted. Such, however, was the strange influence he exercised over all who came in contact with him.

But ruin was advancing upon him with giant strides. His furniture, his jewels, his pictures were seized by his creditors, and finally his person. All his fine friends abandoned him in his misery—more especially that Prince whose bosom friend he had been, whom he had so frequently defended, whose cause he had so frequently pleaded with all the powers of his resistless eloquence. An attempt was made by the *Edinburgh Review* to defend the Regent from the charges brought by Moore against him in his Life of Sheridan, as well as in those scathing verses he wrote upon his death. It has been alleged that the Prince offered to find him a seat in Parliament at his own expense, so as to shield him from imprisonment, but it was to be paid for by the sacrifice of the opinions which Sheridan had always advocated, and the ruined man nobly refused; also that he sent him £4,000, the greater part of which, however, was attached by his creditors. But in the face of these explanations remains the simple fact that the whole of his debts amounted to only £5,000, and that he was suffered to end his days in penury and misery.

Early in 1816 his health failed him, and he gradually sank into a serious illness. Then appeared this paragraph in the *Morning Post*: "Oh, delay not to draw aside the

curtain within which that proud spirit hides its suffering! Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to ministering at the splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse. I say,



OLD-TIME GENTLEMAN'S SNUFF APPARATUS.

life and succor against Westminster Abbey and a funeral!" This appeal aroused some of his old aristocratic friends—who left their names at his door. "Nothing could be more wretched than the home in which he lay dying," says an eye-witness. "There were strange-looking people in the hall; the parlor seemed dismantled; on the table lay a bit of paper thrown carelessly and neglected—it was a prescription." In his dying moments a sheriff's officer arrested him, and would have carried him away in the blankets to a spunging-house, had not the physician threatened to make the fellow responsible should his prisoner die upon the road.

On the 17th of July he breathed his last, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The body was removed from his house in Saville Row to Great George Street, and thence, with great funeral pomp, carried to the Abbey. All honor was paid to the dead, though the living had been neglected. The Duke of York and the Duke of Sussex followed; the pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Holland, the Bishop of London, and Lord Spencer; and there were many other Dukes and Marquises and Earls and Lords to see him laid in his last resting-place.

OLD-TIME GENTLEMAN'S SNUFF APPARATUS.

SNUFF was not at first sold ready for use. Each one prepared it for himself, and an apparatus such as we illustrate was part of a gentleman's outfit, like his watch and seals.

Tobacco was reduced to a rough powder, at this time, by pounding or by grating, and was known as *tabac en poudre*, or *tabac râpé;* the latter term we still retain in the name of one kind of snuff—*rappee*—long after it has ceased to bear its legitimate sense of *grated tobacco.*

The outfit of a snuff-taker was, at this period, a costly thing, and the tobacco-grater, formed of ivory, was richly carved with a variety of scroll ornaments, inclosing fanciful scenes of various kinds. Our cut is copied from a finely sculptured ivory specimen of French manufacture. It represents Cupid instructed by Venus, whose costume indicates the date of its fabrication to have been about 1680. Above the figures ornamental scrollwork supports a canopy.

The form of this implement is semicircular. The flat side discloses the grater of brass fitted into a groove, and having a receptacle at each end for the tobacco-powder, which passes from beneath the grater, through a small aperture, into each. If the snuff-taker wished to fill his box, he rasped a sufficient quantity to fill the large receptacle at the bottom; if he wished for a pinch "fresh and fresh," he shook out a small quantity into the little shell at the top, which was not large enough to admit the fingers for a pinch; it was therefore turned out upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose.

EVENING.

UPON the ocean's pallid strand
I sat and dreamed alone,
While on the waves, like golden sand,
The sun's last beams were strown;
And twilight, in a converse land,
To early day had grown.

Methought I heard an olden tale,
Told in the water's tune,
That breathed of home and that deep vale,
Where, in the month of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale,
Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
The feast of love all day,
Till, with his lamp, the fisher crept
Along the darkling bay;
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
But never said me nay—

All day, till twilight from the hill
In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
We heard the evening bell;
And then the voice which haunts me still,
Whispered, "Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
My memory now is cold;
And only on the surging shore,
Or in the whispering wold,
I feel again the love I bore
In those bright days of old.

NEXT DOOR.

A JUNE evening. An upper room in a city "School for Young Ladies and Children." A damsel with unbound hair, in a white wrapper, gazing, somewhat disconsolately, from an open window.

The clock had struck ten, and, according to the receipt for being healthy, wealthy and wise, as well as the rules of Madame Mickles's establishment, this young person should have been in bed and asleep; instead of which, she was gazing into futurity, and almost wondering for what earthly purpose she had been born. She was seventeen, and pretty—really very pretty, in her way—which every one pronounced "So odd, you know!" The day before had been graduating day, and she, too, had had her white dress and dainty gloves and slippers, and all the *et ceteras* of such occasions; taking, as she rather bitterly thought, the whole of her Christmas present from the wealthy cousin who had generously kept her at Madame Mickles's, that she might be qualified for the post of under-teacher.

NEXT DOOR.—"SHE STOOD GAZING AT THE REFLECTION WITH FLUSHED CHEEKS AND DANCING EYES."

She was such a waif, you see, this girl—with nothing, in fact, but her blood and her beauty, the latter of which she did not believe in. But the Liftwoods were a very old family, as the cousin, who had been a Liftwood herself, was fond of saying. In the next house a large party was in progress, and the star-gazer was enabled to see much of what was going on—windows being raised, and lace draperies waving in the soft June breeze.

A party, indeed! What would *she* have to do with parties? She wondered who would ever ask her to one.

Here she caught a glimpse of a girl's figure in white, and, beside her, a tall, distinguished-looking man, with such a face as sometimes visits one in dreams—a face that might have belonged, she thought, to a hero of the Middle Ages. And the girl at the window envied the girl surrounded by light and love, and wondered if, after all, she were so very much prettier and more attractive than herself.

A sudden idea flashed into her mind—she would *see!* It would be something to do in the way of amusement. And, quick as thought, she had drawn the shades down, lighted the gas and unearthed her graduating dress from the drawer. It was beautifully made, this simple white tarlatan, and fitted her slender figure perfectly. But Miss Liftwood's crowning glory was the shining mass of golden-brown hair which rippled far below her waist.

There was a deep, dark-red rose, rich but bright in hue, just at its perfection of bloom, in a small vase on her dressing-table. She held it up at the left side of her head, fastened it in place with deft fingers; and then Margaret Liftwood repeated to herself the verdict of her mirror—that she was lovely.

She stood gazing at the reflection, with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. Yes, she was even prettier than the girl at the party in the next house. Oh, for a fairy godmother to send *her* to a party!

Here her pulse gave a fresh leap, as thoughts came crowding quickly. Why should she not, since there was no one else to do it, play fairy godmother to herself, and actually go to the party? No one would observe her in the crowd.

Almost before she realized what she was doing, little feet twinkled rapidly down the stairs; a white-robed figure, with flying hair, fluttered like a butterfly across the alley, where a convenient gate afforded entrance to the premises of the party-giving people, and Margaret Liftwood, saying to herself, in mingled terror and delight, "An adventure! an adventure!" suddenly stood at the side-door of a house with the owners of which she had never exchanged a word, and did not even know them by sight. It stood wide open, and there was no one around.

She advanced to the staircase, and stood gazing undecidedly upon the gay scene beyond, when the very girl she had watched from the window, flying up to her with the most beaming of faces, embraced her rapturously.

"I *knew* you would come!"

"Did you?" responded the bewildered intruder.

"Yes, you dear, darling Daisy! I was *sure* of it, and I

told Regy so. You don't know how we have talked you over! You have not seen him yet, I suppose? But who brought you, dear?—or were you wafted on thistle-down?"

"Don't ask me any questions, please," replied our heroine, dreadfully embarrassed.

"I understand! You shall not be plagued, dear. But let me get a good look at you. Why, Daisy, you are lovely! And so like your photograph, only a great deal prettier! To think of its being six years since we met! But here comes Reginald. Perhaps I ought to retire, though it is all in the family, you know. We have got her!" she continued, joyfully, as the gentleman that Margaret had admired from a distance approached with delighted surprise. "She is ours, Regy! Is she not charming? Would you ever have known her, if you hadn't seen the photograph?"

Our *débutante* would have liked to sink through the floor when the newcomer, after regarding her with an admiring look, raised her white-gloved hand to his lips, and said:

"This much, at least, I may be permitted?"

"And if I were not here?" laughed his sister.

"The first dance is mine, of course?" he continued, as Margaret turned away in embarrassment. "But perhaps you will give us a little account of yourself at once?"

"No, no!" was the half-pleading reply—"not now."

"Poor child!" said pretty Clara; for Margaret looked thoroughly frightened. "I shall see you again presently; and remember, Daisy, you do not leave us to-night. Papa, too, will put his veto upon your departure."

"Then there is evidently no mamma," thought our young adventuress.

"Perhaps," whispered her partner, as she remained silent, feeling this to be the safest course, "I have been too precipitate; but we are not strangers, you know, if we have *not* met for many long years. The past, however, is as vivid to me as yesterday, though you may not remember our childhood's squabbles."

She certainly did not.

"Daisy! How I love that name! It just suits you, too!"

After her first feeling of half-terrified embarrassment, this daring Margaret resolved to give herself up to the enjoyment of the thing, and find out, if possible, who "Daisy" was, and who her new friends were.

To her great delight, some one addressed her partner as "Mr. Glade"—a title which she speedily bestowed upon him in her turn; but the answer was accompanied by a most reproachful look.

"Am I 'Mr. Glade' to *you*, Daisy? I could not think of calling you Miss Charters."

"You could not, indeed," thought Margaret, with an inward laugh, "if you knew!" But she said aloud: "We are certainly strangers, to all intents and purposes; and we may be better friends hereafter by not being too familiar."

"Daisy," replied her companion, lowering his voice, "you were always a prim little thing as a child, but I hoped you had outgrown that. You used to love me then, I think, and I, big-boy like, rather scorned your affection; but now I foresee that I shall be the one to do the loving, while you are indifference itself."

"That is only fair play," responded the girl, mischievously, with dancing eyes. "But please do not spoil the evening with such nonsense. This is my first party, and I want to enjoy it."

"Which you are quite likely to do," was the somewhat jealous reply, as fresh partners crowded up for an introduction; "but promise me, Daisy, that you will decide on nothing until you have given me a fair hearing."

"I promise," said Margaret, hastily; and in another moment she was skimming the ground in the "Boston" with a West Point graduate.

It was a glimpse of fairyland to Margaret Liftwood—these beautifully dressed, smiling women and elegant men, the lights and flowers and music, and, above all, perhaps, the undisguised interest and admiration that followed her; for it had been speedily whispered about that the young lady was a distant connection of the Glades', wealthy and eccentric, and, as people could see for themselves, marvelously pretty. Yes, marvelously pretty; and Margaret Liftwood, who one hour ago was standing neglected and alone in that upper window, now found herself a bright particular star.

"Come here, Daisy," said Clara, drawing her aside; "follow me, dear, and I'll show you your room."

Up the velvet-covered stairs went the two girls, until they came upon the prettiest blue-satin room, with a low, delicious-looking bed, lounge and easy-chairs, and such pictures and brackets!

If it only were "her very own!" as Clara said, repeating warmly:

"Yes, Daisy, your very own. I wanted to show it to you, that you might feel free to slip up here whenever you liked. You may get tired before the party is over—though that would never do, as you are its brightest ornament."

"But you see," began Margaret, wistfully, as she gazed with longing eyes at all these pretty belongings, "you are altogether deceived in me! I feel quite like an impostor!"

"I will not hear another word of that kind!" exclaimed Clara, stopping her ears. "You must have that out with Reginald; but come, dear, let us return to the festivities below. Here, Regy!" as they encountered that young gentleman in the hall, "I give this perverse Daisy into *your* hands! See what you can make of her!"

Margaret was led, rather against her will, into the conservatory.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Glade, in a fatherly, reassuring manner; "I want to tell you that I know all about it. Your——"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, in a paroxysm of shame; "what *must* you think of me? I will go at once!"

"Indeed you will not!" replied her companion, with detaining arms; "Daisy! my own little cousin! Will you never forgive me? I claim you as my promised wife—now and always!"

With a frightened shriek, Margaret tore herself from his grasp, and before Reginald could recover from his astonishment, she fled through the side-door and back to her own premises.

Fortunately, she encountered no one in her journey upstairs; the other inmates were all disposed of for the night. With a tumultuous beating heart she locked herself into her own room, and wondered, in a dazed way, if she could possibly be the same Margaret Liftwood who had gazed from the windows two hours ago.

The next day Mrs. Callister's equipage stopped at Madame Mickles's door, and its stately occupant asked for Miss Liftwood.

The young lady shook all over. Her cousin had heard then of her "evening out," and had come to upbraid her.

But Mrs. Callister did not appear in the *rôle* of Nemesis. She had just moved to her country-seat for the Summer—felt a little lonely, and did not expect any fashionable visitors yet—so concluded to give her little cousin the benefit of a fortnight's sojourn at Beechwood.

Margaret was most pleasantly pervaded by the consciousness of good looks and becoming attire, one afternoon about a week after her arrival, as, dressed in a white dotted muslin, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, she

walked through a by-path at Beechwood, reading, until, raising her eyes suddenly, she found herself face to face with Reginald Glade.

Both were utterly confounded, and for a moment each stared blankly at the other. But the gentleman's surprise quickly changed to delight, while Margaret hung her head in shame.

"I am so glad that I have found you again!" said Mr. Glade; "a thing that I almost despaired of doing. How *could* you slip away from us in that Cinderella style, without even leaving a slipper behind? At least, tell me now who you are, since I know you are not Daisy?"

"I am an impostor!" replied Margaret, gravely; "one who had no right whatever in your house that evening, but I really had no intention to deceive you. I am to be a teacher at the school next door to you; and they all had gone away that night, and I watched the lights and the dancers from my window, and felt so lonely that I foolishly resolved to go in. I hoped to pass unnoticed, but you mistook me for another; and I cannot tell you how mortified I am at the very remembrance of it. Pray forgive me, if you can!"

"I think you have far more to forgive than I," was the laughing rejoinder, that brought a fresh surge of color over Margaret's face. "My rudeness must have seemed unpardonable; but I really thought you were my distant cousin, Daisy Charters, whose photograph is far more like you than like her, poor girl! We lived in the same country town then, but I have had two or three different homes since; and Daisy was left to the guardianship of a dragon of an aunt, who seems to have frightened her nearly out of her life. My interest was kept alive principally by the opposition of Daisy's aunt, who appeared to entertain the most violent dislike to us all, and forbade any intercourse.

"Lately, Daisy wrote that her aunt had brought her to the city for a short visit, and they were staying at the L—— House; inclosed her photograph, which had just been taken. Clara answered at once, telling Daisy of her party, and urging her to come. Daisy replied, "perhaps"—she would see when the time came.

"Do you wonder now that when you appeared at the foot of the staircase, almost the counterpart of the photograph, we should have made a precipitate attack upon you, and claimed you as our own property?

"Clara was not to be pacified when she saw the real Daisy—for we went in quest of her the very next day after her sudden disappearance and exit (which happened to be yours)—and she proved so uninteresting; and we did not in the least regret her aunt's sudden departure with her in a day or two after.

"Clara and I have tried in vain to solve the puzzle of the mysterious young lady who wasn't Daisy; and it really seemed as if something had happened to us right out of a book. I had nearly vowed a vow that I would not leave the city this Summer until I found her. And now that my desire is so unexpectedly granted, please receive the thanks of my sister and myself for honoring our entertainment with your presence, and tell us when we may have the pleasure of calling upon you."

"I am staying at present with my cousin, Mrs. Callister; but I shall be very glad to see you and Miss Glade on my return to Madame Mickles's."

"Is Mrs. Callister your cousin? I am very glad to hear it, for we are old acquaintances, and Mr. Callister has just brought me home to dine with them. How strangely things will turn out!"

How could all this be told to Cousin Sylvia? How could she account for her acquaintance with Mr. Glade?

He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"It was a schoolgirl frolic, you know. I think Mrs. Callister will be lenient when she learns all."

She was wonderfully lenient; for Reginald Glade was a great favorite and an excellent match, and she began to look upon Margaret with eyes suddenly opened to her merits. The latter was urged to spend her entire vacation at Beechwood; and Clara Glade was speedily invited there to meet "the mock Daisy," as she was laughingly called.

Things advanced very rapidly after this; and Margaret did not return to Madame Mickles's at all.

She spent the entire Summer and the succeeding Winter with her cousin, Mrs. Callister, and went to numerous parties in a perfectly orthodox way; but no enjoyment had the subtle flavor of that evening when she played Cinderella, and was her own fairy-godmother.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTHBY.

Most of our readers are familiar with this poem of Crabbe's, in which the over-true tale of lovers parting to meet no more is so beautifully told.

Allen Boothby, the son, in love with Judith, finds both families averse to their union, and being without means to marry at once, accepts the invitation of a rich relative in the West Indies.

"Young Allen, an enamored boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it—by the sea—
Through labor, danger, pain or slavery.
The faithful Judith his design approved,
For both were sanguine, they were young and loved."

Our illustration shows the parting.

"'Adieu!—farewell!—remember!' and what more
Affection taught, was uttered from the shore.
But Judith left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart.
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still the dashing oar to trace,
Till all were silent! for the youth she prayed,
And softly then returned the weeping maid.
They parted thus.

"But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man, with withered limbs and lame."

He inquires for family, kindred—all are gone. And Judith?

"In her grief she married, and was made
Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obeyed,
And early buried."

OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.

"Tiger! tiger! tiger! He has killed my cow! he has killed my cow! He has half-eaten my cow!"

Such were the exclamations that greeted us as we sat enjoying a cup of tea outside our tents, in the early morning, at our hunting-camp near Mungaum, in Rajpootana. They proceeded from a native, who was running toward us at full speed; and when he halted, panting, before us, such still continued the burden of his wailing, he apparently considering it sufficient to induce us to start off at once to the rescue of the yet undemolished remains of the unfortunate cow—for it was some little time before we could obtain from him any coherent account of what had taken place.

We were a little party of three, officers of the garrison at Jehangeerpore, and had obtained a month's leave of absence, which we intended to devote to the destruction of as many tigers, bears and other game as we could possibly manage to annihilate.

My companions, Mackenzie and Norman, were old *shikars*, but I was a *Griffin*, about to acquire my first experience as a hunter of big game.

A few questions elicited the fact that the man had not himself seen the tiger, but only the mangled body of the defunct cow. It had, he said, strayed in the night, and, following its track, he had come upon it dead and partly eaten, and hastened at once to apprise the hunters of the circumstance.

"Rugonauth, or some of the puggees, will be sure to come across it, or, at any rate, find traces of the tiger," said Mackenzie.

"Yes," replied Norman; "there has been a tiger hovering about this jungle for some time past; and, though he has not visited it for the last three or four days, they will scarcely leave it unexamined. But suppose we go and have a look at the cow."

"Don't you think it might disturb the brute? He is sure to be lying somewhere near, and might sneak off," observed the cautious Scotchman.

"Scarcely. He is, very likely, gorged; and besides, this fellow says the cow is half a field away from the jungle."

"All right. Come along, then. But we had better take our rifles, in case of accident. Never mind your trowsers, Hawkes; we are not going to look for the tiger now. I shall go as I am."

And Mackenzie led the way, in drawers and slippers. After leaving orders for the instant preparation of breakfast, and sending a summons to the village for the collection of the beaters, we started off in our light and easy morning-costume to inspect the scene of the kill.

This proved to be not more than a quarter of a mile from the camp. Conducted by the unlucky owner of the cow, we soon reached it, and found the animal as described.

It had been struck down almost without a struggle, as the ground, on examination, proved. After sucking the blood, the slayer had commenced his feeding operations on the body, as is usually the case, from the hinder part, a considerable portion of which had been disposed of.

The carcass lay about a hundred yards from the outskirts of the jungle; and, as we were casting about for the returning track of the tiger, old Rugonauth himself, the head shikarry, was seen approaching with another man.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, *sotto voce*, as he joined us; "it's all right, Sahibs. The tiger is in the jungle. See, here is his *pug* (track) right for it. We came on his track on the other side, and Manajee went one way while I came this. If you will go and eat your breakfasts, I will look along the rest of this side, and make certain he has not left. He is a very large tiger, Sahibs—look at the *pug*. It will be a great *shikar* (hunt)."

Thus advised, we returned to camp, accompanied by the lamenting villager whose cow had furnished the tiger's ample meal.

By the time breakfast was finished, Rugonauth and Manajee had returned, reporting that no tracks led from the jungle, consequently that the beast was safely ringed. The beaters were rapidly assembling, and before long all were prepared for the beat.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTHBY.— SEE PAGE 675.

The cover, which was in the bed of the river, was divided into three distinct parts by open spaces of considerable extent. A large pool of water, with its bank free from brushwood, but garnished with a few trees, occupied the flank of one of these.

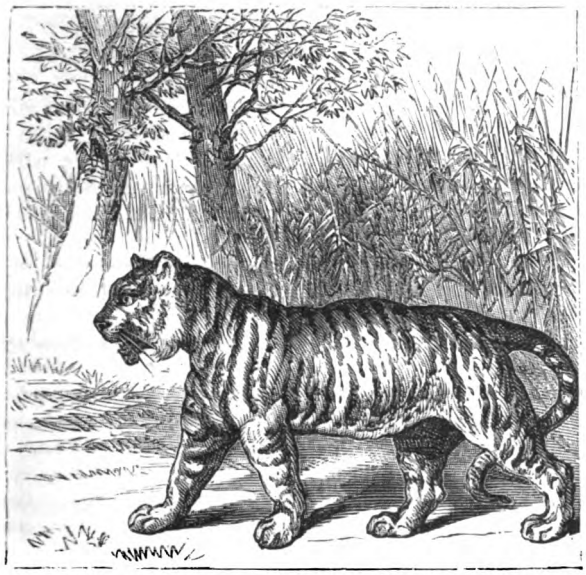
It was deemed best to beat the section thus divided from the rest of the jungle first, the hunters being stationed in occupancy of the open space; for the tiger was believed to be sleeping off the effects of his hearty meal in the section alluded to, which was that nearest to the dead cow.

The beaters were accordingly assembled at the end nearest to the village, and not beyond two or three hundred yards from the camp, and we went on to the place indicated.

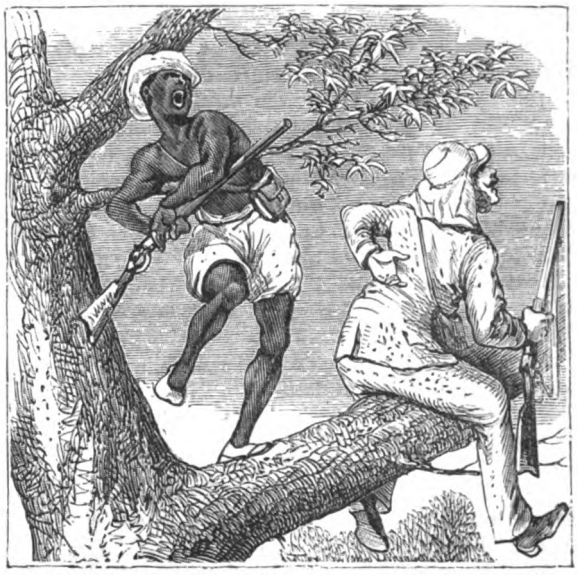
It was decided that Mackenzie should take the near side, Norman the other, while I should occupy a central position. By this arrangement the tiger would have to pass within twenty or thirty yards of one of us—most probably much nearer—and, it was hoped, in fair shot of all. The whole width of the river's bed did not there exceed one hundred yards.

Unfortunately, the situation of the trees did not permit of all three being in a line, but in *échelon*, Norman the most advanced, and Mackenzie the most retired—the latter indeed, stationed within the second section of the cover.

Each of us, with a spare gun-bearer, climbed into a tree, and made himself as comfortable as he could—not, though, without some swearing on the part of Mackenzie, whose



OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.—"FOR A FEW SECONDS NORMAN SAW NOTHING; BUT PRESENTLY THE TIGER CAME INTO VIEW, WALKING SLOWLY ALONG."— SEE PAGE 675.



OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.— NORMAN AND HIS ATTENDANT ENDEAVORING TO OVERCOME THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ANTS.

heavy person was not so easily accommodated as those of his lighter and more active comrades.

Norman's perch was on a stunted tree—little more than a stump, indeed—which, being on the top of the sloping bank, gave him sufficient command, and enabled him to overlook several bushes which were scattered about, though it was not high enough to have served as a protection from a tiger's spring in event of his making so determined an assault on the position. Mac and I were at a sufficient elevation to insure safety in any case.

In a short while the yelling chorus of the beaters announced that they had commenced operations, and the fizzing and spluttering of some flower-pots and bamboo rockets, which heralded their advance, proclaimed that such light skirmishers were deemed desirable to clear the way; and they were, doubtless, right, for it was naturally more than usually repugnant to the tiger's feelings to have his repose disturbed when the satisfactory nature of his midnight or morning meal rendered him unwilling to be discourteously intruded on.

Not a sign had he yet given of his presence, and, as the beaters approached the end of the patch, we were beginning to think he must be lying elsewhere. Norman had just come to this conclusion, when he saw a majestic tiger walk calmly out of the jungle, and stand gazing straight before him, evidently not quite decided about making a rush over the open space in front.

Norman brought up his rifle and covered him, but waited for a nearer shot, if possible. His patience was rewarded. The beast advanced another twenty yards, at a walk, directly toward Norman, and again stopped, anxiously trying to make out if any enemy waited near the dreaded ground in front, in traversing which he must be fully exposed.

He was distant not more than thirty yards, and the next step would take him from the shelter of the last of the scattered bushes which dotted the extremity of the jungle. The trigger was touched, and the rifle-crack was the first intimation the beaters had of the proximity of the game. This was instantaneously followed by a succession of roars,

"I SAW THE BEAST ADVANCING, LET HIM COME CLOSE, AND ROLLED HIM OVER WITH A SHOT."

"HE SPRANG INTO THE AIR, STOOD FOR A MOMENT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AND THEN COMMENCED DANCING ROUND AND ROUND."

which sent them flying out of the jungle, and into all the available trees near.

The tiger answered to the bullet-blow by reeling; but, immediately recovering himself, dashed away, tail on end, up the bank, and close by the position occupied by Norman. But the disadvantage of firing from trees is that, from being in a fixed position, it is difficult to adapt one's movements so as to aim, except in certain directions. Norman had not anticipated the beast passing behind him, and was unable, therefore, so to screw himself round as to bring his rifle to bear. The beast rushed by, and, receiving without apparent harm a bullet each from Mackenzie and myself, effected his object—gained the second jungle, and disappeared within its tangled cover.

Rugonauth and Manajee soon came up, and, after a hurried consultation, it was decided to make as fast as possible to the furthest end of the jungle, in hopes of anticipating the tiger's exit, should he break at once after skulking through it.

So, under Manajee's guidance, they set off at a double, passing by the open ground and a few cleared fields which skirted the cover. To Manajee was intrusted this duty, as his local knowledge enabled him to judge of the probable points at which the tiger might be expected to show or break away. Rugonauth remained in command of the beaters.

After a sharp trot, the shikarry pointed to two trees, intimating that two Sahibs should occupy them; and that the position in which he proposed to place the third was at the very extremity of the jungle.

Without wasting words, Norman and myself remained to take possession of these two points, and Mackenzie continued on to reach the other. Norman was soon engaged in climbing into a large tree on the slope of the river-bank, and just within the jungle; and unfortunate would it have been for him if the tiger at that moment had made his appearance along the path that passed under it.

In addition to this track, he commanded from his position a break in the thick cover which filled the river-bed. I was stationed in a smaller tree, just outside the cover, and held guard over a path which there gave egress from it.

The beaters soon began, almost, indeed, before Mackenzie could reach his station, for Rugonauth lost no time in getting them into line at the place just vacated by the hunters.

Norman had only time to fix himself well, and adapt his position so as to cover the most likely places at which a tiger would be visible to him, when a suppressed "chuck" of the tongue against the teeth of his gun-bearer called for his attention. The man had climbed a good deal higher than himself, and, consequently, had a greater command. He was pointing, with suppressed excitement, in the direction of the path's course.

For a few seconds Norman saw nothing; but presently the tiger came into view, walking slowly along. He let him come on, reserving his fire till he should reach a spot which would give him a clear, uninterrupted view, and allow him to aim in a convenient position. But, just before he reached it, the beast turned abruptly to the right, and moved directly toward me and the outside of the cover. Norman could have fired, but he thought my shot more certain, as, from its course, the tiger would, in all probability, pass underneath my station.

I saw the beast advancing, let him come close, and rolled him over with a shot. With a low growl, instead of a roar, this time, however, he recovered himself, and slipped back into the denser part of the cover.

"Did you hit him?" asked Norman, who, though so near, was invisible.

"Yes; he came right under my tree. He seems awfully done. Can you make anything of his whereabout?"

"No; I can't get sight of—but—oh! confound it! Ah! Hoo! Chugh!—help here, you gun-fellow!"

"Why, what are you up to, Norman?" I demanded anxiously. "Is the tiger trying to get at you?"

"No, no! Botheration! Oh, lord! how they nip! I have been sitting in a red-ants' nest, or on their public highway, or some other favorite resort! Oh, the vindictive little wretches!—they are all over me!"

From sundry slappings and flappings, I rightly conjectured that Norman and his attendant were endeavoring to overcome the onslaught of the ants. But as they were brushed off in one part, they seemed to swarm to the attack in another.

In the very midst of his exertions to shake off his tormentors, Norman's eye fell on the break in the jungle he had before remarked in the bottom of the river-bed, and there, starting toward the tree as if endeavoring to make out his concealed enemy, and the cause of the disturbance, was the tiger, looking very sick.

Norman could just make out the head and shoulders in the deep shade, and, notwithstanding the irritation caused by his pertinacious assailants, steadied himself for a shot, and the tiger responded to it by disappearing in the bushes.

Meanwhile, some of the men had come round with the fireworks, a few of which were lighted and pitched into the jungle; but it was not deemed advisable to let the men enter. They stood near the outskirts, however, and shouted; but none discovered the whereabout of the tiger.

After a considerable time had been ineffectually consumed in endeavoring to ascertain this, and old Rugonauth had satisfied himself that the beast had not gone toward Mackenzie's end of the jungle, that gentleman was sent for, and, with Manajee, shortly after made his appearance.

After a brief discussion, we determined to advance on the spot where Norman had last seen and fired at the animal.

This we did, shoulder to shoulder, with rifles on full cock, and men with the spare guns behind us. There was much blood about, and some rejected masses of his partly digested supper, but no tiger.

"He will have gone to the nearest water," whispered Rugonauth. "Look! here is his track along this path!"

"Where is the water?" quickly interrogated Mackenzie.

Rugonauth looked to Manajee, and the latter, pointing along the path, said:

"The track leads to it. The water is about fifty paces off."

"He is evidently very bad," Norman observed. "I suppose we had better follow. Is the jungle more open about the water, Manajee?"

"Yes, Sahib; it is clearer there."

"Then come along," Mackenzie said. "There is only room for two of us to squeeze along abreast. Norman and I will do so; and you, Hawkes, keep close behind us with Rugonauth, and join our front whenever you find room. We must all keep a sharp lookout. He may be lying anywhere, to right or left, and be down on us like a shot."

The advance was silently, slowly and cautiously conducted. Rugonauth peered between the two leaders, with the object of giving immediate notice if the animal's pal entered the jungle on either flank, while all the others remained on the alert to catch the slightest glimpse or the smallest sound.

"He's lame, Sahib," whispered Rugonauth, after a few yards. "His right leg is going lame."

After a little the open passage through the jungle sem-

what widened, it being one evidently used by animals to conduct them to the drinking-place, and also for the purpose of enabling them to avoid the intricacies of the cover when moving from one place to another. Large boulders of rock here and there rose above the low brushwood, and the path, in many places, wound among and around them.

Two or three men, who were following in the wake for that purpose, climbed into trees which we passed, to obtain a lookout over the jungle in the front and flanks of the still advancing party, and give warning of any movement they might observe.

As each boulder was reached, too, before being rounded, the leaders, with fingers on triggers, carefully examined the other side to see that no enemy lay there in ambush.

Presently glimpses of the water were obtained through the bushes, and I managed to take my place in the front rank, though with some difficulty, the branches of the jungle having frequently to be thrust aside to enable me to remain there.

Moving thus compactly in line, we reached the more open space about the pool, and almost simultaneously detected the tiger lying at its very edge, with its head and paws in the water.

Mackenzie, who, from his position on the right, had the clearest view, perhaps, was the first by a second to catch sight of the game, and quickly ejaculated :

"Look out! there he is! Dead, though, I believe. I'll fire to make sure."

This he did while Norman and I brought up our rifles, and stood prepared.

With a tremendous howl, the tiger sprang up and charged right at us, tail on end, and roaring with full tiger power.

For a moment I am afraid I felt very much like the Frenchman who summed up his experience of tiger-hunting as follows : "Ven ze Frenchman hunt ze tigare, zen eet ees *le grande sport—tres bien—magnifique!*—but ven ze tigare hunt ze Frenchman, zen eet ees vat you call von grand hoombug"; but this nervous sensation passed off in a twinkling.

Perfectly steady, we waited until he was only distant about fifteen or twenty paces, then fired simultaneously, and sent three bullets crashing into his body. He sprang into the air, stood for a moment on his hind legs, and then commenced dancing round and round. A second time we fired, and he rolled over ; then, quickly seizing our second guns, we delivered another volley, and the "spotted one," as the natives called him, dropped, dead as a stone.

"That's a settler," said Mac, as we instinctively reloaded before going up to the dead foe.

"Yes ; rather a neat job altogether," replied Norman a moment later, as we stood over the body of the striped beauty, which proved to be a magnificent male tiger, the largest, Rugonauth said, he had ever seen.

A triumphant death-yell from the Shikarry soon brought the beaters together, the tiger was speedily borne into camp amid the rejoicings of the natives, and, with a jolly evening over a bowl of brandy-punch, I ended my first day's tiger-shooting.

THE MANGO.

To MANY of our readers, no doubt, the word mango will be familiar, bringing to mind that well-known and spicy relish in the form of a pickle bearing the same name, or perhaps that of "mango-pickle," so much esteemed in many parts of our country, and particularly in the Eastern States, and consisting of the unripe rind of a musk-melon filled with all sorts of smaller fruits—scraped horse-radish, mustard-seed, etc., etc.—in bounteous confusion, and which, after serving its due period in sharp vinegar, forms one of the most choice delicacies of its kind.

In what manner, however, and for what reason, it became possessed of the name "mango," is difficult to tell, for it certainly bears no resemblance, either in looks or taste, to the fruit *correctly* so called.

These may now be seen in plenty on the stands of many of our fancy fruit-stores, looking deliciously tempting, with their beautiful orange-colored or variegated covering, often filling the air with their fragrant, pineapple-like aroma ; and by these promising qualities often deluding the expectant novice with the idea of an equally luscious flavor ; but, alas ! before the first extravagant mouthful has fairly left the fruit, the disappointed sense revolts, the teeth are quickly withdrawn from the yellow, oozing pulp, and the hitherto evident enthusiasm is invariably followed by still more evident disgust, and the offending object is allowed to fall to the ground with surprising ease.

One seldom gets further than this with the first mango ; it is generally cast away or consigned to the gutter with merely the jagged imprints of the teeth through its orange-colored skin. The second fares little better, and it is not until a fifth or a sixth has been likewise attempted that the taste begins to be pleasant ; for, like many of our foreign fruits—the olive, for example—the taste is decidedly an acquired one. Who ever was seen to finish the first olive without a grimace, or even with an appearance of relish ? Such instances are extremely rare ; and even *more* so with the mango, excepting in the countries where they grow.

The fruits, which we so commonly see in our markets, are mostly brought from Brazil, the Mauritius, etc., although they grow abundantly in many other countries, and particularly in India.

There are several varieties of the mango, the finest of which are esteemed the most delicious of Indian fruits, and form an important article of diet in many localities. The different kinds vary considerably from each other, not only in their flavor, but also in the size and shape of the fruit.

Most of them have more or less of a turpentine flavor ; the choicest varieties are most free from it, while the inferior kinds are said to be little better in texture and flavor than a mixture of tow and turpentine, and scarcely less digestible.

The unripe fruits are extensively employed in India and South America as conserves, tarts and pickles, in which latter state they may occasionally be found in our city. The ripe fruits, too, are much relished, and generally considered wholesome and nutritious ; but if eaten too largely by newcomers, not accustomed to them, they are apt to produce boils and other troublesome disorders of the skin.

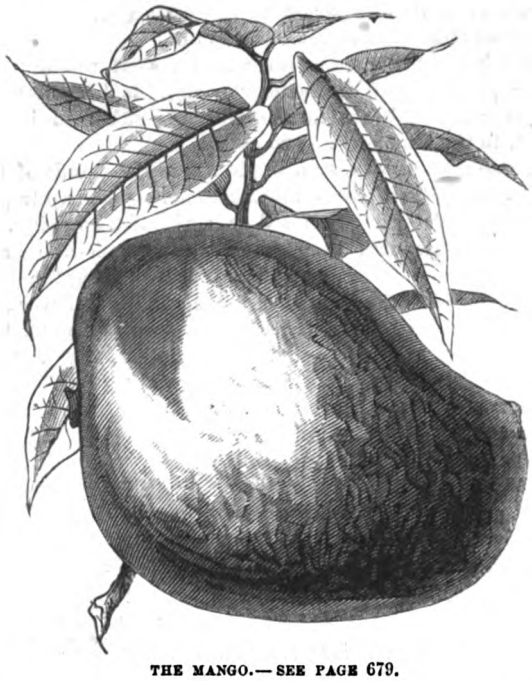
When cut with a knife, a blue stain is produced on the blade. This is caused by the presence of gallic acid in the pulp, which likewise contains gum and citric acid.

One peculiarity of the mango is the singular seed or pit embedded in its centre. This pit occupies about one third of the whole size of the fruit, and is covered with a queer, long, white growth of hair, which, when carefully washed and scraped, is put to a variety of odd uses by ingenious individuals.

The head of an old, white-haired man can be most comically represented, and the polar bear has often thus been amusingly caricatured.

These seeds are boiled and eaten in times of scarcity by the natives. They are also said to possess valuable medicinal qualities.

The mango of our markets is produced from the variety known in botany under the name of *Mangifera Indica*. Its



THE MANGO.—SEE PAGE 679.

wood is soft and porous, and, when mature, is of a rich brown color. It is used, together with sandal-wood, by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead. The bark is employed medicinally, having a powerful effect on the mucous membranes, and is also put to excellent use in the treatment of fevers. A resinous gum, which exudes from the bark when wounded, and the leaves also, are of considerable value as drugs. The natives make strange use of the leaf-stalks of the mango tree. They are employed by them as tooth-brushes, and are said to harden the gums.

There is a certain variety of this fruit—*Mangifera gabonensis*—from which a much-esteemed edible cake is prepared, and which is much used as an article of food by the natives of Sierra Leone. It resembles chocolate in appearance, and is largely composed of rich, fatty material.

There is no reason why the mango could not be reared in our hothouses, or even home conservatories. It has been done repeatedly in England, even to the extent of ripening its fruit. Its flowers are not very striking in appearance, but the foliage of the plant is very rich and beautiful.

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is one of the few animals that are guarded with spikes. These spikes are fixed into the skin in a very beautiful and simple manner. When the hedgehog is annoyed it rolls itself up, and the tightness of its skin causes all its spines to stand firm and erect, bidding defiance to an unprotected hand. When rolled up, even the dog and the fox are baffled by it; but their ingenuity enables them to overcome the difficulty by rolling it along until they push it into a puddle or pool, when the astonished hedgehog immediately unrolls itself to see what is the matter, and, before it can close itself again, is seized by its crafty enemy.

Many more fortunate animals have outlived the aspersions cast upon their character by ignorant persons, but the prejudice against the hedgehog is still in full vigor in the agricultural districts. Scarcely a farmer or laborer will be persuaded that the hedgehog does not suck the cows. Now, this is an impossibility for the hedgehog; but I have seen pigs—not hedgepigs, but real bacon pigs—suck the cows whilst lying down. Among other creatures accused of this theft are the slow-worm, or blind-worm—a kind of legless lizard, with an extremely small mouth—and the bird called the goat-sucker. Really, when a man relates that a bird sucks a cow, it reminds one of the brother philosophers, one of whom milked a bull while the other held the pail.

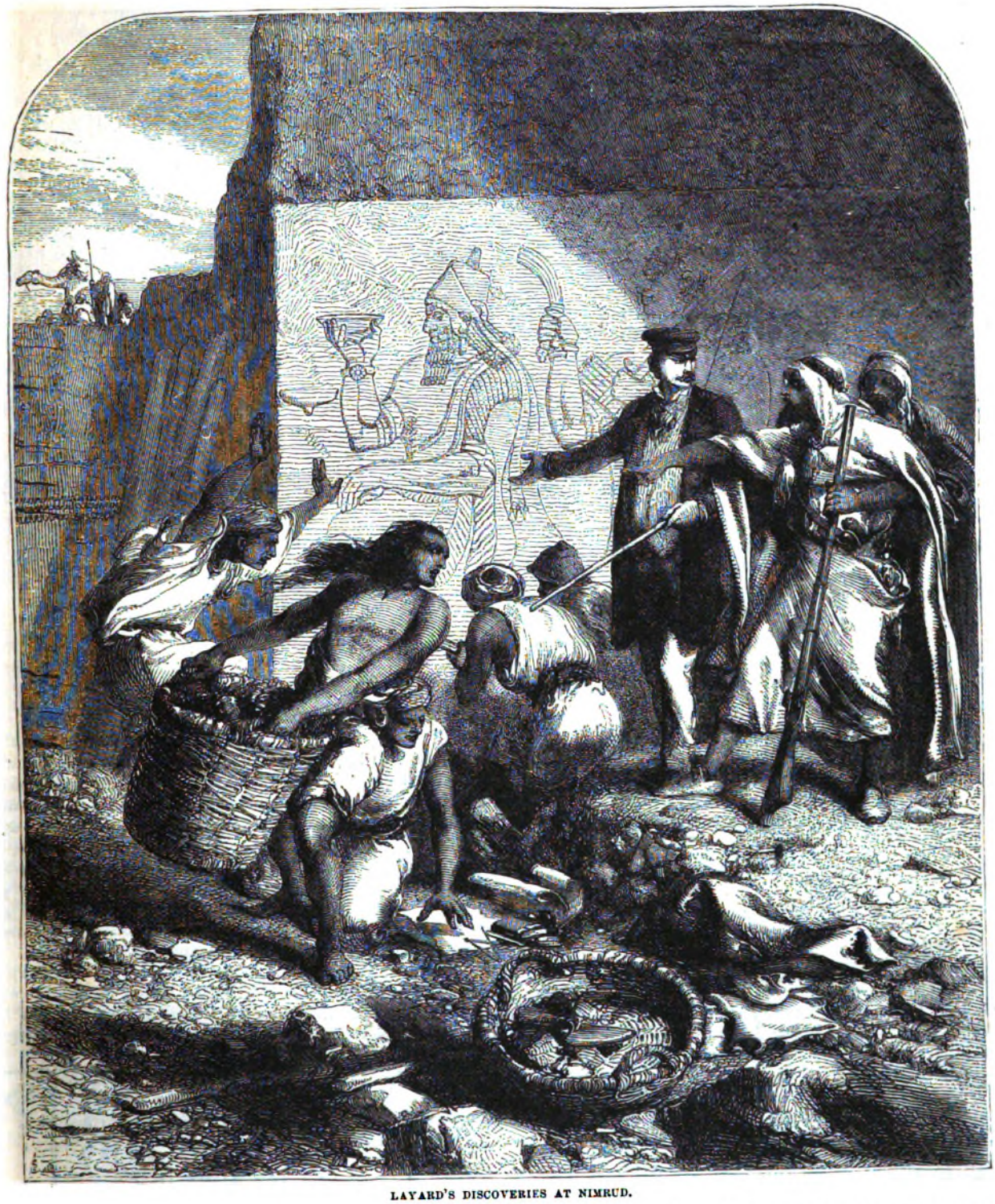
The food of the hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice and snakes. Frank Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a hedgehog. The hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up, this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish. It has been known to bore down and eat the roots of the plantain, leaving the leaves and stem untouched.

The flesh of the hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet. There is a peculiar method of preparing the animal for food, strongly reminding one of the earth-ovens used by the Polynesians. The hedgehog is simply wrapped in a mass of clay and put on the fire. In process of time the clay is thoroughly baked, and cracks open, when the hedgehog is supposed to be cooked. On opening the clay, the skin comes off with it, while the insides of the animal have formed themselves into a hard ball, and are taken out entire. By this method of cooking the juices are retained, and not suffered to dissipate, as they would if it were roasted.

During the Winter it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered looks like a round mass of leaves, as it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes. It is by no means an aquatic animal, yet it can swim, though its method is an extremely curious one.

IT IS A REMARKABLE FACT that persons losing themselves in a forest or a snowstorm manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found, probably, in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly to the left.

THE HEDGEHOG.



LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD.

THE BURIED CITIES OF THE EAST.

Excavations around Nineveh and Babylon.

By M. F. VALLETTE.

Nineveh and Babylon will always be fraught with the deepest interest to the novelist, the historian, the archæologist, and the artist, because these two names are inseparably connected with their earliest recollections of ancient history.

Sacred History gives us some succinct information concerning the early times of these mighty cities, and describes to us more in detail the struggles they engaged in from the eighth century before the Christian era, against the Jewish people, divided as they were by internal discord and by their constitution into two independent states. The Assyrians, to whom proud Babylon was then subject, are the first to come upon the scene. They imposed their sovereignty upon the kingdoms of Israel and Judea, laid siege to Jerusalem, destroyed Samaria, and transported the ten dissenting tribes to the banks of the Tigris. Nineveh disappeared.

ASSYRIAN MUSICIANS—FROM BAS-RELIEFS.

Babylon then became the aggressor. Jerusalem was taken; the second part of the people of God shared the fate of the first, and was carried away into captivity. It was upon Babylon that the prophets now directed their threats, and Babylon fell.

Apart from the few scattered fragments left us by profane writers, the pages of Scripture comprise all that was known, down to our times, of Assyria and Chaldea. Valuable as they are, these pages contain only detached chapters of the history of the two Eastern empires, and they give us a glimpse of just enough to excite our curiosity. Who is there that does not wish to know more?

It may be proper in the outset to make a few remarks that will render this article more readily understood and permit the writer to dispose very briefly of many points.

Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, situated on the Euphrates, and Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, situated some three hundred miles north, on the Tigris, may be considered, in a general way, as integral parts of the same empire. Nineveh was founded shortly after Babylon by a people from Chaldea. For many centuries the two States disputed the supremacy with each other, and one often became the vassal of the other.

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN CHARIOT.

"The traditions of Nineveh," says M. Vigneront, "are essentially Chaldean. Everywhere along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates we find the same religion, the same worship, the same language, the same writing, the same civilization, the same customs."

It follows then, that, in many respects, what is said of Nineveh will apply to Babylon, and *vice versa.*

When we consider the vast results obtained by the explorers of Nineveh, we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of Dr. Kaulen, when he exclaims: "Nineveh is risen again!" Yes, the mighty city of Assyria looms up again before our eyes—not merely before the mind's eye, by means of documents and books, but in reality. After a disappearance of two thousand five hundred years, it again reveals its existence and its splendors to the astonished eyes of the explorer. Nineveh stands before us! True, no proud dynasty, and no highly civilized people now animate its buildings and its streets; but the ruins it displays and the eternal silence in which it is buried neither prevent us from contemplating the magnificence of its ancient rulers nor from wandering through their apartments, nor even from hearing their voices.

They speak to us in the stones. Their palaces, in which are still preserved a host of plastic statues and objects destined for daily use, reveal to us the mode of life of the Assyrians, their manners, their religious practices, the development of their minds, and their civilization.

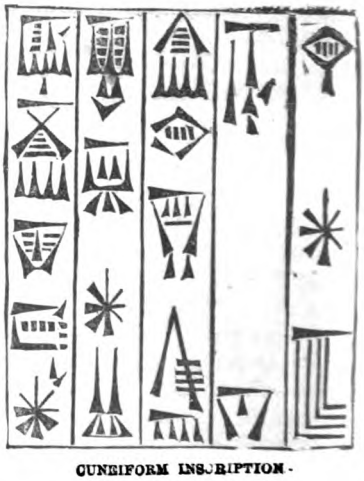
Innumerable parchments, discovered in these palaces, and finally deciphered by the unwearying patience of the *savans* of the West, throw a flood of light upon the history of that country and of its rulers. The knowledge we have now acquired about Nineveh removes more than one cloud that hung over the early history of mankind; it helps to solve many interesting questions upon the moral and intellectual progress of the nations of the ancient West; and finally, it both clears up and confirms many passages in sacred history.

ASSYRIAN MUSICIANS.

Babylon, or, to give it the name it bore, Babel, was the holy city, teeming with gods and priests, with temples and schools; it was the centre of astronomical science and of judicial astrology—the land of the magi. As such, it exercised, even over its rulers, a powerful prestige. The Assyrians, the born enemies of the Chaldeans, did not dare to lay their hands upon this sanctuary. Cyrus selected Babel as the centre of his military exploits; his successors overwhelmed it with indignities, despoiled it, but left it an existence. Death alone prevented Alexander the Great from making it the capital of his empire.

The material decay of Babylon advanced with rapid strides, especially after the period when Seleucia was erected in its vicinity, with stones carried away from its buildings. Nevertheless, it preserved for centuries longer certain appearances of a great city.

The fate of Nineveh was far different. Nineveh possessed a political importance. The centre of a purely material power that crushed the other nations, divested of that religious prestige that might have inspired them with superstitious terror, it beheld, at the very moment when its cup of bitterness was full, subjugated nations uniting against it in a common

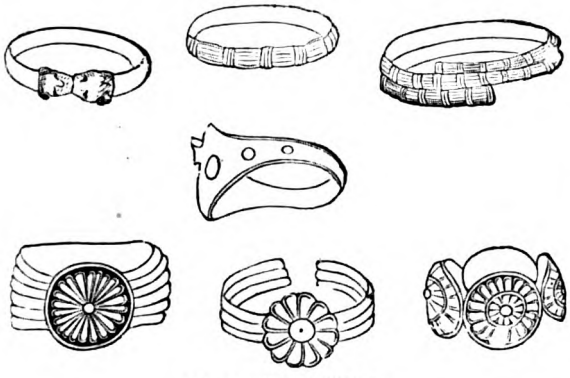


CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION.

feeling of revenge. These nations despoiled it, not only of its splendor and power, but even of the very air it breathed. With the year 625, it vanished from history as if swallowed up by an abyss.

Buried beneath its own ruins, it did not retain even a place in the recollection of men. Xenophon, Alexander the Great and the Roman armies passed over the scenes it once occupied, without ever dreaming of their historical significance. But this oblivion protected it against an irremediable death, and preserved it in a condition that made its resurrection possible. Its conquerors vainly thought that its annihilation could be effected by the destruction of the upper portion of its edifices, but, in reality, the only thing they accomplished was the piling up, at essential points, the ruins which, in preserving the buildings, at the same time protected the works of art and other valuable objects they contained against storms, and against the depredations of neighboring peoples. Thus it is that our age can hail the return of Nineveh to life, and that the slow designs of God come to pass.

With regard to Babylon, doubt was not even possible, in



RINGS AND BRACELETS.

the face of a constant tradition that went down even into details. Thus, a mass of ruined masonry near the banks of the Euphrates was pointed out, from time immemorial, as the ruins of the Great Tower. Further on, the Hanging Gardens and other wonders were thought to be recognized. The interest in these ruins, so often described, was increased by the discovery made by the Englishman, Rich, some thirty years ago, of fragments of bricks bearing inscriptions in cuneiform characters, a sort of peculiar writing then in vogue, in the palace of Persepolis and on the tombs of the Kings of Persia, and which learned men have been trying to decipher for more than two hundred years. The discovery at this time of the same writing along the banks of the Euphrates produced quite a sensation among orientalists, and attracted increased attention upon the city watered by this river, on the sides of the hills that hem in the Valley of the Tigris, in the vicinity of Mosul. Indeed, few travelers, in wandering over these mounds, called by the Arabs "the tomb of Jonah," ever imagined that they were walking over the ground where Nineveh once stood; but the hurried visits they made to this unhealthy region were attended only by vague results. Nineveh was still buried in oblivion.

BABOON ON THE SHOULDERS OF SHOWMAN.

The *savant* who first in-

TABLET IN CLAY ENVELOPE.

INSCRIBED CLAY LUMP.

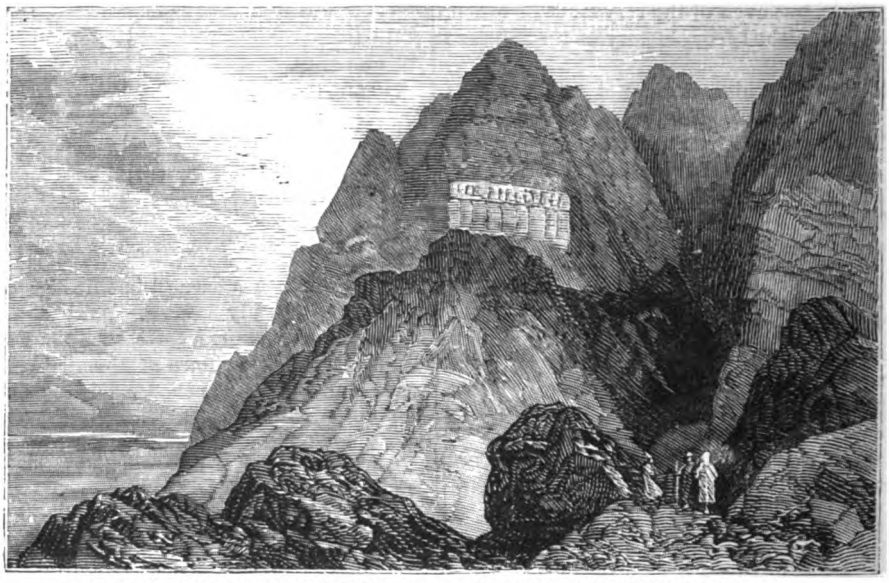
terested himself in earnest in this city was Mr. Rich, whose labors are already known. After studying the ruins of Babylon and making a correct map of their location, he left Hillah for a short sojourn at Mosul, during which he visited some of the mounds in the vicinity of this city—the so-called tomb of Jonah, the hill called by the Turks Kouyoundjik, and the one called Nimrud by the Arabs. Here, as at Hillah, he discovered fragments of bricks bearing cuneiform characters. He collected them together, made a chart of the mounds, and sent all his discoveries to the British Museum. They were for many years the only collection of antiquities from Western Asia in existence. A case a few feet square contained all that was known of great Nineveh and of mighty Babylon!

These simple relics, especially those from Nineveh, were enough, however, to inspire the mind of the explorer with hopes of greater success. The examination made of them by Herr Julius Mohl, a German, professor of the Persian language, and secretary of the Asiatic Society in Paris, suggested to him the idea that these were only the forerunners of other remarkable discoveries. When, in 1842, Mr. P. C. Botta was appointed by the French Government consul at Mosul, Mr. Mohl immediately put himself in communication with this learned and energetic man. He earnestly urged upon him to examine the mounds in the vicinity of this city, and to pick up as many relics as possible; he predicted that Mr. Botta would have the glory of discovering Nineveh, and he succeeded in firing him with the ardor of his conviction. In this manner he gave an impetus to works of exploration which the latter commenced as soon as he reached his post.

CHEETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD.

Mr. Botta soon became convinced that the Khorsabad hillock consisted of a platform made by the hands of man, and covering the ruins of an immense building. He afterward learned the name of its founder, King Sargon (Sar Kin). Everything about this building was highly interesting. The walls were covered all along with an ornamentation of alabaster leaves, enriched with sculptures of a high order, and with cuneiform inscriptions. Many objects that once belonged to the inhabitants of the palace were picked up in the rubbish that covered them.

Thus, in this nineteenth century, M. Botta found himself, as if by the wave of a magic wand, transported into apartments where, two thousand five hundred years ago, the destinies of so many nations were decided! He beheld the terrible King of Assyria upon his throne, or mounted on his battle-chariot, surrounded by his vassals; he



ASSYRIAN TABLET AT KERMANSHAH, RECORDING THE CAPTIVITY OF THE ISRAELITES.

contemplated his warlike exploits, his adventures in the chase, his journeyings, his festivities; he wandered among the Assyrian gods and their priests; and everything that met his gaze was so real, so striking, so eloquent, that the most persevering and extensive studies could never have given him half the insight into the mode of life of this ancient nation that a mere glance around him now afforded.

Nineveh was restored! Botta lost no time in acquainting Mohl with his success, and in sending him designs, diagrams and copies of inscriptions. His friend published the whole affair in the *Asiatic Journal*, and in this manner made it known to Christian and enlightened Europe. The French Government immediately placed large sums of money at the disposal of the explorer, and supplied him with a draughtsman, which enabled him to continue his undertaking on a much larger scale. After purchasing all the houses in Khorsabad, and settling its inhabitants at the foot of the hill, he was enabled to study in detail all the parts of this mighty edifice. When, three years later, he was recalled to his own country, he carried away with him a rich collection of sculptures and inscriptions.

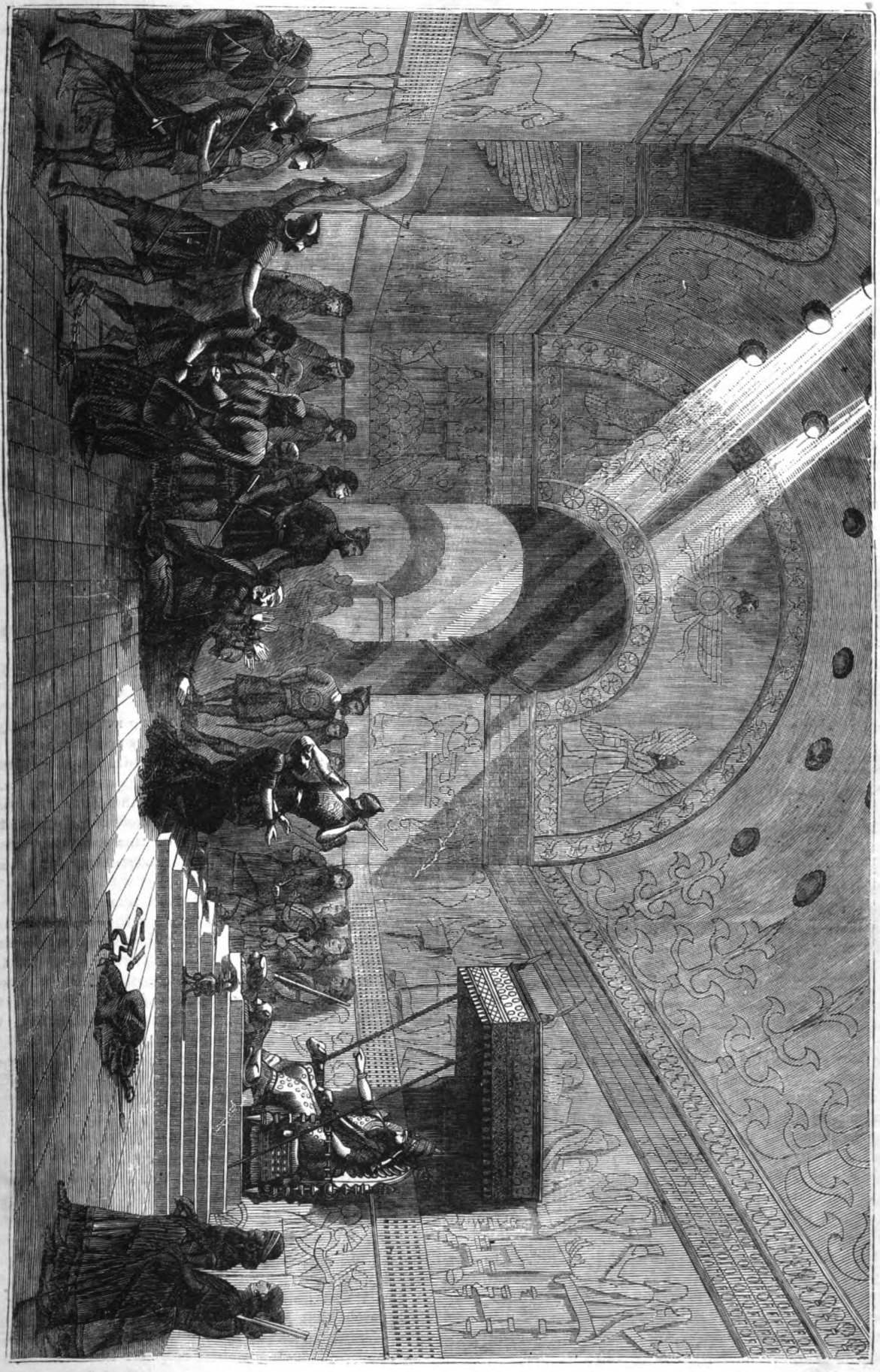
The appointment of M. Botta, in 1845, to another field of duty, removed him from the scene where he had displayed such fruitful activity. His mind, however, lingered around it still. Study, the deciphering and explanation of these inscriptions and of other objects discovered, occupied all his spare time and added greatly to the celebrity of his name. The French Government assisted him munificently in his new labors.

There was no more extensive exploring at Khorsabad until 1851, when the architect, M. Place, was commissioned by the French Government to continue the researches in the palace of Sargon. M. Place proved a worthy successor to M. Botta. He brought to light all manner of objects that gave an insight into the mode of living of the Assyrians. He discovered a whole store full of iron utensils in a good state of preservation, as well as other objects wrought in ivory and in different kinds of metals, which denote the refined care the ancient possessors displayed for their own comfort, their practical ideas and their tastes. In a vault, hermetically sealed, M. Place found a large quantity of clay urns, about two feet high, some broken, and some intact. They were in compartments hewn out of blocks of stone, arranged in double rows along the walls. The coating of brownish-red on the inside of all these urns was at first supposed to be varnish; but the rain having fallen on and tarnished these colors, there was such a smell of wine-dregs as to immediately dispel all doubt—they had reached King Sargon's wine-cellar.

After a period of four years, the researches made in the name of the French Government were again interrupted, to be resumed, later, in another part of the East. In the meantime England had been making researches on Assyrian soil with the most satisfactory results. They were conducted by Mr. Austin Henry Layard, now ambassador to Constantinople—a man endowed with a penetrating mind, a strong will, an iron constitution, and who, in his diplomatic positions as well as in his scientific expeditions, familiarized himself completely with the languages and manners of Western Asia. As unyielding before dangers and difficulties as he was obliging in every legitimate demand, Mr. Layard possessed the secret of making himself loved and feared at the same time by the Orientals.

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN COSTUMES.

Sir Stratford Canning, who had already enriched his country with a valuable collection of Greek antiquities, was, in 1845, ambassador to Constantinople. Anxious to gratify the strong desire manifested by Mr. Layard, at that time his subordinate, to make researches on Assyrian soil, he generously offered to bear the expenses for a given time, knowing full well that if the undertaking proved successful, there would be no difficulty in procuring the means to continue



CAPTIVE ISRAELITES BEFORE THE KING OF ASSYRIA.

MUSICIANS FROM NINEVEH—BAS-RELIEFS.

it. On his arrival at Mosul, Mr. Layard, warned by the experience of M. Botta, was presented to the Pacha, but did not give him the remotest idea as to the object of his coming. With the design of arousing his suspicion as little as possible, he selected the Nimrod mound, some fifteen miles from Mosul, as the object of his exploration. He secretly procured all the tools necessary, and, under the pretense of going hunting, he set out, accompanied by a friend and a servant. He put himself in communication with the Arabs of the country and engaged six stalwart laborers.

With all these precautions, his labors were attended with still greater drawbacks than fell to the lot of M. Botta. Always contending, like his predecessor, against the propensity for stealing that characterizes the Arab tribes; against the fanaticism of the Mohammedans of Mosul; against the hatred of the Pacha, who was ever ready to pounce upon him; and against the fatal rigors of the climate, he had, beside these, other obstacles to contend with. The miserable dwelling he occupied disappeared one day without leaving a vestige after it—swept away by a sudden hurricane. He now had a clay hut built, but during its erection the material became so thoroughly soaked by violent rains, that they never dried; and the interior of the habitation was continually covered with mold.

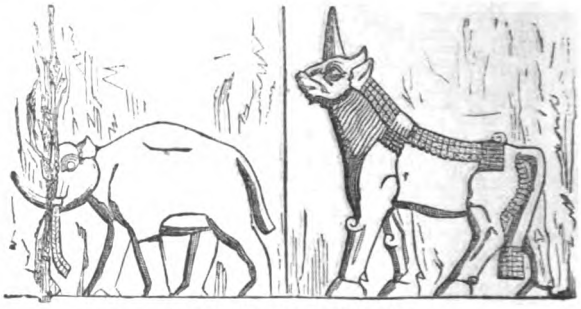
CLAY VASES AND PLASTER ORNAMENTS.

Notwithstanding his strong constitution, he was more than once compelled to seek the fresh air of the mountains, being overcome by the intensity of the heat. To make up for all this, however, during the two years he was engaged in his labors (1845–1847), his cheerful and pleasant manners always brought him crowds of laborers, and from the very first he met with the most gratifying success. This is how he describes one of his first discoveries:

"One morning, as I was returning from a visit to the camp of a friendly chief, the Sheik Abd-er-Raman, two Arabs belonging to his tribe rode toward me at full speed. 'Hasten, Bey,' cried one of them; 'hasten to the ruins; they have just discovered Nimrod himself! Allah! all this is beyond comprehension, yet it is true; we saw him with our own eyes! There is no other God but Allah!' They had scarcely uttered this pious exclamation when they disappeared in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruins, I went down into the trench that had just been dug, and found the Arabs, who had seen me coming, gathered around a heap of baskets and cloaks. As Awad, who was superintending the work, came forward and asked me for a present with which to celebrate the great event, the Arabs raised the covering they had hastily improvised, and revealed a gigantic human head, cut out of the alabaster of the country. It belonged to a statue the greater portion of which was still buried under the earth. I saw, in an instant, that it was the head of one of those winged lions or bulls that had already been discovered at Khorsabad and at Persepolis. It was in a marvelous state of preservation. The expression was calm but majestic, and the features of the face denoted a delicacy and skill of touch that would never have been suspected in works of such a remote period.

"The emotion and fright of the Arabs did not at all surprise me. It required no great amount of imagination to awaken the most fantastic ideas in their minds. That colossal head, bleached by time, and rising up, all at once, from the bowels of the earth, might readily pass for one of those terrible beings that frequently, according to their legends, come up from the lower regions and appear to mortals.



ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

"At the very first glance one of the laborers gave this strange object, he overturned his basket and ran at full speed toward Mosul. I heard of this circumstance with regret, because I foresaw the disastrous consequences it would entail.

"While I was having the rubbish removed from around the statue, and was giving orders for the general resumption of the work, the sound of galloping horses broke on our ears. It was Abd-er-Raman, followed by half his tribe. For, as soon as the two Arabs I had met on the road reached their tents, and spoke of the wonderful discovery, their comrades who were present, immediately mounted their horses and came to be convinced by their own eyes. On seeing the head, they all exclaimed in one voice: 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet!'

"Some time elapsed before the Sheik could make up his mind to go down into the trench, to convince himself that it was nothing but stone.

"'This is not,' he declared, 'the work of men, but of those great giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him—said that their height exceeded that of the tallest date-trees; it is one of those idols that Noah—peace be with him—cursed before the deluge.'

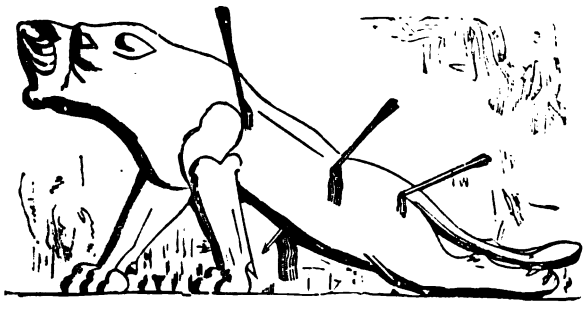
PRIEST.

"This opinion, after mature consider-

ation, was shared by all his companions. I now directed the men to dig to the south of the head, hoping to find its body, and before night we found it, some twelve feet further on. After ordering two or three men to keep watch over the sculptures, I repaired to the village to celebrate the event by killing a few sheep, and invited the Arabs of the vicinity to the feast. I sent for some wandering musicians from Selamijeh, and the greater part of the night was spent in dancing.

"As I had expected, the news carried to Mosul by the workman created quite a commotion in the town. He rushed, out of breath, into the bazars, telling every one he met that Nimrod had reappeared. The affair soon reached the ears of the Kadi, who was only watching for an opportunity to annoy me, and who lost no time in summoning the Mufti and the Ulema to deliberate on so grave a matter. They went with great solemnity before the ruler of the city, and presented him a protest on the part of the Mussulman people against an enterprise so directly in opposition to the Koran.

"The Kadi did not succeed in making up his mind whether the object unearthed was the skeleton of Nimrod, or merely a statue of him. On the other hand, Ismail Pacha could not solve the question in his mind as to whether that mighty hunter had been an orthodox prophet or not. As the result of these mental efforts, I received a message from His Excellency, obscure enough, to be sure, but which



A WOUNDED LIONESS.

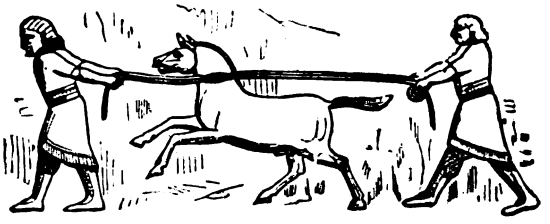
meant that I was to treat the relics with respect, and not to disturb them any further. He, at the same time, expressed the desire to be informed of the immediate suspension of our excavations, and to have an interview with me.

"I waited on him, and had considerable trouble in getting him to understand the nature of my discovery. However, as he expressed the desire to have me suspend my labors, I returned to Nimrod and discharged all the workmen except two, whom I ordered to continue the excavations already commenced along the wall, quietly, and without attracting attention.

"Near the end of March I became convinced of the existence of another pair of man-lions. They were situated over the northern entrance of the same hall, another entrance of which had been occupied by the first.

"Having removed all the earth from around them, I found they were intact. They were twelve feet high, and as many long. The body and limbs were admirably wrought; the muscles and bones, although very much developed to show the strength of the animal, displayed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy. The outspread wings extended from the shoulders over the back. A knotted girdle, bordered with fringe, encircled the loins.

"These sculptures formed an entrance to a hall, and were executed half in bold relief and half in bas-relief. The head and breast, that stood out from the bull, were entirely detached from the base; of the entire remainder of the body, only one side was presented on the alabaster table

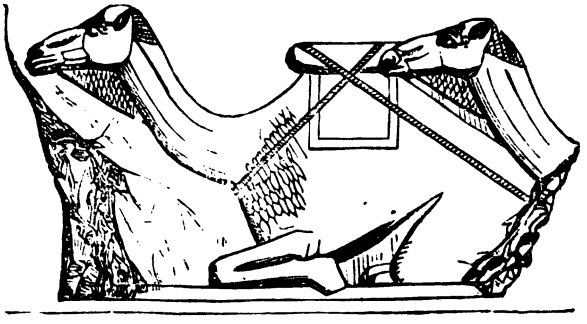


LASSOING A WILD ASS—FROM THE NINEVEH BAS-RELIEFS.

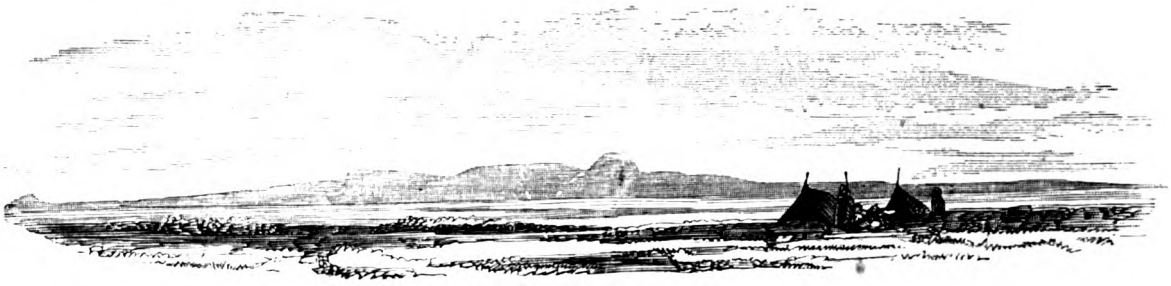
that covered the brick wall. To enable the visitor to take in the entire figure from whatever point he looked at it, each one was provided with five legs—two on the front part of the tablet and three on the side. All these reliefs were treated with clearness and boldness. Where the figure stood out, the alabaster was covered with cuneiform inscriptions. These magnificent evidences of Assyrian art were in a perfect state of preservation. The most delicate cuts of the chisel, in the details of the wings and ornaments, appeared in their original freshness, and not a stroke was missing in the inscriptions.

"I have spent whole hours in musing over these mysterious figures, and in studying out their object and their history. What nobler symbols could have been used to introduce men into the temples of their divinities? What more sublime figures could a people deprived of the light of revealed religion have borrowed from nature to convey its ideas of the wisdom, power and omnipresence of a superior being? To express the ideal of intelligence and knowledge, they took a man's head; as a type of strength, the body of the lion; as a symbol of the gift of ubiquity, the wings of the eagle. These winged lions with human heads were not creations devoid of ideas, the products of a fantastic mind; they carried their meaning with them. They contributed toward the education of races that existed three thousand years ago. The thresholds they guarded were once crossed by kings and priests and warriors, bearing their offerings to the altars, long before the philosophy of the East had penetrated into Greece, and introduced into that country, with its mythology, the antique symbols of Assyria. Perhaps they were already buried in ruins, and their very existence forgotten, long before the foundation of the Eternal City upon the banks of the Tiber. Hidden from the eye of man for a period of two thousand years, they now appear once more in all their pristine grandeur. But how changed is everything around them! The pride and civilization of a great nation have been succeeded by the misery and ignorance of a semi-barbarous people. Now the eye rests on ruins and rubbish where magnificent temples once stood. The plowshare passes over these mighty structures, and the grain ripens on the soil that hides the last traces of them from mortal eyes."

Sir Stratford Canning having sent Mr. Layard full



CAMELS RESTING.



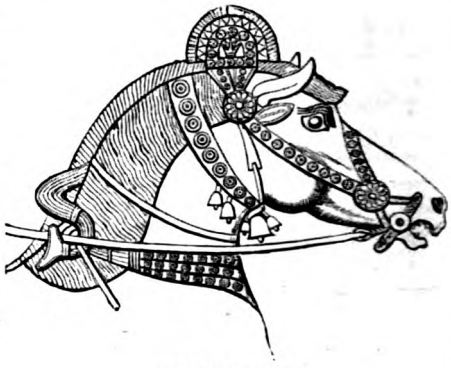
VIEW OF WURKA.

powers from the Grand Vizier, the indefatigable explorer resumed his work, and the vision of old Assyria gradually broke upon his eyes in all its splendor. The monuments and works of art of Nimrud had been far better preserved than those of Khorsabad. The sculptures represented everything remarkable in Assyrian life—war and hunting scenes, offerings and processions, traveling by land and water, and domestic habits. Mr. Layard also discovered arms, helmets, bronzes, objects made of ivory, and vases. Far more important than all these were the countless

PORTION OF WUSSWASS MOUND, WURKA.

inscriptions he found on every hand, from the foot to the very top of the walls. He packed up some of the most interesting sculptures, and sent them to England by way of Barsa and Bombay, and kept his friend Canning and his countrymen informed of the progress of his researches. Sir Canning having, in the meantime, declared that he surrendered to England all the discoveries made and to be made in Assyria, the British Museum voted an appropriation for the furtherance of the work. Mr. Layard, being now in a position to increase the number of his workmen, entirely unearthed all the buildings in the large Nimrud hillock; he even extended his excavations to those of Kalah-Schergat and of Kouyoundjik. He was everywhere rewarded with the most wonderful results. At Kalah-Schergat he discovered, among other things, the documents concerning the origin of a palace, which, according to Assyrian and Chaldaic usage, were walled in near the four principal corners of the edifice. They consisted of octagonal clay prisms, forty-five centimetres long, and on each side there were one hundred lines of cuneiform writing. These documents, reproduced four times, told that the palace had been built by King Tuglat-Phalasar I., about the year 1130 B.C.

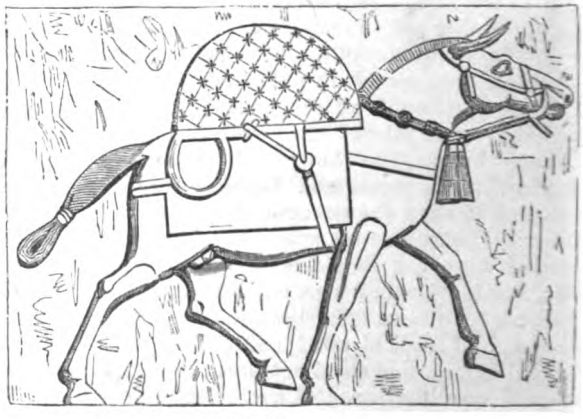
When Mr. Layard had exhausted his means, he began to think of returning to his native land; but before doing so, he had two important things to do: fill up the trenches to save the ruins from utter annihilation, and to pack up all such antiquities as were transportable. It was, indeed, an unrivaled collection. The explorer never rested until it had reached Bersa in safety, and it was only then that he returned to England. Some time after, in 1848, he was sent back to his old post on the British Embassy at Constantinople.



ASSYRIAN BRIDLE.

His report, published and embellished with numerous designs, was eagerly read in England. Under the pressure of public opinion, the British Museum supplied Mr. Layard with ample means, and he once more abandoned

CLAY TABLET FROM WURKA.



LOADED MULE.

Constantinople to return to the banks of the Tigris. A draughtsman and a physician were sent out with him.

This time his chief labors were carried on near the Kouyoundjik mounds, the scene of Botta's first efforts. He here discovered the gigantic palace of Sennacherib, and which had been inhabited by him and by his successor, Asar-Haddon.

In the meantime he was continuing or undertaking researches at Nimrud, Nebbi Junus, Kalah-Schergat, Khorsabad, in the desert as far as Armenia, and even in Babylon, and among the ruins south of it. These vast researches resulted in the discovery of an enormous quantity of sculptures and inscriptions, of implements of labor, vases, furniture, bronzes, fancy pieces, arms, precious stones, earrings, a mold in which the jeweler had molded them, harness, etc.

A discovery, the great importance of which Mr. Layard could not then realize was the one he made in the halls of the palace of Kouyoundjik, and which consisted of written tablets, that were so numerous that they covered the floor to the height of one foot. They are of fine clay of all sizes, from a square inch up to a square foot, and about half an inch in thickness. They wrote on these tablets with a fine dagger while they were damp; they were then hardened with fire. The cuneiform writing they bear is so remarkably small as to require the reader to use a magnifying-glass in reading the greater part of them.

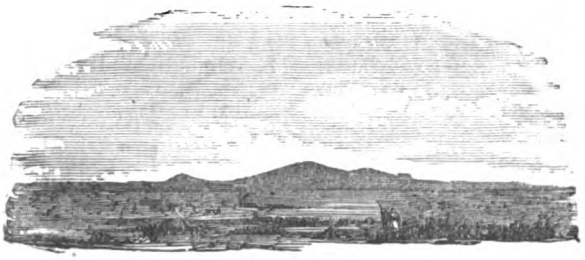
Most of these tablets had been broken by the falling in of the upper floor, and to crown the mishap, these fragments were shipped to London, packed pell-mell without any regard to their places in the halls. It is easy to understand how much this circumstance contributed to the difficulty in deciphering them. The learned men, however, have partially succeeded, and no one has regretted their labor.

AN ASSYRIAN MONARCH—FROM A BAS-RELIEF AT NINEVEH.

It was a *library* founded by King Assurbanipal, the successor of Asar-Haddon. It consists of historical narratives, letters, authentic documents, chronological tables, astronomical observations, poems and songs, and text books in which many ideographic signs of the Assyrians are explained. In 1852, Mr. Layard, after acquiring a vast knowledge and an illustrious name, returned to his native land to publish an account of his discoveries and to work at deciphering inscriptions.

Scarcely had he returned, when his popularity and fame earned for him the position of Under Secretary of State.

The interest excited in England by these discoveries assumed a durable character. An association known as the "Assyrian Excavation Fund" was formed in 1852 with the idea of assisting further researches by means of subscriptions. The funds were divided between officers residing in the East and scientific men sent out at the expense of the Society. Colonel Rawlinson, afterward Consul to Bagdad, a gentleman of intelligence and culture, was placed at the head of this Society. Under his direction Mr. Hormuzd Rasson, British Consul at Mosul, and Loftus, the geologist,



SINKEREH.

continued the work commenced at Kouyoundjik, and entirely unearthed the beautiful palace of King Assurbanipal, built about the year 660. They also found a large number of written tablets.

Up to the year 1854, when the excavations ceased, the most valuable treasures flowed into the British Museum. The Directors of this institution lost no opportunity in giving all the publicity possible to their work and to the treasures poured in upon it, in the hope of stimulating scientific men, and of obtaining, through their assistance, the key to many things still shrouded in obscurity.

Europe now entered with more energy than ever upon the study of cuneiforms. The rich accumulation of twenty years of these curious writings was found to be inadequate, and further researches were set on foot. George Smith, a young engraver on brass, employed by the British Museum in the reproduction of inscriptions, was seized with a perfect mania for deciphering them. His first step was to acquire the necessary preparatory knowledge, and his rapid progress earned for him his admission into the British Museum as an assistant.

Constantly engaged in reading and classifying these tablets, he discovered the fragment of an ancient Babylonian narrative concerning the Deluge, and which is wonderfully in harmony with the Bible. He made it the subject of a lecture delivered before the "Biblical Archæological Association," on the 3d of December, 1872. It created a great sensation, and Mr. Smith became the hero of the day.

With that disinterestedness which the British press has given many evidences of, the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* invited the young scientist to resume Assyrian excavations at their expense, in the hope of enriching Biblical literature with many new documents. Mr. Smith having obtained leave of absence for six months, succeeded in discovering, at Kouyoundjik, among a quantity of tablets, quite a number the contents of which intimately related to the Holy Scriptures. He was given every facility for making other voyages in the hope of finding the remaining fragments of King Assurbanipal's library, but unfortunately, in 1876, just as he was about to return to his native land, Mr. Smith died, a victim to his indefatigable zeal, and leaving a great void in the scientific world.

Dr. Kaulen gives us a description of the only palace that has been entirely uncovered and explored to its inmost recesses; a palace that may be considered as a specimen of the large buildings in Nineveh, and a knowledge of which is the surest guide of every explorer of Assyrian soil, and of every man who desires to familiarize himself with the civilization and architecture of this country. It is the palace of King Sargon, at Khorsabad, discovered by M. Botta, and studied attentively by him and Mr. Place. These distinguished archæologists have fully described it in works beautifully illustrated and in every way worthy of the interest and importance of the subject.

The *ensemble* of Nineveh comprised several towns erected at different periods. On the vast space at Khorsabad, on which the royal mansion was situated, there was still a town. They were both the result of the same idea and the same plan, because they were in perfect harmony and completed each other. The palace had for its base an artificial terrace, lying partly within the limits of the town, and partly beyond them. It was fourteen metres high.

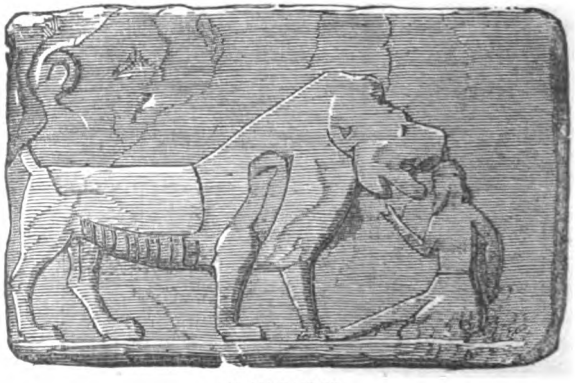
Let us here observe, that the erection of Assyrian and Babylonian cities upon elevated platforms was a rule without exceptions. Not only were they thus protected against the frequent inundations of the Tigris and the Euphrates, but likewise against military assaults. The founder of Khorsabad had ample reason to provide against every emergency. The possessor of a usurped throne, Sargon had no support save in the force of arms, and his violent death justified but too well the apprehensions of his uneasy life. The erection of the terrace and palace of Khorsabad, or, to use Assyrian language, of Dur-Sargon (the city of Sargon), shows the extent of the artistic efforts of which the Ninevite Empire was capable. We will give a succinct account of the study made by Dr. Kaulen of this structure. It is most interesting and very learned.

The terrace, a most solid piece of work, is in the form of two rectangles of unequal proportions, situated one behind the other, and the larger of which presents one of its long sides to the city; the second also touches the first on one of its long sides. The sides of one of these measures 314 by 194 metres, those of the other 237 by 150 metres; their united dimensions, therefore, embrace 96,666 square metres —about ten hectares.

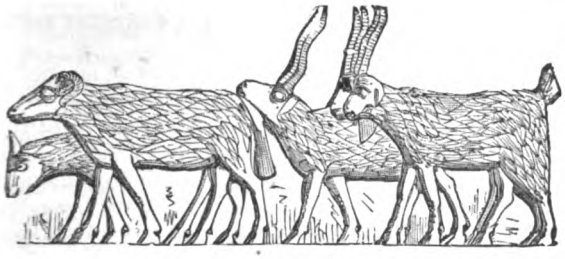
This platform was made of the purest and most carefully worked clay; not the smallest stone, not the minutest particle of sand is to be found in it, and the beholder is lost in astonishment at the marvelous care with which such an enormous mass of earth is worked up.

Assyrian sculptures show that the erection of similar terraces was effected by hand, and not by machinery. What a multitude of subjects or prisoners the Assyrian sovereigns must have had at their command for the accomplishment of such mighty enterprises!

The wonder increases when we consider that the platform of the palace of Dur-Sargon, representing a cube of 1,353,323 metres, was not put together in sections, but that it is a solid mass, the interior as well as the surface being composed of slabs 40 by 39 centimetres in extent and 5 in thickness. All the other terraces of the Assyrian palaces are also made of flags. These were placed in position while fresh, that is, as taken from the mold, so that they immediately blended together. How the architects succeeded in drying these prodigious accumulations of damp blocks, and how they could put them in position without leaving the impress of hand or implement upon their soft surfaces or disturbing the order of the rows, remains a mystery to us. Waste-pipes, required by the needs of domestic life, are provided in the terrace at Khorsabad.



CLAY TABLET.

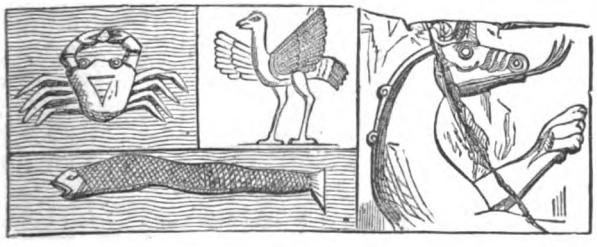


SHEEP FROM NINEVEH BAS-RELIEF.

Designed to support the weight of an immense palace, and to enable it to resist the action of the climate, this mass of clay is protected by a wall of blocks of hard limestone. The wall imperceptibly inclines inward, and is three metres thick at the base and one at the top.

Here again we fail to understand, except by the numberless hands employed in the work, how the Assyrians could have dug out of the mountains, some leagues distant, these myriads of blocks, many of which measure ten cubic metres and weigh 23,000 pounds; how they dressed them, transported them, and placed them in position. These stones, skillfully dressed, are laid one upon the other without masonry. Where the rampart of the city strikes the terrace, the border wall assumes still more colossal proportions, as we shall see further on. On two sides of the platform there is a stairway leading to the town. One of these stairways, almost as large as the platform itself, is 170 metres in length by 14 in height. The other is a vast double stairway.

With the exception of two isolated buildings, the temple and the observatory, the whole terrace is occupied by Sargon's palace and by the courts and gardens belonging to it. The palace covers three sides of a vast rectangle, and is divided into three parts: the royal domicile, properly so

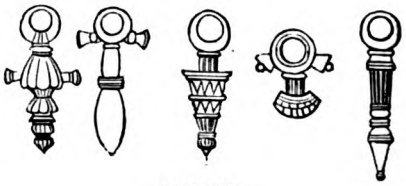


CRAB, OSTRICH, FISH AND FABULOUS MONSTER.

called, which, according to the custom of the East, M. Place calls the seraglio; the storehouses; and the residence of the women, or harem. These latter parts are concentrated in one wing; the seraglio occupies the other two sides of the rectangle. The whole area built upon exceeds four hectares.

The seraglio is again divided into two parts. In the first we find spacious halls and a number of large courts, extending along the exterior as well as the interior of the structure; in the second the halls and courts are smaller. There, pomp and wealth prevailed; here, simplicity and elegance. This first part, the main entrance of which opens on the grand stairway leading toward the city, was evidently devoted to exhibitions; it was the official department. The other was destined for the private use of the sovereign and his ordinary retinue. The official department is reached by an archway 40 metres long by 16 high, each of the three doorways of which is guarded by winged lions. Many of the halls in this department are 40 metres long. Eight of them present a wonderful architectural grouping; all their doors being on the same line, and in this way presenting a perspective of 110 metres. The department devoted to private life is a labyrinth of courts and gardens, and some forty-nine chambers, more or less rich and decorated, according to the rank of the persons occupying them. Some were ornamented with fresco paintings, while others presented only plain black moldings on a white ground.

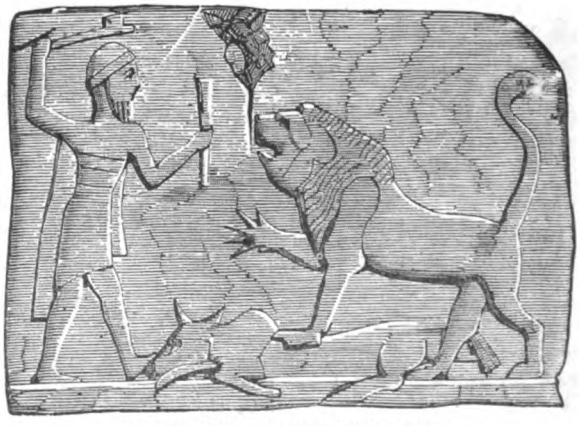
The storehouses, situated near the double stairway, were, as their name indicates, devoted to the storage of provisions and household utensils, to stables, chariot-houses, etc. Like the seraglio, they opened out on a number of courts, within as well as without. It was hereabout that M. Place discovered a store of potteries of all shapes and sizes, and a store of iron objects, such as chains, nails, pikes, picks, spades, etc., arranged in perfect order. All these things differed very little from ours in shape, but the weight of some of them is astonishing. Some picks and spades weighed from 24 to 32 pounds. The iron was so skillfully wrought and so well preserved that on striking upon it it resounded like a bell. Many of these implements, twenty-five centuries old, were immediately utilized by the Arabian workmen employed on the excavations.



EARRINGS.

Another room contained mosaics intended for decorating the walls of the palace. The brass implements, which also occupied a special place, were eaten with verdigris, and were, as a general thing, worthless. Near each one of these stores there was a room for the keeper. Not far from here were workshops containing unfinished sculptures in basalt. The stables, the places where the camels were sheltered, the stores for tools, the places where the chariots were kept, together with the adjacent courts, occupied considerable space.

Passing through two halls in which earthen vases half filled with charcoal were arranged in three rows, M. Place at first imagined himself in the place of sepulture, and among their funeral urns; but a more careful study of the habits of the place convinced him that these halls had been occupied by the living, and that here men labored for the prolongation of life. It is customary in the East to use the heated sides of clay urns for baking bread. M. Place was in His Majesty's bakery. Near by are the wine-cellars, with which our readers are already acquainted, and several other places, among which were those used as quarters for the servants.



A LION HUNT—FROM A CLAY TABLET.

THE SAILOR AND HIS OLD FRIEND THE LION.

When the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. An instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge to one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When Nero, as the lion was called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for some weeks, a party of sailors, Jack being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who, every now and then, turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad?"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head, and it rubbed his hand with its whiskers, like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah," said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks—*he* don't forget an old friend."

THE SAILOR AND THE LION.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

By Mrs. Denison.

If you have ever seen anybody raised from the dead, sir, you can tell what my sensations were. You haven't?—well, I guess not; but it was the same thing to me. You see, Bessie and I were married in the sere and yellow leaf, as the saying is—not so very old, we weren't. She was only thirty, and I somewhere about five years her senior. There was more than one romantic incident connected with our love affairs. I'll tell you the story.

I was never a brilliant boy, and it was my mother's notion that I should learn a good trade, though she was not poorly off herself, so I chose the business of a plumber. The first time I ever saw Bessie she was a slip of a maid, not more than seventeen—that was over thirty years ago. I was sent from the city to a pleasant country town, called Fairview, to do a job of plumbing; and the old gentleman, Squire Harding, kept me on the premises for more than six weeks—finding that I knew my business, he made some improvements that he had intended to put off.

I shall never forget the first time I saw Bessie. I had come by stage a matter of twelve miles or so—there were no railroads in that direction then—and was tired and hot, and a little vexed at being sent so far from home into the country; but when I saw her sitting on the porch, all framed in by vines and roses, rocking, and singing, in her cool, white dress, and when her sweet blue eyes looked up, startled-like, into mine, I felt as if I had got into a new atmosphere. It was like the sight of green fields to the traveler in a desert—like the sound of tinkling ice to the thirsty invalid. I was very anxious to get a second glimpse of that face, but I was kept busy in another part of the house till dinner-time.

My heart was in my mouth when I stood at the old pump, washing off the dust, and trying to tidy myself the best I could in working-clothes, at the thought of sitting down to table with her.

Well, sir, before I went to bed that night I was head-over-ears in love—I, who had always scoffed at the idea of taking a sudden fancy of that kind to any girl.

The squire was building a new house, you see, and, finding that certain matters in my line of business could be done while the work was in progress to better advantage than if he waited until the house was finished, he decided all at once that I must stay by and complete the job.

AS FROM THE DEAD.—"'LET ME GO,' SHE SOBBED—'LET ME GO! YOU CAME TOO LATE! YOU MUST LEAVE ME—FORGET ME—I AM ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO A GOOD AND HONORABLE MAN.'"

I was nothing loath, you may believe; and when, in the course of a week the squire went to town, he took a note from me to the head of the firm, specifying the materials that would be needed for the completion of the work.

"If you want any extra toggery, young man," he said, standing up in his "rockaway," just before he started, "I can bring it back with me."

I fancied there was a peculiar intelligence in his smile.

I was glad of my best clothes for Sundays—for mother had sent me up a line not to forget church—and with the little fixings with which young men like to smarten themselves up of an evening.

And ah! the happy days that followed! How I worked through the long, hot Summer hours, thinking only of the coming evening, when I could sit in the same room with Bessie, and look in her beautiful face.

I was something of a musician then, and possibly a bit of a poet. Bessie played well upon a tiny melodeon, which her father had bought for her; and what with my flute, her sweet voice and society, you may fancy that I imagined myself in Paradise.

There came a time, however, when my Paradise was exchanged for an Inferno; and I, from the heights of a bliss I had never supposed possible, even in visions, was thrown into an abyss from which there seemed no possibility of escape, except by death. And how often have I prayed for death with a hearty good will! Thank God—my prayer was not answered!

One evening—it was during the last week of my stay, and I had made up my mind to speak for myself—a young man, a cousin of Bessie's, came in from further up country. He was an awkward, clownish, good-looking young fellow, and when he met Bessie with a kiss I wanted to knock him down.

A moment before we had been playing some of our sweet, old-fashioned airs, and Bessie had sung for me a tender little love-song, which I had written myself and adapted to some popular air. During the singing I had gradually screwed my courage up to the speaking point, for Bessie's eyes had met mine once, and the crimson deepened in her innocent face, and, unconsciously to herself, her manner told, more eloquently than lips can speak, that I was not indifferent to her.

When this verdant, hulking fellow came in, of course it put an end to sentiment, for presently the little parlor was full, and questions had to be asked, and news from up-country told about the drought, and the corn and potatoes; and how Aunt Hannah had the newraligy, and Uncle Brooks Parker had the rheumatix in his back, and the new town-house was goin' up, and what people were going to marry or going to die.

I sat there listening to the small talk with what grace I could, finding my consolation in stealing a glance at Bessie's lovely face, always so eloquent.

Suddenly up spoke Jake—for that was his unfortunate name—with a queer side-glance at Bessie.

"I see the *Roanoke* was mentioned in the newspapers," he said. "Got into port a month ago, didn't she? Captain'll be home in a week or two, eh, Bess?"

The girl's cheeks were aflame on the instant; it seemed to me a cloud or a shadow suddenly enveloped her. She darted a frightened kind of glance at me, then at her mother, then went to putting away her music in such a queer, nervous fashion, that I just sat and watched her with a dreadful, unspeakable dread at my heart.

"I guess he'll be here nigh on to the time he expected," said Bessie's mother, going on with her knitting complacently. "He said it would be some time in July, didn't he, daughter?"

"I—believe so," stammered Bessie, and I could see her hand shake as she put down the little red cloth cover and straightened the edges.

"You b'lieve so! Come now, that's good," her cousin said, with a coarse laugh, for which I wanted to shake him. "You girls do beat all in trying to blind folks in these matters. You're all alike—never like to own up to things fair and square, as we men do. Jest as if we didn't all know what'll happen when the cap'n comes home from this voyage, or the next one, maybe. I say, Bess, if you don't have a stunnin' weddin' I won't own ye for a cousin, cap'n or no cap'n. The Hardings are all great on frolics, so, mind you, we bespeak a good time and a jolly supper."

While he spoke, Bessie's eyes had been fixed on the floor. Suddenly she raised them, and looked full into mine, and saw what I meant she should. Her lips quivered, and she turned pale as death; then she rose from her seat, and went past him, smiled faintly as she looked back, saying:

"Ask mother, cousin Jake—mother will tell you all about it," and glided from the room.

"S'pose I've drove her off now," continued Jake, crossing his legs nervously. "She was always jest so strange. Some gals can't be joked on them matters, and Bessie's one of the kind, I reckon;" and he turned to the squire and began talking about the new house.

As for me, I sat in a kind of stupor, vainly endeavoring to realize what had been going on for the last few moments. What terrible truth was that stamped on Bessie's face to which her tongue dared not give the lie? Had not her marriage with this man been more than hinted at? I had watched her beautiful countenance too closely to be mistaken, and read there something that, while it sent the blood rushing through my heart, seemed at the same time to seal my death-warrant.

Oh, how I loved this girl! My whole soul rose in a tumult of agony at the thought that some other man had won that sweet and trusting maiden. If so, what meant those signs of unmistakable preference with which I had been favored?—coyly proffered, to be sure, and with reserved maidenly grace, but still pronounced enough to give me hope and the courage to address her. My very soul was torn with the conflict that raged within me, though outwardly I was never calmer.

Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, I turned to the young man, addressing him for the first time:

"Has the captain been long gone?"

"Well, about six months, ain't it, aunt? Let me see"—and he contracted his brows—"he went away when father bought the red steer. That was in Janerwary, and now it's Jewly. Yes, jest six months. Said he wouldn't shave till he come back, 'cause Bessie pulled his whiskers, and he didn't want to git the touch off—wasn't that it, aunt? My crookee! won't he grow a glorious old pair of whiskers! You see, he's a sort o' dandy, anyhow, on shore, and gals is always took with that kind—at least, that has been my experience;" and the awkward fellow actually drew a deep sigh from the profoundest depths of his plaid waistcoat.

It flashed upon me then that possibly he had regarded his cousin with something more than the warm liking of relationship, and with the sympathies engendered by a fellow-feeling, I began to feel a shade more of interest for the ungainly countryman.

That night I was unable to sleep. What to do in this case was the question that perplexed me. I could not tax Bessie with deception, for I had not spoken, and the sweet girl could not help being attractive any more than the rose can who queens it in the garden.

Was there after all anything really serious in all that her cousin had said? But, no, it could not be mere badinage;

every word somehow carried truth with it, and so did her manner, though she had not conducted herself like an engaged girl while I had been privileged to enjoy her society.

Not that there was anything in her conduct to which the most fastidious could have taken exception, but gradually she had seemed to draw nearer to me, to enter into my plans, to brighten at my coming, to show all those nameless little signs of pleasure which even those uninitiated in the language of love cannot help but read and understand.

The wretched night passed, and the morning still found me miserable. We met at the breakfast-table, where Cousin Jake was lavish of his robust and rather coarse description of incidents that crowded upon his memory—of things that happened when he was "a shaver."

Bessie looked pale; in her eyes I thought I saw an expression of utter weariness that told she too had kept wakeful vigils through the night. She seemed to avoid my glance, and seldom spoke to me, thus making me doubly unhappy.

Still I hoped, trusting that a little explanation would set matters right. After breakfast, Jake announced his intention of going over to visit another cousin, and from there, of taking his departure at noon.

"Bessie, walk over to Ike's with me, will you?" he asked.

The girl was slowly gathering up the breakfast-dishes. Her troubled eyes sought her mother's face.

"I wish you would, Bessie," said the old lady, "and git Ann's receipt for tomato-catsup. She said she had it all writ down, and it's real good. Couldn't you copy it?"

"I shall want to stay if I go, mother," Bessie said, in a low voice.

"Well, stay till sundown if you like; there's nothing sufferin', I guess. I can put off baking till to-morrow, and I guess I will, if you'll take a kittle and bring home some of Ann's risings. She beats all in her bread; there, go along;" and the old lady smiled as she turned away, till her eye caught my face, and then all of a sudden a strange, bewildered look came in place of the smile.

At that moment, for the first time, I am sure that she divined my secret, and coupled with it, perhaps, the change that, since the night before, had come over Bessie.

What a day that was! I worked with aching heart and listless fingers. A cloud dense and dark had gathered over the fair horizon of my hopes. At the dinner-table I could not speak, and I loathed the generous viands that at other times gave me so much pleasure.

At last the day was over. Bessie had not yet returned. The thought struck me that I would go for her—that I should probably meet her, as it was likely she had started from her cousin's alone.

Accordingly, slighting the summons of the supper-bell, I set off at a brisk pace. Bessie was just entering the path that led through the greenest and sweetest of solitudes, when I saw her. She started like a timid hare at sight of me, and changed color.

"I thought the walk would be lonesome," I said.

"You are very kind," was her reply.

"Bessie," I said, after a few indifferent remarks had passed on both sides, "I meant to say something to you last night—about—about myself; can you guess what sort of a confession your cousin's entrance prevented?"

She put both hands up, her face grew ashy, she shook her head; then faltered, with pale lips:

"Please don't—don't tell me—now."

Then, trembling violently, she paused a moment, as if to gather strength.

"But, Bessie, only let me tell you I love you. God knows I never can say how well!" I persisted, breathlessly.

"No—oh, no, no!" came in faint, gasping accents. "Oh, why did you ever come?—why did I ever meet you? What am I saying?"

She shrank from my gaze; and leaning against a giant oak, through whose branches the sinking sun sent quivering arrows of golden light, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Then I caught her in my arms—I could not help it. I held her against my heart, and for one blessed moment she rested there, as if she had found a haven in her trouble; but soon she resisted the pressure of my arm.

"Let me go!" she sobbed—"let me go! You came too late! You must leave me—forget me! I am engaged to be married to a good and honorable man!"

"But, Bessie," I pleaded, "you do not love him."

"Don't say that!" she cried, with a shudder. "I did—I thought I did, till—but you must never talk about it after to-day," she added, with forced calmness, wiping her eyes. "I am engaged to Captain Needles. I shall marry him; he loves me; he is resting upon my faith—my honor. I have pledged my word; no earthly power can change my purpose. Oh, if I had not been cowardly! If—but you will help me to be true and honest! Oh, you will help me!"

What could I do, with those beseeching eyes fixed on mine? And yet I must plead my cause. I was beside myself to feel how great a joy was about to slip from me for ever; but she remained quite firm. Her word was pledged—her honor at stake; there was no more to be said.

How I passed the remaining week I cannot tell. There was no more music; Bessie avoided me; her mother was constrained in manner; only her father seemed indifferent. I think now that he would have preferred me to the captain, but he said nothing to influence his child.

My secret triumph was that Bessie loved me best, but it gave me no real happiness, since she refused me. Bessie grew paler and paler, and more quiet, and I was glad when the day came which saw the crowning touch of my labor, and set me free.

I returned to my home in a state of dejection which I will not attempt to describe. Life seemed to have left no blessing in store for me. I went and came from my daily toil like an automaton. My mother wearied me with her care and condoling, till she forced my secret from me; no other person knew why I cared no longer for the things that had before made life so pleasant. My flute I utterly loathed, and put it away out of sight.

Six months from that time I received a double shock. I read of Bessie's marriage with Captain Needles in the paper, and returned to my home to find my mother dead in her chair.

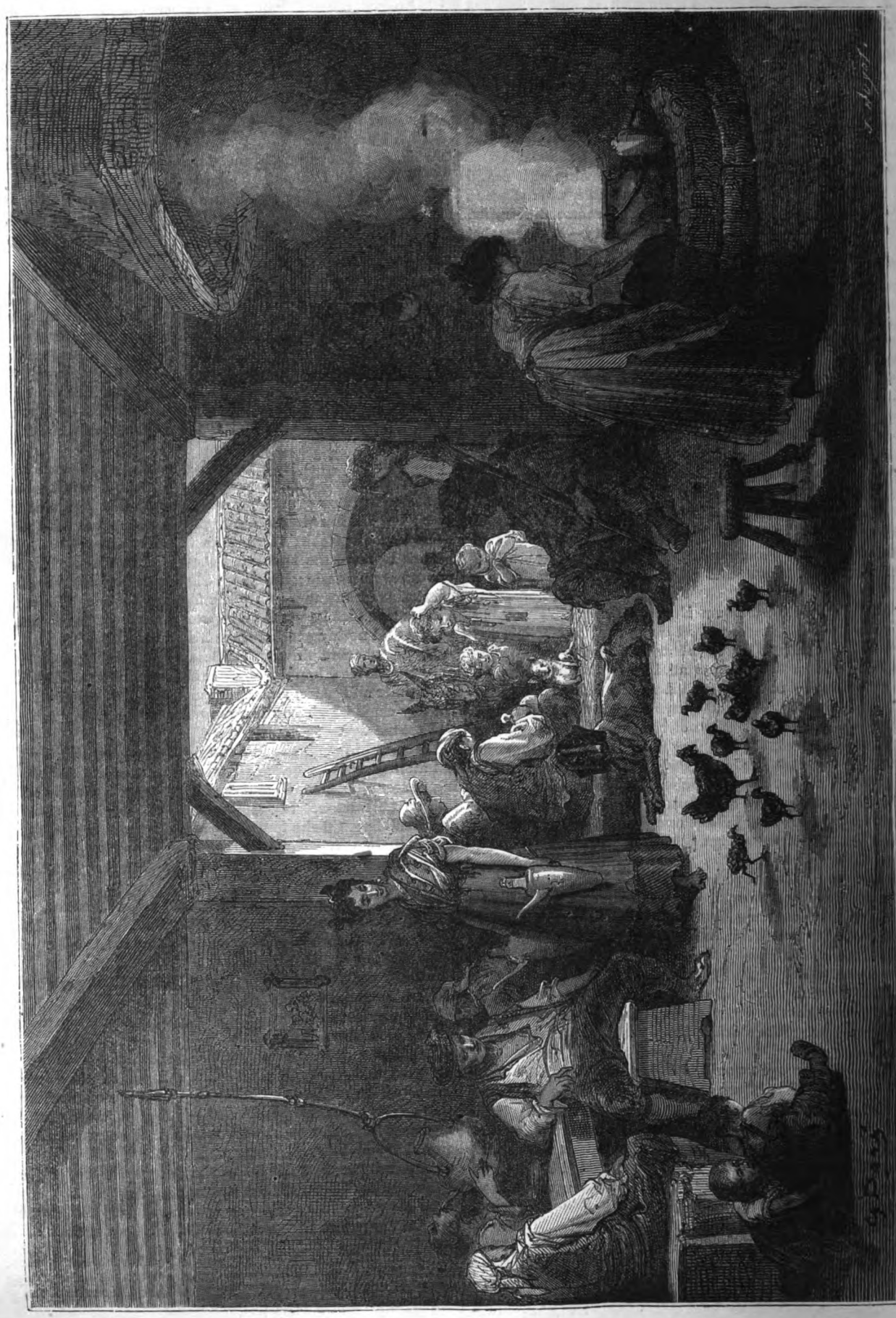
Let me pass over that period of suffering, the anguish of which I sometimes undergo in dreams to this day. My mind was made up at once, after the funeral of my mother and the settlement of her affairs.

With the money she left me, I resolved to emigrate to California, and go into business with an uncle who had long been soliciting me to do so. Absence from the old familiar haunts might, perhaps, soften the pangs of regret, and enable me to forget the sweet image that so perpetually haunted my memory.

Ten years from that day I came back to my native city, a prosperous, wealthy man, but still unmarried.

The second morning after my arrival, while looking over the morning paper, my eye fell upon the following item:

"Died at sea, three days from port, of yellow fever, Captain Ezra Needles, of the ship *Roanoke*. The vessel is at present in quarantine, in charge of the late captain's brother, first mate of the *Roanoke*, and a man of experience and ability."



GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.—THE INTERIOR OF A VENTA OR ROADSIDE INN.—SEE PAGE 699.

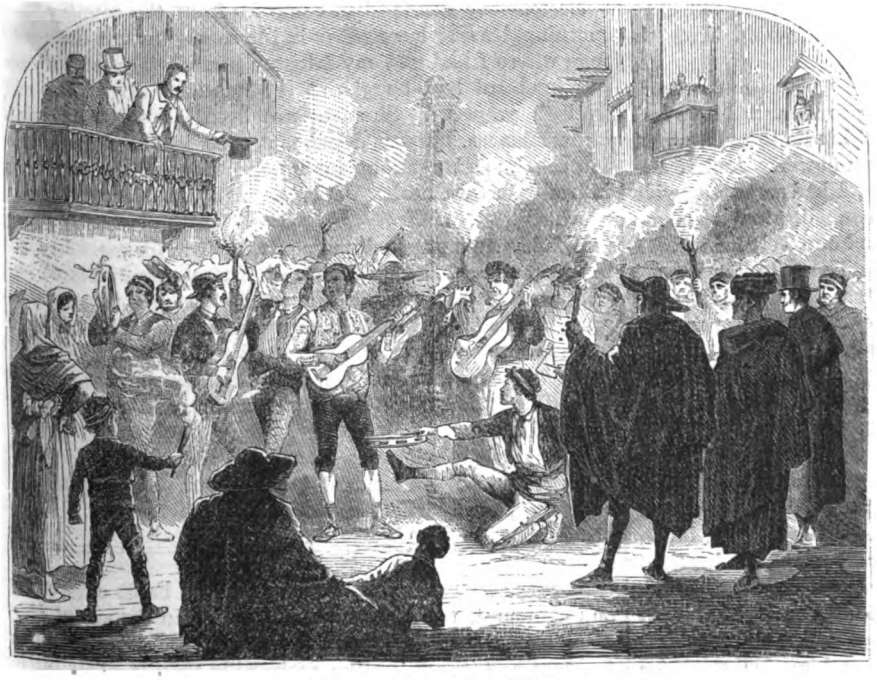
For a moment my heart throbbed as if it would burst. I had never heard a word from Bessie, though not for one moment had I forgotten her. Now she was free, was there any ground of hope for me? Had she deceived herself when she thought that my image had superseded that of the man she felt bound in honor to marry?

I could think of nothing else, and longed to hear from Bessie, so that at times it seemed as if the longing would consume me.

To go there at present, if indeed she still remained at the old place, would not look seemly, and yet my heart was continually prompting me to go. Besides, she had now been his wife ten years. Sailors are proverbially noble, kind and generous. Maybe he had so won her affections that I had faded entirely from her memory.

I mentioned the matter, as if by the merest accident, to one of my friends.

A DISAPPOINTED MENDICANT.



A SERENADE BY SPANISH STUDENTS.

"That was a sad thing," he said. "I knew Needles well. A nobler fellow never breathed."

"Did he—leave any family?" I asked, my heart in my throat.

"Only a wife—no children; a very pearl of a woman. I have met her several times; they boarded in the city, and frequently visited at the house of my brother-in-law, John Dane. It will be a heavy blow to her, poor soul! for she was the very apple of his eye, and her comfort was everything to him. She was one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw, and he, poor fellow, fairly worshiped her. I wonder if he had laid up anything? Not like a sailor if he had. I'm afraid the widow is left poor. Her father lost all his property just after his daughter's marriage, owing to unlucky

investments, and I think the captain took care of both parents till the old man died."

"What! Is the old squire dead?" I asked, much shocked.

"Yes," replied my friend, apparently wondering at my agitation of manner. "Did you know him?"

"I did a job of work for him years ago, when Bessie—when Mrs. Needles was a girl," was my reply; and I am sure the man guessed the truth from my manner. "The squire looked then quite able to cope with the troubles of life. I don't think he could have been much over forty."

"Fifty-five when he died. Business losses killed him. It will go hard with the widow, unless the captain insured his life."

While I was pondering over this news, delaying day after day to make more careful inquiry, or even to run into the country to learn for myself, I was fated to see in the paper another item that paralyzed all my energies, and, for the time, made me a wretched and despairing man.

"Died, on the 16th, at the residence of John Dane, Esq., of this city, Bessie Needles, in the thirtieth year of her age. Friends and relations are requested to attend the funeral, which will take place at the above-named residence to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

So here was the end of the whole matter. Bessie, my Bessie, loved as faithfully now as when in her radiant maidenhood she had innocently stolen my heart, was dead, and would soon be food for worms.

I shut myself up in my room that day, and all that night I sat by the window, refusing to realize the depth of my despair. It seemed to me that every hope that sprang new-formed in my bosom was doomed to be blighted. Almost unconsciously I had begun to picture Bessie as my own. I went over and over again, with a thrilling intensity of emotion that no pen can paint, the happy days in which I had lived only in her presence. She seemed even now beside me; her breath was on my cheek, her soft, shining tresses were near my lips, her lovely eyes answered my smiles.

I had been living for days in a state of dreamy rapture. By night my visions were of her. I went smilingly among men, and astonished them by my suddenly acquired cheerfulness. Why should I be in a hurry to seek her out? Providence was clearly on my side, and would bring us together.

I felt certain she had never quite forgotten me, even if her life had been a happy one, even if the married love had usurped the master-passion. I could kindle the old, sweet tenderness—oh, yes, I felt sure of my power. And if she had been left to battle with poverty, I had wealth to give her now, even if in exchange she could bestow upon me only the ashes of that affection she had once felt for me. I would surround her with luxuries. Her passion for art would be gratified to its fullest extent. I would live for her alone, and exult in the possession of a treasure so rare in every excellence, so beautiful in mind and body.

But now, how the terrible reality mocked my fancy! Bessie Needles was dead, and I going to attend her funeral!

Like one in a dream, I walked at the appointed time to the residence of John Dane, Esq., a man of some note in political circles, and who had been talked of for Governor. The house fronted on a park, in which the singing birds, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and plats of brilliant flowers—for it was July—made a contrast so pitiful to my anguished emotion, that I could have wept outright at sight of them.

I was on time, for the handsome parlors, darkened for the occasion, were nearly full as I entered. The sight of the coffin on trestles, covered with sombre black, struck a chill to my very marrow, and I shivered from head to foot. A nameless horror took possession of me; I tried to go up to the coffin, upon which weeping friends were placing white lilies and wreaths of odorous flowers, but my trembling limbs refused to bear me. I sank into a seat beside a lady who had just come with bowed head from the coffin. It seemed to me, a moment after, that I was undergoing an intent scrutiny—I felt that this woman's eyes were upon me. The rustling of her garments, the movements of her vail, were painfully distinct to me; but what was the strange tide that seemed pouring into my veins, thrilling me with the old, sweet enchantment of those brief, happy days passed in the society of one who now lay——?

I turned, through some overpowering impulse. Gracious heaven! beside me, looking into my face, still beautiful, though pale and sorrow-stricken, sat Bessie—my Bessie!

I gasped with mingled horror and delight. For a moment we gazed at each other, then the dear old well-remembered smile, sad, but yet the same, stole into those beautiful eyes. I grew cold from head to foot, looking from her to the coffin with dilated eyeballs. She divined the cause of my strange agitation.

"Is it possible you thought—yes, it must have seemed so—others were misled. It is Bessie, my husband's only sister. Her name and age are the same as my own."

An overpowering delight took possession of my senses as she spoke. It was so intense that, for a moment, I believe I was in danger of losing my consciousness, and I must have turned pale, for Bessie offered me her *vinaigrette*, and that recalled me to my senses. I had much ado to behave with ordinary propriety, so sudden and overpowering was the transition from absolute wretchedness to hope and the possibilities that might follow. I tried not to show my transports, and Bessie decorously drew the heavy mourning vail over her lovely face, though she still talked to me in a low, soft voice.

Bessie Needles, whose shrouded form slept in the casket before us, was an honored friend of the Danes, the teacher of their children, and a woman known far and near by her good works. Hence her funeral brought together a large concourse of people.

Bessie—my Bessie—had come in from the country that morning, leaving her mother in the same pleasant little cottage where I had met my fate ten years before, and which her husband had bought at the auction sale of the old squire's property. She had not been left in comfortable circumstances, but was dependent upon her needle and the few scholars she taught in music. Her mother was very infirm—her own health delicate. All this I learned afterward.

Life has no more such moments in store for me. In that brief time I tasted the sweets of perfect happiness which only a realization of the bliss of heaven can transcend—pure, exquisite raptures. I suppose I need dwell no longer upon this theme—you see how it all ended.

My wife's mother has been dead this many a year, and we make this little cottage a Summer resort, and call it Paradise Hall.

You may laugh, if you will, and call us two fond old fools, but I tell you there are not two happier people this side eternity than my wife Bessie and I.

NOTHING SO TYRANNIZES over one as the habit of jesting and contempt, real or assumed. Success in the use of sarcasm and ridicule rarely fails to make its practice more frequent and its application more wide than is either justifiable in itself or agreeable to listeners.

GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.

"AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," saith a cynical writer; and it will be well for all travelers in Spain to refrain from quoting this now celebrated *mot*. It is "owre true" that the land of the olive and vine is, in some districts, two hundred years behind the age we live in, and that French manners, habits, customs and costumes are rapidly replacing those of old Spain. Madrid is now but thirty-six hours from Paris, and with this short connecting link of iron, is it to be wondered at that Donna Inez is desirous of being attired by Monsieur Worth, and that Don Ramon de Castajon de Manresa de Gerona should covet a silk chimney-pot instead of the slouching *sombrero* of his fathers?

Ay de mi Alhama! the traveler who would see Spain in all the glory of its picturesqueness, in all the freshness of tint and tone, in all the *bizarre* contrasts that make so marvelous a whole, had better "hurry up"; for each succeeding year wipes out more and more that quaint, barbarous and delightful idyl, Spain, leaving but a feeble imitation of the Parisian boulevards in exchange—tawdry new lamps for the richly chased and quaintly-mounted old ones.

It is not the purpose of this article to argue how long a time it requires in order to see a country. Some people will discover and enjoy a world of wonders in weeks, whilst others may spend a lifetime without finding them. There are travelers, and travelers. In Spain, the active traveler, if a student of history, an artist or an antiquarian, will see much; the idler will see little—and yet, he will scarcely fail to rub in bits of color upon his memory that may never wear away. Spain abounds in monuments associated with its past history, which require seeking out and investigating. To the enterprising explorer there is a mine of wealth in these national antiquities; to the heedless mind they are but so many unromantic ruins.

A street fountain is ever a centre point of interest and attraction. It is to the women in Spain what the barber's shop is to the men; and the gay colors of their dresses, their superb forms and indolent pose, never appear to better advantage than against the gray carvings of some font that has been flowing since the days of the Cid.

Our illustration represents a street fountain in Saragossa. A *caballero* is giving his horse a drink, an operation in which a scarlet-sandaled dame gayly assists, whilst her companion, setting down her *tinaja*, does a quiet bit of flirtation with the handsome cavalier. The barber's shop, with its golden dishes, the invariable sign, and two bright grotesques over the doorway, is close at hand; Figaro standing on the threshold, listening to the reading of *El Diario*, a small paper published every morning. The balconies are gracefully draped with curtains of every hue in the rainbow, from behind the folds of which the dark-eyed señoras and señoritas will anon, fan in hand, appear to bandy languid courtesies, or to cast languishing glances at a passing *caballero*. The omnipresent donkey is here awaiting the loading of his panniers. A dog, too, belonging to the man on horseback, is in attendance. A woman with uplifted arms, is about to elevate the *tinaja* to her head, where, when once properly balanced, it is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. The pose of the little girl is that which one meets with at every turn in Spain, and doubtless to this system of carrying water upon the head do the Spanish women owe much of that stately bearing and willowy movement for which they are so greatly renowned. A group of three persons occupy a doorway. A vendor of fruit is haggling with a señora over a basket of oranges. His bronzed legs are bare, his garments are white. This dress is much affected by the peasantry around Saragossa, where, Bedouin-like, they dwell out in the tawny sand hills. Their burnished limbs and snowy costume afford superb contrasts, while a group which the writer beheld lolling at the entrance to the Leaning Tower, was one of the most picturesque bits he remembers ever to have beheld in sunny Spain.

The interior of a Spanish *venta*, or tavern, is full of color. To begin with, as in Ireland, the cows, mules, asses, pigs and poultry inhabit it in common with the proprietor. It usually consists of one large apartment lighted from an open Moorish court or yard. It is dark, not to say gloomy, and kept dark in order to render it cool during the blaze of the Summer sun—a sun that would seem to dry up everything before it, save the prickly cacti. Long oaken tables stretch at either side of the apartment, rude forms beside them. The floor is of the earth earthy. The ceiling shows the rafters sustaining the sleeping apartments overhead. From the sleeping room there is a balcony, and on the balcony the señora and her daughter perform their toilets, especially as regards their blue black hair, in the light of the open day, and before all comers.

Suspended from the ceiling is a rude earthen vessel containing *agua*, or water. This vessel is *pro bono publico*, and when a guest feels inclined to slake his thirst he pulls the vessel toward him, tilts it upward, and placing his mouth immediately beneath the spout, allows the refreshing beverage to trickle into his mouth.

Vino tinto, or the red wine of the country, is mostly consumed at the *venta*. It is preserved in large pigskins called *botas*, covered with tar—and the flavor of tar is singularly predominant to the person who imbibes the wine for the first time.

If the guest be sybaritish, and fond of luxuries, he calls for *bolao*, a crystallized sugar, much used in Catalonia. This he dips in his wine, and is happier than Alfonso himself.

Upon one side of the grand room in the *venta* is the fireplace. It is composed of a circle of stones, rudely fitted together, and of two layers. Within this circle wood and peat are burned; a huge iron pot being placed upon the glowing embers, the smoke escaping through a funnel-shaped apology for a chimney. This *pot au feu* is vigilantly attended to by the greasy looking, slipshod landlady, for it contains the *olla podrida*, a little of everything, from rabbit to sardine, from garlic to goats' flesh. She moves around the magic circle, not unlike one of the witches in Macbeth, and when she adds a little onion, or pepper, or seasoning, and at the same time stirring the condiment, and issuing orders in a deep soprano, the picture is nearly perfect.

All round the apartment, men in every conceivable attitude await the cooking of the *olla*. Drovers from the hills, shepherds from the valleys, corkwood gleaners, orange gatherers, swineherds, sit, lie, lean, lounge, recline—some in acrobatic postures, some preferring the earthen floor, some the table, some the rude wooden instruments of torture passing muster for stools.

The outer yard or court joins upon the village street. It is full of light—a blazing white, vertical light, that dazes, dazzles, blinds. Here dogs bark, and children frisk, and travelers gossip. On the stone benches placed at the door, the entire population of the village throngs at eventide. If it be moonlight, the castanets will be heard; and even in the dusty road the *seguidilla* will be danced with a grace, an *abandon*, a marvelous charm, which should be seen in order to be appreciated.

The Spaniards do not wait for music; the castanets supply the want, and in default of castanets, the entire company, on-lookers, dancers, old and young, snap their fingers, humming a droning sound, but danceable—ay, as the best waltz played by Grafulla.

Spain is rich in picturesque mendicants—richer even than Ireland, where the beggar is less fitted to the brush of the artist, though graceful enough in his dirt, squalor and rags. A Spanish beggar whines, rolling out prayers and ejaculations, the majestic word *Dios* coming to the front in a superb way. More loathsome creatures than some of them it is scarcely possible to conceive; while any deformity, any ulcer, any chastisement which it has pleased *Dios* to bestow upon them, is used as a talisman and a trademark, paraded and exhibited until one sickens, as the bleared, palsied and reeking army of martyrs stand as if on parade. It is worthy of remark that a large number of Spanish mendicants are blind. It is alleged that the reflection of the sun from the plains of white sand brings on loss of vision. These unfortunate beings crowd round every church door, at the corner of every street, and literally besiege people who ride in carriages. To miss a carriage along the road is to lose a meal — to starve — since it is to the charity of travelers that the beggars owe their ghastly existence—a charity which stands between them and death from hunger. Our illustration represents the utter despair of a blind man upon arriving too late at the field of action. The carriage is whirling away in the distance, leaving him tearing his hair, brandishing his guitar high in air, and bemoaning "the might have been"; while the dog gazes after the disappearing vehicle, knowing full well, that, like his master, he may have to go to bed supperless, all on account of those dust-raising wheels.

A "FUNCION."

The Spanish students are a class that stand aloof from the "ruck of breathing automata." There is a strong resemblance between them and the knights-errant of the Middle Ages. Poor and proud, poets and musicians, they sing under balconies, stretching forth their hats for a *cuarto* or a *peseta* in exchange for their *jotas* and their *seguidillas*. It is through the students that the ballads of the country are kept from perishing, as they wander from Irun to Gibraltar, now on foot, now getting a lift on passing wagons, now obtaining a seat on a mule, after the fashion of the pillion.

The student who is the spokesman and addresses the public is known as the *moscon*. There is no *ruse* or monkey-trick that he will not practice in order to fill his three-cornered hat with coin. To old women he will pay an appropriate compliment, and if a young one passes him, he instantly drops upon one knee, and, stretching his cloak as a sort of barrier, exacts a tribute. The girl blushes, flings a piece of money into his hat, when the *moscon* allows her to pass, gallantly kissing the imprints of her feet.

This class of student, *estudiantes de la tura*, is now a *rara avis in terris*, rarely to be met with, and the modern tourist may seek for him in vain. This type, so exclusively Spanish, is as scarce as an antediluvian fossil, and the last of this race is destined to join *la manola*, the *fraile*, and other "bits" of picturesque Spain, which have been, alas! relegated to the dominion of the past. The student of to-day is more sedate and less turbulent, although retaining much of the spirit of farce and frolic of his predecessors. In the country

THE HALT OF THE "CARROS."

towns he distinguishes himself at the theatre by applauding or "goosing" the piece or the actors, when he throws invectives and oranges on equally liberal terms. He is an authority and a terror at a bull-fight. He plays the tambourine with a talent and dexterity marvelous to behold, and in a manner that would put the veriest Ethiopian to the blush. He is a proficient on the guitar, also on the flute and violin. His favorite instrument is the guitar, and there is not a community that cannot boast of several magnificent performers on this very charming and melodious instrument.

"El estudiante sin guitara
Es una cometa sin cola."

("A student without a guitar is a comet without a tail.")

Cordova is the city of serenades, and if during the daytime it is sad and silent, at night, the hour for the guitar, it seems to awaken into musical life and love. The serenade, regarded by us as suitable enough for the opera-bouffe, would appear to have retired to Spain, particularly to Andalusia, where the guitar is still seriously practiced. "How does a Northerner"—says a Spanish poet—"an Englishman, a Swede or Dane, evince his affection for the woman he adores?—showing her that for her sake he loses his night's repose? Behold, he twists his mustache, or smooths his hair, sighs a little, and then goes tranquilly to bed—to snore. With us, how different! A *majo*, his guitar in his hand, his mantle on his shoulders, will remain till dawn beneath a balcony, without fear of danger of cold; and his lady love will not believe in his thorough devotion unless he plays

A PEASANT GOING TO TOWN.

his guitar during the entire night." When the *majo* sighs for a cruel fair, he chants couplets like the following:

"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana,
Cuéntame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

("If to-night you do not appear at your window, reckon me amongst the dead to-morrow morning.")

Our engraving represents a serenade by Spanish students, the effect by torchlight being marvelously picturesque.

Spaniards love carnival, and although it is not put into practical operation as in Italy and in this country, they lose no chance of "running" a procession, be it feast day or fast day, or saint's day or holiday. The religious *fêtes* at Seville during the Holy Week are the most celebrated and the most curious, comparing with the ceremonies at Rome. They are called *funcions*, and that which takes first rank is the *Paso*—the word signifying, in its strict acceptation, a figure of the Redeemer during His Passion, and as a general term, groups sculptured in wood, of which so many superb specimens are to be seen in the Spanish churches—some of them from the chisels of Becerro, Alonzo Cano, Montañé, and other equally celebrated sculptors. Every church in Seville contains its *Paso;* one of the most curious being known under the name of *Jesus Nazareno de Gran Poder*, which means Jesus of Nazareth of Great Power. It belongs to the church of St. Lorenzo, and is considered the greatest work of Montañé.

But the processions in Spain are not always of a religious character, as will be seen by our illustration. On certain days the *alcalde* announces a *funcion*, and old and young, rich and poor, are on the tiptoe of expectation. Gigantic figures of wicker-work aré placed on the stalwart shoulders of some *chulo*, or assistant in the bull-ring, and borne along the streets to the music of a flageolet. Boabdil is a favorite character, and his mahogany-colored mother; the Cid, Don Quixote, and other historical personages figure in the procession, which occasionally halts, when the figures dance a sort of quadrille, to the intense delight of the on-lookers.

The writer happened to be in Barcelona last year during a *funcion* of this description, and followed the procession with the great unwashed, into the courtyard attached to the archiepiscopal palace. In a few moments the archbishop, with pectoral cross and purple soutane, appeared upon the balcony, and, upon a sign from one of his chaplains, the tabor set up its shrill screech-owl note, the drum was tapped, and the great, unwieldy figures, with staring eyes and immovable features, began to dance.

The archbishop appeared to enjoy the thing immensely, laughing until he fairly shook his sides, his chaplains joining in his lordship's mirth. The figures are attired in rich colors, bedecked with a great quantity of tinsel and gold fringe. The ladies are adorned with brummagem jewelry which flashes in the sunlight—"as good as real." This *funcion* possesses the same pleasure for the Spaniards as the 5th of November—Guy Fawkes's day—to Englanders, and, although it never varies, it is always new.

One of the most picturesque objects in Spain is the halt of the *carros*, or market-carts, when the patient, meek-eyed oxen are no longer able to drag the great, primitive vehicles along without a spell of rest. Our illustration represents such a halt—not in the least distasteful to the lazy attendants—the oxen have lain down, and the carts are laden with those enormous earthen jars, or *tinajas*, which the traveler so often encounters in Spain, and nowhere else. The jars are full of oil coming from Mancha, for this province produces olives only.

The use of the *tinaja* is very ancient. Cervantes speaks of those that they manufactured at Toboso, and which made such an impression upon the ingenious hidalgo when he perceived them ranged along the walls in the house of the cavalier Gaban-Vert. The form of the *tinaja* never varies, but, as a set-off against this, it is used for many purposes. It is most employed for the carriage of oil and wine, but it equally receives other liquids, notably vinegar and brandy. Those which contain oil are occasionally buried, as were the amphoræ of Ancient Rome. The *tinaja* is also used for the cultivation of flowers, and for bathing purposes. Theophile Gautier, the French writer, vividly describes a bath taken in one of them.

Before using a *tinaja* for the storage of oil, it is carefully washed many times with water, which renders the earth less porous. It is to the porous nature of the jar that we owe the Spanish proverb—

"El jarro nuevo
Primero beve que su dueno.
("A new jar drinks before its master.")

The *tinajas* are packed in the *carros*, the children seated on top, and ready for transportation so soon as it pleases the oxen to indicate symptoms of being sufficiently refreshed. In the distance are the windmills, just as Don Quixote tilted at them, and the houses, snow-white, against the tawny sand. Nowhere as much as a scrap of vegetation; all is dead yellow and white.

There is not a more happy-go-lucky piece of humanity than your Spanish peasant. Give him his *vino tinto*, his *olla*, his cigarettte, and his dance, and he's as happy as a king. If he can earn in the morning as much as will supply his wants, it never enters his head to work during the day. He knocks off, repairs to the nearest *venta* or wine-shop, and there enjoys himself after his sweet, wild will. If he can earn a *peseta*, well and good; if not, he gaily succumbs to *reales;* and if *reales* are not in the market, he puts up with *cuartos* and—an onion.

To see that man sitting astride his donkey on his road to market, is a rare treat to the observant traveler. The patient animal—laden as to panniers, with wine, olives, or every conceivable description of vegetables, still finds room for its lazy master, who perches himself in the midst of the *impedimenta*, running his feet into a leathern strap fastened round the donkey's neck, close to the poor brute's head. He smokes and sings—such droning! and stops to gossip, or to let his dapple graze, or upon any excuse that may offer; and, his cargo once disposed of, becomes a man upon town. He is good humored, civil, but languid. There is no "go" in him, his vim would seem to have deserted him, leaving nothing but the outward semblance of a man.

Some witty writer has said "Remove a Spanish cloak, and you find emptiness." This applies, in a modified degree, to the Spanish peasant. It is only when dancing that he comes out strong—that he betrays any vitality. He becomes a good soldier under the baton of the drill sergeant, and is brave to rashness. In the Basque Provinces the men are much fresher than down in the south. The climate has much to do with this all-pervading laziness. In the north they are more brisk, more full of *elan;* but their habits as regard work are the same as those of their southern brethren.

Everything is *manana*, to-morrow, with your Spaniard. Anything that can be postponed, is postponed—and everything *is* postponed. He lives to-day on what he earns to-day, let *manana* provide for *manana!*

Another of the sights of sunny Spain is its droves of mules and asses. A great cloud of dust will appear on the

horizon, and, as it approaches, the forms of the long-eared animals will develop themselves, laden with charcoal, water, green fagots, fruits and vegetables. They are usually driven by a peasant, whose gay sash and cloak, cast negligently across his left shoulder, gives him that picturesque appearance which delights the soul of the artist. Sometimes a woman drives the drove, singing a low, monotonous sing-song, which is far from being melodious. Spanish women cannot sing, nor can the men either; they would seem to have as much ear for melody as the asses they drive before them. And yet, put them to dance, and never did Mr. Longfellow's "old clock on the stairs" keep better time.

Old age is beautiful! What more delightful than to behold silvery locks, and those seeds sown by the envious hand of Time—the beauty of youth dimmed but still traceable in the sunset; the eye still full of color, although now gazing into that mystic land to which the bark of poor humanity is so rapidly drifting. In Spain an old woman is fearfully old. She is a hag, toothless, wrinkled like the witches of Macbeth, blear-eyed, cunning, hideous. She reveals nothing of the bygone times—nothing to smite the memory in one pleasing chord. She is old—old, and terribly old!

There would seem to be no intermediate stage—no Autumn, no Indian Summer. In one fell swoop, youth, beauty, and bloom disappear, leaving hagdom to grin, and gibber, and mumble, and cast glances that send a shiver of—well, the sensation almost approaches to loathing. She sits at every corner; her wrinkled hands crossed, she sells *cacahuetas*—pistachio nuts—and talks in a shrill, harsh cackle. What chance of living would an old Spanish woman have had when they were burning witches at the stake? Not one!

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F. S. A.,

Was a friend of mine of many years' standing, says W. H. Harrison; and, although well known as the author of "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," was probably more distinguished as an antiquarian, and owed much of his celebrity to Sir Walter Scott's mention of him as "The King of the Fairies," in allusion to his diminutive stature. My first visit to him was at Rosamond's Bower, a pleasant little cottage at Fulham, where he had collected a museum of antiquities of all ages and countries. His cabinet of Egyptian scarabei was very numerous and rich, formed of precious stones and some of the precious metals.

After a late sitting of the Literary Fund Committee, we were leaving the house together, when he asked me what I was going to do with myself. I told him that I was very hungry, and, home being a long way off, I must get some dinner. "Well," he said, "we will dine together. Have you got any money?" Whereupon I produced four half-crowns. "That will do admirably," he rejoined; and he took me to Wood's Tavern, the resort of the Noviomagians Club, where we dined and discussed tumblers of whisky punch. And when our symposium was finished he called for the bill, which he slipped into his pocket, and told the waiter he would pay him at the next meeting of the club, and we separated.

On the next morning he called on me, and presented me with a scarabeus, which he himself had taken from the breast of a mummy which was of the time of the early Pharaohs, as a memento of our pleasant meeting. He added that he had a large collection, both genuine and counterfeit; but that this was a true one.

He told me one day that an ancestor of his, in Cromwell's time, lived in a castle with an only daughter, who was unmarried. Cromwell, according to his wont of rewarding his followers, gave a sergeant of his army an order written on his saddlebow (saddlebow-titles, such documents were styled) to take possession of this castle; before which the sergeant accordingly presented himself with his extemporized title, whereupon the young lady burst into tears, and appealed eloquently to his generosity in behalf of her aged father, and hoped that he would not turn him out upon the world at his time of life. Whereupon the soldier suggested the alternative of the damsel taking him for "better or for worse," and thus obviating any necessity for disturbing her venerable parent. The young lady, nothing loath, closed at once with the proposal, and, in the words of the story-books, "they lived together happily ever after."

Crofton Croker was a great frequenter of "old curiosity shops." I accompanied him once to one in Bond Street, where the proprietor showed him a large circle of gold wire, which Croker pronounced to be a "money-ring," and for which the owner was willing to take its value as old gold. We then adjourned to a goldsmith's in the same street, who weighed it, and, the price being paid, my antiquarian friend walked off in triumph with his prize. He told me once of an old fowling-piece, which was purchased—whether by himself or not I do not remember—at an old-iron shop for a few shillings, the mountings of which turned out to be gold.

I add a transcript of a letter from him, characteristic of the man and of his country:

"Admiralty, 5th July, 1836.

"My Dear H——: I arrived safely on Thursday last from the 'Green Isle'—what an isle it is for the absurdity of fun! I have seen much, and the conclusion is that I know nothing of Ireland. I have mixed freely and gayly with men notorious as leaders of opposing parties, and fine fellows in their own way they are. The very first invitation I received in my native city (Cork) was to Derrynane from Maurice O'Connell; the next from Mr. Leycester, the Orange member who was put out on petition with my friend Colonel Chatterton. I have dined at the Mansion House of Cork, the hotbed of Toryism, and with the parish priest of Blarney, who boasts that he was the man who first got up a resistance to tithes in Ireland. In fact, never was a man more curiously placed than I have been. I am just going to the anniversary of your friends the Noviomagians, who, I hope, will do themselves the honor of re-electing their president after his travels. We dine at Waltham to commemorate the restoration of its cross.

"Ever yours, T. Crofton Croker."

I may remark that the epithet "green," though applicable enough to the country, is not at all characteristic of the natives, who are anything but *green*. Sir William Chatterton, Bart., elder brother of the Colonel Chatterton alluded to, was a fine, handsome and most agreeable person. His wife, Georgiana Lady Chatterton, wrote some novels.

THE CRESCENT.

According to an old tradition, the Crescent, the emblem of the Turkish Empire, was adopted by the Turks after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453, and derived from a Byzantine symbol, which may be traced back to the days of Philip of Macedon. Thus the story is told by Tristan de Saint Amant, in 1644, and it is corroborated by the fact that the crescent occurs frequently on Byzantine coins.

Nevertheless, the attitude which the Turks generally assumed toward everything Greek—a mixture of utter indifference and contemptuous hatred—made it very unlikely that they should ever have adopted a Byzantine symbol for their emblem; and when, in the first half of this century, Turkish language, literature, and history began to be studied carefully for ethnological purposes, it was found out that the crescent had been in use among the

GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.— A DROVE OF MULES AND ASSES.— SEE PAGE 699.

Turks more than one century before their conquest at Constantinople.

It was then generally supposed that the Turkish emblem had its origin from Islamism, and had been adopted by the Turks when they embraced Mohammedanism, though the original banner used by Mohammed — the curtain covering the entrance to Aïseba's door, shows no crescent, and though it seemed a little singular that Mohammed should have selected one of the celestial bodies for his emblem, since he arose in opposition to the Sabeans, who were zealous worshipers of the celestial signs.

The obscurity which surrounded this curious subject has now been dispelled by a Danish *savant*, Dr. Schjerv, who, in an essay in the *Annals of the Royal Society of Copenhagen*, communicates a narrative by a Chinese historian, a contemporary of Genghis Khan, of the conquest of Peking by this monster, in which the Turkish banner is described as a bundle of seven white horsetails surmounted by a silver crescent; and thus he shows that the crescent is an original Turkish emblem. Also, other peculiarities of Turkish life, as, for instance, the dance of the Dervishes, he proves to be, not genuine elements of Islamism, or derivations from Greek civilization, but fragments of the old religious system of the Tartars, and practiced by the Turks long before they became Mohammedans, and while they were still living together with the Finns, Yamoots, etc., on the other side of the Altai Mountains.

A SELLER OF CACAHUETAS.

Our sons are taught how to make money, and our daughters how to attract attention; but little if anything is done toward imparting to them that instruction which would enable them to preserve and maintain unexceptionable health, without which the admiration of courts is a bare endurance, and the glitter of costliest gems is valueless.

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"RALPH WAS HASTENING ON THROUGH THE GATE; BUT NETTIE CAUGHT FAST HOLD OF HIS COAT. 'NO, NO!' SHE EXPOSTULATED. 'YOU ARE TO READ IT—YOU MUSTN'T GO UP.'"

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Ralph Desborough had passed a sleepless night, too; but he had been up in heaven all the while, and found rest more ecstatic than the brightest dreams that slumber could give.

Toward daylight he went to bed—slept, he fancied, though he could not be certain, since the visions which brightened his pillow were only a continuation of his consciously waking thoughts.

He was roused early by Aunt Betsey Turner's Bill, whom he had agreed to accompany on an expedition to Todd's Corners, a drive of some five or six miles, where he wanted to make a sketch, and, most of all, to please Samantha Dawson by buying for her some young crab-apple trees of a peculiar kind, the merits of whose fruit the spinster prized highly for the making of jelly.

It was past one o'clock when Ralph returned. Mabel's noon hour of intermission would be over—he must wait until four o'clock before he could see her.

He went up to his rooms—occupied himself for awhile with arranging his sketches, gazing at a crayon head he had surreptitiously copied while painting Mabel's portrait, and finally sat down to write a long letter to Gilbert Harrington.

He wanted to tell his adopted father the complete history

of the past weeks, which had culminated, on the previous evening, in such happiness as Ralph could not believe had ever reached mortal before or would ever be vouchsafed to another.

This letter finished, Ralph sat leaning back in his chair, occasionally glancing over the hastily written pages; reproaching himself because they made so incomplete an exponent of his feelings—told so poorly the tale he wished to render clear—yet at the same time inconsistently wondering that he had succeeded in attaining to any degree of coherency. Even to think of Mabel set his heart beating so wildly that his tremulous fingers could scarcely hold the pen.

But the letter was written—tolerably explicit, too, in spite of its deficiencies, he was glad to perceive—thankful, even, for he had vowed that he would never again keep a secret from his second father. As he had said in his letter, the one attempt to do so had brought too much suffering for him to essay another effort of the sort. He would not, no matter what happened—not even to spare Mr. Harrington pain or to screen himself. Then he smiled proudly at the folly of this thought—he was not likely to commit any act which should cause him to shrink from full and free confession thereof.

But these reflections were broken by frequent watchings of the clock. Only half-past three yet! It seemed as if four would never come, and Mabel had made him promise not to interfere with the proper fulfillment of her duties by appearing within sight of the school until her hour of freedom arrived.

At the longest, he could not consume ten minutes in going to her house. If he started before that time, even with the most righteous intention of taking a walk, he should be sure to find himself on the forbidden ground of her domain; and he could not bear to render her uncomfortable. She was so over-scrupulous that it troubled her even to feel her thoughts wandering from the duty which devolved upon her of making those tiresome little pupils reap the fullest possible benefit during the hours they were her charge. Not that Mabel considered them tiresome—Ralph knew that she loved the children and enjoyed her work; but just for to-day he considered that he might bestow the epithet upon anybody or anything that stood between him and the queen of his dreams.

Yet in spite of his eagerness, the expectancy possessed a pleasure of its own—it would only have been necessary for the dullest observer to look in his face to perceive that.

Such a handsome young fellow, as he sat there, with an expression of mingled impatience and happiness on his countenance, his auburn curls disheveled by the movements of his restless hands, his earnest eyes shining out from under a forehead which betokened a high order of intellect, his mouth sweet as a woman's beneath the curve of his light mustache, yet full of pride and strength, too—and, with all the rest, only three and-twenty!

Ah, to us older men there is something at once irritating and pathetic in the sight of such extreme youth. We feel ready at the same time to be envious and to say, God help him!

When Ralph Desborough had been a child of barely five years, his widowed mother lay dying—dying burdened by the awful consciousness that she left her little son utterly alone and unprovided for, with neither relatives nor money to save him from becoming a common waif of charity.

She cast about where in all the world to discover some spar to which, shipwrecked, drowning, she might, with her latest strength, attach her boy, and so insure his safety, and found it—as many another in similar strait has done—in the person of the one human being she had wronged; found it in Gilbert Harrington, whom, some years before, she had jilted to marry handsome, dissolute Norman Desborough—a man much nearer her own age than her first lover. He spent her little fortune, broke her heart, rendered himself a criminal by forging Mr. Harrington's name, and then died—up to the last rather pitying himself as the victim of an evil-disposed Destiny.

For the sake of the woman who had injured him so grievously—who helped the natural tendencies of his character to make him a cynical, suspicious, misanthropic man, Gilbert Harrington took the child to bring up as he would have done a son of his own.

"I must either do everything or nothing," he said to his cousin, Charles Reeves. "Away down in my heart I love the boy, because he is a part of her; but the recollection of his being the child of that villain, repels me all the while. The only way to forget is to make myself his father in everything except giving him my name—I shall do it."

"Why not, if you see fit?" returned Charles Reeves.

"I hurt nobody. Now that my poor brother is gone, I have not a relation left except you. In any case, I should never have left you money—you are rich enough, in all conscience."

"And growing richer," said Charles Reeves, quietly.

"I hate charities," continued Mr. Harrington, "and charitable people——"

"How you must dislike yourself!" cut in his cousin.

"Never you mind! Well, the point is this—I have decided! Miriam's boy—I mean my boy—shall have the money. I suppose you don't object?"

"Not in the least. You are competent to manage your own affairs; and no doubt you know what you want," returned Mr. Reeves.

"No doubt in the world."

"Certainly I never expected anything from you," Reeves continued. "You are only fourteen years older than I, so it would be absurd to count on it—even if I wanted your old shoes, which, thank the Lord, I don't!"

"You see," observed Mr. Harrington, meditatively, "it might have been different if that wife of yours would have any children——".

"Just let my wife alone!" Reeves interrupted, for his cousin had touched a wound that always ached. "For some utterly incomprehensible reason, or, rather, without reason, you never liked her, and you never will——"

"No, please God!" cried Gilbert Harrington, interrupting in his turn.

"Nor she you," continued Reeves; "and that is easy to understand, for you always show her your most unpleasant side—deuced unpleasant it is, too!"

"Yes, I think so," said Mr. Harrington.

"But, ill and suffering as she is," pursued Reeves, resolutely, "my wife is worth ten thousand women like that wretchedly weak creature you have fretted about for years past!"

"I know it," said Mr. Harrington; "that is the very reason I do not like her! Come, Charles, we'll not quarrel over either our loves or hates."

"Never!" Reeves answered. "We shall argue and dispute, as we always have done; all the same, we shall continue to wear on tolerably."

"At least, you are honest and straightforward, and you have common sense," said Mr. Harrington.

"Yes, more than you, though you are a much cleverer man than I," retorted Charles Reeves.

"You are stiff and priggish, and you aggravate me beyond endurance twenty times in a week——"

"And you are tyrannical and hot-tempered, but you can't aggravate me, though you try hard," spoke in Reeves.

"But somehow, if we don't meet often, I miss you dreadfully," added Mr. Harrington, after they had both paused to laugh; "I do, you stony image of virtue, you!"

"And I miss you, old porcupine!" was the answer he received; then the pair shook hands.

"And so," continued Mr. Harrington, "Miriam's boy shall be mine."

"I have no objection in life to Miriam's boy becoming yours," answered Charles Reeves, anxious to deal a thrust in return for the fling at his wife. I hope he will grow up honest, but I don't expect it."

"And he calls me a misanthrope!" exclaimed his cousin.

"I make you a promise now," continued Reeves; "I will always try to judge him as leniently as I can, and don't you ever let my opinion influence you against him. I tell you frankly, that as he grows up, whenever appearances are suspicious, I shall be sure to believe him culpable."

I could give no better idea of the terms upon which the two cousins had always stood, than by transcribing the conversation which had occurred when Ralph, scarcely more than a baby, had been taken into Mr. Harrington's house—a sadder house than ordinary just then, as Gilbert's beloved half-brother had only lately died.

Any description of the years which had elapsed would be singularly uneventful. Ralph Desborough had been a very happy child—as a boy, an enthusiastic, dreaming fellow, living so much in an ideal world of his own that the quiet life he led did not fret and pall upon him as would have been the case with most youths.

From childhood he had shown such marked talent for drawing that his future career seemed to settle itself—Mr. Harrington having the sensible idea that no matter what worldly expectations a man might have, it was right for him thoroughly to master some profession.

It had often seemed to Mr. Harrington that the struggle in his mind between affection for Miriam's son and repulsion toward Norman's boy had never ceased, but he realized how well he loved his winning, impulsive, impatient charge, when, some months before the date at which I began this narrative, he had found reason for the first time to fear that some of the father's evil traits were developing in the young man.

Ralph had been drawn into debt during his college course, and feeling that he had done wrong, he had endeavored to arrange matters without making known the facts to Mr. Harrington. He was enabled to do so because only a short period before—about the time of the paralytic shock which had made his adopted father suddenly a feeble old man, physically—a small fortune had fallen to Desborough in the most unexpected manner.

A distant relative of his father's—a man who had been unheard of and supposed dead for at least twenty years—died in Australia, and left Ralph a competency which produced a rental of twelve hundred dollars. The young man could not touch the principal until he was five and twenty, but he had made arrangements to pay his indebtedness gradually, giving a hold upon his property. His largest creditor had betrayed the matter to Mr. Reeves, and he, wishing no harm to the young fellow, had felt in his uncompromising sense of duty that he ought to inform Mr. Harrington, and had done so.

However, the disclosure had only served to bring Ralph and his adopted father more closely together, and the weeks before Desborough set out upon his pilgrimage to the Adirondacks had been among the happiest Mr. Harrington had known for years.

Now with the best intentions, it is a little difficult for any mortal who has been brought up to consider himself the heir to a vast fortune to be very hard working. Mr. Harrington had never made any secret of his intention to leave his wealth to Ralph, so it spoke well for the young man that he was striving as diligently to cultivate his talent for art as if his future entirely depended upon his efforts in that line. Though, perhaps, I should have put the explanation in another form—he was so full of enthusiastic devotion for his profession—so ambitious—so determined on great achievements, that neither pleasure nor temptation could interfere to dispute its claims, though certainly in his place many young men would have contented themselves with dreaming of the wonderful things they meant to do; never accomplishing more than enough to prove the capacities within them for producing something higher and better had circumstances made labor a necessity or their characters possessed force enough to resist the siren spells which assailed them.

Ralph had worked diligently and hard; his master, one of the most famous among our painters, prophesied great things of his future. He had, too, been already rewarded by a gleam of the sunshine of success—a taste from the inspiring draught of praise. A couple of little pictures which he had sent anonymously to the Spring opening of the Academy had attracted the attention of a noted critic, who, perfectly unaware of the artist's identity, pointed them out to public notice in terms of commendation, which caused visitors to the exhibition to discover that they, too, hugely admired the studies; and what was more, the two were purchased by a wealthy collector and hung in his gallery.

If would have been difficult to say whether the young artist or Mr. Harrington had been the most delighted, but their combined satisfaction fell far below the triumph which filled the soul of old Waters, who considered that Mr. Ralph had floated at once nearly, if not quite, to the highest pinnacle of fame. Not that there was any cause for surprise at this elevation—the boy had always been a marvel, and a marvel he would continue!

So there, in his quiet room, sat Ralph—watching the clock, glancing now and then at his letter, indulging his broken fancies—broken and varied from very excess of happiness, though, through each, whether a recollection of the past or a dream of the future, Mabel's image shone—the sun that lighted life into such new and wondrous splendor.

At length he began to fold up his letter and write its direction on the envelope, thinking:

"Odd, how much more freely I can write than talk to the dear old Uncle Gilbert! He will be pleased. Why, he has talked to me about the advantages of marrying early ever since I was eighteen, and——"

The clock struck.

"A quarter to four!" cried Ralph, springing to his feet. "By Jove, I thought time had made up its mind to stand still!"

He seized his hat, forgetting the letter in his haste, and hurried out of the house. Away he went, through the village and up the hill to the schoolhouse.

The place was deserted—not a child in sight—and it still lacked a few moments of the hour of Mabel's freedom.

Ralph rushed on toward the gate which led to her dwelling, not conscious that any feeling of apprehension stung his soul—only breathless and excited, it seemed to him.

Little Nettie Graves, who was on the watch, saw his approach, and ran forward, holding up the note which had been intrusted to her, and calling, as she came toward him:

"Mr. Ralph! Mr. Ralph! Schoolteacher has *such* a headache! We'd no lessons this afternoon. Here's a letter for you."

"Thanks—you're a good little Nettie!" Ralph answered.

and was hastening on through the gate; but the child caught fast hold of his coat.

"No, no!" she expostulated. "You are to read it—you mustn't go up."

"Mustn't go up!" he repeated, in wonder.

"No," said Nettie, firmly.

Staring at the child, while the latent apprehension sprang up sharp and bitter in his mind, Desborough tore open the note and read the half-illegible, pencil-traced lines:

"Come to me at six o clock—I cannot see you before. I am in bed with a terrible headache—did not sleep all night. Do not come till six, please—not even to inquire. MABEL."

"When did she give you this?" he demanded.

"Oh, quite a while ago," replied Nettie.

"Why didn't you bring it to me at once?"

"Miss Mabel said I wasn't to, till you came up at the usual time. Oh, don't go on!" she added, tugging at his coat as he tried to pass. "Wait! wait—let me tell you! Miss Mabel's asleep; if you woke her and made her head worse—and then you'd be sorry, you know.

"So I should," said Ralph. "You're a wise little thing! But she is not ill—not really ill?"

"Oh, no; you mustn't be scared," replied the miniature woman, impelled by the instinct of her sex to try and offer some comfort to the anxiety she read in his face; remembering, too, how earnestly Miss Mabel had impressed upon her the necessity of making him understand that her ailment was not serious. "It's only a headache. Grandma haves them sometimes, till she can't stand up, and so do I. Mostly they go with the sun, and I guess school-teacher's will, for Samantha says she's strong and healthy as spinach."

Even in the midst of his anxiety, Desborough could not help laughing at the odd comparison, so characteristic of the old maid; and the sound of his own laughter helped to quiet him—it was silly to have felt such exaggerated apprehension!

"I'll go up and speak to Samantha," he said. "I can go round to the kitchen door without making any noise."

"Oh, don't!" cried Nettie. "She would be so cross! She followed me out to say I was to tell you if Miss Mabel didn't sleep she might be sick. Anyhow, I expect she's up-stairs—Samantha, I mean—and you know how she *can* sputter when she's put out!"

"Indeed I do!" returned Ralph, laughing again. "And you're quite sure it's only headache?"

"Oh, yes—Miss Mabel told me so," replied Nettie.

"You saw her, then?"

"Oh, I was up in her room, and——" Nettie broke off abruptly, recollecting Mabel's command not to make Mr. Desborough anxious. She must not mention the fainting-fit, nor the white face that had frightened Samantha so sorely. "You'll see she'll be all right when the sun goes down. There's nothing like sleep, grandma says. She calls it—oh, what is that word?—I know it grows in our garden."

"Why, you little wool-gatherer! What do you mean?"

"Not catnip, nor spearmint, but—oh, I know—balm!" cried Nettie, in triumph. "She says it's just balm—and so it is."

"You're a real comforter," said Ralph, suppressing his merriment, lest the child, a sensitive little creature, should feel hurt—"a real comforter, my Nettie!"

"Why, that's a quilted thing grandma and I have on the bed in the Winter!" exclaimed Nettie, with considerable disdain. "I thought everybody knew that—and you don't! What *would* Miss Mabel say! When you come from the city, and all, and old Aunt Betsey Turner says you're a—a—oh, I can't forget—I mean remember. Yes, I do—a fly-higher!" she shouted, tumbling the compound word out upside down in her haste to utter it.

"Then let us see if you can fly too. We will have a race down the hill," said Ralph, eager to be doing something—if nothing else, at least to have some sort of physical exertion to occupy him, and so keep aloof the dread that Mabel might be really ill; telling himself all the while that it was impossible. She had been perfectly well last evening—that heavenly last evening!

So he took Nettie by the hand, and they ran down the steep descent into the village. Ralph left the little girl at the gate of her grandmother's cottage, and went on, meaning to have a brisk walk. As he was passing the inn where he lodged, the fat, shiftless landlord—Aunt Betsey Turner's perfectly useless moiety—chanced to be sunning himself on the porch.

"I say, Mr. Desborough!" he called, as the young man was going by with a careless nod of recognition—old Turner's indolence being almost as exasperating to energetic Ralph as it was to industrious Aunt Betsey herself—"oh, I say, Mr. Desborough!"

"Say it quick, Uncle Jake. I'm off for a tramp."

"I never see sich a chap for allays bein' in a hurry!" grumbled Turner. "It's right to be ac-*tive*—I'm ac-*tive*; but you mustn't allays be on the hurry-skurry, else you wear out the *ma*-chine—fur you see the human frame——"

"Now, Uncle Jake, I've no time to listen to one of your philosophical disquisitions," interrupted Ralph. "What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing," replied Uncle Jake, divided between irritation at this slighting treatment and satisfaction at having his claims to being a philosopher duly acknowledged. "Nothin' whatsumever."

"Then what the deuce did you stop me for?"

"Ah, that's the p'int!" said Uncle Jake, complacently. "Now you're a gettin' philosphery yourself! It's you wants sumpthing, and it's a waitin' for you—a letter that come a while ago, and I was so busy about that consarned cow-shed the boys is a-shinglin', it went teetotally out of my head. Ef I ain't on the spot every minute there's nothing done, and——"

"But where is my letter?"

"Why, I jest sent the gal up-stairs with it—I didn't know you was out. Ef I don't do every mortal thing myself it's never done! I says to Mirandy Ann when I give it to her, says I, 'Never was a man so plagued by a lot of loony, do-nothing creaturs!' Says I, 'Ef I was dead, I actilly believe ef I wanted to be buried'—and it's human natur *to* want it when so be the flame of life shall fail—says I, 'I should have to get up and *per*-form the job myself, for you're all so *con*-sarned lazy you'd take till the Day of Judges to get a hole dug deep enough to bury me,' says I——"

But by this time Uncle Jake perceived that his eloquence had no listener—Mr. Desborough had disappeared into the house.

So the old man filled his pipe, and sat waiting till some member of his family should be unfortunate enough to stray within reach, and afford him an opportunity to finish his grumblings and complaints—offering which was old Turner's part in the household duties, though, like many other people with similar tendencies, he firmly believed that his own shoulders supported the whole burden, and were so sorely fatigued thereby that nothing but firm determination and a philosophical turn of mind enabled him to stand erect under it.

Desborough rushed up-stairs in his usual impatient fashion, and opened the door of his sitting-room, which Aunt Betsey and her handmaid, the much-enduring Miranda Ann

delighted to keep in a state of order which nearly drove him mad, as they invariably secreted with great care objects that he wanted, and he could not even have the comfort of finding fault, as both the old woman and the young one lived in a state of humble admiration of him which was positively heathenish.

Ralph saw the letter lying on the table, propped up against a little vase of Autumn flowers, such as poor Miranda placed daily in his apartment, and seized it eagerly.

A letter from Gilbert Harrington, he knew, for the address on the envelope was in old Waters's writing—an ordinary circumstance since the master's paralytic stroke, though the obstinate gentleman utterly refused even Ralph's aid in the fabrication of his epistles, in spite of the fact that his arm and hand were so stiff and unruly that often his chirography was almost illegible, even to eyes accustomed to its vagaries.

"The dear old governor!" thought Ralph. "I am so glad his letter should have happened to come this day of all others—I'll read it to Mabel—it's sure to be very nice; when he hasn't written for some time, he always sends an unusually nice letter."

He threw off his hat—sat down in his arm-chair near the open window to read the missive. The day had been capricious—now bright, now overcast. Just at this moment the sun came out from behind a cloud and illumined the chamber with its glory; the breeze brought up the scent of late flowers and falling leaves from the garden and the woods beyond; a robin, perched on the topmost bough of a pear-tree that stood just beneath the casement, seemed singing his very heart out in rapture.

Ralph opened the envelope and unfolded the page. The writing was more blotted and hieroglyphic-like than ordinary. He paused to shake his head compassionately—at the same time vaguely noticed the glory of the sunshine, the robin's melody, while Mabel's image started up afresh. Then he carefully smoothed out the sheet and began to read. He glanced at the opening lines—stopped—stared about—held the letter at arm's length, involuntarily pushing his chair back, as if retreating from some dreadful object; then began again.

This time he did not falter or shrink until he had read the whole. The face changed from its fresh beauty till it looked as if he had died suddenly, under the horror of some supernatural fright; but he read on—read to the end.

This was the letter:

"You are a forger and a thief, like your father before you—take the knowledge of his crimes now, to add to your own—I have kept his secret long enough. I need not be surprised at your villainy—at bottom I am not! I know now that when I tried most eagerly to believe in your truth, I felt that you were your father's own son—my reason warned me—his fitting son.

"This is the last communication you will ever receive from me! I have covered up your crimes; you stand in no danger of exposure and punishment, unless you molest me. Come near—annoy me by so much as a letter or a message, and as sure as there is a God in Heaven I will have you arrested and pursue you to the bitter end!

"Your debts are all paid—that is the last I shall ever do for you. Your own property is in your hands; it is enough to enable you to live decently and honestly—I mean it would be if you were an honest man.

"You deceived me so easily about this matter in the beginning that, in your boundless audacity, you may hope to do so again. For your own sake, do not try it! I have sworn an oath, that if you approach me or write to me I will consign you to the justice of the law—you know I never break my word!

"I have every proof—not only Robert Sloane's books, but the letters you wrote—the altered checks. Fool! you did not do your work well; your father would blush at your clumsiness, though he might appreciate the boldness you have shown; no matter, doubtless with time you will grow more expert—if you are not hanged too soon, you may even live to equal him; further the invention of devils could not go.

"One thing more. Do not try to solace your wicked fancy by thinking that I shall miss and grieve over the loss of the man I endeavored to believe you—tried against every intuition of my soul. This parting—this casting you out—this making you in my life, not as one dead, but as one who never existed, leaves no void.

"I find that I never really cared for you! I took you, a pauper, out of pity! Son of a mother so weak that one could have respected her more had she been deliberately wicked. Son of a father so vile that only in his own offspring could his counterpart be found! I have done. GILBERT HARRINGTON."

Still the sunlight flooded the chamber with its radiance—still the wind laughed and whispered as it bore in the scent of leaves and flowers—still the robin sang on the topmost bough of the pear-tree beneath the window.

A human soul flung into hell—a segment of eternal life cast down to torment; and the pitiless sweep of infinitude undisturbed—dumb—deaf—unmoved as the Greek Fate. Nay, the deity of mythological days were the kinder; at least it did not demand love—only submission!

Ralph Desborough read and re-read the page—the awful words burning and searing his sight—every sense so concentrated in the perusal that he seemed to hear the terrible sentence shrieked by a thousand condemning voices!

Then the letter dropped from his hand.

When coherent thought returned, he knew that he had been near madness. Some blessed angel had averted that crowning calamity by whispering her name:

"Mabel! Mabel!"

CHAPTER X.

THE MESSENGER.

RESENTLY Mabel was able to sit up, to drink some water. She kissed Nettie, telling her not to be frightened, and tried to smile at Samantha.

"Was it your head?" asked the spinster, making such horrible contortions in her efforts to keep from crying that her face looked more like a gutta percha doll than a human countenance, and caused Mabel to burst into a fit of nervous laughter.

"Oh, don't!" groaned Samantha.

"You look so funny—you are making such faces, Miss Dawson. You don't know—a body can't help laughing!" exclaimed Nettie, and to prove how sincere her merriment was she burst out crying.

"You needn't be a little noodle!" retorted Samantha, and the outburst did her good. "I didn't mean it," she added; "you're a good little body as ever was! Now, Mabel, let me help you home."

"Oh, I can go well enough," Mabel answered, nerved anew by recollecting the strong necessity there was of keeping Samantha from getting an idea that anything more than physical ailments had caused her state.

But at the first step she attempted to take, the dizzy whirl in her head caused her to tremble so that she had to catch Samantha's arm and hold it fast to keep from falling.

"Walk, indeed!" exclaimed the spinster, trying to speak gruffly in order to conceal her alarm. "Howsomever, luckily I'm strong enough to 'tend to the business! You jest keep hold of me with both hands; and, Nettie, do you walk on the other side of—we'll do that fashion."

So Mabel allowed Samantha to take her home—almost to carry her; the moment she yielded an inch, for a time every possibility of independent action deserted the girl as completely as if she had lain for weeks on a sick bed.

Little Nettie Graves accompanied them and helped Samantha to get Mabel up-stairs to her room and lay her on the bed.

"Only let me alone for a little," the sufferer pleaded; "shut out the light—oh, shut out the light!"

Then the wild sound of her own voice made her sensible of the fright she must be occasioning Samantha. If she did not take care some neighbor would be summoned—the doctor sent for; and unless she could be quiet for a while she should go mad.

"If the room is dark I can sleep," she continued; "that is all I want—to sleep. I shall be quite well after that, Samantha."

She closed her eyes, pretending to be sleepy; she heard little Nettie whisper:

"Grandma always says a nap cures her when she has such a headache, and nothing frets her like having us stand about. We'd better go down, Miss Dawson! We'll leave the door open, and we can hear her if she stirs. I've nothing to do at home, and I'll just sit on the stairs. I'll call you the minute I hear a sound.".

So Samantha was persuaded to quit the chamber, and once alone in the gloom Mabel fell into a sort of stupor—conscious always of her suffering, but only vaguely, save when the tones of the village bell striking the hours roused her momentarily to the reflection that she had something to do, but she could not remember what; yet if she did not succeed and accomplish her work dreadful consequences would ensue—and she could not remember—she could not! Twelve o'clock! The very effort she made to think dulled her senses after the keen agony caused by the bell which seemed tolling in her brain had passed, and she lay half insensible until the clock struck one. Then she started up on her pillow and tried to call aloud, but her voice was gone—her last strength gone too.

Whether she fainted or slept she did not know, but she heard nothing, had no connected reflection, though aware always of her pain in a half delirious fashion, which made her feel as if she possessed a distinct duality and each part of her suffering, and the soul pitying the body and the body the soul.

And this partially comatose state lasted until the bell struck the third time—two o'clock—two! The tones brought a spasm of agony which restored her faculties—the bell struck on her ear like a warning that brought her memory back.

She knew what she had wanted to do—write a line to Ralph Desborough lest he might stray up the hill, discover her absence from the school and so come on to the house to find her; she must have yet a few hours to herself. She would see him—see him before the day ended, for ere its close she must break off every association with the dream-life of the past weeks.

What would come after? She tried to think. Useless! Only she realized that by some means she must put the relief of distance speedily between her and this home which had become the tomb of her girlhood. Speedily—there must be no delay; though what she meant to do or where to go she did not even attempt to consider.

She recollected Nettie's promise to sit upon the stairs. She found voice to call the child's name, and in a moment the little watcher was beside her.

"Are you better, Miss Mabel?" she asked. "Samantha's in the kitchen, keeping hot water against you want some tea."

"Not yet," said Mabel. "You know where my writing-desk is—bring it here."

The little girl obeyed without hesitation. Accustomed to visiting her schoolmistress frequently, she was well acquainted with the room. She brought the desk, and opened it upon the bed. Mabel managed to write her note, fold and seal it, and give it to Nettie.

"I want you to go down by the schoolhouse and wait till Mr. Desborough comes," she said. "I can't see anybody yet—the note tells. But I am better, Nettie—better. I only want to sleep again for awhile. After you have seen him, run away home, little Nettie. I don't like you to stay shut up in the house, and there is nothing to do for me—nothing."

"Then I may come early in the morning?" Nettie asked.

"Yes, early in the morning, dear, only go now—go. Tell Samantha I am better—I want to sleep."

So Nettie stole down-stairs and informed the spinster that Miss Mabel seemed "quite bright," and mentioned the errand upon which she was going. Her words were a relief to Samantha. After all, she had been mistaken in her fears that Ralph Desborough was in some way connected with Mabel's suffering. Just a sick-headache—nothing more.

But it was a favorable opportunity, while Mabel was still awake, to fulfill her duty as nurse. She had steeped a decoction of herbs, nauseous to taste and smell, but prepared after a receipt of her grandmother's, along with which treasure Samantha had inherited a boundless faith in the efficacy of the potion for every possible human ill, bodily or mental. She poured the mixture into a cup, and went up-stairs with laborious caution, her shoes creaking dolefully at every step, meaning to persuade Mabel to swallow the draught. But when she entered the room, the girl was lying back on the pillow, with her eyes closed. Samantha thought she had dropped into a doze again, and placed the cup on a stand by the bed, in order that Mabel might find it when she woke; then retired, creaking, with a virtuous sense of having performed her duty—happily unconscious what a caricature of Fate she appeared as she offered her bitter mixture.

Oh, the hours, the hours! Four o'clock, five o'clock! The afternoon was drawing toward its close. Time no longer seemed to Mabel to stand still; the moments were barbed by the thought of what so soon awaited her—the interview with Desborough. She had no excuse to give—none! All she could do was to make him comprehend the interview was the last. If he would curse her, kill her, so much the better—why, then there would at least be an end. The real truth, neither he nor any human being should ever learn from her lips—never!

She rose, and began to arrange her dress. The fact that a crisis was so close at hand brought her a kind of force—the strength of desperation. She felt cold and stony, as if her heart had died in the terrible struggles of the past night and this endless day.

Samantha appeared again, with a tray—Samantha impersonating Destiny anew—bestowing physical comforts to solace a soul in torment.

"I heerd you stirrin' about," she said, in an unearthly whisper, which, like many other people, she considered adapted to the presence of any person who was ill or suffering, though the tone might have made the blood of a Hercules run cold. "I had the hot water all ready. I've made you some tea the way Harvey used to like it when his nerves was upsot—Ruzhian, or Pruzhian, he called it—but no matter. Persian and welcome, if only it does you good."

"Thanks, Samantha."

"Oh, it ain't a case of 'thanks, Samantha.' The thing is, are you better?"

"Oh, yes—better."

Samantha set the tray on a table, and turned to look at her. She was frightened by the girl's appearance, but had the good sense not to say what she now dreaded might be the case—that this suffering was the commencement of a serious illness.

"There's rum in it, and lemon, and if you want more sugar, here's the bowl—and an onnat'ral mixture it is, though it ain't to say bad to the taste," she went on, rapidly; keeping to the subject of the beverage just to prevent herself from betraying her perturbation.

To avoid discussion, Mabel took the cup and drained its contents, while there flitted through her mind the wild, wicked thought which is so prone to come to the very young when a sudden whirlwind has made what seems an irredeemable wreck of existence—the wish that it were poison so potent that its drinking would stretch her dead on the instant.

"If I could get away—get away!" she moaned, not conscious that she had spoken audibly until she heard Samantha exclaim, in a startled tone:

"What on earth! Get away!"

"Yes, if I could—to-morrow—not letting anybody know where I was gone," pursued Mabel, unable to restrain herself now that she had once spoken; while Samantha stood staring, convinced that the girl was raving with fever.

"Don't look as if you thought I was crazy!" cried Mabel, impatiently. "I wish I could go! Do you remember that Canadian lady who was here in the Summer—Mrs. Temple?"

"Why, of course I do."

"She wanted me to come and visit her. I have quite a sum of money laid by from that last translation," pursued Mabel, in a strange, excited tone, carried away by the sudden idea which had seized her. "Nobody need know where I have gone. Just a few weeks! I'd come back when—when—I mean merely to go for a visit, and I'll write to you regularly, Samantha."

She was delirious—her listener felt certain of that.

"There's the school," Samantha said, snatching at the first objection she could find which would not be irritating. "Though to be sure, there's Lizzy Turner, Aunt Betsy down to the tavern's niece, on a visit to her folks—she'd be glad and willin' to take the place, and if she can't teach the little plagues, let 'em go unteached," she added, thinking that at least she could persuade Mabel to find a substitute to undertake her duties without delay; anxiety rendering her more peculiar than ever in her mode of speech.

"Yes—yes!" cried Mabel. "And I could go—I could go! You wouldn't tell, Samantha; after he was gone—after——"

"What!" broke in Samantha.

"No; I did not mean that! Well, no matter. Later I shall have something to tell you; not now, Semantha—don't ask me questions—not now!"

Samantha had dropped into a chair—for the moment the confusion in her brain almost equaled the whirl in Mabel's own. Had her first fears been correct? Was it mental trouble instead of physical illness which had taken possession of the girl? Did "he" mean Ralph Desborough? Was this his work?

"Mabel, Mabel!" she cried, in a voice of mingled suffering and wrath.

At this instant, through the open window there came the sound of wheels. The vehicle stopped before the gate.

"See who it is—see who it is!" covering her face with her hands and running to and fro like a demented creature, and afraid to look herself; beset by the idea that it was Ralph come before his time; dazed by a wild impulse to hide—to escape.

Samantha hurried to the casement, and saw a gentleman get out of the wagon, open the gate, and walk up the path.

"It's a stranger," she said; "I never saw him afore—must have made a mistake. Oh, what does he come bothering here for?"

She left the room and went down-stairs, thinking not of the visitor whom she could hear knocking at the door, but of her sudden dread caused by Mabel's words. This was Ralph Desborough's work; what had he said or done? His work, she knew! All her early repulsions and suspicions rushed back with redoubled force; she felt a fierce rage toward herself for having allowed her dislike to be conquered against her will.

She stopped short in the passage, forgetful of everything in the misery and passion of that thought. She was brought back to the needs of the moment by a second knock.

Samantha added to her conflicting emotions a sharp anger toward this untimely interruption. She hurried through the hall and flung open the door; confronting the newcomer with a face so tragic and a bearing so fierce that, absorbed as he was by troublesome meditations of his own, her strange manner did not escape his notice.

A tall, stern-looking man of middle age, stiff rather than stately, yet with something prepossessing in his appearance, from the expression of sincerity in his rugged features.

"Miss Jordan lives here—Miss Mabel Jordan," he said, quickly, in a tone that was an assertion, not an inquiry.

"Yes," replied Samantha, grimly, coming far enough away from the agitation of the past moments to feel a keen curiosity as to what could bring the stranger.

"I wish very much to see her at once. My business is urgent," he said.

"Mabel's ben abed all day; she ain't fit to see nobody," returned Samantha. "Mebbe you can tell me what you want? I live with her—have, ever since she was—— But that's no matter," she wound up, abruptly.

"Yes, I know—you are Miss Dawson," said the gentleman.

"I am," replied Samantha; "but you've the advantage of me. I never see you afore."

"My name is Reeves—Charles Reeves," he said.

"I've heer'd the name, I'm sure I have!" exclaimed Samantha, staring at him. A sudden recollection seized her, and a hot wrath blazed into her light blue eyes as she muttered: "I knew I had! That young scapegrace—that Desborough!"

"Miss Dawson," pursued Reeves, who had caught her words, "I should like a few minutes' conversation. I am sure you are a very sensible, resolute woman. Just let me explain something of my errand. I know after that you will urge Miss Jordan to see me the instant she is able."

Samantha moved back through the passage, opened the sitting-room door, and beckoned to the visitor.

"Come in," she said; "there's nobody to interrupt."

Charles Reeves followed her into the house, entered the sitting-room, and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XI.

NEARING THE CRISIS.

ONLY the evening before, when, to Ralph Desborough and the girl he loved, life had looked so bright that, in the arrogance of youth, they would have almost been ready to challenge Fate to disturb their happiness—when the idea

that a crisis could arrive where either would voluntarily relinquish any hold or claim upon the other, must have appeared a supposition beyond the limit even of possibilities—Charles Reeves had set out upon his journey.

At the very time when that young pair stood together in the moonlight and let their hearts talk, while earth and sky shone transfigured with a glory which human eyes never see but once, Reeves started upon his errand like a messenger sent by Fate to overwhelm these dreamers in the midst of their bliss.

In his whole life he had never undertaken a mission fuller of pain to himself; but he could not resist Gilbert Harrington's entreaties. Indeed, he knew that a refusal might be a matter of life and death to the excited old man, and, besides, Reeves's personal duty was plain—to save this innocent girl from Ralph Desborough.

Mr. Harrington's directions had been very explicit; he arranged for every contingency; foresaw every possible complication. If the girl loved Ralph Desborough, to go to her with the story of his guilt would be worse than useless; either she would not believe, or, woman-like, would cling the closer to her lover in his wretchedness and disgrace.

The letter which Harrington had written to Ralph was placed in Mr. Reeves's hands—the intention had been for him, when he reached Hillside, to send it to the young man's lodgings, give him time to reflect upon what the consequences of a refusal to comply with its commands would involve, then seek Ralph and wring from his terror of exposure a voluntary renunciation of the girl if, as Harrington felt certain, he had told his love, or if not, to depart at once.

At a wayside station Mr. Reeves misunderstood the call; he thought there was a halt of ten minutes. He went into a restaurant for a glass of beer—heard the train start—rushed out—it was already moving off at a rapid rate. He pulled the letter from his pocket, wrapped it in a five-dollar note and flung it on the platform where he saw the conductor.

"Mail it!" he shouted.

He reflected that it was well the letter should reach the young man in advance. He found that, by hiring a carriage, he could be driven to the lake—some twenty miles distant—to a village where the boat touched, and reach Hillside a few hours later than the letter.

He crossed Champlain, and on the opposite side hired a conveyance to carry him to Hillside—a drive of some fifteen miles. He discovered that his coachman knew the village well—had lived all Summer there, and only came away a few days before to accept a more lucrative situation in a livery-stable in a town on the shore of the lake.

It required no great expenditure of diplomacy to win his confidence; a "drink" before setting out roused in his bosom kindly feelings toward his passenger; a real Havana cigar and judicious praise of his driving did the rest.

Long before they arrived at Hillside, Reeves knew everything about Ralph's stay in the village, Mabel Jordan and her mode of life, down to a specially detailed account of Samantha Dawson, who had once given the youth a good trouncing for stealing apples out of her orchard. Every word in his highly-colored account added increased conviction to Reeves's mind that the first person to deal with was Samantha Dawson; a woman such as she must be would not be difficult to have her suspicions aroused, even without his absolutely revealing Desborough's guilt.

Reeves felt that his wisest plan was to go at once to the house; he could decide later as to his interview with Ralph—an interview from which he shrank. To see the young fellow overwhelmed by discovery of his guilt, was a thought full of dread; it seemed to Reeves that the very fact of his having always had doubts of Norman's son made it more painful. He had been the one to bring Ralph's silence in regard to his college debts to Mr. Harrington's notice; his coming now would look like a wicked desire to exult over the exposure of the young man whom he was conscious of always having regarded with suspicion—a mode of treatment which Ralph, not dreaming of its cause, had repaid by haughty coldness, though all the while the pair could not dislike each other. Reeves could not always help hoping that he was unjust—Ralph that he took offense at mere stiffness of manner; for at bottom each recognized, however unconsciously, the sterling qualities of the other—the mind of each was too open and honest for this not to be the case.

Mabel sat still in the chair upon which she had sunk when Samantha left her. She forgot Samantha, the stranger, the future—everything, in the thought of the interview which she must so soon have with Ralph Desborough. She knew that to attempt to escape it would be useless; and if she tried, sooner or later it must come; if she were to fly then and there, he would follow. Only from her own lips would he credit the tale—only her own voice could make him believe that they were separated for ever. And she—what was she to say? In what words couch her dismissal and hold her secret fast? Ah, no matter! She could not think. Some words would come—the falser, lighter, the more incapable of having prized his affection they made her appear, why, the better—the better—the completer his cure.

And it was the thought of his suffering which drove her so near madness. If she could bear the whole! He was so strong, so brave, so proud, so full of scorn for deceit and weakness; oh, if he could believe her both false and weak—a mere coquette—at once his pride would come to his rescue; he would despise her so heartily that he could not suffer! She, the real Mabel, would be a vile creature, so distinct, so separate from his ideal, that though he might lament for his perished dream, she, the woman, would make no part of his grief! Better so—better so! the one way out—the one means to employ!

Some break in her meditation left her space to become aware of the murmur of voices in the room below; but she could not even wonder who the visitor might be.

Again her confused thoughts flew off like wounded birds seeking shelter and finding none. At length she was roused from her aimless reverie—resembling rather a vision caused by narcotics than actual reflection—roused by the opening of the door with a fracas which caused every movable object in the apartment to shake violently. Samantha bounced into the room and flew round and round more like a puppet set in motion by some artful internal machinery than a rational human creature obeying the dictates of her own will. After a few seconds of these extraordinary gyrations, which were accompanied by strange gurglings in her throat, arising from abortive attempts to articulate intelligibly, she danced at Mabel in wild excitement, and fairly shook her to and fro, as she cried, breathlessly:

"He might have knocked me down with a feather as easy as wink! The world's gone topsy-turvey, and the bottom has fell out! Good Lord, Mabel, don't stand there like a stock made out of a stone, as if you was Lot's wife in a salt pillory, and all his family into the bargain!"

"You talk so loud!" said Mabel, piteously, shivering from head to foot, and putting up her tremulous hands. "What has happened! what do you want!"

"Oh, it's not me—I'm not to bear the blame; nor he, for that matter," replied Samantha.

"Who! who! Oh, for Heaven's sake, explain!"

"WHO CAN THIS BE?" THE INWARD COMMENT OF A SURPRISED FATHER.

"When I tell you I'm that moon-struck I can't explain, nor understand, though it's clear enough if you'll only listen to what I say! He's come from goodness where to see you—haven't I told you already six times! And his name is Reeves—and he brings such offers as I never heard of, nor you neither; and we're both to be taken at once——"

"Taken—taken where?" Mabel broke in.

"Oh, good gracious, I'm that upset I couldn't understand whether it's to the land of Goshen or the grave of Nod any more than if I was Cain or Abel murdered a dozen times over by which ever it was did it; for it's even drove the Bible and all the patriarchs clean out of my head and——"

"Samantha, be still!" Mabel interrupted again, pressing her hands hard against her temples. "Oh, what do you mean by coming and talking such nonsense to me?"

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated Samantha. "Now for pity's goodness don't be a bewildered zany whatever you be, but hurry down-stairs, and try to understand clear what it all means; or where's the use of edication, with books in heaps all about? else I shall go as cracked in a minute as you look, and then he'll have to make the house a lunatic asylum and strait-jacket us both back to our senses."

"Go away!" Mabel moaned. "Go away!"

"Of course we're going away! Here's the very chance you wanted!" pursued Samantha. "I tell you he's a connection—or, not he, but the one that sent him! He wants you—t'other one, I mean—and me too; and he's sent a letter by him to tell you everything, so that you won't wait; because he's got a disease, and may die any moment before we get there."

"Samantha!" groaned Mabel.

"Yes, indeed! And now, if you can't understand when I've explained till I'm choked with asthma as if I was a puff-ball, I don't know how to make you!" cried Samantha.

A stranger to trouble her! Ralph coming! Oh, she should lose her last gleam of reason! What was Samantha saying? This person wanted her—was come to take her away? Had Heaven sent some gleam of light into her grave? Was the way opened—the clue found? It was too much to hope. Anyway, she could not dwell upon the idea now—could not question nor listen. She must be alone; every remaining capability of strength must be reserved for that interview with Desborough. And he might come now at any moment; and a stranger below; and Samantha standing before her, talking, gesticulating; and she so spent and faint that half the woman said might have been uttered in some unknown tongue, for all she understood of its meaning.

"Don't you hear, Mabel!" cried the spinster, for once in her life so excited that she lost every trace of the common sense and practical turn of mind upon which she so justly prided herself. "If you're deaf and dumb, for pity's sake say so, and let's go into a synagogue for the blind at once; as if we were both the whole tribe of lost Jews and half-a-dozen Judases Iscariotses into the bargain!"

"Go away, Samantha!"

"I can't, till you tell me what I'm to say; for he has got to get back to him, and has no time to spare. Do try to understand, Mabel!" exclaimed the old maid, dancing at her again. "I mean the visitor—Mr. Reeves; and he comes from him, I've told you over and over!"

"Send the man away!" Mabel heard herself saying.

She seemed to be speaking from a great distance; Samantha looked very far off.

"Send him away!" echoed the woman.

"Tell him to come back in an hour, if he likes. I can't see him now—I won't see him!"

"Can't see him! Why?" persisted Samantha. "He's not a young man, to make a stranger of. Anyhow, I'm sure the way that Ralph Desborough has been allowed the run of the house——"

"Be still! don't you speak his name!" Mabel broke in.

"What!" exclaimed the spinster.

"I tell you to be still! Send that person away. Tell him, if you choose, to come back in an hour. Only get him away now—go away yourself. He is coming——"

"Land's sake! he wouldn't come up here!" interrupted Samantha, not knowing what she said.

"Ralph—Mr. Desborough—I expect him. I must see him alone. It will be for the last time!" cried Mabel.

And the agony of that utterance seemed almost rending body and soul asunder.

"The last time!" repeated Samantha, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes. Don't say it over! Be content. You never liked him."

"I knew, I knew!" muttered Samantha, with a ferocious look.

"I tell you after this once, I would walk miles on burning plowshares to avoid his sight——"

"Since there's a opening—since Mr. Reeves come for that!" broke in Samantha, sobbing in mingled anger and fright.

"I hear—yes! Go away with him? Anywhere, anywhere! Only let me alone till I have seen Ralph, then bring anybody you like—anybody who will take me away for ever!"

"Mabel!" groaned the woman.

"Be still! I tell you I shall go mad if you do not let me alone—mad! Go, send that man away—go yourself. Don't let me see a soul when I come down-stairs. Don't be in sight or hearing. Do you begin to understand? Not a word more! I'll not answer—I'll not hear! Remember, from this hour, never mention Ralph Desborough's name in my hearing—if you do, that instant we part for ever. Go!"

The woman crept out of the room in silence. Some perception struck her at last that she stood face to face with an agony which went beyond sympathy or aid on her part; and she was positively afraid of the burning eyes from whence Mabel's maddened soul looked out.

Samantha went down-stairs, white and trembling; her very suffering rendering her more composed in appearance than she had been all day. She entered the room where Charles Reeves awaited her return.

"You must go away," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "She says you must go—go, and come back after he has been. I tell it so bad—she frightened me so."

"You mean she expects Ralph Desborough?"

"Yes; for the last time, she said. I don't know what he has done, but oh!" cried Samantha, with sudden fire. "I'd like to tear his eyes out for the trouble he has brought on my dear!"

"Tell me what she said," urged Reeves; "I shall be able to shape my conduct by that. Don't hesitate—it is most important I should know. You can trust me, Miss Dawson—you are already sure of that."

"Indeed I am!" exclaimed Samantha. "Oh, if ever heaven sent a body straight to the place where they was wanted, heaven sent you here this very day."

"I believe so too," Mr. Reeves answered. "But remember, the doing the work is left to us. We must make no mistakes, for her sake."

"And I'm acting like a fool!" groaned Samantha: "a baby would be more help than I am! But I was scared—I was, and I ain't easy scared—she looked at me with such

eyes—oh, a face that looked as strange to me as if I hadn't seen her for years!"

"She is suffering terribly; but don't be frightened," Mr. Reeves answered. "Tell me just what she said."

"Not much—only that she would go anywhere to keep out of *his* sight; that if ever I mentioned *his* name she would never see me again. Oh, it wasn't the words so much," sobbed Samantha; "it was the way she looked that scared me."

"Was that all?" Mr. Reeves asked, after an instant's reflection.

"Yes; only you were to go at once—oh, you must! If she should come down and find you here, I don't know what would happen!"

Mr. Reeves's course was rendered very clear. He need not even see Ralph Desborough—at least it was something to be spared that additional pain.

"Please go—please!" repeated Samantha, with a beseeching humility which would have astounded any person who knew her well.

"I am going," Reeves answered. "When I see him leave the house I will come back; do you be on the watch to let me in."

"I will—I will!" cried Samantha.

Mr. Reeves left her without another word. As the outer door closed behind him, Samantha thought she heard Mabel's step on the stairs; she hurried down the passage and hid in the kitchen; she dared do no less than carry out the girl's commands to the very letter; for once in her life the resolute old maid was completely subdued.

When Mabel found herself alone again, she was able to recollect that she must be strong till after the meeting had taken place. She sat muttering broken prayers for help; all the while she seemed to hear demon voices whisper that such appeals were vain, and that she knew it—Heaven itself had deserted her!

But this coming trial would be the last; this parting once over, Destiny would have no power to bring her a fresh sting. The old misery must remain—always, always—but no new suffering could touch her soul; she should have exhausted every capability of feeling another blow.

Seconds passed—minutes; seconds and minutes which held eternity in their round. Ah, thank your God if you cannot understand! Then the click of the garden gate—then hurried steps upon the gravel walk. The crisis of her existence had arrived!

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

The chime of the clock had roused Ralph Desborough to consciousness that the twilight was gathering. The moment had come when he was free to seek Mabel—for what?

Her name had whispered itself to his soul during that awful vigil, like a hope flung across the bottomless pit of his degradation; but the hope died speedily out. Condemn her to share his infamy, even if she were willing? he thought was too monstrous. If he were to permit such sacrifice on her part, he should be a baser wretch even than circumstances had made him appear in the eyes of the man who had loved him.

Ralph realized already that he was powerless to clear up the mystery which looked so like guilt that an angel of mercy would have accepted the evidence.

But he must go to Mabel—tell her the whole. Ah, she would believe his words. Though in all the stretch of earth or heaven no other faith in his innocence could be found, she would believe.

He must leave her—even if he broke her heart, he must do it. To bind her fate to his would be a sin so terrible that the sweep of eternity would not hold sufficient space for expiation; but she would believe that he was innocent. Only to hear her say that, then go—no matter where. At least, he should take with him the recollection of her trust.

He hurried out of the house, on up the street. The day, which had begun so bright and beautiful, had grown overcast and dreary before its close. A great pall of gray clouds mantled the sky; the wind blew cold; the evening had gathered before its time. For once nature herself seemed to participate in a human being's despair.

Ralph had passed beyond the limits of the village; he was mounting the hill. Through the gloom of the twilight shadows he suddenly perceived a spectre!

Was he losing his reason? For an instant he fancied he beheld Charles Reeves, the man whom he knew now he had always felt to be his enemy.

He stopped short.

"Reeves!" he shouted; "Reeves!" he cried out, with such force that the echoes answered loud and clear.

Then he closed his eyes for a few seconds, opened them, stared about again. There was no human being in sight.

Ay, he was so near frenzy that his disordered imagination had conjured up a phantasmical likeness of the foe whom, during the wild fancies of the past hours, he had been associating with this awful blow.

He hurried on, reached the gate, dashed up the path. He opened the house-door without stopping to knock, entered the hall, and called aloud:

"Mabel! Mabel!"

He heard a voice from the little parlor make answer—not her voice—surely not hers.

Another instant and he was in the room. At the further end he saw Mabel standing, her eyes fixed upon him—oh, an expression therein which warned him that he had come too late to tell his tale!

He was quite near her now. He stood still. The look in those eyes froze the very blood in his veins.

"My God! you know?" he muttered.

She caught the words. What did they mean? Why, that he had in some way learned the story of her shame. Ay, that was it, that was it—he had learned the whole! And in her faintness and weakness she could not realize how impossible her thought was.

"I know," she answered, without pause; "I know. Why did you come, since there was no longer any necessity? Go away! go away!"

Then she heard him whisper:

"She believes it! she believes it!"

And, without volition on her part, she heard her own voice echo: "She believes it! she believes it!"

"My God!" he muttered, once more; "oh, my God!"

"You might have stopped away," she moaned. "What was the use of coming, since you knew? Did you want to stare at me—see how I looked? Do it—I can bear anything—do it! Then go, when you have stared your fill. Oh, isn't the earth wide enough for us both, so that we need not meet——"

"Be still!" he broke in. "Not a word more. Leave me one memory. You are right. Never to meet on earth again—oh, never hereafter, unless eternity is as merciless as time!"

"Never!" she echoed.

There was a second's silence, so awful that when a withered trumpet-flower and leaf dropped suddenly from the trellis on to the porch, the sound, coming through the open window, was like the blow of a hammer in their maddened brains.

"So I did not dream it!" he exclaimed. "He has been here—I did see Charles Reeves."

She answered him by a faint cry. She had forgotten that the means of escape were at hand. If he would only go without putting into plainer words his cognizance of her shame—his submission to the ban which separated them.

"Charles Reeves!" repeated Ralph.

"I forgot him!" she exclaimed. "Go away! Don't speak to me—go away!"

She tottered back into a chair. When she opened her eyes again, he was gone.

Cowering in a corner of the kitchen, her head hidden in her apron, Samantha sat waiting for the conclusion of the interview between Mabel and Ralph Desborough. Between anxiety about her darling, sympathy for her suffering, and fierce wrath for the man, Samantha's mind was in a state of complete chaos.

She was ready to start up, enter the parlor, and wreak vengeance of some kind on the handsome demon who had brought trouble to Mabel; but she dared not—Mabel had bidden her leave them alone, and she did not venture to disobey the command. Never in the whole course of her life had the resolute woman feared any human being; but she was afraid of Mabel this day—positively afraid.

Misery of suspense endured for a very brief space—not moments enough to seem long even to her excited imagination—a faculty which had so suddenly developed in her mental organization, that had she been a person given to psychological theories, she might have wondered greatly over this new possession—as new as it was uncomfortable.

She heard the door close behind Ralph Desborough.

"He's gone!" she exclaimed, flinging the apron off her head, and staring about the room as if searching some sentient object that could comprehend and share in her varying emotions. "Actilly, he's gone a'ready!"

The gray cat asleep on the hearth roused up at her voice and uttered a plaintive little "mew." The clock struck. A tin cup insecurely hung on a nail above the sink, took that special opportunity to fall and to make noise enough for a dozen cups double its size.

Samantha glared at each offender in turn, and exclaimed:

"I believe the house is haunted, I vum I do!"

She began the sentence in anger. Short as it was, the ideas conjured up by her own words gave her a superstitious thrill before it ended.

"Plague take everything!" she added, and ran out on to the grass plot at the back of the kitchen. The gray cat followed, and once more uttered a dolorous appeal. It was her hour for having a saucer of milk, and her stomach craved its usual nourishment; but Samantha forgot that and called:

"I believe you're Old Scratch—I do!"

"Mew!" said the gray cat, in an injured tone, turned tail and retreated into the kitchen, gazed about, and espied a plate of cold meat on the dresser; and though she had been from the earliest days of open-eyed kittenhood the most conscientious feline animal that ever existed, she leaped without hesitation upon the shelf, and devoured the mutton with an air of relish which showed that the taste of forbidden enjoyments was as gratifying to her as if she had been a human being.

Samantha hurried round the house, passed beyond a clump of bushes which would hide her from the parlor window, and stood waiting. Her hair, disarranged by the carelessness with which she pulled the apron off her head, got loose and fell about her shoulders; the wind blew her garments to and fro. In the excitement of her thoughts she unconsciously waved her arms right and left. Altogether, as she peered eagerly through the gloom, she looked like some medieval witch performing some unholy incantation; only her face was so haggard and despairing that it would have seemed her magic rites had recoiled upon herself, and had smitten her very soul with their demonic strength.

Presently she saw Mr. Reeves come back down the road. She caught herself calling his name; pressed one hand hard against her mouth to repress the sound and waved the other in the air without the slightest consciousness that she was doing so.

The visitor opened the gate and walked up the dahlia blossom bordered path. Even when he was close to her, Samantha did not speak—she could not; her voice seemed suddenly to have deserted her in the rush of relief aroused by his return. Her dear one was safe—safe! God had sent this messenger to carry her beyond Ralph Desborough's reach!

"I saw him go," Mr. Reeves said. "Let me see Miss Jordan at once."

Samantha beckoned him to follow, and ran back toward the kitchen; became aware of the disarrangement of her locks, paused an instant to wind them about her head as best she could, remembering, even in her agitation, that Mabel might notice their confusion; then conducted the visitor through the passage to the parlor.

The door was partially open. They could see Mabel's white face as she sat dumb and motionless among the shadows. Samantha glanced back at her companion, as if asking advice—desiring to be told what to do—she, the hard-headed woman who had always been ready not only to act herself in any emergency, but to direct others also!

"Go in," Mr. Reeves whispered. "Tell her I am here. Say I want her to read this letter before she sees me."

Samantha took the epistle and went slowly into the room. Just then Mabel looked up and saw her standing in the place Ralph Desborough had occupied. Beyond, in the doorway, the girl fancied she caught the figure of a man, but there was such confusion before her sight, such strange shadows, so many objects which she felt to be unreal, were sweeping slowly along, like the shapes in a phantasmagoria that what was substance, what the creation of her brain she could not decide.

"Mabel!" Samantha whispered.

"I hear you—I see you," she answered, though the words were addressed to herself rather than to the woman—a sort of assurance to her mind that she was able to control her wandering fancies. Then, in a second—though the time had seemed so long to her that a wonder as to why Samantha kept silence crossed her brain—she added: "I say I hear. Is it you, Samantha?"

"Of course it's me," returned the spinster; and in her effort to speak unconcernedly, she croaked in a dismal fashion. "Who else should it be, I want to know?"

"Who else?" echoed Mabel.

"He is here—Mr. Reeves is here," faltered the old maid.

Mabel straightened herself in her chair.

"Let him come in," she said, in a cold, hard tone; "I told you he might. I have not forgotten. Let him come in."

"He—he wants you to read this letter first," replied Samantha, holding out the missive; "it will make everything clear."

"Can't he speak? Must he write what he has to say?" she moaned.

"No, no—it's a letter from the gentleman who saved him——"

"Oh, give it to me!" Mabel broke in, impatiently.

"I'll fetch a lamp," said Samantha, and ran away.

But Mabel did not wait for her return—indeed, had not heard her words. She crossed the room to a window, opened the envelope, and, by the faint gleams of light which stole through the casement, began to read:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY: Although you do not know me personally, I think my name will not be unfamiliar to you."

She read on, not even turning the sheet to look at the signature; she was past curiosity or interest.

"I am an old man, and ill; I write with difficulty, and I do not choose to confide the duty, even to the trusted friends about me.

"Your mother was the relative of a person very dear to me—a person who was herself a distant connection of my own; so that, without tampering with the truth, I may call you my connection also.

"I told you that I could not write much; what I can do must be devoted to one purpose. In your mother's name I bid you come to me without loss of time—without hesitation. The reasons for this haste I cannot set down here.

"When I tell you that I have had one paralytic stroke—that my physicians have informed me it is quite possible any great mental shock or excitement may bring on another, which would prove fatal, you will excuse this abrupt letter—you will understand that compliance with my wishes is more urgent than it might be under ordinary circumstances; you will obey my request—nay, my command!

"Mabel Jordan, remember that this is your mother's voice calling through me; and as you hope her soul to find peace in the existence to which she has gone forward, obey—come!

"You will find in my house, if you choose, a home—occupation; but these matters can be left for future consideration on your part—on mine the offer is made in all earnestness, and will not be retracted.

"The bearer of this letter, Charles Reeves, is my cousin and valued friend. I could have confided the charge of seeking you to no one but some member of my family. Nothing short of the danger which might result, in my present state of mind and body, from undertaking the journey, prevents me from coming in search of you.

"I know that you are an orphan. You have, doubtless, near you some female relative or friend of sufficient years to act as a fit guardian—bring her with you; if not, any woman servant or neighbor who will do you this favor. That you can easily arrange.

"One explanation more. You are acquainted with Ralph Desborough. I am aware that he is, or was lately, in the neighborhood of your home. I tell you frankly that from him above all others you must keep this letter and your journey a secret. I think it probable that from him you may have heard my name, if it never before reached your ears.

"From him above all others, I say—mark it well!—you are to guard the secret. My reasons therefor I cannot give here; be satisfied to know that it is in a measure for his sake that I demand this.

"If you do confide in him—if by any means he should prevent your coming, as he may try to do (I cannot tell); but if he should succeed, I warn you that the consequences will fall upon his head, and they will be terrible!

"You are a woman, and would not willingly—nay, willfully, bring trouble upon another; so obey! I am a man, therefore you will not wonder that I should be hard and unforgiving if circumstances compel me. I always say exactly what I mean, and my word once given, I never retract!

"I repeat, that if you do not come, and Ralph Desborough has anything to do with your refusal (and be certain that I shall know it if he has), he shall suffer, and the fault and the regret will be yours.

"It seems a pity to end with such harsh words. They had to be written! I am too weary now to write further, and, besides, time passes; I want my messenger to start on his journey.

"Oh believe, my girl, that no human being ever received a summons more imperatively necessary than this; believe that if your dead mother could return, she would hasten to your side to warn you not to hesitate—not to delay an hour—a moment!

"I can write no more. God have mercy on us all if you do not come! But you will obey—I feel it—I am certain—you will come.

"GILBERT HARRINGTON."

Mabel read the letter to the end; blotted and illegible as it was, she read it without difficulty. Rather it seemed to her as if the strange significance of the message were flashed straight into her soul than a page of written characters deciphered by her outward sight.

As her gaze fell upon the signature she cried out.

"Yes, deary, yes!" Samantha's voice responded from the passage. The old maid entered, bearing a lighted lamp in her hand.

"What is it, Mabel—what is it, lovey?" she asked, in the piteous, croaking voice so unlike her usual firm tones.

The sudden glare of light flung in upon the gloom where she had cowered so long, blinded the girl for an instant. She put her hands before her eyes to vail the brightness.

A way of escape—a way of escape! That was all Mabel could think of at first. In her abnormal state of mind, nothing in the letter struck her as strange—neither the manner of writing, at once pleading and imperious, nor its revelation that some tie connected her through the dead with the writer. But as she read on, the mention of Ralph Desborough's name, the open threat that a refusal on her part to obey would bring trouble upon him, gave her a new eagerness to be gone.

No such cruel menace was needed; she would have obeyed; but now, if she had known it had been a journey to danger, death, she would have been as wild to depart. Had she not caused him trouble enough already? Ah! he had given her up without a word—a plea! Well, that was right! Surely no man would take her, nameless—disgraced! She had feared that her task might have been more difficult. He had made it easy, that was all.

Then she realized that Samantha was speaking.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The gentleman—Mr. Reeves, you know."

"Let him come in—quick!" Mabel answered.

Charles Reeves could hear the summons where he stood in the passage; he entered at once. Mabel moved slowly toward him. He could not repress a slight start at her deathly pallor—the despairing wildness of her eyes.

"You are Mr. Reeves," she said.

"Yes," he replied; and again he felt himself start. The voice, though a woman's, had a ring of determination which made it sound so strangely like Gilbert Harrington's. "That letter you have just read has told you my errand, Miss Jordan."

Samantha retreated a little, and stood resting her arms on the back of a chair, intently watching and listening.

"Plainly enough," she answered. Again, not only the voice, but the manner of framing the sentence were so like Gilbert Harrington, that Reeves was conscious of a score of wild conjectures passing through his brain. And her face—of whom did it remind him? He could not tell; but although he could be certain that in its present pallor and suffering, it was very unlike its usual buoyant beauty, the likeness to some countenance with which he had been familiar forced itself upon him so strongly that even in the midst of his sympathy for her pain—his desire to hear her decision—he could not help but wonder over it.

She remained silent after making her brief reply. Looking curiously at her, he perceived that she had already forgotten his presence. She stood, gazing straight before her, perfectly motionless; not so much as an eyelash quivered! There was something awe-inspiring in her complete immobility.

Samantha was stationed behind Mabel; troubled by the silence, she made a quick, impatient signal. Reeves caught it; the sign recalled him to the exigencies of the moment.

"I must tell you, Miss Jordan," he said, "that I am very anxious to start on my journey back with the least possible delay. I left my cousin in a state of great excitement, and I fear for the consequences. I do not dare waste an hour."

"I need not hinder you," she said, in the same cold tone.

He glanced at her, then at Samantha, in a sudden fear that the girl did not mean to accompany him. A second quick gesture from the old maid bade him ask the question that trembled on his lips.

"Miss Jordan," he said.

She started as if he had suddenly called her thoughts back from a great distance.

"I had forgotten," she muttered. Then, after a brief struggle, she added: "I beg your pardon—you were speaking?"

"The answer—excuse me if I seem abrupt. The moments may be of vital importance," he said. "You have read Mr. Harrington's letter? I am sure you will not let me go back to him alone."

"I have read his letter. I am ready to obey his commands," she answered, in a tone that was like the sound of an icy wind.

"Thank God!" Charles Reeves involuntarily exclaimed.

"Thank God!" Samantha echoed, and, before the words left her lips, felt guilty of a mortal sin. Preachers in the pulpit might utter that name, but outside of that sacred tabernacle the repetition must be wicked.

"Samantha, where are you? Samantha!" called Mabel.

"Here, deary," the woman replied, in the same tone of humility and terror which had rung through her voice for hours.

"Don't ask me questions!" cried Mabel. "Get ready—I am going away. Ask me no questions——"

"I ain't a-going to ask questions," broke in the spinster. "I'm ready—that's all."

"I have already explained to your friend that Mr. Harrington will expect her too," Mr. Reeves said to Mabel. "He is in present need of a housekeeper. Be your stay long or short, he will be glad to have her with you; and, of course, in any case, she must accompany you on the journey."

"There's nothing to be said about that," observed Samantha, in a voice that held a nearer approach to her ordinary decision than she had reached since yesterday.

"That good Samantha!" exclaimed Mabel, absently.

She held the letter near the lamp, and began to glance over it again.

Had Mr. Harrington knowledge of her mother's secret? No matter—she must go. Ralph Desborough's welfare in some way depended upon it. She must go. At least her mother was safe in heaven. If further exposure came, it could only fall upon her, Mabel. She must go—go at once.

Then she heard Mr. Reeves, who had been holding a brief consultation with Samantha, call her name.

"Miss Jordan, can you start to-night?"

"The sooner the better," she answered, quietly. She was less agitated than the pair who were watching her. Then a sudden fear seized her. If she waited she might be too ill to go—she was near illness, she knew. "At once—let us start at once!" she cried.

"Miss Dawson and I have settled everything," Mr. Reeves said. "The carriage which brought me here will take you and myself down to the lake. We must spend the night there——"

"And I'll get there before daylight," interrupted Samantha. "I'll pack up, see Lizzie Turner about the school—do everything—don't you be afraid!—and get there not so long after you, if Joe Marsh down at the livery stable has to kill his best team to manage it."

Samantha was wild to see them start—to get her lamb out of reach of the wolf, as she termed Ralph Desborough in her thoughts.

"So there is nothing to detain us," Mr. Reeves said.

"But you both want some supper!" cried Samantha; even in this hour of supreme agitation her housewifely instincts asserted themselves.

"We can have that at the lake," said Mr. Reeves. "If you have wine, bring some. Miss Jordan needs it."

"Yes—the best of old sherry—sent to Harvey."

Samantha flew off, brought wine and cake, got thick wraps for Mabel, almost carried her down to the gate, and put her in the carriage, with hurried, tender farewells.

"Safe!" muttered the old maid, as she stood watching the vehicle disappear at the turn of the road. "Safe! Now come within my reach, Ralph Desborough—Ralph Devil—only come!"

Hours after, Desborough found himself far out of the village. He had wandered on, unconscious of surrounding objects or the road he had taken. He heard the church bell strike nine. The wind had died; the moon was rising large and bright, making earth almost as beautiful and peaceful as the blue heaven which bent so caressingly over it.

A sudden longing for vengeance broke like a fiery tide across Ralph's soul, and absorbed every other sensation. To go back, find that man, kill him where he stood—at least add a righteous crime to the guilt charged upon him.

He turned toward the village; he ran, though his feet seemed leaden weights which dragged him back. He staggered like a drunken person—twice fell heavily, bruising his hands and face against the sharp gravel; but he gathered himself up and ran on.

He reached the old house; the door was locked. All dark save a light which gleamed from a partially open window in the dining-room. He remembered now—he had not meant to come thither. No matter, he must look in.

He saw Samantha busily packing a trunk. He pounded furiously on the sill, calling:

"Tell me where he is—you know. Tell me where he is!"

The woman approached the window, holding the lamp in her hand. Its rays lighted her countenance, full of rage and fear.

"I see you!" she cried. "How dare you come back, you—you devil, you! Go away, or I'll rouse the neighborhood! You needn't think to find her! She's gone beyond your reach! Mr. Reeves has took her to a safe place, and you'll never see her again!"

She closed the window fiercely in his face, slammed the inside shutter over it, and left him alone there in the night.

(To be continued.)

TOOLE'S TALE.

THE favorite comedian, at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, lately told a little story of the profession that is well worth reproduction:

Three years ago, when my dear friend and old professional comrade, Henry Irving, had the heavy responsibility I have now to discharge, of proposing from this chair the toast of the evening, he told how, twenty years before, a boy had stood at the door of the London Tavern, eagerly watching the guests as they assembled for this Fund's dinner, delighted when he recognized the face of some popular actor or celebrated man. That boy was Irving himself, who has continued his early hero-worship until he, too, has become famous.

I, gentlemen, have to ask your forbearance and sympathy for another boy—a different kind of boy. My boy attended the first festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund three and thirty years ago, also held at the London Tavern, when

the late Mr. Charles Dickens presided, holding every one spell-bound by his graceful allusions and charming humor except the commonplace boy I am introducing to you, who, in spite of his admiration for acting and his early reverence for Mr. Charles Dickens, was too busy cramming himself with jellies and cream behind a scene to be spell-bound. He was the son of a well-known city toast-master, who was often taken by his father to public banquets, to sit in the gallery with the ladies, or be slily fed by the waiter in some secure hiding-place within convenient distance of the sweets.

That same boy has, in the way of business, eaten a good deal of pasteboard food of a less toothsome character since then, for the benefit of a great variety of theatrical funds, and is now rather bewildered at his own boldness in presuming to occupy this chair—a position which he has seen filled by so many distinguished men—and in having to appeal to you seriously in behalf of the Profession we have met to serve.

It is not for a boy with this early training—a jelly-boy, in fact, ahem! no connection with Dickens's Mrs. Jellyby and Borrioboola-Gha—to take you over the ground which has been so skillfully, so eloquently, and so pathetically traveled by the illustrious men who have preceded him; but this boy wishes to touch your pockets through your hearts, and induce you to give large subscriptions to a most admirable Fund—a Fund which preserves self-respect by enabling the actor to help himself, and to make some provision against the day of disaster and misfortune.

Dropping third person metaphors, gentlemen, perhaps you found out who my boy was as soon as I mentioned him; for as I left my cab this evening, I heard a voice from a little crowd at the door say, "That's Toole!" and another voice reply: "In coorse it is, stoopid; everybody knows Toole."

So as disguise is impossible, I will, in my own name, tell you of an experience of a stage supper, which the name of Mr. Charles Dickens recalls to me, and which is not without its bearing on the subject before us.

I was playing *Bob Cratchet* in "The Christmas Carol" at the Adelphi, under Mr. Webster's management, and every night at eight, for forty nights, I had to carve a goose and a plum pudding. Mr. Webster generously provided a real goose and a real plum-pudding, which were served smoking hot, for *Mrs. Cratchet* and the seven little *Cratchets*, of course including *Tiny Tim*.

The children always had enormous portions given them, and they all ate heartily every night; but what really troubled me was the conduct of the little girl who played *Tiny Tim*. That child's appetite appalled me. I could not help noticing the extraordinary rapidity with which she consumed what I gave her; and she looked so wan, and thin, and so pitiful, that her face used positively to haunt me.

I used to say to myself before I began, "Well, *Tiny Tim* shall have enough this time, at all events," and I'd pile her plate more and more each evening, until I remember she had on one occasion nearly half the bird, and potatoes, and seasoning, and apple sauce, until I scarcely knew how she could carry it away to the fireplace, where she sat on a low stool, in accordance with the story, far less eat it. To my amazement she cleared her plate as quickly and was as eager as ever, pushing forward for plum-pudding with the others.

I grew alarmed, and spoke to Mrs. Alfred Mellon, who was playing *Mrs. Cratchet*, respecting this strange phenomenon.

"I don't like it," I said. "I can't conceive where a poor little delicate thing like that puts the food."

Besides, although I liked the children to enjoy a treat—and how they kept on enjoying it for forty nights was a mystery—I got into a condition that if I dined at a friend's house and a goose was on the table I regarded it as a personal affront.

But I said, referring to *Tiny Tim*, "I don't like greediness. It is additionally repulsive," I said, "in a refined-looking, delicate little thing like this. Besides, it destroys the sentiment, and when I, as *Bob*, ought to feel most pathetic, I'm always wondering where the goose and the pudding are, or whether anything serious in the way of a fit will happen to *Tiny Tim* before the audience, in consequence of her unnatural gorging."

Mrs. Mellon laughed at me first; but eventually we decided to watch *Tiny Tim* together. Well, gentlemen, we watched as well as we could, and the moment *Tiny Tim* was seated and began to eat, we observed a curious shuffling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything I had given her, goose and potatoes, and apple sauce, disappeared behind the sham fire, the child pretending to eat as heartily as ever from the empty plate.

When the performance was over, Mrs. Mellon and myself asked the little girl what became of the food she did not eat, and, after a little hesitation, frightened lest she should get into trouble, which we assured her should not happen, she confessed that her little sisters—I should mention that they were the children of one of the scene-shifters—waited on the other side of the stage fireplace, and the whole family enjoyed a hearty supper every night out of the plentiful portions to which I, as *Bob*, had assisted *Tiny Tim*. When I told the story to Charles Dickens, he replied, "Toole, you ought to give that child the entire goose."

COLONEL GURWOOD.

THE death of this gallant officer and very estimable man, by his own hand, created much sensation at the time; and, although many conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the act, the mystery was never cleared up.

A gentleman—an old and very intimate friend of my own, who had a government appointment and a handsome official residence on Tower Hill, where I have spent many happy hours, and who knew the colonel, and who was also acquainted with his brother—informed me that the latter had told him that the colonel had been in the practice of writing down the *memorabilia* of his chief, the Duke of Wellington, the Constable of the Tower, he being in constant and intimate communication with the Duke. These notes had expanded into two large MS. volumes. The Duke, by some accident, heard of their existence, and sent to the colonel in a great rage, demanding their immediate surrender. Gurwood received the message at Brighton, where he was staying at the time. He returned to the Tower, carried the volumes down into the kitchen, and there, leaf by leaf, committed them to the flames. He then returned to Brighton, and there committed the act which deprived his country of a distinguished officer, and society of a most worthy man. He had been offered £4,000 for the MS., the destruction of which is to be deplored as a national loss. The displeasure of his chief, acting upon an honorable and sensitive mind, was too much for him.—*W. H. Harrison.*

MAKE the bridge from the cradle to manhood as long as you can. Let your children be children as long as they will. Let them be children, and not little apes of men and women.

ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSELL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY D. HUNTINGTON.

SOME PERSONALITIES.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of St. Leger, Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is an inextinguishable quality of our nature to pay respect to what is believed to be superior, and the advocates of the theory of natural selection should make the most of it. No matter in what compass of knowledge or action the performance lies, to achieve distinction is to challenge the world's admiration. But the world is not content to know what certain people have thought or done and honor them for it. The world is curious to be further informed not only about the private lives, habits and peculiarities of these people, but it is eager to pick up and commit to memory every bit of gossip, scandal, and small talk which can be discovered about them, a great deal of which is ingeniously invented by those who deal in such matters as their stock in trade. This craving has given birth to quantities of books under all sorts of titles, such as "Personal Reminiscences"; "Conversations with ——"; "Six weeks with——"; "My Note Book"; Gossip about Authors"; "People I have met," etc., etc., etc.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is claimed and perhaps generally conceded that these productions form an agreeable addition to our lighter literature; agreeable because the Public demands it. Is the Public wise in the demand? My judgment is, it is better to let eminent men alone. We have the best of an author in his books, of a statesman in his political record, of a great commander in his achievements. Does it serve any good purpose to learn that a distinguished orator, who by his eloquence "sways us to virtue's side," sometimes yields to an unfortunate appetite, or that a man we honor for political purity and wisdom, is not blameless in his private life? To what end to be told that John Bright, the "humanitarian," is a hard taskmaster; that Howard, the "philanthropist," was cruel to his wife and tyrannical in his family; or that Nero, in trifling matters, was of an amiable turn of mind and exceedingly fond of music? The record of these men, for good or for evil, stands unimpaired by all such gossip, whether it be true or false.

A writer in a contemporary publication tells us, while parading afresh the reputed vices of a great man, that the world knows but half the history of such individuals. I am glad that it is so. The world is apt to learn with unerring sagacity the aims and aspirations of such men, and is witness to their strivings, and the world honors the grand results. To mouse after and describe in detail spots and blemishes which, on minute scrutiny, disfigure the picture, is an unhappy and unenviable occupation. Moreover, it is a foolish business to seek a passing acquaintance with distinguished people for the purpose of making a book or preparing an article about them. It is not in the nature of things that any correct knowledge of the person or his characteristics can be obtained in this way. If the writer be ingenious he may produce a verisimilitude, and shelter himself under the assertion, "If not true it is well invented"; but generally these efforts are miserable failures. I repeat, it is the achievements the world takes cognizance of and honors.

Should scandal be busy with the private character, the world may sneer, or be amused, or it may grieve, but the record stands unaltered. If indeed the *entire* life could be presented; if with the achievements and the gossip, there could be brought to light a third constituent part, to wit, the story of the inner life, the rounded whole could work no injustice, and would point always some useful moral; for it is this inner life that makes our identity. Whatever a man achieves outside of himself, whether he become a

famous lawyer, physician, priest, a subtle philosopher, an engineer of repute, a renowned soldier or sailor, a cunning inventor, a great statesman: whether engaged in one pursuit or another, within all the busy paraphernalia of labor, shut carefully in its own casing, utterly disconnected with its own machine work, is *egomet*—the ME. Furnish its history and we will accept the small talk and the scandal. It is because this history can never reach us, I say, let eminent men alone, especially authors.

It is true, we naturally desire to meet the person whose books have afforded delight or instruction, but the chances are equal that on an introduction he is discovered to be on the surface (for it is only the surface we encounter), a creature of inordinate conceit, or a crabbed, morose fellow, or with disagreeable characteristics which appear unendurable, and we go back to the works which have charmed us so much with a sigh of regret that we ever sought the author's acquaintance.

With this general introduction by way of caveat, so that no one may be misled by the title to expect any retailing of personal scandal of any sort, I observe I have yielded to the request of several literary friends, to furnish some papers referring to my acquaintance with men who have occupied prominent positions, whether as authors or otherwise. These papers will be anecdotal in their character, and will record what has come within my own observation. I shall endeavor to avoid all formality, and treat my readers as if we formed a pleasant company at the house of an agreeable friend, where I was expected to do my part toward the evening's entertainment.

No one could say of Washington Irving that you had the best of him in his books He formed a rare exception, possibly, in this respect The man was better, finer, more charming than anything he ever wrote. In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain. The packet ships at that time still held their own against the ocean steamers. Mr. Irving sailed for Liverpool early in the month of April of that year, in the *Independence*, a favorite packet, commanded for the trip only by Captain Henry Holdridge, with whom Mr. Irving had previously crossed and to whom he was much attached.

I was at an age when the fresh, new power of life makes us feel everything with an almost superhuman zest; when WONDER (*θαυμαστον* of the old Greek) fills the soul and quickens every sense; when the glamour of inexperience protects from distrust and apprehension, and cares yet to be born are not even conceived; when no trouble flies around the house-top *(tecta volentes)*, because we are burdened with no house. It was at this period I embarked with two or three young fellows, on board the same vessel that was to carry out the author of "Knickerbocker's New York" and of the "Sketch Book."

I was well acquainted with Captain Holdridge, and to this fact was owing the circumstance that as soon as we reached the deck from the steam tug which had brought us to the ship the captain called our little party to him and presented us without ceremony to Mr. Irving, saying, "You must make the most of your time, as you are to have but fourteen or fifteen days together." "I will compound for twenty," said Mr. Irving, and we thereupon separated. I was now in a state of nervous expectation. By report Mr. Irving was understood to be shy of general society, and diffident in the extreme when forced into it; with little or no faculty of expression before a large company, yet a charming companion and full of conversation with his intimate friends, who bore witness to his pathos and humor and rare power of description. How was it to be on shipboard? Would he spend his time like a recluse in his stateroom, or thoughtfully pacing the deck, or were we to have proofs of his genial nature and companionship? We were soon to know. The dinner-hour would decide. The captain had arranged the seats to our satisfaction. Mr. Irving was placed on his right, and we young fellows directly around him. The first day at table passed a little stiffly, but it was evident Mr. Irving felt at home and was disposed to be sociable. After that first day a general hilarity prevailed in our little set. Mr. Irving did not appear in the least annoyed by the exhibition of our curiosity or admiration, which, in older persons, would doubtless have been disagreeable to him. We sat down to dinner punctually at four, and it became a habit with him to remain with us till ten or eleven in the evening. All this time he would give full play to his resources of anecdote and reminiscence, making free comments on past and passing events.

"I think you lost one passenger, captain," was his first remark at dinner. "How's that?" asked Captain Holdridge. "I came to the ship for a few minutes yesterday," said Mr. Irving, "and saw a fop of a fellow bearing down upon her. When he got alongside he began examining the hull with his quizzing glass, then he inspected the stern, then he pranced up the plank and got on deck. He walked as if he was afraid of breaking through into the hold. After that he brought out his quizzing glass again and overhauled the rigging. He finished by looking down the companionway and then rapidly retreated to the deck and walked off. He stopped twice and looked back. Shook his head as if it wouldn't do, and that is the last I saw of him."

When on deck, Mr. Irving was continually on the alert. Nothing appeared to escape his notice. The first exhibition of this and of his sense of the ludicrous was about the second mate. "I have been watching that fellow all day," he said to me, "and I am at loss to decide whether he is blind of one eye or not. One is always shut, but I don't think it is always the same eye." A little while after he exclaimed, "I have solved the mystery. He opens both eyes when he speaks to the captain; I am certain of it." The man possessed a sort of fascination for Mr. Irving, for the next day he remarked with great *gout*, "I have had a talk with the mate with the occasional eye. His name is Whitfield. He asserts that he is a direct descendant of the great preacher, and I am inclined to believe him. He spins an eloquent yarn. Why, he is a regular Sinbad. I thought I would follow up the eye question. I asked him about it. He says in Summer he knocks off shutting one eye, but the rest of the year he only keeps his weather-eye open." It is impossible to represent the humor with which this was told Mr. Irving was then in his sixtieth year.

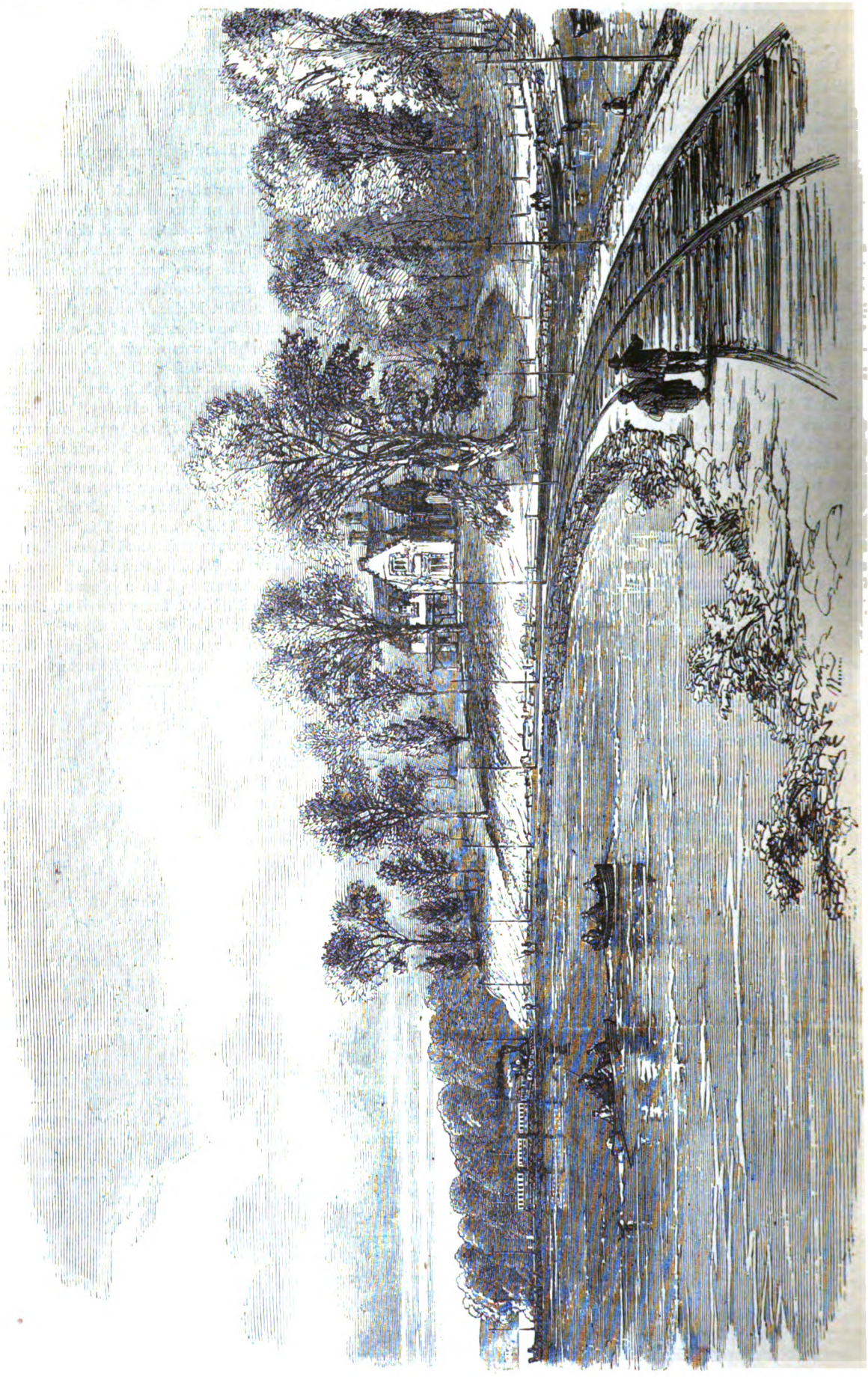
As I came up the companionway one afternoon, I saw Mr. Irving standing far aft looking wistfully westward. "I was thinking," he said as I joined him, "with what different feelings I take this voyage from those on my first trip. Then I was looking eagerly forward; now I stand here and look back and think of the friends I am leaving behind me. I was just one-and-twenty, then," he continued. "I enjoyed everything. I shall never forget Genoa. I went there to stay a few days and remained two months. It was quite in my habit. I have always enjoyed what comes unexpected and without planning. At Genoa I was introduced to a charming English circle, of which Lady Shaftesbury was the most prominent. The 'Napoleon Eagle' found a large number of English in the place, and her ladyship with the rest was a 'prisoner at large,' that is, not permitted to leave Genoa, but otherwise enjoying full liberty. Her house was open to me at all hours, without ceremony. She occupied one of the magnificent old establishments which you can find only in Italy. The rooms

were very large and high and were covered with wainscoting. In the evening, dimly lighted, their appearance was very impressive. There was staying with her the Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper, a charming girl of eighteen or nineteen, full of fun and frolic, with whom I was on the best of terms. Lady Shaftesbury was very fond of philosophical conversations, and received many visits of the learned ecclesiastics of the place. One evening I dropped in and found her ladyship sitting bolt upright in her stately chair, listening with great seriousness and dignity to a disquisition from a learned abbé who sat equally stiff and dignified on his side of the little table. There were no other guests, and Lady Barbara welcomed me with great satisfaction. She protested she was nearly bored to death. As we did not dare interrupt the conversation by our levity, we began a game of battledoor and shuttlecock at the other end of the spacious apartment. The game went on with much spirit, till by an unlucky blow the shuttlecock struck on a projection of the wainscoting near the ceiling, and there remained. It barely lodged, the feathers were visible, and I thought I could bring it down by a well-directed shot. We were at loss for a missile till Lady Barbara espied the three-cornered chapeau of the abbé, which she managed to abstract unobserved and hand to me. I fired and brought down the shuttlecock, but in its place lodged the three-cornered chapeau over the top of the arras, quite out of sight. We stood a few seconds stock still, looking each other in the face; then, without exchanging a word, by a sort of mutual understanding we noiselessly quitted the room, she retreating to her apartment and I to my lodgings. I would have given a good deal to have witnessed the search for the chapeau by those two dignified persons, but I feared I could not command my countenance and neither of us would dare confess the truth. The next day I nearly killed myself with laughter at Lady Barbara's account of the search as told by Lady Shaftesbury. The abbé, protesting continually that he entered hat in hand, was loath to abandon the pursuit, but at last was forced to do it and the mystery, as far as I know, has never cleared up, neither can I tell what became of the hat. Twenty years later I met Lady Barbara in London. She was then married, and we had another laugh over the incident."

Mr. Irving liked specially to dwell on the events of his early life and of his first visit to Europe. "My tastes were desultory," he said; "I was not fitted for a profession nor for any occupation requiring forced application. I undertook to study law. I have not the least idea why. I was a student in several different offices, one that of Mr. Cutting, who was a grave, imposing-looking man. A young gentleman by the name of Wilson was a fellow-student. Of my career in that office I recall nothing more important than an unlucky mistake I made a short time after I entered. Wilson and I were very intimate. One morning when I came in he was already seated at his desk with his back toward me. I stole up behind him, seized him firmly by his ears and chucked his chin down on the table with no little force. To my consternation the person whom I had taken for Wilson raised his head and disclosed the dignified and astonished countenance of Mr. Cutting. I doubt if I recovered from the shock while I remained there. I abandoned the law and joined my brothers in business. This took me to Washington, and my stay, like that at Genoa, was prolonged to several months. I became acquainted with the leading statesmen of the time. I was greatly attracted by Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Oh, they were noble fellows, unhackneyed in the ways of political life, unsullied by the dust of the arena. They were really and truly patriotic in their aims. Even their ambition was pure and lofty. Strange as it may seem I got to be intimate with John Randolph. I can scarcely explain it. I was fascinated by his erratic brilliancy, and he never exhibited any of those characteristics which made for him so many enemies. In short, we always got on well together. He was a most difficult man to deal with, stubborn, despotic and unreasonable.

It was about 1830 that Randolph was appointed Minister to Russia. The papers were full of his extraordinary career while there. It was alleged that when he had his audience with the Czar he presented his credentials on his knees; but it was flatly contradicted and the occurrence explained. In my opinion, there were times when he was not altogether sane. He soon resigned the office and returned home. He came to London on his way and remained there awhile. Mr. McLane was at the time the American Minister and I was Secretary of Legation. When it was known that Randolph was coming, McLane said to me, 'Irving, you are acquainted with Randolph—I shall put him in your hands. You must take charge of him. I shall be on thorns till he quits the country.' He arrived and took the oddest sort of lodgings, quite obscure and grotesque. I called on him at once. I found him greatly reduced in strength and suffering much from continued ill health, but unchanged in every other respect. It was not long before a "drawing room" came off and Mr. Randolph was invited of course. I took it on myself to act as escort. The court rules for dress were strict and I had doubts of Randolph's being *en regle*. Mr. McLane and I drove to his lodgings. We found him arrayed in a close-fitting black dress coat and vest, with black knee breeches, also very tight and fastened with old-fashioned buckles; next came white stockings, and shoes with immense gold buckles which he assured us were 'no d——d Brummagen ware, but real Rundell & Bridge, by ——!' His legs looked about the size of a pair of candle molds. A huge trooper's sword, secured around the waist by a heavy belt, dragging and rattling on the floor, and an opera 'clack' hat completed the costume. Altogether, with his tall, lank emaciated frame, he was the most extraordinary looking figure my eyes ever rested on. Randolph at once began to put on his gloves. 'Irving,' said he, in his shrill, treble tone, which once heard was not easily forgotten, 'Irving, do you see these gloves? These are the gloves, sir, in which I was presented to His Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias. They were intact, by ——, sir. I drew off the gloves I was wearing and took these from my pocket, intact, by ——, sir, and put them on in the Emperor's presence.'

"My first attempt at any change in his outfit was to request Mr. Randolph to have the silver sprig with the eagle worn by our ambassador attached to his coat-collar. On this point he could not be moved. 'I wear no man's livery, by ——, sir. Gentlemen, I wear no man's livery,' was all I could get from him. I explained that the only object was to insure his admission without a disagreeable interruption. 'No man's livery—no man's livery, by ——, sir,' was his only reply. I next attacked his cavalry sword. At first he was as obstinate about it as he had been about the "livery." 'Gentlemen, my father wore a sword and I will wear one, by ——!' was his only answer to my urgent protestations. 'The very boys in the street will hoot at us,' I said; 'if you must wear anything of the sort, it should be a rapier. You will upset half the ladies in the room, with that dragging after you.' He finally permitted me to send the sword down to the carriage, and I took good care that was the last he saw of it. When he reached the antechamber he was stopped, of course, and I had some difficulty in getting him through. When he entered the room every eye was turned on him. As we passed along, the



SUNNYSIDE, RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

old Duke of Sussex (brother of the King), called to me in a loud whisper, 'Irving—Irving, come here.' I went to him. With a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder toward Randolph, he exclaimed, 'I say, who *is* our friend Hokey Pokey, he! he! ha!' 'That,' I replied, 'is our Ambassador to Russia, the great American statesman, John Randolph.' 'O-h, a-h' he drawled out with a droll grimace, and I passed on. Soon Randolph was invited to a dinner, I think at Brougham's; there was a rare collection of distinguished men present; Sydney Smith was among the number. On this occasion Randolph was master of the situation. Not a topic was started that he did not lead in it. He astonished the company by his information, which seemed universal, his learning and his marvelous brilliancy. He was nobody's laughing-stock after that.*

"By a strange coincidence," said Mr. Irving after a pause, "two or three years later, having returned to America, I left Washington by the same train which conveyed Mr. Randolph to Philadelphia on his last journey to that place, where he soon after died. At that time a boat was taken at Havre de Grace, and passengers were an hour or so on the Chesapeake. Mr. Randolph had been carried on a mattress to the forward part of the boat in order to catch the full benefit of the breeze; I went and sat down by him. He was in a very fretful state of mind and complained bitterly of some attacks which had just appeared in the newspapers. I endeavored to appease him; I remarked that no one escaped attacks; that I had lately myself been criticised as being too much of an Englishman, or something of the sort. He exclaimed, 'Oh, no, Irving, Oh, no; nobody abuses you. You have been all honey to the world, and I have been all gall.' The report soon spread that Randolph was on the boat, and while we were talking ladies would walk to the bow as if to enjoy the air and turn and fix their eyes on him as he lay at full length. Mr. Randolph was evidently much annoyed. Presently he took his cane, and thrusting it quietly under the blanket which extended over the mattress on to the deck, he gave a sudden turn of his hand, which threw the blanket back and disclosed to full view a large urinary. The promenade of the ladies was at once suspended, and Randolph was subjected to no further scrutiny on their part. He, meantime, never moved a muscle."

Mr. Irving's habit on shipboard was to read after he had turned in. He almost never spoke of any contemporary author. One morning, however, he came on deck with Bulwer's "Zanoni" in his hand. "There," said he, "I have finished it. Bulwer is not honest; he has no heart; I would not read that book again for a thousand pounds. It is like a piece of music full of false notes. Dickens is an honest fellow. Bulwer is all false show. He creates an excitement which is unhealthy. It is painful to read him." "But you enjoy reading Dickens?" I said. "Very much," he replied; "thus far he has written but two books, 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Twist.' I say that because his characters are after one pattern. His good people are all so exceeding good and his bad ones are perfect demons. The etchings bear one stamp only." At this time Fenimore Cooper was involving himself in lawsuits with certain newspaper critics and his name was mentioned in this connection. "Ah,"

* I have been careful, in furnishing these memoranda, to omit any anecdote or incident already recorded in Pierre M. Irving's "Life and Letters of Washington Irving." But I have decided to give Mr. Irving's account, as narrated to me, of Randolph's visit to London, because it is much more minute than the printed one, and because it directly contradicts the statement in the book, that Randolph "did not shine," and was "not in his best" in London society.—R. B. K.

said Irving, "Cooper is a pugnacious fellow—not at all intimate with him — you must admire his pluck, though. Curious to see the hunted turn on the hunters. It reminds me of the manager of a theatre, who, when his audience undertook to hiss down an actor, called up his supernumeraries and hissed down the audience."

As I grew better acquainted with Mr. Irving, I ventured to ask him about his habit of writing. He told me he used always to carry a memorandum-book with him in which he would describe a landscape literally as it appeared to him, and in which he would put down actual conversations between all sorts and conditions of people, exactly as he heard them. These lessons from nature helped to make his style simple. He would use the descriptions sometimes verbatim, and always put them to use in one way or another. The materials for the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," so far as they relate to English rural scenes, were gathered mainly in the vicinity of Birmingham, where his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, with her husband, resided. It was his habit to take long strolls into the country in the haying and harvesting seasons, and throw himself down by a hedge and pick up the literal conversation of the peasants—lads and lasses — then make his way into the cottages and see for himself what was going on. His introductions gave him access to the gentry so that he became familiar with all classes. [After we landed I visited the Van Warts, near Birmingham, and was shown some of Mr. Irving's favorite haunts, and was told many anecdotes about him which it is not within the province of these memoranda to record.] Mr. Irving told me he drew the old Uncle of *Buckthorne* from an old miser near Birmingham. *Ready Money Jack* was from the same neighborhood. He said he did not invent his stories, but picked them up and dressed them to suit himself. The story of the young Italian in "Tales of a Traveler" he had from Newton, the artist, who had it from Alstone. Of the "Sketch Book" there were four different translations. In one or two he was applied to for corrections, and the errors of translation were very ludicrous. In his long residence in Europe his recollections of England and of Spain afforded him a genuine and lively satisfaction. He did not like France or the French. His notable reminiscence of Paris was encountering the Duke of Wellington quite by himself in the Rue de la Paix. He was standing quietly looking at the column of the Place Vendôme. Not a soul happened to be present. He was in citizen's dress; he wore a blue frock coat, a stovepipe hat, and carried his inevitable umbrella.

The four volumes of the "Life and Letters" of Mr. Irving go fully into the detail of his experiences abroad, and abound in charming anecdote and in gossip of the most agreeable kind. I have been careful not to produce twice-told tales. In instances where the volume has but a meagre account of an interesting scene, or where my own account differs from it materially, I have been tempted to give what I had verbatim from Mr. Irving's lips. For this reason I put down his narrative of his first meeting with Sarah Siddons in London, in 1820.

"Shortly after the 'Sketch Book' was published I attended a large party at the house of a well-known personage in London. In the course of the evening an old friend approached me and said, 'Do you know Mrs. Siddons is here?' 'Indeed!' was my reply. 'Yes,' he continued, 'and what is more, she wishes to become acquainted with you, and I am deputed to bring you up.' I was seized with my customary perturbation. 'I will go with you by-and-by,' I said; 'not just at present.' 'Nonsense,' he answered, 'I came for you expressly. See! she's looking toward us now.' I submitted to be dragged to the shrine around which a number of worshipers had congregated. They made way for us as we came up. I beheld a lady superbly seated—occupying the whole of a small lounge. I have no recollection of anything but her eyes. They were large and lustrous; very black—perfectly magnificent. She fixed them on me as I was presented, and without the slightest return to my salutation, exclaimed, in a deep tragic tone, which had in it a touch of reproach, 'You have made me weep!' I was confused and confounded. I could have crept through a keyhole. I believe I opened my mouth or tried to do so, but not a word escaped my lips. Fortunately others were pressing forward to be presented, and I quickly gave place to them, only too glad to escape from the "presence." It was one year later—'Bracebridge Hall" had meantime been published — the London season was again at its height, and, as usual, I was accepting a good many invitations. I was at another large party, and while wandering about the rooms I was accosted by an acquaintance, who said, 'Mrs. Siddons is here; she has been inquiring for you; she says she knows you. I told her you were in the room, and volunteered to find you.' What was I to do? There was no escape. I hesitated, but the gentleman was not disposed to wait, and I never could have ventured alone. I occupied the brief space of time before we reached the spot where Mrs. Siddons sat, in conjecturing how she would on this occasion adress me and in endeavoring to frame a reply. Standing once more before her, I lost all presence of mind. I recall the same wonderful eyes which were thrown on me as she exclaimed without other tokens of recognition, '*You have made me weep again!*' I did manage to stammer forth some incoherent reply in which I spoke of the emotions she had excited in me, and hastened to make my escape. In the course of the season we met several times at the house of a mutual friend, and afterward we were visiting at the same house in the country for several weeks, and I became well acquainted with this remarkable woman, to whom England accorded a place in Westminster Abbey. In fact, we got to be excellent friends. At that time she must have been at least seventy."

* * * * * * *

A few days before we reached the Irish coast we were threatened with heavy weather. "Things are not going to be satisfactory," said Mr. Irving to me as he came on deck. "Don't you see the captain's lips close-hauled. Depend on it, there's a squally time ahead. See him look at the sails. The wind is hauling ahead, but he won't admit it to himself, and I will be bound you can't get a word out of him." We had made a capital run, performing one-half the distance between New York and Liverpool in the first seven days. But we caught a head wind before we entered the "Chops of the Channel," and Mr. Irving was quite right in saying there was trouble brewing. We could do little but beat about the Channel, and there was an end to our hope of a fifteen-day passage. As good luck would have it, on the nineteenth day we spoke a steamer from Waterford, bound to Bristol. She came alongside and took off those of us who were desirous of getting speedily to land. The next afternoon as we came to anchor in the Avon, waiting for the tide, a deputation headed by a member of Parliament came on board to welcome Mr. Irving to England.

We soon after reached Bristol, where all Custom-house rules and technicalities were laid aside in favor of the distinguished visitor and his friends, much to the delight of my companions, who were trembling for their cigars. We were soon pleasantly ensconced at the best hotel, and we took an English tea together. The next day was the first of May—May-day in Merry England, and in the society of the author of the "Sketch Book."

As is well known, Mr. Irving gave his undivided attention to literature only after the failure of Van Wart & Co., in Birmingham, of which house he was a member. His elder brothers seem to have regarded him with indulgent affection. He went to Europe in 1804, at the age of 21, and remained two years. Some time after his return his brothers offered him a partnership in their lucrative business, evidently for the purpose of relieving him from a sense of dependency, while he was following his own tastes and spending his time after his own fancy. In 1815 he went again to Europe and was absent seventeen years. He went ostensibly as a partner in the house of Van Wart & Co. The failure of that house two or three years afterward was the most fortunate event of his life (though it subjected him to the mortification of going into bankruptcy); for it threw him for the first time on his own resources, which proved to be rich and abundant. After publishing the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" and several other things which were very remunerative, he went to Spain, where he resided three years; a period of preparation and performance, as witness his "Life of Columbus," and the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," and his inimitable stories and miscellaneous productions about that romantic land.

Mr. Irving told me he had accumulated a respectable sum besides owning his place at Sunny Side. He invested his money in the stock of the New United States Bank (called Nick Biddle's Bank) and was advised by a judicious friend to sell out. He did so and saved his money, for the bank stock afterward became worthless. Unfortunately, his next investment was in Western lands which brought him no returns and were at this time unsalable. "So," said Mr. Irving "I have still to depend on my pen to make up an adequate income."

Mr. Irving returned from Europe in 1846, after four years' sojourn in Spain as Minister. It was at this time that Mr. George P. Putnam, the notable and accomplished publisher, made a proposition to him to bring out new and complete editions of all he had previously published, and to publish any subsequent work in the same uniform style. It is not saying too much, nor is it any derogation to Mr. Irving's merit or fame, to assert that he owed notably to the enterprise and ability of Mr. Putnam the revival of a demand for his works. I mean of a large and current demand. They were in requisition, certainly, for public libraries, and even sought by people of cultivated tastes; but the popular demand had died away when Mr. Putnam took on himself to re-create it. In this connection I wish to say—for I was intimate with both — that Mr. Irving fully appreciated what his publisher accomplished for him, and his affection for Putnam lasted as long as his life.

CASCADE IN THE COMORO ISLAND OF MOHELI.

The Comoro Islands, embracing Comorin, Moheli, or Mohilla, Mayotta and Anjouan, or Johanna, are situated 11° 10′ and 13° S. lat., and 41° and 43° E. long., in the Indian Ocean, in the Mozambique channel, between Madagascar and the African continent. They are inhabited by about 80,000 Arabs and negroes, Mohammedans of the sect of Ali, their sultan residing at Anjouan. There are in this latter island three towns, of which the houses, built of stone, are high, with solid walls. The sultan's palace is said to be elegant, especially as regards the interior.

These islands abound in many small rivers, and produce nearly all the plants and fruit trees of India. Vegetation is most luxuriant, and the scenery is as startling and singular as it is beautiful.

As the islands are mountainous and the vegetation tropical, the traveler is often reminded of similar scenery in South America and Central India. Serpent-like vines twist about the trees, whose crooked forms seem lizard-like monsters writhing in fear; while dark caves are half hidden by overhanging and strangely varied verdant drapery, as the black face of some native emir is overshadowed by his green turban.

The meadows of these islands are fertile, and maintain large herds of cattle. The Arabs still manufacture much coarse jewelry and many small weapons; but their commerce is no longer what it was in the days when it extended to India. Mayotta was ceded to France in 1841, which cession was confirmed in 1845.

A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our steamer had touched at Memphis, Tennessee, on a sultry evening in June, 1858, and, having discharged freight and taken on passengers, we put out, and headed up-river under full steam.

I was chatting with a gentleman who was engaged in the Santa Fé trade, when suddenly there fell upon us a thick darkness, preceded by a spattering of large rain-drops. I should rather say that we were enveloped in a thick blackness, as if the scene had been almost instantly vailed by a velvet pall. The next moment, and with a roar and a thunder-crash so terrible, so deafening, as to almost suspend the action of the heart—a tornado was upon us.

Pushing back my chair involuntarily, I felt the deck cant up to starboard, so as to unseat me; and, scrambling toward the weather-rail, I heard a terrific crash through the hurricane deck overhead, as the two great smoke-stacks (or funnels, measuring some twelve feet in circumference) were broken off close to the upper deck, their strong iron stay-rods snapping like hempen cord, and the entire upper works of the vessel strained out of position.

The rain had become a blinding deluge, the roll and crash of the thunder deafening, and the horrors of the scene rendered more awful by the rapid flashes of sheet-lightning which momentarily lighted up the tumultuous river, now raging like a mad whirlpool.

Fearing that the whole upper works of the boat would go by the board, I crawled to the larboard stairway leading to the hull deck, and proceeded to pull myself down, which it required all the strength of desperation to do, against the solid force of the wind; but, on gaining the lower steps of the flight, I found a group of the deck-hands, and the mate (a herculean man of iron courage) urging them with terrible oaths to do something which he wanted done, but which their wild terror rendered them powerless to execute.

Some four or five of their number had been blown overboard and lost, and the remainder were now deaf to anything but an impulse to cling for dear life to something or anything in the darkness and terror of the time.

The conviction instantly flashed on me that, in the event of the vessel going down, there would be no chance for life in my then position; so lifted, rather than crawling, up the stairway, I regained the cabin deck, where, on my hands and knees, passing round the larboard side, I came to a doorway leading into the saloon.

Entering this, I found everything in confusion, the furniture being all displaced. But the pendent lamps were still alight, and the relief of being able to see was very great, though counterbalanced by the feeling that, at any moment, the whole cabin or boat might heel over and be swallowed up in the maddened river.

I crawled into my stateroom to secure a life-preserver

(two of which were in each boat), and on coming out saw, seated against the lower side of the cabin, one of our passengers—an invalid far gone in consumption, who had been in California, and was now returning home to die.

He sat calm and collected amidst the outcry and wild confusion that prevailed throughout the saloon; and, addressing me, asked if there was another life-preserver there.

"Yes," I replied, "there is."

"Will *you* give it to me?" he continued, "as I'm not well able to help myself, and the folks here are so mortal skeered I can't get any of them to do me that favor."

Returning quickly to the stateroom, I procured a life-preserver, and, handing it to him, asked, hurriedly, whether he would take his chance in the cabin, or if I should help him outside.

"No," said he; "I am obliged to you; but look out for yourself. I'll stay here. It don't make much matter, nohow."

On reaching the opening to the upper deck, I found that one of the smoke-stacks, in falling, had crashed through a portion of the steering-house and lay partially over the aperture through which I had to pass—the space left being barely sufficient to allow the forced passage of my body. This I essayed.

Having succeeded, with difficulty, I lay flat in the vicinity of the texas, as the cabins on the upper deck appropriated to the pilots are called.

A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—"'UP WITH YOU!' SHOUTED THE MATE, FIERCELY, AT THE THE SAME TIME PUSHING HIM ON THE PLANK, UP WHICH, THUS URGED AND HELPED, HE SCRAMBLED ON HANDS AND KNEES."—SEE PAGE 727.

I had been in this position but a few minutes when, with a splintering crash, the larboard wheelhouse was blown into atoms, as if it had been paper; and at the same time the pantry on deck below was smashed in, its contents making a din which was audible above the storm, and gave the idea that the machinery of the boat had given way.

A vivid flash of lightning showed me a twenty-foot ladder lying a few yards aft, toward which I drew myself; and, pulling off a black silk handkerchief from my neck, I tied my left arm above the elbow to the last rung, in order that, if carried down by the swirl of the boat, the ladder would help to bring me to the surface, even should I lose my hold. Another flash of sheet-lightning, and I saw a man at the other end of the ladder, and he, seeing me, shouted:

"How long before she goes down?"

I shouted back to him:

"The wheels are still in motion; she may reach shore without going over—keep cool! Is the ladder free at your end?"

"Yes," he answered, as I felt him try it.

"We'll know our fate in five minutes," I added; and neither of us spoke again.

I had tried in vain to get off my boots and coat, the blinding rain and the force of the storm preventing a successful effort; and as I lay, with quickened breath, expecting the instant climax, there was a dull, heavy thud that made everything shake, a bright flash of light from the lower deck, as furnace-doors were flung open, and above us we saw the steep clay bank, and dark outline of the forest-trees of the Tennessee shore, against which we had been driven.

I instantly began to free my arm from its lashing, but the silk handkerchief having strained, made it difficult to unloose its knot. While so engaged, I saw the man who had hold of the other end of the ladder dash wildly across the deck toward the top of the starboard wheelbox, evidently intent on jumping from it to the steep and crumbling bank which now overhung us. Not being yet free I could not rush to stop him, so shouted with all my might, "Don't jump!" But, not hearing, or unheeding me in his terror, he sprang, and was lost. Getting loosed at last, I made my way quickly to the lower deck, where a terrible scene of tumult and confusion presented itself.

The captain and crew, with many of the passengers, were in a group on the forward deck; the former silent and quite unnerved, but the mate—with no clothing on him save a red-flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, and pantaloons thrust into a pair of long, cowhide boots, his thick hair hanging in drenched masses about his face—rushed forward, with a broadax in his hand, and, in a voice which rang above the din of the elements, shouted to the crew:

"Stand by, every man of you! I'll cut down any one who don't do as I tell him! Get out a plank here! Go

CASCADE IN THE COMORO ISLAND OF MOHELI.— SEE PAGE 727.

ahead with larboard wheel! Up with that plank—*up* with it!" he roared, as a long, stout plank was run up at a sharp angle to the top of the bank. "Bring a rope!" he continued; and, seizing an end of it when brought, he took one of the most active of the crew, passed the rope with a double half-hitch round his body, under the arms, and thrusting him forward to the deck end of the plank, shouted:

"Six of you here stand by this plank, and keep it fair.' Then addressing the man with the rope, he said, "Up with you, and make that rope fast on the bank!"

"I'll never be able to get up that plank, Mr. ——," said the man, hesitating.

"Up with you!" shouted the mate, fiercely, at the same time pushing him on to the plank, up which, thus urged and helped, he scrambled on hands and knees, ever and anon slipping in his effort. "Pay out! Slack the rope, one of you! Bring a pole here!" shouted the mate; and, seizing it when handed to him, he pushed it up after the man. "Put one foot on the pole! Grip hard! Look alive! *You'll* do it!" he cried, as all eyes were ben' on the poor fellow, who was doing his best to obey orders.

Once or twice the man was all but turned off from his perilous position, saving himself only by a clasp of both arms and legs; but at length he won the top, and scrambled on shore amid the cheers that involuntarily burst from all present, except the mate, who grimly shouted:

"Shut up! Pay out the rope; look alive, you up there; make fast!"

And presently there came back from the bank above, the cry: "All fast, sir!"

The rope being now secured on the boat, we lay steady; and the tempest, which had been moderating for some minutes, passed away almost as suddenly as it had come upon us.

The sky was, as it seemed, unvailed, and we could now see our position clearly. We lay on the east shore, opposite the southern point of Flower Island, and presented a pitiable appearance of wreck. The hull was safe, and had been partly prevented from overturning by its heavy cargo of sugar hogsheads; but mainly by the heroic action of our pilot, who stood to his wheel faithfully throughout the fearful ordeal, and succeeded in keeping her head to the tempest, which, had it taken her broadside, would have inevitably capsized her.

I will here describe the pilot and his action. In person he was a thin, delicate-looking man, of about thirty years of age, a native of Nashville, Tenn., of a silent habit, and the cast of his thought tinged by a deep but quaint seriousness. I had spent a good deal of my time on the voyage in the steering-house, and became much interested in him; the more so, as I could not but see that he was suffering from consumption. He felt and spoke as if his life would not be a long one, and was given to speculate on the existence which lies beyond the stars. He was in charge of the wheel when we were struck by the tornado, and I append his account of the circumstances as narrated to me that night. When I sat with him in his cabin, and he had so far recovered from exhaustion as to be able to converse, he said to me:

"I had headed her out to pass close by Flower Island, and cut off the bend, as well as to escape the current which sets into it, when I saw the storm coming; and had only time to pull the wheel hard down, so as to bring her head to it, when it became so black that I couldn't see, and thought I had been stricken blind by the lightning. She didn't come up quick enough to the helm, and the next thing I knew was the breaking of the smoke-stacks—the larboard one falling on the steering-house, close to me, and smashing it right down to the deck, the remainder of the light work of the house being blown away; and I had to turn my back to the wind as much as I could to catch my breath. I next heard the wheelhouse go; and when the pantry was blown in, I *did* believe she had burst up. I began to feel my arms giving way from the strain, but I knew that if I *let that wheel up a point*, she'd go right over; so I got my feet jammed against the wheel-frame, and held on like grim death until she took the bank; and when she did strike, I was so fastened on to that wheel that I couldn't let it go for some time."

I asked him how he felt, and what he thought, at the time.

"Well," he continued, "I *felt* that it was all up with us; but I *thought* just of one thing, and that was to hold the wheel hard down until we struck. Well, when we did strike, and they threw open the furnace doors below, and that I found I was not blind, I felt good, but was so played-out by the excitement that I could scarcely crawl down to my cabin; all energy seeming to have left me when I let go!"

Such was the account of this brave and modest man, who, had he been less heroic, would have endeavored to save his own life by leaving the wheel, although, in so doing, he would almost certainly have lost it, and also those of all on board.

We had not been moored more than half an hour, when a great portion of the bank against which we lay "caved in," and, falling on the guards of the ladies' cabin, carried them sheer down, depositing some fifty tons of earth on our lower deck.

All hands, crew and passengers alike, had to turn to at once and clear this off, so as to right her. It was a work of great labor, and had to be done in a hurry, as we feared another "slide" might take place.

When we succeeded in getting her on an even keel, the mate gave orders to cut the mooring-rope, and let her drift until we reached a safer bank. This was done, and, about a mile down-stream we came to a woodyard, where we tied up to repair damage and count loss. As to the former, we found, in addition to the broken smoke-stacks, that the whole upper works of the boat had been wrenched from position, one wheel-box gone, most of the deck cargo lost, and rudder strained. As to loss of life, some five of the deck hands and three passengers were missing.

By the afternoon of next day we had so far repaired damages as to continue our voyage; but had to organize relays of the passengers, forming gangs, which "stood by," with buckets of water passed up from below, with which the showers of sparks which were continuously poured out by the stumps of the smoke-stacks, were extinguished as they fell thickly over the hurricane deck.

A thick fog fell as the sun went down, and being off duty, I had gone to my stateroom and lay down to rest. Being much exhausted, I fell asleep almost immediately, and had been so for about an hour, when I was suddenly thrown with violence out of my berth, and heard at the same instant a general crash.

As soon as I recovered my senses, I thought that the boilers had burst, and rushed into the saloon, where the tables, chairs, panel-mirrors, etc., were strewed promiscuously on the floor, and the passengers rushing wildly about, asking what was the matter. Picking my way quickly out on the forward guards, I heard a great hubbub on the lower deck, the voice of the mate rising above the din, "Starn all! full speed! man the pumps!" etc.

Going down, I found that we had run full speed, head on, against the bank, the fog being so dense that you could not see anything a rod off. The consequence was, that we had bent our keel, sprung a leak, and were making water very fast. The pumps were vigorously plied; but, after an hour's hard work, the carpenter reported the leak increasing.

Here again the resourceful judgment of the mate came to the rescue. He got the greater portion of the sugar hogsheads taken up from the hold, and placed, one half aware and the other well forward; and thus, as he said, "straightened out the backbone of the darned thing." The result being that, in two hours, we had pumped her dry, and were upon our way rejoicing, reaching Cairo that night.

HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.

"ID yer honor ever hear tell," inquired Darby, as we emerged on the direct highway to that portion of Her Majesty's dominions called Cahirciveen, "of how Phil Considine met the banshee?"

"Never!"

I leaped off the car as I answered, glad of the opportunity to stretch my aching limbs. I had penetrated so far into Darby's idiosyncrasy as likewise to know that whenever he volunteered a yarn commencing with, "Did you ever hear tell?" it was an unmistakable signal that the "baste" wanted a rest.

It was just that hour of evening when the imagination feeds on the marvelous and supernatural. And as Darby threw the reins to his tired steed and strode alongside of me, I could scarcely restrain a wandering glance to each lichen-covered crag or yellow-blossomed furze brake, momentarily expecting that his wild legends would become realized by the appearance of some one of the strange beings with which he had peopled the romantic west.

"Well, thin, your honor must know," continued Darby, "that the banshee is a queer sort of sperit, and always appears before a death in the family; it's a woman, yer honor, and generally appears in the gloom of evenin', and keens to herself just like a child singin' a wailful, purty little song; and more times whin she's angry like, you could hear it risin' up in the air, fearsome to hear, fitful and heart-wringin', just like the screech of a dyin' hare.

"Arrah! sure, yer honor, there isn't one of the raale ould stock at all that hasn't a banshee in the family; sometimes appearin' for misfortin, and more times whin the corpse candles are lightin'; but, bedad, if she spakes to you ye may lave your clothes wid the first respectable naybor, and jist lie down in the most convaynient spot, for go ye will, and the less throuble ye give yer relaytions the aisier they'll pray for the repose of yer sowl.

"Phil Considine was a rovin' sort uv blade—a regular sporther, and never could settle down to a day's mowin', rapin' or turf-cuttin' in his life; but if there was a hare to be soho'd, or a main uv cocks to be fought, or a salmon to be coaxed, in sayson or out uv sayson, shure Phil the darlin' was the boy to do it; and he had as many pets, betune dogs, an' badgers, an' saales, an' game cocks, as id set up a thravelin' showman.

"He was a hardy crayture, too, an' would as lieve sleep out on the side uv a mountain as on the best feather-bed in the barony. Ye'd know Phil a mile off by his shamblin' gait—half throt, half walk—his ould caubeen stuck on the back uv his head; an alpeen uv the raale mountain-ash always unaisy in his fist, and the neck uv a black bottle peepin' out uv his coat, in which, he said, he carried holy wather to defend himself agin the good people; but, bedad, it was so often impty that people began to think at last that he used to meet whole regimints uv thim! Anyhow, there ye'd see Phil goin' along, an' divil resave the bush or tuft that the alpeen wouldn't be shoved into, lookin' for hares' forms, and the like; an' to see him settin' a throut or a salmon—och, musha! it was a picthur intirely!

"There he'd stand, away back from the bank uv the river, shadin' his eyes wid his left hand, the alpeen in his right, held in the middle, as if it was the butt of a fly-rod; his back doubled up like a rapin-hook, an' his knees thrimblin' backward and forward wid every move uv the fish; an' often, if ye watched him close from a hidin' place, he'd get so wake in himself that he'd forget, maybe, an' take a pull at the holy wather bottle—all by mistake, uv course!

"Well, wid all, Phil was a mighty dacent poor chap, an' niver a craytur was lyin' sick but Phil id have a nice leverit, or may be a young grouse or a dawshy silver salmon, an' he'd lave it, quiet an' aisy like, at the doore airly uv a mornin', so that nobody id know where it kem from; and sure if he did snare a hare of an odd start, or run a salmon by the light uv a bog dale, divil a one was the worse of it.

"However, sheep begun to go, an' fowl-roosts wor found impty uv a mornin'; an' tho' ther' was a load uv thravelin' tinkers about the counthry, yet the sthrong farmers all about wor down upon poor Phil. Now, Phil was a poor divil that had a conscience, an', let the thruth be towld, he had nayther hand, act nor part in the sheep staylin's or fowl sackin's that was goin' on, for it was an ould thaif uv a horse-docther, who, more betoken, got seven years for the same, divil's cure to him!

"Well, Phil was himself agin, an' wint on wid his ould capers, an' people liked him all the betther, whin times all of a suddent fell hard—raale famine the poor crayturs wor sufferin' in these parts, and Phil was put to his wit's ends to keep starvation from the doore an' the life in his poor little, famishin' gorsoons.

"There was a great big gomersal of a farmer lived down there by the river, over where yer honor sees the big white house beyant."

"Ay, Darby, I see it!"

"His name was Pat Flaherty, yer honor, an' he was a cousin german uv that same poor Con Flaherty that I remembered yer honor uv a while ago."

"Anan!"

"He was a cruel, selfish bosthoon; he hadn't an Irish heart about him, at all at all; an' tho' he had bread, butther an' tay, full an' plinty, he'd grudge a crumb the size uv a midge's wing.

"One evenin' Phil was womasin' home, sad an' weary enough, for the childther hadn't tasted a maal's mate for two days, an' a couple of his naybors wor almost in the dead grips for fair want of food. Just as he kem down the boreen by the ind uv Pat Flaherty's house, out jumps an illigant, bewtifully fat hoorisheen uv a pig. Phil's heart lepped into his mouth, an' his teeth began to wather, an' bits uv pork wid a selvage uv cabbage began dancin' before his eyes, an' every grunt the pig id let as he capered on, stickin' his snout first in one sod an' thin another, and thin kickin' up his crubeens, an' gallopin' like mad, med Phil fairly beside himself wid timptation.

"So Phil repated the pather, and an office agin the snares uv the evil one; but, begor, it was all up wid the poor fellow, for the pig kep' gruntin' at him, an' squintin' quite knowin' like wid his little gray, winky eyes, until, at last, Phil whips off his coateen, an' 'hoorishes' to the pig.

"Grunt, grunt—squeak, squeak! says the pig; and, bedad, whilst ye'd squeeze a gooseberry Phil whips the coat round his head, claps him undther his arm, and away wid him down along the river, an' across the bog, runnin' like a thoroughbred at the Curragh, an' dodgin' like a rat in a haggard.

"Oh, faix! it was short work wid poor squeakeen whin onst Phil had him housed; he was kilt, an' divided betune the childther an' the starvin' naybors; an' divil as much as a bristle or a bone, a tail or a tusk ever tould who tasted the pig!

"Och! ye may be shure, yer honor, there was Miliamurther at Pat's whin the pig was missed. The whole barony was searched but sight nor light uv the grunther never was found.

"Phil, as I said before, yer honor, had a conscience, an' it was very sevare on him; divil a sod he could pass that didn't think he saw the pig's snout sticking out uv it, an' every moan on the breeze seemed like a dyin' grunt; for ye see it was the first civilized animal he ever come by in an undtherhand sort uv way. Oh, no, yer honor—Phil was very high in that respect; I won't say the same uv the wild bastes uv the field; for shure, as he used to say, 'God Almighty gave them for everybody's use;' an' as to a pack uv grouse, or a wisp uv snipe, or snarin' a scutty tail, begor, he'd sweep 'em the same as a live coal would a turf clamp.

"Phil daren't go to Father Doolin; for Pat Flaherty was great in the dues, and the fat goose, or the tindher turkey, much less a goolden crock of butter, or a creel of the raale red bog turf was never wantin' whin the coadjuthor gev the wink; so he was afeard to say boo to a bull-rush, for he knew that Paudeen More had his suspecs uv him, an' the fate uv the horse-docther was nothin' to the thransportation that poor Phil id get, if he was found out.

"One evenin' just like this, yer honor, Phil was comin' down by the ould castle uv Rosscarberry, a great ould sthronghould, too, an' a bad spot to be near at nightfall, whin just as he got near the stile by the ould tower, the sight left his eyes a'most; for there, sittin' undther the withered branch of the eldther three, was—divil resave the doubt—the banshee herself! ay, thrue enough; dusky white, and croonin' away, as she rocked backward and forward, wid her arms restin' on her knees.

"Phil's heart was goin' thump, thump—thug, thug—that you might hear it a mile off; his jaw hung loose an' thrimblin' like the dewlap of a cow; every bone in his body shook an' rattled like a bladder full uv pays, an' his knees wor playin' hide an' go seek wid one another.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee.

"'Hoo-ho-ooh!' blurted out Phil, fallin' down on his marrow-bones.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee.

"'Holy Mary uv Aigypt!' began Phil.

"'Howld yer tongue!' says the sperit, 'an' attind to me!'

"'Y—y—yis, mam!' says Phil, takin' a pull at the holy wather bottle.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee, 'I've been watchin' yer goin's on!'

"'Seven pathers and eight aves for the repose uv yer poor, sainted sowl!' whimpers Phil.

"'Phil!' says the sperit, 'I've been watchin' ye, an' there's somethin' heavy on yer conscience.'

"'All the way to the Cross uv Coppla, wid pays in my brogues!' groaned Phil.

"'Confess at onst!' says the banshee, wid a screech that made the ould tower rock agin, whilst the leaves on the eldther shook an' rattled like tundther, an' a big white owl flew out wid a whoop that made the hair uv Phil's head stand uv an ind.

"'Whoo-o-o-o!' cries Phil. 'I stole a pig!' says he.

"'Ye stole a pig, ye murtherin' vagabond!' says she.

"'I did, ma'am, av ye plaze, an' be marciful—be marciful, an' give us a long day to repint uv the same!'

"'Oh—hoo—hoo!' says she, wid a wailful croon, 'an' who did ye stale the pig from, ye misfortunate craythure?'

"'Pat Flaherty!' moans Phil.

"'What—ye stole a pig from Pat Flaherty; the good, pious Pat Flaherty, that attinds to his devotions, an' takes care uv his clargy! Go directly an' restore the dacint man his pig!'

"'Begor, I can't!' says Phil, gettin' bould wid another swig uv the holy wather. 'Begor, I can't, mam!' says he, for we ate the pig!'

"'Oh, ye haythen sinner!' says the sperit, 'ye onlooky, thievin' naygur! See here, now, Phil Considine!' says she, an' she lifts up her hood, an' her eyes glowered out at him like two stars in the middle of a winnowin' sheet. 'Mark my words!' says she.

"'Yis, mam,' says Phil.

"'The day uv judgmint 'ill come!" says she.

"'Thrue for you, alanna!' answers Phil.

"'I'll be there!' says she.

"'More glory to you, mam!' says Phil, taking another throw uv the black bottle.

"'An' you'll be there! says she.

"'It's meself 'ill be proud to meet ye, anyhow—hic—hic—hiccup!' says Phil.

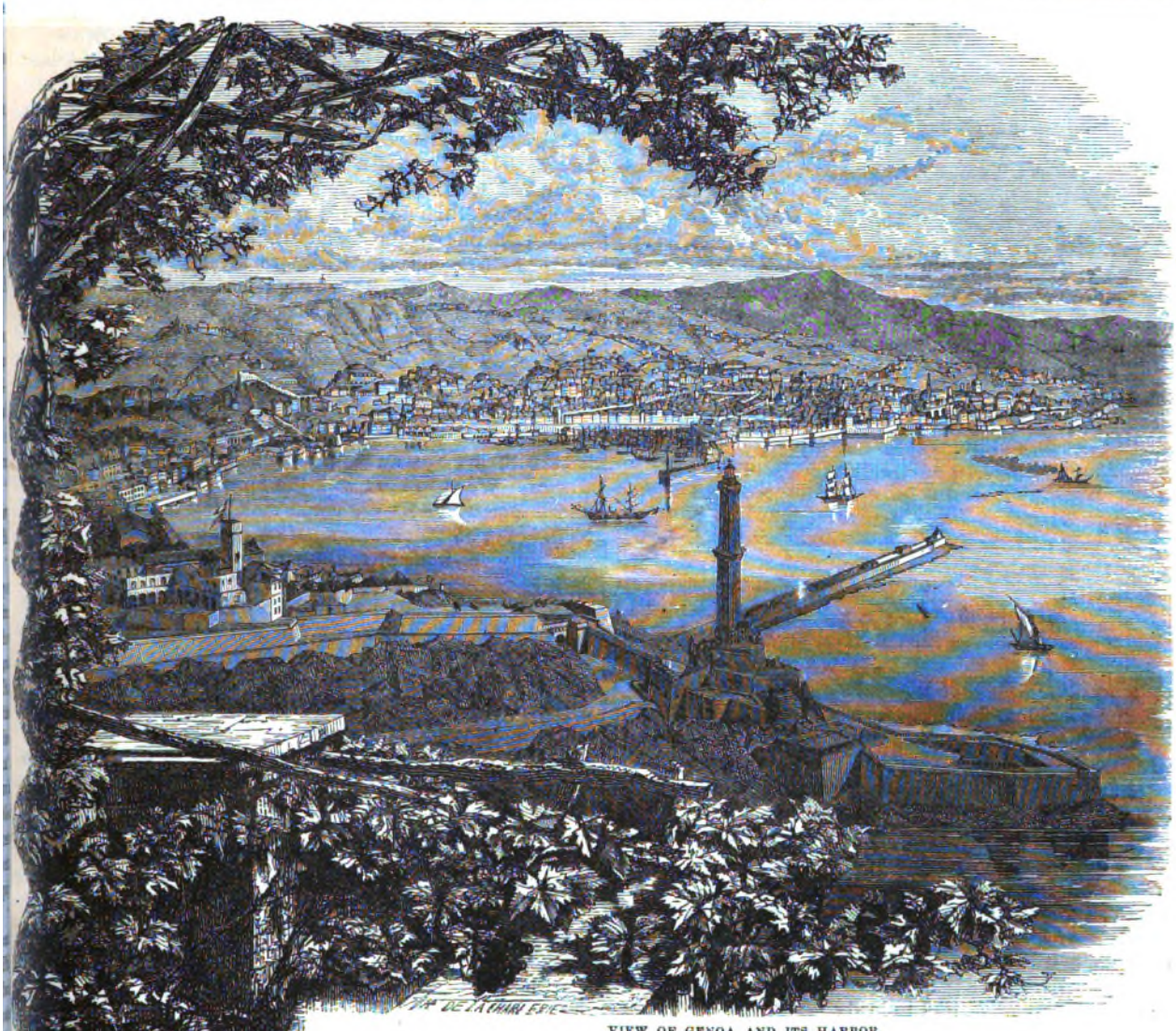
"'An' Pat Flaherty 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Ugh, the dirty b—b—baste!' says Phil.

"'An' the pig 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Whoo—be jabers! Banshee, jewel, I have it!' yells Phil, flingin' away the alpeen an' the bottle. I'll say, 'there, Pat Flaherty, *there's* yer pig!'"

HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.—"'WHOO, BE JABERS! BANSHEE JEWEL, I HAVE IT,' YELLS PHIL, FLINGING AWAY THE ALPEEN AND THE BOTTLE."—SEE PAGE 731.



VIEW OF GENOA AND ITS HARBOR.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

The surname which distinguished Venice's princely rival in the struggle for supremacy in the Middle Ages did not signify so much the "magnificent" as the "proud." *Genova la Superba* stood for independence and lofty self-confidence; it was the synonym of all that was haughty in politics, aristocratic in association, domineering in commerce.

Genoa was more thoroughly Italian than Venice; her position was more central; her policy, so to speak, more *national.* Venice stood in a more exceptional position, and was as much a world's wonder as a working practical power among the family of nations. But both these cities, fallen as they now are from their independent sovereignty, have kept, more than any others, the outward form with which imagination not very inaccurately clothes their busy life of earlier days. Both of them abodes of luxury and homes of elegant and advanced civilization, they have kept almost intact the outer shell of their old courtly life. Rome, torn by the internal broils of robber barons and occasional popular revolutions, had but a rude aspect, and held within her bosom more fortresses than museums.

When the Popes returned from Avignon, and enlightened men, artists and *literati* began to gather round the throne of the Medici, the Roveri, the grand Sixtus V., and others of like renown, Rome took on the garment of a civilization which naturally borrowed much from the old classic times, the peculiar pride of her people. As centuries rolled on, the ecclesiastical nature of the government, blending with the artistic associations of classicism, produced a type unique in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. Florence, a thoroughly stirring, progressive commonwealth, became, from a sovereign city, the capital of an important principality, and went gracefully and naturally with the current of innovation, till it became a kind of intellectual "sanctuary"—the neutral abode of exiles of all lands; the placid harborer of every new idea, however impracticable; and the nucleus of a large foreign population. Naples, the least historical, because the least independent, of Italian States in the Middle Ages, drifted from one foreign ruler to the other, always a prize for the victor, but never herself a serious party to the transfer. Pleasure-loving and frivolous, like decrepid

Imperial Rome in the days when the unthinking mob cried "*Panem et circenses!*", and willingly let even the semblance of autonomy drop from their hands, Naples was as wax in the grasp of her rulers, and never had that vigorous national life which alone can and does give a characteristic aspect to the outward form and buildings of a city. Milan, the Paris of Italy, has followed, especially of late, in the footsteps of her prototype, and gradually swept away all architectural signs of individualism. The city of St. Charles and St. Ambrose is now, save for a few of its churches and religious establishments, little more than a modern town clustered round a fairy-like cathedral. Turin, the most dismal and precise of the principal towns of Italy, was burnt down within the last seventy or eighty years, and rebuilt on the rectangular plan, which, in an old, historical land, is so distressingly monotonous, and so typical of a buried individuality. The Royal Palace is like an exaggerated barrack, and the principal streets remind one of the paths of an immense cemetery, lined with gigantic mausoleums. Something of this dreary impression is made on the traveler's mind by the first view of Munich; but then, here the cold exterior is compensated by the quick throbbing of the artist-life which is the very heart's-blood of the German city.

Of all the capitals of old Italy, none have remained so outwardly unchanged as the two rival Republics, the marts of a world-wide commerce. Both kept their shadowy power until absorbed by Napoleon, and, though their supremacy had long been but nominal, still the charm lingered around the stately piles where dwelt the descendants of their merchant-princes and their former lordly patrons of art and letters. Both became only secondary seats of power, after their independence was taken from them. Milan was made the Austrian capital of Lombardo-Venetia, while Venice remained subordinate, and Genoa had to look to Turin as her mistress. Artistically speaking, this was no loss; for if, as a rule, capitals draw to themselves all the talent of a nation, yet their influence is often such as to desecrate the talent they reward—to vulgarize it by homage indiscriminately, and often carelessly, given, as a mere matter of course, and to lower art in the eyes of its own votaries by making success the only test of its worth. The official and political life of a capital corrupts the atmosphere and thickens the air, so that the calm needed for the true growth of art is not to be found therein; or else art itself is taken up, made a pet of, tied to the car of political and social triumph as an embellishment, a set-off, a favorite slave, sumptuously arrayed, yet carefully debarred from any independent aspirations. Art cannot breathe in this artificial condition; it may consent to be the friend and companion of princes, but never stoops to become their creation and their puppet. The moment its children accept this subordinate attitude they cease to be true worshipers of the beautiful, and become apostates from the traditions of their brotherhood. The expedient takes with them the place of the beautiful, and they are no longer shepherds, but hirelings.

It is, perhaps, a matter of discussion whether the two queen cities of northern Italy were better off as tributary than as capital towns, but it is nevertheless indisputable that their exclusion from the busy political life of disturbed Italy has given them an aspect of peace which they otherwise could not have worn, and which is peculiarly favorable to the illusions of the stranger and the traveler.

We can reconstruct for ourselves the picture of the past of the sovereign Republics, as we pace the narrow streets and look in at the solemn portals of their silent palaces; but how difficult it would be to bring back that past if we had to pierce the disguise of common, bustling, bureaucratic life in the nineteenth century! As it is, there is scarcely anything to shock one's sense of the fitness of things, on entering "Genoa the Superb." The splendid harbor is still full of shipping, the amphitheatre of hills that cradles the city is proudly crowned, partly by ramparts and bastions, partly by the natural defenses of rock and forest. The beauty of a Summer sunrise glorifies the city a hundred fold, as seen from the deck of a vessel at sea. Every hour of the day lends some new and regal beauty to the Queen of the Mediterranean; but night also has its peculiar effect, and sheds a more mysterious charm over the great, silent, densely crowded harbor and the deserted wharves and streets.

It was at night and by sea that we reached Genoa, and the romance of our stay began in the very first hour of our landing. A boat came to take us off the ship, and, the usual Italian bustle being hushed, the descent down the steep sides of the vessel, and the crowding into an open boat with a large awning, was accomplished almost in silence. We were tired with the long journey, and among us was one whose health could stand but little in the way of fatigue; so there was nothing said on the way to the *molo*, or pier—none of the usual tourists' gossip and wondering, and eager, restless planning.

Noiselessly the boat threaded its way among the great, black hulls of the numerous merchant-vessels. Here and there gleamed the ray of a colored lantern; now and then a deep voice would shout a warning. Over our heads were the crossed bowsprits of many ships, lying close together, and once or twice we caught sight of a figure-head—a gorgeous mermaid with golden hair, or a flying cupid holding a toy anchor.

We had not seen Venice then, but the thought of that beautiful sea-city came uppermost in our minds, as we glided through that throng of ships, and tried to picture to ourselves where the Bucentaur might be lying, getting ready for the coming bridal with the Adriatic. Long afterward, when Venice became a present reality, the impression it left was far different to that of the busy port of Genoa, even in its temporary hush. Venice has no fleet of merchantmen whitening her lagoons with their sails; still more than Genoa, she is a relic of the past, a museum-city, the Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

When we reached the dock, no noisy porters made their appearance, no officious Custom-house men attacked us; and crossing a lonely *salle*, patrolled by a single military sentry, we walked a few paces further to the hotel. Dark, tall arcades shrouded the sea-view, and re-crossed a street-railway running down the centre of the quay. On the other side was the large, silent palace, now turned into a modern hotel. The change is little apparent—one might dream one's self the guest of the Republic on entering this vast house, full of marble stairs, floors of coarse mosaic, frescoed walls, and carved and gilded ceilings. Save the marbles, the palace is as it was three—four—five hundred years ago. In one room, long, costly Chinese tapestries, embroidered in colored silks, on a thick, creamy, satin ground. Even the furniture here is antique, though it may not have been the heirlooms of the particular family, to whom this palace once belonged. Even sales at auction here would furnish little that was not antique.

When things curious or valuable lose the value put upon them by fashion, they pass from the palace to the cottage, the dingy stall, or, perhaps, the public institutions; thence they may find their way to the pawnbroker's, and then back to the palace, as specimens of "our forefathers' strange taste."

Nowadays, they may be found in museums, or in hotels, or, again in curiosity shops, where half the "curiosities"

are modern, though faithfully and skillfully copied from the genuine old relics. What *podestas* gave as marriage gifts to their daughters, what merchants brought to their brides from the sack of Byzantine cities, or the plunder of Infidel ships, may be found in the fragments now offered for sale to the English, Russian and American connoisseurs, as collections of artistic *bric-à-brac*.

The ornaments of the olden time were so solid that they do not disappear like our own flimsier luxuries, or else the artistic spirit is stronger in all classes of this Italian land, and they respect a thing more for its intrinsic, even if faded, beauty, than for its present usefulness.

Right opposite the palace-hotel of the "Four Nations" runs the elevated promenade, which is one of the modern features of Genoa. One is apt to think of the fabled hanging-gardens of Babylon while climbing the endless stone steps leading to this promenade in mid-air. A solid wall of masonry, fifty feet high, divided the street from the wharves, and affording a surface of at least twelve feet broad at the top, is a strange sight. Here and there the wall is pierced by arcades leading to the sea. From the top a magnificent view extends over the harbor and the blue sea beyond.

All along the broad flagged façade, protected by stone copings and ornamental railings, may be seen the many types of the Genoese population; women in the white muslin vail which is the national headdress here, as the *mantilla* is in Spain; men in sailors' costumes; *bersaglieri*, with their glazed round hats, surmounted by an enormous bunch of dark green cocks' feathers; the officials of the Government in unpicturesque uniforms; ladies in Parisian toilets; men in coats of an unmistakably English cut; children selling flowers or begging *soldi*; many little, barefooted urchins; strong, brawny, dark-skinned men from the country; artificers from the narrow, dingy workshops of the town—a motley throng, such as is usually met with in the seaports of the South.

Look over the parapet on one side and you will see the harbor—no longer voiceless like last night, but alive with parrot-like screeching; the sea beyond the fort, so blue and glassy; and, perhaps, the distant column of smoke, that betokens the expected steamship from Marseilles. Look over the opposite side, and there, like a stream of ants, runs the busying crowd in the street by the railway; the low arcades at the end of the street are filled by humble customers jostling each other, and chaffering for cheap finery, gaudy handkerchiefs or tinsel jewelry; and the open hired carriages are taking the *forestieri* quickly through the old city to see the sights that have now so woefully dwindled in number.

Parallel with this street, through which the railway runs (between stout iron railings), is the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi—one roadway under two different names; the *new* part of the street having been new upwards of two hundred years ago. These, the principal arteries of the city, are lined on both sides with palaces. The two Balbi palaces stand opposite each other, and are called, respectively, the "Red" and the "White," from the different marbles of which they are built. Both are full of pictures and objects of *vertu*; every hall a museum; the doors set in carved marble doorways; the floors of Florentine mosaic; the very hangings on the walls gorgeous with Eastern colors and classic figures cunningly embroidered.

Genoa herself was famous during the Middle Ages for her velvets and tapestries; now the looms are gone, and the tyrant Fashion has transferred this branch of Genoa's old commerce to other and newer centres.

We did not visit the city according to the dictates of the guide-book; and, since our journey was rather a search after health than excitement, we did not make it a point to investigate or catalogue the recognized *sights*. Ours was rather a saunter than a tour, and so we really cannot call to mind the endless number of famous and historical pictures stored away in these gloomy, grand old palaces.

The Royal Palace has a famous gallery of paintings, but, as we only had Sunday to spare for it, and it happened to be closed on that day, we never saw it. What was visible and accessible to every one at any time, however, was a lovely view of the garden and courtyard of the palace. These gardens are the distinguishing traits of the Genoese houses, and give the old piles quite a different aspect from those of Rome or Venice.

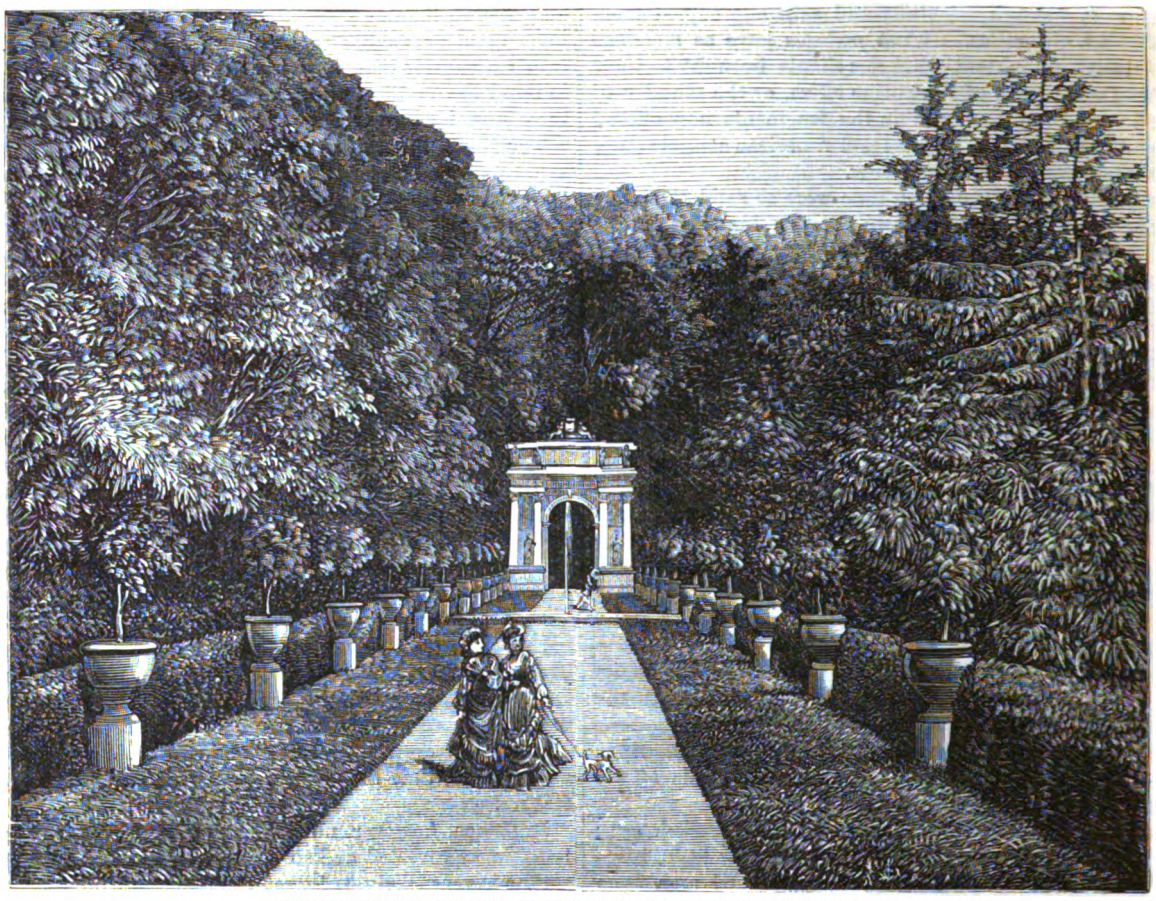
Very often you find yourself arrested by a long flight of broad steps, so that, instead of driving in through a great door into a side quadrangle, as in Rome, you have to alight at the house-door itself. As in Venice, a marble-floored hall, open at the opposite end, runs right back the breadth of the house, and leads into a courtyard of small dimensions, on the other side of which stands an iron railing. Behind that, orange and lemon trees, oleander and myrtle and ilex grow negleetedly round an untrimmed grass-plot with a classic fountain in the centre.

In Rome the gardens, if small, lie out of sight of the casual visitor, and, if large, surround the house very ostensibly, and are separated from the street by a high blank wall. In Venice, they are very often absent altogether, as a canal washes the steps on either side of the house, and so few houses have even a twelve-feet-square inclosure for trees and flowers, that the sight is more an exception than a feature.

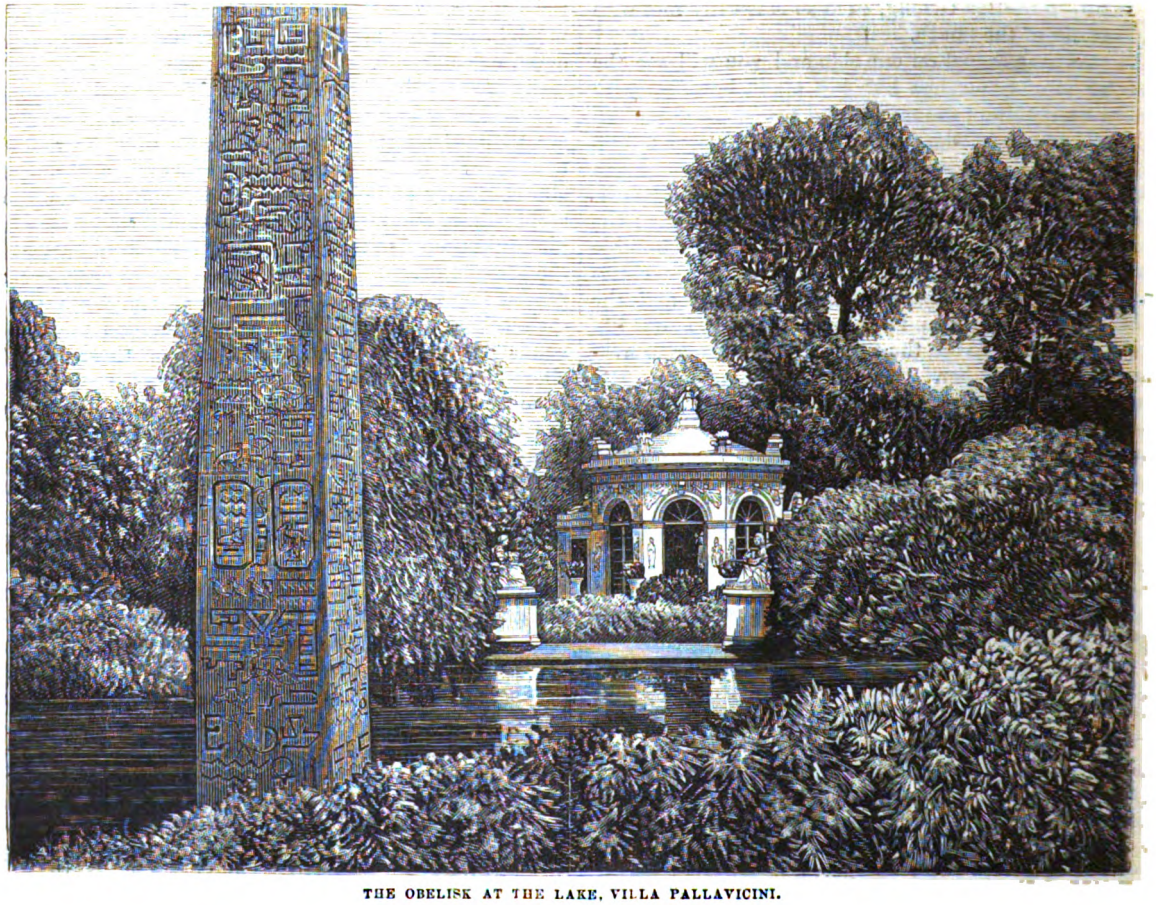
In Genoa, however, no palace is without its garden, so temptingly revealed and so picturesquely situated that the visitor is very likely to forget the pictures which he came to see, and content himself with gazing at the oasis behind the railings. Genoa is a city of constant living pictures, so much has the old medieval *sach t* remained stamped on its daily, common life. There is one peculiarity observable in many of the princely buildings, now deserted or empty, or tenanted only by a fraction of a once powerful family: they are built of alternate rows of blocks of white and black marble. So is the Duomo, or Cathedral, a Romanesque church, heavy and gorgeous in its ornaments as well as its architecture, and a fit emblem of the earnest phase of religion that preceded the gaudy age of the Renaissance. All the streets, except three or four principal ones, are mere narrow lanes, where two wheelbarrows could scarcely pass each other, and across which two persons might shake hands out of their windows. None of these have been altered for hundreds of years; as they are to-day, so they were when rival families sallied out with all their gayly dressed men-at-arms and retainers, ready either to give the people a pageant, or each other a passage-at-arms.

The city being built on a steep slope, there are various breakneck ascents, tortuous streets, now and then helped out by rough and uneven steps, over which the poorer houses seem to hang or totter. These are called *salite*, or ascents, and lead more directly than the fine winding drives, to the *acqua sola* or the new ramparts, or, again, to the new roadway—in Italian, the circumvallation road—which is really a splendid boulevard on the hills behind the town, leading along the slope, past the great hospital (holding 1,300 patients), and across a viaduct to the Piazza Manin, 329 feet above the sea, and ending near the beautiful gardens of the Palazzo, or Villa Groppallo.

Republics in those days were not such as they are now; and, except in their relations to outsiders, they were as feudal as any dukedom or principality. A few families led the State, while the populace was divided into parties under



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA PALLAVICINI, NEAR GENOA.



THE OBELISK AT THE LAKE, VILLA PALLAVICINI.

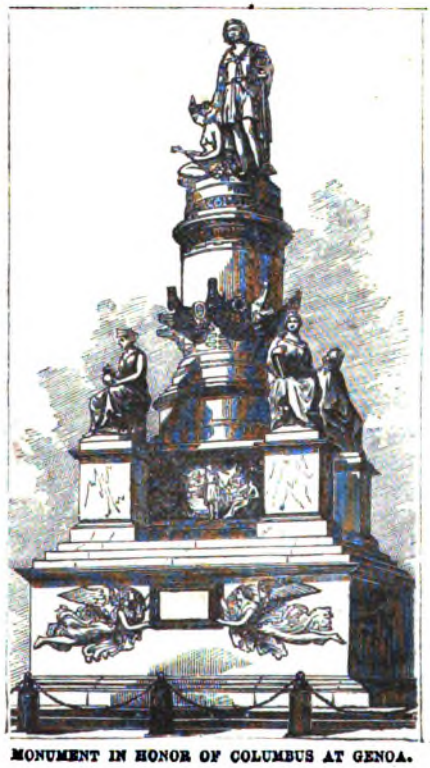
their protection. The armormaker of the Doria hated the draper of the Durazzo just as much as he did the draper's patron; the people had no real sense of their rights, and no idea of protecting them otherwise than by the interference of some great lord, whom they repaid by intense practical devotion to him in his personal quarrels.

Italy was very different in this respect from Flanders, where, although the name of Republic was unknown until the sixteenth century, the principles of popular government were jealously kept up, in spite of sovereign, count or baron, or even bishop, as in the case of manly but turbulent Liege.

THE ARSENAL AT GENOA.

But as we look on these proud houses of Genoa, built for retinues, almost for armies, and now empty, save for some small remnant of their ancient owners, who are content with an apartment of half a dozen rooms on the third floor, we realize the terrible fall of these families, once the equals of kings, and then turn to the strange contrast presented by the descendants of their whilom clients among the people. *They* are still in the same position; they have neither fallen nor risen; they still depend mainly on others, and rely on any one rather than on themselves; the only difference being that the Government, and especially the foreign visitors, are now their props—the former but a worthless one in time of real need, the latter a true Providence, amiably ready to be fleeced at any moment!

Among the many narrow streets, there is one which might well be called Fairyland. It is that in which the jewelers' shops are grouped, and is called "*Strada degli Orefici*," or, "Street of the goldworkers." It takes many hours to walk down this dingy lane, for on each side are booths, dirty, and carelessly guarded, but yet full of the loveliest treasures that woman can envy or artist admire. The famed Genoa filigree work in gold and silver is still seen in its perfection in these little shops, in which the master sits in *negligé*, scarcely minding his exposed wares, and working at his beautiful trade with, perhaps, but little appreciation of its beauty. There is no show or display, scarcely even glass cases, except in a few more pretentious stalls; but the beautiful designs denote either that the workers in gold are born artists, or have kept the traditions of their craft well. To judge by their nonchalance and matter-of-fact way of disposing of their treasures, you would scarcely imagine the former to be the case.



MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

The designers of jewelry, in the days when jewelry was a recognized art, were the equals of painters or sculptors; but in these days, though they may be artists still, they never earn a place in the Temple of Fame. In Genoa, many a poor man, crushed by the necessities of life, and perhaps by domestic circumstances, chooses this precarious way of getting his livelihood. He is poorly paid, and not over-well treated by the comfortable jeweler, who, though he has no ambition to make a show at his stall, has yet a very good trade and a prosperous lookout. It is to the poor drudge that we often owe the beautiful

thoughts so delicately worked out in those wonderful ornaments which no modern skill has yet been able to imitate in other countries. True, this work is also done at Malta, and we know that in India similar specimens are often found; indeed, the industry came to Genoa from the East, and the delicate Italian imagination perfected the intricate work of oriental fingers and brains.

Here in the *Strada degli Orefici*, one sees every variety of gold and silver crosses; bouquets of flowers, imitated with wonderful accuracy; horns of plenty; pens in the shape of palms or feathers; arrows, swords and pins for the hair; hollow balls of marvelous workmanship, boxes and caskets; bells, card-cases, charms; models of Gothic churches, spires and buttresses complete, looking like spider's webs changed into gold threads; little ships, with every rope and spar distinctly copied; miniature chairs and tables, vases, cups and saucers, fans and hand-screens—everything, useful or ornamental, that can be copied in filigree and look well in a bride's boudoir. Sometimes you will see rosaries, not the least beautiful of these trifles—every hollow bead of a different yet harmonious design, and the cross at the end more elaborate than all. Reliquaries, too, are not infrequent, and bindings for missals and psalters.

Among the objects of special attention, however, may sometimes be found things of doubtful taste, such as gold and silver filigree crowns for favorite statues of the Madonna, or other adornments to be placed flat upon the surface of a miraculous picture. Frames, of course, would be quite in keeping with good taste, as much as missal bindings or any other normal decoration of our religious symbols, but the devotion of the Italians sometimes leads them into deviations from strict artistic rules. The Genoese artificers share this tendency; but then their work, even if in bad taste as to the use to which it is put, is so exquisite in itself that we should be churlish to complain.

At the entrance of the Strada degli Orefici, the eye is caught by a door with a medieval bas-relief representing the adoration of the magi, or wise men. This is said by artists to date from the middle of the fifteenth century, the days when Columbus was already searching for a patron and dreaming of the New World.

The Duomo, dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose martyrdom is sculptured in the archaic style of the thirteenth century, over the gallery, dates from 1100, and represents an older church on the same spot. The general effect is sombre and impressive, though later Renaissance taste has somewhat spoilt and blurred parts of the interior. The old lions guarding the wide flight of steps are in keeping with the huge doors bearing the sculptured story of Christ's infancy and earlier miracles, and the massive substructure of the towers beyond them forms a dark and suggestive vestibule to the nave, with its lighter columns and colored marbles. The carving, everywhere, from the quaint choir-stalls to the marble statues of saints, is ingenious and elaborate. But perhaps the most interesting sight is the treasury, with its marvelous collection of relics and jewels. In Italy these two are synonymous. Gems fit for the crown jewels are to be found even in obscure shrines, fitted into a relic-case, or some object connected with worship, such as bishops' croziers, chasubles, chalices, etc. The boast of Genoa's cathedral is the *raso catino*, supposed to be a dish fashioned of a single emerald, which, says tradition, was used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea afterward preserved a few drops of the Saviour's blood. As far as history goes, it is known that the Genoese captured this vessel, a glass of pure, transparent green color, but of uncertain date, at the taking of Cesarea, during one of the Crusades. It was this dish which gave rise to the beautiful medieval legend of the Holy Grail, which Tennyson has clothed anew for us, and connected with the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Another church I remember among the many in Genoa is a small one, St. Matthew's, queerly enclosed in a narrow little square, and filled within with fine sculptures and funeral inscriptions relating to the Dorias. The great admiral's sword hangs above the high altar, and to the left is a specimen of those beautiful cloisters of which St. Paul's at Rome and St. John Lateran have such renowned remains. The double columns, twisted, or curled, bound together, some like sheaves, some like fasces, some like petrified reeds, surround a silent quadrangle, where gravestones make the pavement and rank grass grows around them. Opposite this church, the family sepulchre of the Dorias, and closing up this dark *piazzetta*, is the old Doria palace, the lower half built in courses of alternate black and yellow marble, and on the façade these words, in Latin: "The public gift of the Consular Senate to Andrew Doria, the liberator of his country."

The old city, however, contains many gorgeous, comparatively modern fanes, where gilding and show are quite in keeping with the original design of the builder. For instance, there is the dazzling Church of the Annunziata, about two hundred and fifty years old, with variegated marble floor; forests of columns, all of different marbles; chapels full of rich golden lamps, hanging from jewel chains; a roof, or rather ceiling, of great richness, divided into numberless panels by the costliest of carved and gilt work, each panel being a fresco representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the modern—indeed, one might say recent—glories of Genoa, is the beautiful monument to Columbus, at the western extremity of the town, in a piazza by the railroad station and the gardens of the Villa Doria. This has existed upward of ten or fifteen years, and is the work of Genoese artists. The great discoverer is represented standing in the costume of a scholar of his day, leaning with one hand on an anchor, and his other hand on the shoulder of a kneeling Indian, crowned with feathers, and carrying a cross in his hand. At the four corners of the pedestal are several allegorical figures, life-size, and above them a circle of ship prows and laurel wreaths, set alternately. Four *bassi-rilievi* give scenes from his life, and on the lowest base of the monument, two flying genii uphold the simple inscription, "*A Cristoforo Colombo, La Patria*"—"His Country to Christopher Columbus."

One cannot help thinking of what might have been the present position of Genoa, had she, as an independent State, listened to Columbus, and fitted out a fleet for him to explore the New World and conquer it in her name. The Italians of those days stood in the first rank among the nations of the world; by their side the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Germans and the English were but unlettered barbarians. Her statesmen were acknowledged to be the masters of diplomacy; her merchants were wealthier and more enterprising than any, and, at the same time, they were not mere traders, but men of culture and educated, generous patrons of art, competent critics of letters. Even the soldiers of Northern Italy were gaining a name that rivaled that of the fierce Spaniards, and her captains at least were known as skillful strategists, learned engineers and men versed in the art of leading the minds, as well as directing the operations, of their mercenaries.

As yet no open discussion had taken place as to religious matters; the authority of the Church was undisputed by the governors of republics and princedoms; a magnificent distant foreign conquest, such as that of Southern America would have safely united the sympathies of the whole

Genoese people in one healthy burst of excitement and interest; the Church would have sanctioned the undertaking; the nobles and merchants would have had a wider field in which to display a more generous rivalry than that of gaining the executive power for a few years, and ousting each other, within the limits of a very small territory. Genoa would very likely have sprung to the first place among Italian States, and would have carried civilization, commerce and art to the shores of the newly discovered continent, far better than could the Spaniards, ferocious by nature, and scarcely emerging from the state of barbarism which their frequent wars against the Saracens had made almost normal. The passions of the Italians were rather for power than for gold, and things might have been changed indeed, had they, instead of the Spaniards, visited the flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru.

But it was not so decreed; and after having seen the Indies slip from her grasp, and her son, courageous to the last, die the victim of a foreign king, Genoa relapsed into carelessness for nearly four hundred years, and then sought to repair the wrong done to him, and the loss suffered by herself, by putting up a beautiful monument to her hero. Vain honors! The sceptre that has once fallen from the hands of any given race can never be recovered, and posthumous honors are powerless to increase the fame of one whom the world knows as the exile of Genoa. His native city willfully lost all share in his glory, and cannot recall the decision by which she ignorantly stamped him as a visionary. America itself is his true monument, and were Genoa to sink into the Mediterranean to-morrow, the name of her daring but expelled son would still live in more triumphant remembrance than that of her own merchant-princes and naval heroes.

The gardens of the *Acqua Sola*, on the hill behind Genoa, are the public promenade of the city; they are not large, but are well laid out, and command a beautiful sea view. Here, in the late afternoon, come the carriages of the wealthier people of Genoa, and hundreds of loungers on foot; plenty of soldiers beguiling white-vailed maidens with their traditional and ephemeral compliments; beggars looking for a harvest of coppers, and sometimes mountebanks of various kinds, who know that these shady gardens at sunset are the paradise of the idle and the *beau-ideal* of the wearied showman.

From this inclosure one can drive along the ramparts that skirt the crest of the hill, and along whose jutting edges lie piled cannon balls and huge guns, like alligators lying in the sun. The peaceful sea beyond looks as if it had never been covered with hostile fleets, coming to attack or surprise the thriving, populous Genoa of old; and yet what a busy life old Neptune *has* seen at the mouth of that harbor! Not only warlike scenes, but naval pageants hailing the return of the conqueror who had humbled Venice or stricken the Infidel; convoys of richly laden ships from the marts of the East; captive vessels from Turkey and Barbary; corsair allies; French, English, Spanish visitors, whose colors, now flying gayly at the masthead, might denote hidden treachery in the future—many and many a sight and a scene, down to this day's prosaic steamer entering the port from Marseilles, or the humble fishing-smacks coming in to sell their prizes at the city markets. So we wind down again, through steep, abrupt streets, back into the "dim, rich city," with its many gardens and spots of greenery.

Another famous garden—a private one, but always open to the well-behaved, and kept by a not very formidable dragon, in the shape of a gossipping old portress, is that of the Villa Doria, a little outside the town on the western extremity. It faces the sea, and its marble parapets run down to meet the water. The villa, a large building, which would be called a palace if it were in a more central position, stands at the back. The garden is a kind of miniature Versailles, full of statues of nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and philosophers; some old and dug out of classic baths, or brought from Rome; some of the Renaissance school, with flying drapery and affected postures. Carved parapets, marble fountains, old stone seats, etc., complete this museum-garden, where there are more statues than trees, and more marble walls than evergreen hedges.

Further on, and quite out of town, is another garden—that of the Villa Pallavicini, at Pegli, and really a sight worth seeing, and kept in perfect order by the owners. Formal and old-fashioned, it is not neglected, and here and there a modern idea, patched on to the stately expanse, seems rather a surprise than a shock. One part is soberly laid out in straight walks, hedged with grass, and leading to a little temple half hidden in a grove of evergreens. From this you stray into a more loosely arranged "English garden," with creepers and vines, smooth lawns and flower-beds, with the vista of a grotto in the distance. The grotto turns out to be a stalactite cave, full of unexpected sights; wonderful chambers hung with petrified icicles, or coated with glistening matter, shining like diamond dust (all this carefully imitated, or at least artificially produced), to represent the great cave of Adelsburg, near Trieste.

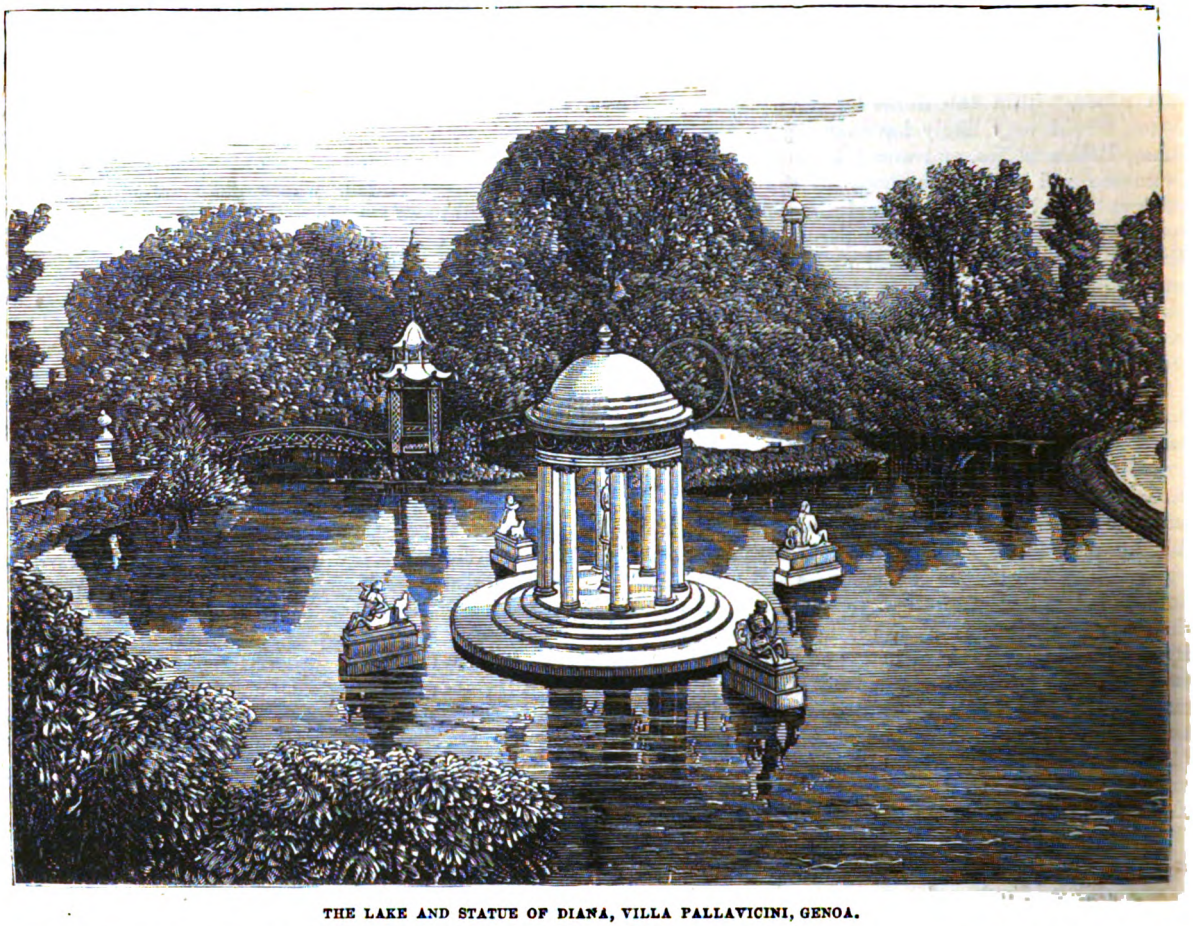
After a walk of a few hundred yards under these archways and through those underground halls, you come to a sheet of water; the torches throw a red glare on the walls, to which, by iron rings and chains, are attached a few small boats. The guide deposits you in one of these skiffs, and intrusting the torches to your care, takes to the oars. A few windings bring you out through a tall, narrow archway, overhung with ivy, into a broad basin, where Fairyland seems to begin.

Swans are sailing up and down; but there are other inhabitants of this fair crystal port. In the centre of this sheet of water rises a snow-white temple, a cupola supported by marble pillars. Diana, with her bow, stands within, while just outside the steps that lead into the water, are four sea-horses, with human heads and shoulders and conchs in their hands, looking to the four quarters of the globe. They seem as though just about to start on a wild, frolicsome race, and to throw the spray in your face with their forked tails as you passed them in the boat. All around the shores of the miniature lake stretches the beautiful turf; but the promontories jut into the water. Yonder grove conceals the base of an arbor built pagoda fashion, and whose glittering colors and hanging bells carry your imagination far into the dreamy regions of Cathay.

There are few such gardens as these in all Italy; they belong to a lost state of things—the flavor of the sixteenth century hangs about them, and the least incongruous denizens would be those merry, witty, but scarcely moral disputants and minstrels who haunted the gardens of the courtly Medici at Fiesole.

A modern croquet-party would be out of place here, however animated the players and elaborate the costumes; the mere common intercouse of present social life would be an insult to the spirit of the place. The gray-clad soberness of this utilitarian age is but a sorry substitute for the artistic, if misdirected, enthusiasm of those times; and if we rejoice that the facile indecorum of by-gone days has disappeared, we cannot but be sorry that with it has gone all the grace, the culture, the social animation of the class that figured so largely in their pageants.

Genoa has many other villas, not quite so conspicuous or well-kept, but still beautiful; for instance, the Villa Rosazza, with its formal *parterre*, and its marble fountain—

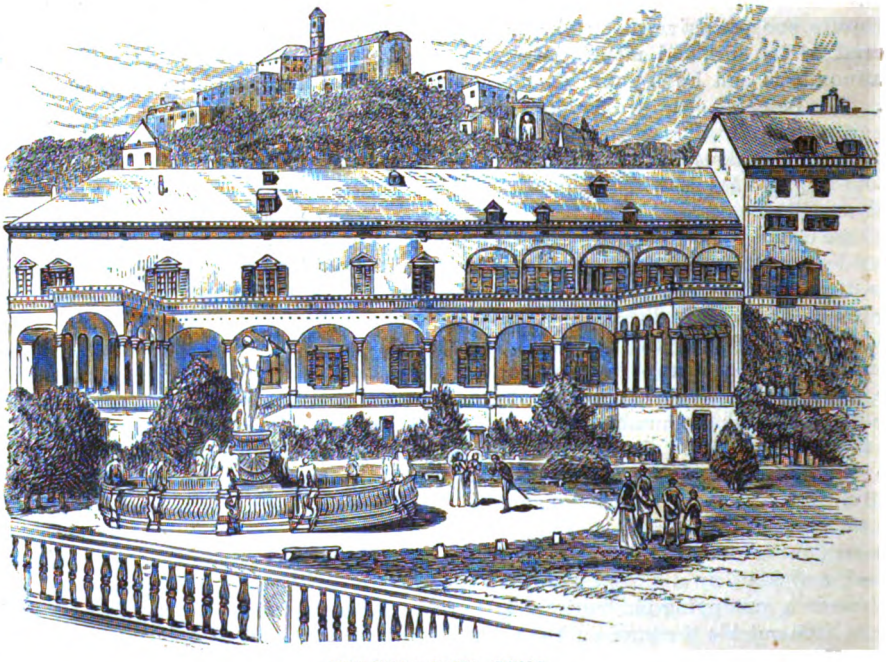


THE LAKE AND STATUE OF DIANA, VILLA PALLAVICINI, GENOA.

the villa where Dickens lived for part of a year; and others often let to foreigners, to the resident consuls, or to rich merchants, whether native or foreign.

Returning to the city after this excursion into a sprightlier atmosphere, we pass by the large, gloomy theatre of Carlo Felice. It is almost as large as the San Carlo of Naples, and La Scala, of Milan; but it is not often that one sees these magnificent houses properly filled, nor the stage properly tenanted. Genoa can no longer afford to lure to herself the great singers of the day, and the opera season is only second-rate after all. Still it is much the fashion, and, as everywhere else in Italy, it affords an excellent opportunity for informal visiting. Except during the well-known arias, no one minds the music; the opera is a social club where friends meet and chatter.

No one, except on State occasions, goes in full dress; every bright *demi-toilette* passes muster; every one chatters; the boxes fill and re-fill, as men pass from one to the other of their fair acquaintances; the stage is the last thing thought of. Presently the prima donna or tenor comes forward with great demonstrations of rage, love or despair, and the whole house is hushed. While the aria lasts not a word is



THE VILLA DORIA, GENOA.

spoken; but the moment it is over, and the customary applause has subsided, the spell is broken, and the stream of conversation flows on anew.

These theatre receptions are a cheap way of paying off social scores, as they involve no lights, no decorations, and no refreshments, save the occasional ices and wafers that are brought round to the boxes between the acts, and which, if paid for at all, are paid for by the gentlemen who happen to be the guests of the box for the time being.

I once heard rather a good story illustrative of this inexpensive system of seeing and entertaining your friends, but it did not refer to Genoa. Still, the system is carried on in most Italian cities, where there are large and beautiful theatres, and a comfortable box is a cheap luxury whereby fuel may be saved in the evening. The incident was this: An English family hired an apartment in an old palace, the widowed owner having left it for the Winter—so said the agent—fully stocked with fuel. This lady belonged to a very good old family, but her fortune was slender. After a few weeks the tenants found the fuel running short, and indignantly taxed the agent with deceiving them. He answered by a question as to how and when they used it.

"Why," was the reply, "we keep a fire in every room all day."

"And all the evening too?" asked the agent.

"Of course."

"No wonder!" he said, with a comical gesture of surprise; "Madame la Marquise only used a small fire in one room on very cold days, and a foot-warmer the rest of the time."

"How did she manage at night, then? and did she never see visitors?"

"She spent her evenings in her box," explained the agent, "and asked her friends there. If she chanced to be unwell, and not able to go out, she would sit at home, with her fur cloak on, and go to bed early."

TOO OBEDIENT BY HALF.—"MRS. PROUTY WAS NOT LONG IN REACHING THE SPOT AND RESCUING HER PET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

But though Genoa, like all other Italian towns, has many decayed noble families, proud and poor, she has also a few rich old families, such as the Durazzo, whose magnificent palace is fitted up with more modern luxuries than it contains antique treasures; and many comfortable, unassuming families of less pedigree, but progressive, educated, enterprising and successful, both in commerce and in learning. There are art societies, and scientific meetings, and boards of education; a great activity in politics and the

press, and a public feeling which is wisely and patriotically directed rather toward the national advancement of the country as a whole than toward the glorification of the local part. The Secret Societies were once very strong in Genoa, and even at present those nurseries of Socialism are not inactive; but, on the whole, the city has too much at stake to be able to affect red-republicanism. Northern and central Italy—that is, the living Italy of the Middle Ages—is still the backbone of the new nation.

One more thing a stranger, however cursory his visit, will notice in Genoa, and that is the guttural dialect, harsh as the ruggedest German. The conventional beauty of Italian is practically a scarce thing. The popular talk of most provinces is either mincing, as near Milan, soft and slurring, as at Venice—where, but for the tone, one would think the very hucksters were coaxing babies to sleep—harsh, as at and near Genoa, hammer-like, as at Naples, where the tone is also ear-piercing; and even at Florence, where the purest grammar is common to the highest and lowest alike, the pronunciation and frequent aspirations—replacing the *c* by the *h* sound—render the language affected. The broad Roman accent sounds grand in the mouth of an educated person, and reminds you, somehow, of the roll of the Latin, as probably spoken by the senators and jurists of the Republic; but it turns to something very like "mouthing" when used by the people in general. however, I think, as an accent, it is far preferable to any in Italy. The voice of Italians is also generally a drawback to beauty of diction. Even cultivated persons, and women no less than men, have loud, strident voices; and in the traditional "land of song" you find far more of what we should call a vulgar intonation than you will discover among persons of corresponding station and education in English-speaking communities. On the other hand, you will meet with natural courtesy far greater than that attending the best-bred people of our race; for centuries of polish and traditions of elegance in manner have done their work, and left the Italian beggar less of a barbarian than the Anglo-Saxon *millionnaire*.

There is more business done in Genoa than in any other town in Italy, and a large part of its trade is with the United States. Roughly speaking, the yearly imports and exports average, the former nearly $60,000,000, the latter $40,000,000.

Among the wealthy and public-spirited men who have lately died, was the Duke of Galliera, who left the city $4,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor, on condition that the municipal government should advance the rest of the sum required to carry out the improvements. A large new mole is being built, and the present new mole lengthened, so that it will still continue to be the outer pier. In addition to this, quays by rails with the main line are projected, with a view to enable the largest ships to unload without lighters.

The inclosed *Porto Franco*, with its extensive bonded warehouses, is another of the works which, even at present, show how Genoa, while proud of her artistic relics, is not content to rest on her medieval laurels. If the inner parts of the city are wonderfully unchanged, its sea edge, on the contrary, is changing for the better every day; and, while the former picturesqueness is untouched, the visitor need not grudge the less beautiful but healthy signs of activity about the quays.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF WASPS' NESTS.

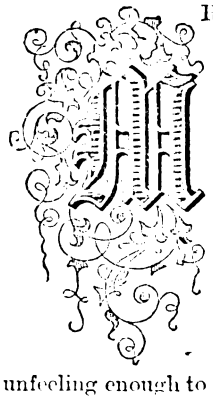
A CORRESPONDENT writing to *Nature* from Caracas, South America, says: "Some time ago the house of General P. M. Arismedi (now Consul of Venezuela, in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad) in this city, had a rather narrow escape from being set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of a large wasps' nest (a species of *polistes*) in a closet under a roof. The day was exceedingly hot; but this circumstance, I think, has a very slight connection, if any at all, with the outbreak of smoke from the nest.

"Roofs in this country are constructed of tiles, supported by a thick layer of compact earth, which rests on the usual lathwork of dry canes (the stems of *gynerium saccharoides*, or arborescent grass), both being substances that conduct heat very badly. The source of heat must therefore have been in the nest itself. In bee-hives the temperature rises sometimes as high as 38° centigrade, about 100° Fahrenheit (*teste* Newport, as cited in Girdwoyn, 'Anat. et Physiol. de l'Abeille,' p. 23). We may be allowed to suppose that something similar happens occasionally in wasps' nests. Such a heat might be caused by an alteration beginning in the wax, hydro-carbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like, porous substance of the cell walls, must get still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire.

"I have been assured that the spontaneous combustion of wasps' nests is a well-known fact in the interior of Venezuela, and as I do not recollect having found it mentioned in books, it appeared to me worth while to inquire whether something similar has been observed in other parts of the world, and if so, whether my explanation will hold good in all cases."

TOO OBEDIENT BY HALF.

By Mary Grace Halpine.



MRS. PROUTY experienced the troubles that most American housekeepers have with what they are pleased to term their "help," though that this is too often a misnomer they do not need to be informed.

She generally changed this indispensable but troublesome portion of her household once a month, if not oftener, frequently for the worse, but never for the better.

Her husband, into whose *un*sympathizing bosom were daily poured all her domestic trials, was sometimes unfeeling enough to hint that some part of the blame might lie at her own door.

This was an insinuation that Mrs. Prouty indignantly repelled.

"There isn't a woman on the face of the earth easier to get along with than I am, as *you* ought to know by this time!"

Mr. Prouty very prudently made no verbal dissent to this assertion, whatever his private opinion might have been.

However lax Mrs. Prouty might be in regard to her own, she certainly had some very decided ideas as to the duties owed her by those in her employ, and which, as summarily stated in her own words, consisted of "doing as they were told, and asking no questions."

But it was not so easy finding those combining these two essential requisites, as her frequent changes testified.

It was not until the appearance of Cathleen Ryan that there was any prospect of her obtaining the treasure she had been so long in search of; then her hopes began to revive.

Cathleen was a tidy-looking Irish lass, whose rosy, good-natured face and round blue eyes seemed to be in a state of perpetual wonderment.

With a grim, inquisitorial look upon her face, Mrs. Prouty commenced her customary catechism.

"I suppose you understand general housework and plain cooking?"

"Yes, mem."

"Now, Cathleen, I have two rules which I require to be strictly kept by all who work for me."

"Yes, mem."

"One of these is, that you are to do as you are told, without asking any questions. That is to say, when I tell you to do a thing, you are to do it without any whys or wherefores."

"Yes, mem."

"The second rule is, that you are to make yourself generally useful. That is, if you see anything that ought to be done, you are not to wait for me to tell you, but go and do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mem; I'll be sure to remember, mem."

For some days everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Prouty was delighted with Cathleen; it was "Yes, mem" to all that she was told to do, and that was the end of it, so far as any talking was concerned.

"She is going to prove a real treasure!" was her emphatic assertion to her husband.

"I hope she will, my dear," he replied, a little dubiously. "But it strikes me that you have had 'real treasures' before that have turned out to be anything but such."

"Oh, but Cathleen is different; she does exactly as I tell her, and without replying a word."

"Oh!"

And here the conversation ended.

One day Mr. Prouty sent home some tomatoes, the first of the season.

Mrs. Prouty took them out to Cathleen, telling her "that they were to be stewed for tea," who responded with her invariable "Yes, mem."

A couple of hours later, Cathleen and the tomatoes made their appearance in the parlor, the former wearing a somewhat puzzled face.

"Ye said these were to be for tay, mem. Did ye mane——"

Mr. Prouty was present, and being desirous of impressing him with a high idea of the discipline she maintained, Mrs. Prouty responded, with no little dignity:

"I meant precisely what I said, Cathleen. Go and do as I told you and make no further words about it."

Mrs. Prouty had company for tea.

"Where are the tomatoes I sent home?" said her husband, as he looked around upon the well-spread board.

"Cathleen must have forgotten them," said Mrs. Prouty, giving the call-bell an impatient ring.

She had been eulogizing the obedience and fidelity of her new handmaiden, and was not a little provoked at this omission. Then taking up the teapot, she proceeded to dispense the usual fragrant beverage.

"What is the matter with the tea, I wonder?" said Mr. Prouty, regarding suspiciously the contents of his cup. "It looks and smells very queer."

At this moment Cathleen made her appearance.

"Where are the tomatoes?" quoth her mistress.

"Sure, mem, an' they're in the taypot; ye said they were for tay!"

At this moment Mr. Prouty, who had taken a sip of the unpalatable beverage, made a bolt for the door.

On his return to the table, he found that his wife had vanished, having gone to the kitchen to make fresh tea.

When she came back, no mention was made of Cathleen's blunder.

But it was a standing joke with Mr. Prouty.

"She has not her equal on the two continents for making tomato tea," he would say, gravely, whenever his wife alluded to the treasure she possessed in Cathleen.

But Mrs. Prouty did not care for this; indeed, she seemed to be proud of what she considered a proof of her faithfulness in following her instructions.

"I actually believe that she would jump into the river if I told her to," she confidentially informed some of her lady acquaintances.

But she soon had convincing proof that one may have too much, even of a good thing.

"I am going out," she said to Cathleen, one morning, "and while I am gone I want you to make a clean sweep of the parlor and sitting-room. Mind and move all the furniture, so as to get the dirt out of the corners."

Mrs. Prouty had no sooner disappeared than Cathleen went energetically at the task, for which she had an especial aptitude and liking. So active and zealous was she, that when Mrs. Prouty returned, two or three hours later, she could with difficulty get into the hall, on account of the various articles of furniture that blocked up the way.

"What does this mean?" she inquired, aghast, as Cathleen made her appearance, her face beaming with satisfaction, and her arms full of books, albums, vases, etc., which she deposited on the stairs.

"I've moved everything barrin' the stove, mem," she said, with an air of triumph.

Mrs. Prouty looked, in despair, around the room that was so pleasant and cozy when she left it.

Cathleen had obeyed her orders with great exactness, making "a clean sweep" of everything; the carpet was taken up, and even the pictures taken down from the walls and piled up in one corner.

And the worst of it was, that she was debarred the satisfaction of complaining; for had not the innocent cause of all this "done exactly as she was told, and asked no questions"?

Mrs. Prouty had a poodle called Fido, a beautiful little creature, with long, silky hair, for whom she had an especial pride and affection.

Fido was equally as fond of his mistress, following her wherever she went, even to church, if care was not taken to prevent it.

One Sunday morning he followed her to the gate.

Mrs. Prouty took him back to the house, saying to Cathleen:

"Take Fido and shut him up in some safe place, where he can do no mischief."

After dinner, as Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were sitting in the parlor, they heard a stifled sound of barking and scratching, and which seemed to come from below.

Mrs. Prouty rang the bell.

"What noise is that, Cathleen?"

"It's Fido, mem. You told me to put him in some safe place, an' so I put him in the coal-cellar."

"How could you do such a thing? He'll be completely ruined! Go and let him out directly!"

Fido rushed in, black as soot, his fine, long hair completely filled with coal-dust.

Delighted to see his mistress, he sprang into her lap.

Mrs. Prouty had on a new silk dress, trimmed with costly lace. Flinging him down, she flew to the further end of the room.

"Take him away!" she shrieked; "take him out of the room before he ruins everything in it!"

"Where to, mem?"

"Anywhere!—Stay, fill the bath-tub with water, and put him into it."

An hour later, Mrs. Prouty having recovered something of her usual serenity, suddenly bethought herself of her pet.

Summoning Cathleen, she said:

"If Fido is sufficiently clean, bring him in, and let him dry himself by the fire."

Cathleen stared in blank amazement at her mistress.

PLAYING GRANDPA.

"Sure, mem, an' didn't I put him into the bath-tub, an' isn't it drowned he is?"

"Drowned!" screamed Mrs. Prouty. "Do you mean to say that you've drowned him?"

"An' didn't you tell me to do it, mem?"

"You stupid creature! I told you to do no such thing!" cried Mrs. Prouty, bursting into tears of grief and vexation. "My poor, pretty Fido! What have you done with him

"I flung him out into the garden, mem."

"I won't have him lying there, you unfeeling thing!" sobbed Mrs. Prouty. "Go, finish your work, and bury him!"

Cathleen disappeared, to return almost immediately.

"If ye please, mem, I can't bury him."

"Don't tell me that you can't do it!" interrupted Mrs. Prouty, now fairly beside herself with anger. "Go and bury him directly! Don't let me see you again until it's done!"

Again Cathleen vanished.

A few minutes after, Mrs. Prouty heard a succession of furious barks, which ended in a prolonged howl.

Then her youngest boy rushed in, crying:

"Oh, mamma, Cathleen is trying to kill Fido! She half-drowned him in the bath-tub, and now she's putting him in a hole!"

Mrs. Prouty was not long in reaching the spot, rescuing her pet from the hands of the astonished girl, whose Celtic spirit began to rise at the indignant and, as she considered, undeserved reproaches that were lavished upon her.

"You said I was to do exactly as I was bid, an' ask no

THE TORPEDO.

questions. Sure an' it's hard plasin' ye, onyway. Give me me wages, an' let me go!"

Having thus discharged herself, Cathleen departed, her only fault—as briefly summed up by Mrs. Prouty—"being too obstinate, by half."

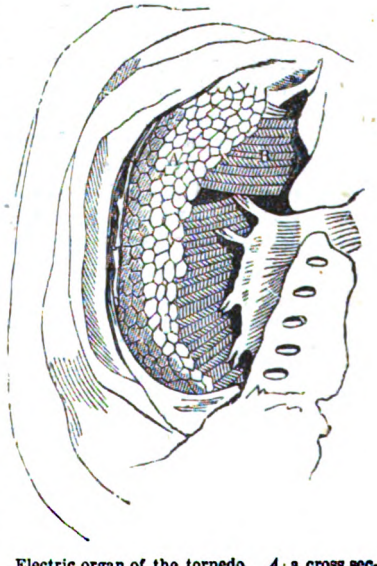
Whatever perfections Mrs. Prouty required of her successor, we may be sure that she did not stipulate "that she was to do exactly as she was told, and ask no questions."

THE TORPEDO.

Not the torpedo which little boys fire at the calves of elderly gentlemen, but the fish which, when touched, gives a sensation which would have aroused Sir Charles Coldstream in his most inanimate days. When the creature is lively and healthy, when it is full of force, and fresh from the sea, it gives a powerful shock. As it grows weary and inanimate, the electric effect becomes limited to certain parts of its body. Irritate it in these spots, and a number of thrills succeed in rapid succession. Mattenci, a celebrated philosopher, says that it is capable of producing a shock equal to that of 100 to 150 pairs of jars charged with salt water. When it is touched with a non-conducting body no effect is felt.

A perpendicular section of the prisms.

The faculty is voluntary with the torpedo, as with the gymnotus, the silurus and other electric fishes. All that seems to be understood, after the deep researches of Davy, Volta, Galvani, Hunter, St. Hilaire, Gay, Lussac and Humboldt, is that the electric phenomenon is emitted from the brain of the fish, and thence transported by nerves to an organ whence it charges numerous small "piles," whose nature is as yet not understood, and which, according to Becquerel, do not resemble the ordinary Voltaic apparatus. We do not know whether their blood has been analyzed to ascertain what proportion of metallic substances



Electric organ of the torpedo. *A*, a cross section of it; *B*, the direction of the prisms, or the seat of electricity.

enters into its composition. The torpedo dies soon after being caught. It is almost impossible to keep them alive for more than six hours in a tub, even in fresh sea water. They are common in the Mediterranean, but it is difficult to transport them; those who wish to study their nature go to the places where they are caught.

Messrs. Breschat and Becquerel made many experiments on them in Venice. The latter gentleman says that Chioggia is the nearest place to Venice where the fish can be easily obtained. It is to be remarked that their lives and their electric power may be prolonged or increased by raising the temperature of the water in which they are kept.

CLARA WALLING.

By Carle Marle.

DICK HALPINE and I were at Long Branch. We usually spent a portion of our Summer vacations there, for we were room-mates at college, and for three years had been in the same class, having entered college the same day, with equal advantages, and kept pace with each other ever since.

In fact, neither felt at liberty to get ahead or behind; if one lagged the other helped, and in this way we kept together, and next year we expected to graduate together.

Then what? We were frequently discussing that, and were talking over it to-day, as we wandered along the beach, smoking, and feeling that all the world was very bright; and so it was to us, because we were healthy and without any especial care.

Our respective and respected fathers furnished the "stamps" very regularly, and, after a term of hard study, we were allowed to take such rest and recreation as we wished, and we invariably chose this seaside resort.

We had reached our favorite resting-place under the spreading branches of a large tree that grew near the water edge, and stretched ourselves on the soft grass in the shade, when a carriage passed us.

That was nothing unusual, of course, for carriages were almost continually passing and re-passing along the broad, gravelly drive that wound around the beach; but this carriage contained a very pretty young lady, and, therefore, attracted our attention, especially as she looked at us with a pair of wonderfully beautiful brown eyes.

She was alone in an open barouche, driving rapidly toward the open country, a liveried servant seated on a high front seat, and she seated on a low back seat.

The large span of black horses trotted swiftly along, stepping proudly under their silver-mounted harness; evidently it was some lady of wealth out taking an airing.

"New arrival, I guess, Hal," said Dick. "Had I seen that face before, I certainly should have remembered it."

"Rather pretty. I thought I saw her stepping from the train yesterday when I went down to send that dispatch, but am not sure, as I did not get a good view of her face."

"By Jove! Hal, I would like to know who she is, any way. She was looking right at us as she passed, and it was a striking countenance."

"Pshaw, Dick, you are easily impressed. That is a Southern lady, I should think, from the color of her skin and eyes, and general make-up, and considering the darkey driver."

"Well, if she *is* a Southern lady, that is no reason why she should not make an impression, is it? Let us watch for that carriage. It will probably be back soon, as it is getting near sundown now."

"No; let's go back to the hotel. You know I have a long letter to write home to-night."

"We'll walk back slowly, and perhaps she will overtake us."

And she did; but did not turn her face toward us, and soon passed out of sight among the trees and houses.

That evening, as we sat on the veranda of our hotel, enjoying our fragrant Havanas, the same lady came out of the parlor, and stood leaning for a few moments on the railing near us, and, plucking a flower from some bushes near by, disappeared up the stairway in the hall.

"She is deuced pretty, Hal. But I had no idea she was stopping here. She must have arrived yesterday, or last night."

"We might go down and look at the register."

But among the late arrivals were so many ladies' names that we could only guess.

"Clara Walling, Brighton Hall, Trehland, Tennessee."

"That is her, Hal, I'll bet a cigar."

"Very likely, Dick; but what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; only I have a curiosity to know who she is. No other person of that name is registered. Wonder if she is alone?"

He was speaking half to himself.

We wandered, arm in arm, out into the moonlight. A quiet, moonlight evening—a sensible, pleasant companion; the perfumed air of June—make existence a delight.

Passing a large cottage, standing back among the trees, we heard music and dancing, and saw crowds of gayly dressed people moving about on the lawn under the trees. We saw over the gate in large letters, "Welcome."

Feeling that it meant us as well, and not having anything better to do, we entered and strolled through the beautiful grounds. The faces we met were all strange to us, and seemed, generally, to be strange to each other.

As we passed close to the veranda that shades one front of the cottage, two gentleman and a lady were seated, and conversing—one of the gentleman quietly smoking a cigar. The moon shone full in their faces, and a glance told us, instantly, who at least two of them were, although we had never met but one before, and that was the lady—the same beautiful face we had seen three times before that same day.

The gentleman next to her was a neatly dressed, tall, fine-looking man, with side whiskers and a gold-headed cane.

The gentleman with the cigar, who sat next to the last-named, and a little apart, was the President of the United States.

We had seen his photograph so often that we could not mistake his features, and I now recollected, also, that this had been pointed out to me as the President's cottage.

There sat the great soldier and statesman, talking, in an ordinary way, to seemingly ordinary people, and smoking a very good-flavored cigar, we thought, as we seated ourselves on a rustic bench near by, but far enough away to be out of hearing of their conversation, and not to be intrusive.

"Married!" whispered Dick, in my ear.

"Who, the President?"

"No, you simpleton—that lady."

"Oh, yes, there she is, sure enough!" pretending I had not seen her.

"Married to that mutton-chops, too," growled Dick. "How could she fancy such a giraffe as that! Wonderfully beautiful though, Hal."

I scarcely heard him; I was looking at the President, and wondering if he in the least comprehended the fact of his own mighty deeds, and their tremendous results, and that the eyes of the world were upon him.

It did not seem so, for he smoked and looked and talked like any ordinary mortal. Grant always was an enigma to everybody.

And who were these people that were talking to the President in that familiar way? My reveries were interrupted by Dick.

"Her name is not Clara Walling, then, or else she is not married; which do you think, Hal?"

"Don't know, but I think she is married to that gentleman. We only guessed at the name, you know."

"Well, if she is married, what's the odds about the name?" said Dick, with a sigh.

"Halloo, old fellow! what is that sigh for? I really believe you would be silly enough to fall in love with her if she were single."

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever met, Hal. Maybe she is not married, after all. Perhaps that wizened face is her brother, or an acquaintance."

"More likely her husband."

"I am certain of one thing. I shall find out all about it before I leave the Branch, or my name is not Dick Halpine!"

The next day we took our favorite walk out to the old tree near the water edge, at about the same time as yesterday, and had the pleasure of seeing the same lady pass again, going to the country, and alone.

"Hal, I'll bet you a new silk hat that lady is single."

"Just for fun, Dick, I'll take that bet. I think she is married."

"Why does her husband not ride out with her, then?"

"Oh, that's nothing, Dick. Wait until you are married, and see if your wife don't ride out alone sometimes."

"There is a new hat on it, anyhow."

"I'll tell you how we will settle it. We will interview the darkey."

"Capital! Just the thing! Let us hurry home; get there before they arrive, and watch our opportunity to see the darkey alone."

But on our way, the lady passed us on her return.

That evening I missed Dick, and saw him no more until the next morning, when he came rushing into my room, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure. I knew something pleasant had happened, and guessed what it was. He grasped my hand, and gave it such a squeeze that I was compelled to cry out with pain.

"Hal, my dear old fellow, I know all about it! The hat is mine!"

"Is she single?" I said, wringing my crushed hand. "What did the darkey say?"

"Well, you see, I hung around the stable, the well, down at the beach, and everywhere last night, but did not get sight of the darkney until this morning, when I caught him at the foot of the stairs. He was just going up with a large bouquet of flowers.

"'Look here, my friend,' said I; 'will you be kind enough to tell me who that lady is you were driving out yesterday?'

"The old fellow drew himself up in a dignified way, and looked at me as if he considered the question impertinent; but said, respectfully:

"'Lady Clara Walling, sah, of Tennessee.'

"I was about to question him further, but he passed on up the stairs, as if he did not care to be questioned by a stranger. But, you see, I found out just what I wanted to. The name on the register is *Miss* Clara Walling. Wonder who that fellow was in her company the other night? but, no matter, she is a miss, and the next thing is, to make her acquaintance."

"What do you want to make her acquaintance for, Dick? You know you are never to get married; but, besides, you should not think of it now, when we have another year of college life before us, and you want to concentrate your energies and mind for the final struggle. No doubt your time would be wasted any way. She is probably the daughter of some Southern major-general, and you are only a college student, and therefore not much of anything yet, if your father is rich. And we are not acquainted with any one here particularly, and therefore an introduction is out of the question at present, and introductions are absolutely necessary here. Don't waste your time trying to cross an impassable gulf, Dick. Come, let's go to breakfast."

"You are always moralizing, Hal. Married; humbug! I am not going to get married, nor fall in love; but what is the use of coming down to Long Branch without having some fun? I will get acquainted with her if I can; if not, I shall not break my heart over it."

We went down to breakfast. It was early, and the guests were few in the great dining-hall; and as breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper were served at all times of day and night, everybody had plenty of time to eat, and nobody was in a hurry, but strolled in at any time, whenever they were ready and hungry.

We took our seats at a small table at one side, where we had a good view of the whole room. We had selected this table on our arrival, and always occupied it alone.

We had ordered breakfast, and were waiting for it to be served, when a lady, gentleman and little girl entered and took seats at a table near us—so near that we could hear any conversation that passed. The lady was our fairy of the carriage; and the gentleman, he of the mutton chops and gold-headed cane. The little girl we had not seen before, but she was quite pretty, elegantly dressed, and looked much like the lady.

Dick's eyes met mine, and a question was written therein; but he said nothing, though continually casting sidelong glances in the direction of the little group.

The little girl sat between the two.

"Papa, will you please pass me that bill of fare?"

She spoke in a musical voice. It was handed to the little girl without a remark.

Dick's eyes met mine, and were quite large. The next effort at conversation by the little girl was a stunner to at least one listener.

"Mamma, wasn't that a lovely bouquet Jim brought us this morning! It must have cost as much as ten dollars, mamma—don't you think it did?"

I looked at Dick. His face was a picture of amazement, and he was blushing to the roots of his hair. I smiled one of my most sarcastic smiles, and his countenance immediately assumed the appearance of a thunder-cloud.

We heard plenty of conversation during that breakfast-hour to fully satisfy us that they were husband, wife and daughter. Dick's bright dreams were ended at one rude blow.

When we reached the veranda I burst out laughing. Dick tried to look serious, but a smile lurked around the corners of his mouth.

"What are you laughing at, you blockhead?"

"Oh, nothing, Dick—nothing at all," I said, as I took up a morning paper and seated myself.

"Humph!" muttered Dick, as he put on his hat, lit a cigar and walked off.

For several days nothing was said about the beautiful lady. Dick did not seem to relish talking about her,

seemed somewhat disappointed, and was evidently trying to free his mind from the whole matter. Occasionally I put in a word about falling in love with a married lady, just to exasperate him; but he always indignantly denied it.

We met her very frequently riding out, and always alone, always about the same time of day, and on the same road; which seemed rather strange. We also frequently met her at the hotel—sometimes alone, sometimes with the little girl, and occasionally with the gentleman.

Once Dick remarked, as the lady passed us in her carriage:

"I don't understand it. The lady is registered Miss Clara Walling. Now, what is the *Miss* for, if she is married? Is it a mistake? If a mistake, and means Mistress, where is her husband's name registered? and why is her name alone? I have searched the register, and can find no other Walling. I don't care anything about it, any way"—as if contemptuously flinging away all thoughts of it.

But he evidently did care about it; and there was a mystery about it that aroused our curiosity, to say the least.

As people became better acquainted, there was a continual round of gayety and pleasure. Besides bathing in the surf, there were picnics, balls, select parties and dances, pleasure excursions, etc.; from all of which Dick and I were excluded for a time, not having any opportunity of introduction.

Letters of introduction having arrived, however, we were soon acquainted with quite a number of people, and made up for lost time. We were soon started on such a round of pleasure that, but for an occasional meeting with our fair lady of the carriage, we might have forgotten her—that is, I might; but I could not speak for Dick, as he kept his thoughts to himself on that subject. I believed he was thinking about it more or less, and secretly trying to solve the mystery.

One day I met a newly made young lady acquaintance on the beach, and was invited by her to a game of croquet at her residence that afternoon; she saying that a young lady friend of hers would be present, and asking if my friend, Mr. Halpine, would not come also. I gave my promise that we would both be there.

Another surprise. When we arrived on the croquet-ground, we were introduced to our beautiful young lady of the carriage, and our married lady of the dining-room—both one and the same person—as Miss Clara Walling. Was I mistaken? Did she say Miss, or Mistress? Dick looked at me strangely when the Miss was repeated to him. Miss Lennox, the young lady by whose invitation we were there, introduced us, and I was sure she said Miss; but of course I was mistaken. But the little girl was not there, nor her husband; and besides, Miss Lennox had said that "a young lady friend" of hers would be there. This, then, was the young lady friend. What did it mean?

I was several times on the point of asking an explanation of somebody, but somehow felt that the subject would be out of place, and perhaps impertinent, and so said nothing; waiting an opportunity.

Clara Walling was unusually beautiful that afternoon, as the excitement of croquet began to tell on her cheeks and eyes. There is nothing like croquet to bring out beauty; and one has such an excellent opportunity of watching the fair player. Under the pretense of watching the mallet and ball, there is an opportunity of noting every movement, be it graceful or otherwise. And there is nothing that will so quickly reveal disposition. I would advise any young man in search of a wife to try her at croquet first; and if she can keep her tongue and temper through the excitement of the game, during an entire afternoon in July, she will make a model wife.

EARWIGS.—SEE PAGE 751.

Clara Walling seemed perfect in this respect; while she was much excited, she never for a moment lost her presence of mind, sweetness of disposition, or the perfect discipline of a true lady.

It was my determination to draw from Miss Lennox, who was my partner, something of the history of her friend; but somehow, no opportunity occurred for any extended conversation during the excitement of the game.

Dick seemed very happy indeed, for the lady was very bewitching, whether married or not, and the doubt that hung over that important point rendered her more so. Dick played his part of the game in a very awkward, nervous way, under her direction, and seemed to be all the time bewildered and absent-minded—played miserably, and was not at all like himself.

During the second game, while Dick and his partner were at the opposite end of the ground from us, with all the balls, and consequently having things about their own way, I remarked to Miss Lennox:

CLARA WALLING.—"WE HAD REACHED OUR FAVORITE RESTING-PLACE UNDER THE SPREADING BRANCHES OF A LARGE TREE, AND STRETCHED OURSELVES ON THE SOFT GRASS IN THE COOL SHADE, WHEN A CARRIAGE PASSED US."—SEE PAGE 746.

"What a very pleasant lady Mistress Walling is! I think her husband must be the happiest of men."

"Her husband!" she exclaimed, looking at me in blank astonishment. "Why, bless you, she is not married. I thought you knew——"

The sentence was not finished; for just then a pair of horses dashed past, running away, and drawing a carriage, in which were a lady and gentleman.

Their danger seemed imminent, and Dick and I dropped our mallets and hastened after them. Everybody along the route turned out and tried to stop them, but did not succeed; when they suddenly turned a corner, the carriage was overturned, and the occupants thrown violently to the ground and considerably hurt.

We helped to carry them to the nearest house, and after doing what we could for them, went back to our hotel without again seeing the ladies, as it was getting late, and we were covered with dust and dirt, and not in a condition to see any one.

We should see the ladies again that evening, as the proprietor of our hotel was to give a select dancing-party, and we knew they would be present.

As soon as an opportunity occurred, I mentioned to Dick what Miss Lennox had said to me.

He looked at me in open-eyed wonder, and exclaimed:

"What the deuce does it mean, then? Did she explain?"

"No; the runaway team prevented an explanation. They came along just as Miss Lennox was speaking."

"Why do you suppose that little girl continually called her 'mamma' at the table?"

"Don't know, Dick. That is one of the mysteries I propose to try to solve to-night by asking Miss Lennox. I shall have an excuse to talk to her about it, as our conversation was interrupted to-day. Perhaps the little girl did it in fun, or perhaps she is a widow lady, or perhaps she is not what she seems; but we will find out this very night."

"Hal, she is perfectly bewitching; don't you say so? If she is not married, and is free from entanglements of any kind, Hal, I—I—don't know what will become of me."

"There it is again, Dick. You are a goner, I see, if there is any chance. Let us leave Long Branch to-night."

"Not until this mystery is solved."

"And your future destiny too, Dick."

He did not answer, for just then the lady herself came out of the parlor, and passed us on her way to the hall, glancing at but not recognizing us.

"Another mystery," said Dick. "Wonder if she feels above recognizing us in a public hotel after playing croquet with us all the afternoon on private grounds. If so, she can go to thunder!' he muttered, between his teeth.

"Perhaps she is near-sighted," I suggested.

"Better wear glasses, then."

There was a brilliant assemblage that evening in the hotel parlors and dancing-hall. Beauty, wit, wealth and wine in plenty.

Dick and I wandered arm-in-arm through the crowd, stopping occasionally to converse with some acquaintance.

As we were passing through the hall we met Miss Walling again, this time leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was a stranger to us.

But she bowed and smiled sweetly as she passed, saying:

"You are two truants. I will call you to an account pretty soon."

"She is not as near-sighted as she was, Dick."

"I suppose she means that we left rather unceremoniously this afternoon."

Shortly afterward we met her again, this time leaning on the arm of the gentleman we had supposed her husband, and leading the little girl that called her mamma.

They passed very near us, saw us, but she did not recognize us in any way.

"Acts rather strange," said Dick. "Some mystery there!"

I thought so, too.

The next time we saw her, she was dancing with a gentleman we did not know.

We watched until the cotillion ended, and then Dick said:

"I will ask her to dance with me, and see what she says; perhaps I shall be able to find out something more about her."

And he left me, and stepped over across the hall where she was seated. She welcomed him with a smile, and in a few moments they were whirling in the dance.

I watched them for a time, and then wandered out on the veranda to enjoy a cigar, the moonlight and cool air.

As I passed through the parlor, I was certain I saw Miss, or Mistress, Walling passing through the opposite parlor. But, of course, I was mistaken, for I had just left her dancing with Dick. When I followed, whoever it was had disappeared in the crowd.

"It was she or her ghost," I thought.

I saw no more of Dick for some time. After smoking and thinking it all over, I went to find Miss Lennox, but in doing so stumbled on another young lady acquaintance, and, in the pleasant conversation that followed, forgot all about Miss Lennox.

I questioned her about Clara Walling, but she was not acquainted with her.

As we were promenading through the parlors, we found Clara Walling seated in an easy-chair, and alone, with the exception of the little girl, who was busy gathering up some broken flowers and arranging a bouquet.

I supposed that Dick and she were still dancing, but he must have left her here, and, perhaps, was hunting for me.

Miss Walling looked at, but did not recognize me, or, at least, gave me no sign of recognition, and we passed her to look at a fine painting that hung against the wall near her chair.

At this time Dick hastily entered from the dancing-hall, and walking up to Miss Walling, putting on one of his brightest smiles, and extending his hand, said:

"I have been searching for you to fulfill your promise to waltz with me this time."

She looked at him in surprise, and blushed deeply. Dick's face lengthened perceptibly. I was an astonished spectator.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, rising with dignity. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

She seemed much embarrassed, and Dick's hand fell with his countenance, and he looked as if ready to sink through the floor.

Just then a gentleman entered the room—he of the mutton chops and gold-headed cane—and offering his arm, the lady accepted it, and, bowing to Dick rather coldly, left the room, taking the little girl with her.

We stood looking at each other for a moment in utter amazement, Dick the picture of distress; then, without a word, he turned on his heel and walked out on the veranda.

After a little while, excusing myself to my lady friend, I followed. I found him seated, with his heels upon the railing, smoking.

"Well, Dick, I am as much surprised as you can possibly be. That lady must certainly be deranged."

"Either deranged or else a fool!" muttered Dick. "She hadn't the 'honor of my acquaintance.' I presume not, after playing croquet all the afternoon, and dancing with her this evening. When we were through that cotillion a gentleman came up and claimed her for the next, and I only had time to get her promise for that waltz when she left me. What she means is beyond my comprehension. I shall find that partner of hers—that mutton-chops—and demand an explanation."

As Dick ceased speaking, the same gentleman came hastily from the parlor, and, approaching us, said, in an angry tone, to Dick:

"I would thank you, sir, to obtain an introduction both to myself and wife before making yourself so familiar as to ask her to waltz with you. Here is my card, sir."

Throwing a small card into Dick's lap, he turned and disappeared before either of us could speak. In fact, we were so astonished that we could not comprehend his meaning until he was gone.

Before we had recovered our power of speech along came Clara Walling herself, promenading with a gentleman whom neither of us knew. She approached us, and introduced the gentleman—Mr. Wheeler—and then said:

"Mr. Halpine, this gentleman asked me to waltz with him, and I refused, as I informed him I had promised you; but, when he saw I was not waltzing, he accused me of bad faith, and I came to you to set matters right."

Here was another mystery, and poor Dick was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he could not say a word, but stood looking at her as if in a dream. Finally he recovered his senses, and said, rather coldly:

"I am willing to do anything to remove any misunderstanding, madam: but it seems to me that some explanation is due me from you. I do not understand why you refused to waltz with me after giving me your promise to do so."

Dick paused, as if scarcely knowing what else to say.

"I refused?" said Clara Walling, looking at him with wonder in her eyes.

"Was it you, or your ghost, I met in the parlor just now?"

Then the expression on her face began to soften, and she burst into a ringing laugh.

"An escaped lunatic," flashed through my mind.

"Oh, you have made a mistake, Mr. Halpine. You, no doubt, met my twin-sister. We look so much alike that no one can tell us apart unless they see us together."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for us, we never had seen them together. She ran into the parlor, and soon returned with her sister, and he of the mutton-chops and gold-headed cane—her sister's husband.

The scales fell from our eyes. We could see it all now. Mutual explanations and apologies followed. The sisters were perfect pictures of each other, but when standing together, we could see that the married one was very little the stoutest.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Dick's progress, on account of his bashfulness, was slow but sure, though he was continually in misery for fear he should sometimes make love to the married sister by mistake. We settled the hat bet by buying each a new one, as we could not decide who won.

Clara Walling had a young friend in the country who was sick, and each day she rode out alone to see her, but

now she sometimes took Dick along. Dick graduated with me, and then went to live in a Garden of Eden in Tennessee, and I spend a portion of my bachelor days at his pleasant home.

MORAL—Never make love to a lady without first seeing her sisters.

EARWIGS.

THIS order is distinguished by several simple characteristics, among which may be mentioned the soft and leathery elytra or fore-wings, the wide and membranous hind-wings, and the forceps with which the tail is armed. The insects belonging to this order are known in England by the name of Earwigs, and are represented in this country by several species of different dimensions.

Before proceeding to the description of individual species, it is necessary to remark that the word "Earwig" is slightly incorrect, and owing to a popular notion that the insects crawl into the human ear, thence into the brain, and complete their work by causing madness in the minds of those who are afflicted by their presence.

The fact is, as all must know who have the least smattering of anatomy, that the insect could never gain admission to the brain by means of the ear. In the first place the cerumen which is secreted in the ear and serves to preserve the natural moisture of the tissues, is so inexpressibly bitter, and so entirely opposed to the habits of the earwig, that if one of these insects should by chance happen to crawl into the ear, its first impulse would be to retreat. In the second place, the drum of the ear would present an impassable obstacle, and in the third place, supposing the drum to have been ruptured, and the earwig to have passed the spot where it existed, the complicated bony passages through which the auditory nerve passes would be too small to admit of its passage, even if the nerves which fill the channels were removed.

In point of fact, the correct name of this insect is the "earwig," so called because its spread wings have an outline somewhat resembling that of the human ear.

The membranous wings of the earwig are truly beautiful. They are thin and delicate to a degree, very large and rounded, and during the day-time are packed in the most admirable manner under the little square elytra. The process of packing is very beautiful, being greatly assisted by the forceps on the tail, which are directed by the creature with wonderful precision, and used as deftly as if they were fingers and directed by eyes.

The earwigs seldom fly except by night, and it is not very easy to see them pack up their wings. Some of the smaller species, however, are day-fliers, and in spite of their tiny dimensions, may be watched without much difficulty.

Earwigs feed on vegetable matter, especially preferring the corollas of flowers. Pinks, carnations, and dahlias are often damaged greatly by these insects, which sometimes occur in vast quantities, and ruin the appearance of a well-tended flower-bed. Fortunately for the florist, the habits of these insects are constant, and they can be destroyed in great numbers by those who desire to kill them. Being intolerant of light, they avoid the sunshine by every means in their power, and creep into every crevice that may hide them from the unwelcome light.

In consequence they are fond of crawling among the thick and shadowy petals of the dahlia, and are frequently found in the slender spur of the nasturtium, so that any one who is about to eat one of those flowers will do well to examine the spur before he makes the attempt. Knowing these habits, horticulturists catch them by hundreds by the simple plan of placing lobsters' claws, bits of hollow reed, and similar objects, on the tops of sticks, knowing that the Earwigs will crawl into them at the dawn of day, and may be shaken out and killed when the gardener goes his rounds.

The earwig is remarkable for a parental affection quite exceptional in the insect race, the mother watching over her eggs until they are hatched, and after the young have entered the world, taking as much care of them as a hen takes care of her chickens.

There are about seven or eight species, some of them being of very small size.

A RARE TOWN.

THE town of St. Croix Falls, at the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, in Polk County, Wis., is over thirty-five years old. It has never had a resident minister or a church building. It has no practicing attorney, and for years it has had no resident physician. It has mechanical shops, four stores doing a large and handsome business, two flourishing mills, two hotels, but has no saloon or place where liquor has been sold in upward of ten years. Its village district averages about eleven months' schooling per year, and the town contains six well-built school-houses. It is the locality of the United States Land Office, and surrounded by the finest of farming country.

A NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CRUSADERS AND THE SARACENS.

ALTHOUGH the Crusades were the great school in which Western Europe learned lessons in navigation and naval warfare, there were few engagements on the water. The Moslem had not developed any great power on the water, and the galleys of the Christians controlled the Mediterranean. The fleets bearing the armies of the Cross were not met by well-equipped squadrons, which might have prevented a landing in Syria. The great strength of the Saracens was on land, and the real work of these remarkable campaigns began after they landed on the old historic soil.

Occasionally, at this period, we hear of an engagement. Thus, when Richard Cœur de Lion conquered Cyprus and reared above it the English flag—which now, after seven centuries, is again floating there—he sailed for St. John d'Acre. On his way he met a squadron of Saracen ships. The enemy did not avoid an encounter. The vessels of the Crusaders closed with the enemy. Knights and men-at-arms fought from deck to deck, after a distant discharge of arrows and javelins. On the narrow decks the strength and endurance of the Western warriors bore down the slighter soldiers of the East. Victory crowned the valor of England on the water, and Richard, with the captured vessels, appeared in triumph before the fortress, which the Crusaders were already besieging.

When the Crusades ended, and the Mohammedans were no longer compelled to act on the defensive, their naval strength increased, and their cruisers were the terror of the Mediterranean. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, first stationed at Rhodes, then at Malta, almost alone contended with the Moslem world on the water. The battles fought on the sea between the knights and the Turkish vessels were innumerable, and many of them were of a most determined and sanguinary character.

As the power of the knights declined, Venice and Genoa

stood the brunt of the battle. Many nations paid tribute to the Turks in order to save their ships from pillage—indeed, this became a general custom, till the United States, in all the pride of her new-born strength, refused to bend her knee, and gave a summary chastisement to the Barbary States.

The spell of Moslem power once broken, Europe soon checked the piracy that had thriven for centuries, and when France took Algiers, the whole system was broken up.

It may seem strange that, even in this country, before the Revolution, money was collected and given to Trinity Church to be sent out to ransom American captives in Algiers and Tripoli, yet such was constantly the case.

A NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CRUSADERS AND THE SARACENS.— SEE PAGE 751.

POVERTY IS NECESSARILY feeble, but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

THE WITCH, THE CAT AND THE LADY.

Our illustration gives a very striking scene in Ainsworth's famous romance, "The Lancashire Witches." Even in our own New England States a belief in witchcraft was common among the lower orders a hundred and fifty years ago, so that we need not be surprised to learn that four hundred years ago it was part of the recognized faith in England. Even so great an intellect as Shakespeare's did not disdain to pander to the vulgar creed in his "Macbeth," and it is well known that James I. was an ardent believer in demonology.

As an instance of our ancestors' ignorance and superstition, we give a scene from Ainsworth's famous work:

"Neither of them was aware of the presence of a little girl, who had approached the place where they were sitting with footsteps so light that the grass scarcely seemed to bend beneath them, and who, ensconcing herself behind the tree, drank in their discourse with eager ears. She was attended by a large black cat, who, climbing the tree, placed himself on a bough above her.

"During the latter part of the conversation, and when it turned upon the arrest of Jennet and her mother, the expression of the child's countenance, malicious enough to begin with, became desperately malignant, and she was only restrained by certain signs from the cat, which appeared to be intelligible to her, from some act of mischief. At last even this failed, and, before the animal could descend and check her, she crept round the bole of the tree, so as to bring herself close to Richard, and, muttering a spell, made one or two passes behind his back, touched him with the point of her finger, but so lightly that he was unconscious of the pressure, and then hastily retreated with the cat, who glared furiously at her from his flaming orbs. It was at the moment she touched him that Richard felt as if an arrow were quivering in his heart. Poor Dorothy's alarm was so great that she could not even scream for assistance, and she feared if she quitted her brother he would expire before her return; but the agony, though great, was speedily over, and as the spasm ceased he looked up, and, with a faint smile, strove to reassure her.

"'Do not be alarmed,' he said; 'it is nothing. A momentary faintness—that is all.'

"But the damp upon his brow and deathly hue of his cheek contradicted the assertion, and showed how much he had endured.

"'It was more than momentary faintness, dear Richard,' replied Dorothy. 'It was a frightful seizure—so frightful that I almost feared —— But no matter —you know I am easily alarmed. Thank God! here is some color coming into your cheeks. You are better now, I see. Lean on me, and let us return to the house.'

"'I can walk unassisted,' said Richard, rising with an effort.

"'Do not despise my feeble aid,' replied Dorothy, taking his arm under her own. 'You will be quite well soon.'

"'I am quite well now,' said Richard, halting, after he had advanced a few paces. 'The attack is altogether passed. Do you not see Alizon coming toward us? Not a word of this sudden seizure to her. Do you mind, Dorothy?'

"Alizon was soon close behind them, and though, in obedience to Richard's injunctions, no allusion was made to his recent illness, she at once perceived he was suffering greatly, and, with much solicitude, inquired into the cause. Richard avoided giving a direct answer, and, immediately entering upon Nicholas's visit, tried to divert her attention from himself.

"So great a change had been wrought in Alizon's appearance and manner during the last few weeks that she could scarcely be recognized. Still beautiful as ever, her beauty had lost its earthly character, and had become in the highest degree spiritualized and refined. Humility of deportment and resignation of look, blended with an expression of religious fervor, gave her the appearance of one of the

THE WITCH, THE CAT, AND THE LADY.—"TIB ERECTED HIS BACK, AND GLARED LIKE A TIGER, BUT HE SEEMED UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO OBEY THE ORDER."

early martyrs. Unremitting ardor in the pursuance of her devotional exercises by day, and long vigils at night, had worn down her frame, and robbed it of some of its grace and fullness of outline; but this attenuation had a charm of its own, and gave a touching interest to her figure which was wanting before. If her cheek was thinner and paler, her eyes looked larger and brighter, and more akin to the stars in splendor; and if she appeared less childlike, less joyous, less free from care, the want of these qualities was more than counterbalanced by increased gentleness, resignation and serenity.

"Deeply interested in all Richard told her of her mother, she was greatly concerned to hear of the intended arrest of Elizabeth and Jennet Device, especially the latter. For this unhappy and misguided child she had once entertained the affection of a sister, and it could not but be a source of grief to her to reflect upon her probable fate.

"Little more passed between them; for Richard, feeling his strength again fail him, was anxious to reach the house, and Dorothy was quite unequal to conversation. They parted at the door, and as Alizon, after taking leave of her friends, turned to continue her walk in the garden, Richard staggered into the entrance-hall and sank upon a chair.

"Alizon desired to be alone, for she did not wish to have a witness to the grief that overpowered her, and which, when she had gained a retired part of the garden, where she supposed herself free from all observation, found relief in a flood of tears.

"For some minutes she was a prey to violent and irrepressible emotion, and had scarcely gained a show of composure when she heard herself addressed, as she thought, in the voice of the very child whose unlucky fate she was deploring. Looking round in surprise, and seeing no one, she began to think fancy must have cheated her, when a low, malicious laugh, arising from a shrubbery near her, convinced her that Jennet was hidden there. And the next moment the little girl stepped from out the trees.

"Alizon's first impulse was to catch the child in her arms, and press her to her bosom; but there was something in Jennet's look that deterred her, and so embarrassed her that she was unable to bestow upon her the ordinary greeting of affection, or even approach her. Jennet seemed to enjoy her confusion, and laughed spitefully.

"'Yo' dunna seem ower glad to see me, sister Alizon,' said Jennet, at length.

"'*Sister* Alizon!' There was something in the term that now jarred upon the young girl's ears, but she strove to conquer the feeling as unworthy of her.

"'She was once my sister,' she thought, 'and shall be so still. I will save her, if it be possible. Jennet,' she added, aloud, 'I know not what chance brings you here, and, though I may not give you the welcome you expect, I am rejoiced to see you, because I may be the means of serving you. Do not be alarmed at what I am going to tell you; the danger, I hope, is passed, or at all events may be avoided. Your liberty is threatened, and at the very moment I saw you here I was lamenting your supposed condition as a prisoner.'

"Jennet laughed louder and more spitefully than before, and looked so like a little fury that Alizon's blood ran cold at the sight of it.

"'Ey knoa it aw, sister Alizon,' she cried, 'an' that is why ey ha' cum'd here. Brother Jem is a pris'ner i' Whalley Abbey. Mother is a pris'ner theere, too. An' ey should ha' kept 'em company, if Tib hadna brought me off. Now, listen to me, Alizon, fo' this is my bus'ness wi' yo'. Yo' mun get mother and Jem out to-neet—eigh, to-neet. Yo' con do it, if yo' win; an' unless yo' do—but ey winna threaten till ey get yer answer.'

"'How am I to set them free?' asked Alizon, greatly alarmed.

"'Yo' need only say the word to young Ruchot Assheton, an' the job's done,' replied Jennet.

"'I refuse—positively refuse to do so!' rejoined Alizon, indignantly.

"'Varry weel,' cried Jennet, with a look of concentrated malice and fury; 'then tak' the consequences. They win be ta'en to Lonkester Castle, an' lose their lives theere. But ye shan go too—ay, an' be burnt as a witch—a witch—d'ye mark, wench—eh?'

"'I defy your malice!' cried Alizon.

"'Defy me!' screamed Jennet. 'What, ho, Tib!'

"And at the call the huge black cat sprang from out the shrubbery.

"'Tear her flesh from her bones!' cried the little girl, pointing to Alizon, and stamping furiously on the ground.

"Tib erected his back, and glared like a tiger; but he seemed unwilling or unable to obey the order.

"Alizon, who had completely recovered her courage, regarded him fixedly, and apparently without terror.

"'Whoy dusna tear her i' pieces?'

"'He dares not; he has no power over me,' said Alizon. 'Oh, Jennet, cast him off! Your wicked agent appears to befriend you now, but he will lead you to certain destruction. Come with me, and I will save you.'

"'Off!' cried Jennet, repelling her with furious gestures. 'Off! ey winna ge wi' ye. Ey winna be saved, as yo' term it. Ey hate yo' more than ever, an' wad strike yo' dead at my feet, if ey could. But as ey conna do it, ey win find some other means o' injurin' ye. So look to yersel, proud ledy—look to yersel. Ey ha' already smitten you in a place where ye win feel it sore, an' ey win repeat the blow. Ey now leave yo', but we shan meet again. Come along, Tib!'

"So saying, she sprang into the shrubbery, followed by the cat, leaving Alizon appalled by her frightful malignity."

A FRIGHTFUL TEST.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Chapter I.

FAT MR. ALTUNA.

A VERY pretty evening in the Central Park—the sun setting, the skies full of strange hues of azure, purple and gold, and the long shadows on the grass stealing further and further and further, until presently the landscape will grow quite dim and they will be altogether indistinguishable.

The drives this evening are crowded with elegant turn-outs of all descriptions, from the somewhat clumsy family-carriage to the neat English dog-cart; and here also are all sorts of people.

You will observe that very handsome vehicle, of curious and foreign make, drawn by a pair of grays, and guided by a singularly odd-looking gentleman, who sits in front and glances neither to the right nor to the left.

He has iron-gray hair—in some places quite white—and great, dark eyes, fierce, and even a little ominous. He is very tall, as you may easily judge, and holds himself as erect as an officer of cavalry.

Behind him, leaning back, lazily fanning herself, languidly viewing the prospect, sits a beautiful lady—a Spanish lady, as one may perceive from her dark, melting eyes,

and clear, olive complexion. These two people are man and wife, and for some time have created no little attention in New York.

The tall, odd-looking gentleman is Mr. Ashley Cranborne, who has recently returned from Spain, they say, with enormous wealth. It is reported that he acquired his money by engaging in railway enterprises.

Nothing is known of him absolutely, although he moves to some extent in society, and has the acquaintance of some very excellent people. He is very cold and reserved, and, having lived so long in Spain, has acquired curious foreign ideas and habits; and, as his wife is remarkably beautiful, there are those who add, upon what they consider good authority, that he is very jealous of her.

It is at least certain, from his own statement, that when he married in Madrid he was a widower, and that the courtship was, as is proper to that clime, a little romantic. He had one child—a daughter—by his first wife, who is still living, although she does not, as we see, accompany him on his drive this evening.

Cranborne, looking only at his horses, and neither to the right nor left, might be supposed to see no more; but this is not the case, for presently he discerns two gentlemen approaching in an old-fashioned buggy.

They are stout and florid persons, and as quickly perceive him, and both carriages halt at the same moment and at some distance apart.

"Inez, can you hold the reins for one moment? Those gentlemen are my lawyers, and I have something to say to them."

The lady acquiesces with a slight nod, and he gives her the reins and steps lightly from his vehicle. He marches quickly across the road to his friends, and presently all three have their heads together in deep and earnest converse.

Beautiful Inez Cranborne sits there in dreamy indolence, the reins lying loosely in her lap. People passing stare at her with ill-bred curiosity, which she quite ignores.

But there is one—a short, fat, brown man, who has been reading a paper while lounging on a rustic settee—who, now rising and taking a second look at this handsome lady, instantly folds his paper and secretes it somewhere about his shabby person, and waddles up to her. The cigarette he had been smoking he likewise parts with, and, as he approaches, his great, round, brown face relaxes into a broad smile.

This man is Manuel Altuna, also a Spaniard. He is seen about Liberty Street a good deal, and is said to be a dealer in lottery tickets, cigars, and other things, and is supposed to be wealthy. But he is scarcely presentable in dress for a place like this. His clothes have a queer cut and are much too large for his capacious figure, and he wears a monstrous and ancient hat.

But he continues to advance with his brown and greasy smile, and, reaching the carriage, doffs his preposterous hat with a low bow.

"My dear old friend," he says, in excellent English, and in a deep chest voice, "I am so glad to meet you. I have waited for several days. I should have called, but did not know whether you would let me in. I have passed your husband in the street, but his manner did not invite the interchange of elaborate salutations, and I hold myself also in reserve."

All the while he talks to Inez, her eyes wander uneasily toward her husband, who has his back to her, and has not seen the strange, fat man's approach.

"I have a litle request to make," he proceeds. "Lately I have engaged in a new enterprise—Summer gardens, which we have baptized 'La Scala,' as a taking name, and we give open-air concerts and theatricals and fireworks. You have seen the advertisement?"

"No. I never read the papers," she replies, coldly. "I take no interest in such things."

"Well, to be successful I must have fashionable patronage. Can you not come once or twice? You see it is perfectly exclusive there; nothing vulgar, the very best music and refined entertainment. You sit in the open air, and have your refreshment, and there are splendid lights, and finely dressed people come and go. I pledge my word it is first-class. I invested a good deal in it—nearly everything. If you will only come once, I will be satisfied. Promise me that."

"It is idle to ask me," she replies, with a certain contempt.

"So?" He grows vexed all in one second, and his fierce, small, black eyes shoot restlessly from one place to another. "Now it seems to me you forget something. You forget that I knew you were once Inez Henriques. Mother of Sorrows! I am not to be trifled with! Here is a very interesting history which I will relate——"

"Hush!" she pleads, with sudden energy, and greatly frightened.

"The history," he continues, with lurid ferocity, his voice brazen and harsh, "of a very beautiful girl, who marries a rich American and deceives him, and plays another lover false——"

"Are you mad? There, I will come. Say no more."

"Forgive me," he returns, the scowl on his face breaking away like the close of an Alpine thunderstorm. "I am so impetuous. You will come—good! And now, when? To-night?"

"No. To-night I attend the ball of the Spanish Residents."

"True!" he says, and smacks his moist lips with unctuous satisfaction. "How admirably things come about! I have a letter for you."

"A letter?"

"A letter from—*him!*" he replies, with a dark and ominous smirk. "It is very important, too, and I have been a whole week trying to find an opportunity to deliver it. I shall attend the ball to-night and will bring you this letter."

"Do not dare. Remember my husband."

"Oh, there is no danger. I will merely hand you something, and inside of it there will be the letter."

She might have objected to this arrangement; but now Cranborne turned from his friends with a short farewell, and proceeded toward his carriage. He had taken but a step when he became aware of the presence of Manuel Altuna, who was bowing and smiling with an excess of propitiative politeness.

Cranborne gave him a curt "good-evening," stepped into his vehicle, and abruptly drove away, leaving the Spaniard forlornly in the road. Mr. Altuna frowned as he watched the carriage disappear, and then placidly lit another cigarette.

"Why were you talking with that man?" said Cranborne, sternly, to his wife. "He is a low fellow. I don't wish you to recognize any of those sort of people."

"He came up and spoke. What could I do? I scarcely answered him. He seems a dull, good-natured person."

"I don't care. He is disreputable, I am told—a smuggler, or something—and certainly does not look very respectable. Is not the air something cooler?" he said, his manner suddenly becoming more tender. "I am afraid you will take cold, darling."

With this all memory of fat Mr. Altuna passed out of his mind.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOUQUET.

THE Spanish ball, designed to be exclusive, was held at the splendid mansion of Señor R——. Toward midnight those gay parlors presented a brilliant spectacle. Among the throng of beautiful women and handsome men, one peculiar figure was in evidence—fat old Mr. Altuna, browner than ever, but much better dressed than when we last saw him. It was a wonder to some who were present how a gentleman of such questionable pursuits could have procured admission there, and, perhaps, in certain quarters he did not receive that cordiality which might be due the extreme politeness of his own advances; but this did not appear to trouble him the least, and as the music rose and fell and the brilliant throng passed hither and thither, he mingled among them with a beaming smile, chatting and joking with anybody who would listen to him, and all the while furtively watching for a certain opportunity which he coveted.

In his hand he carried an immense bouquet of flowers of all sorts—a bouquet that must have cost something handsome. Now and then he held it to his huge nose and inhaled its delicious fragrance. Still waddling about from one point to another, with his shrewd scrutiny of everything, he at length became aware of the presence of the person he sought.

A PROBABLE MISINTERPRETATION.

MISS LANDON—"*Where are you going, Maria? Why don't you bring me my bouquet at once?*" MARIA (indignantly)—"*Bouquet, miss! Beggin' your pardon, it's my bouquet, which you can read it on the card*—TO THE FAIREST OF HER SEX."

Ashley Cranborne, in that melancholy evening costume which fashion requires, sat at a little table in a corner deep in some Spanish game at cards—silent and self-contained. On an ottoman not far away, chatting in her native language with a thin and dark old lady, appeared his beautiful wife. You would have taken her for a sultana. Perhaps underneath the vivacity which now marked her conversation, which was upon religious subjects—for the dark old friend was extremely devout—there was just a shade of preoccupation.

Mr. Altuna stood in the shadow for a few minutes, quietly studying this situation with possibly some secret amusement. His figure there looked curious and grotesque, and in his sly meditation there was something a little sinister.

Presently he emerged, and the handsome Spanish woman saw him—with a start and a gasp. He came toward her with his insufferable smirk, and, with a low bow, said, presenting his huge and fragrant bouquet.

"I offer my homage to my old friend."

Inez hesitated, and then took it. Her gaze passed from his face over his shoulder to where her husband was sitting. Cranborne, with a fierce stare, was observing everything.

"I thank you," said the frightened lady, visibly trembling. "These flowers are really exquisite. I must put them in water at once or they will perish. I shall return in a few moments."

And with this she rose and hastened from the parlor. She ran up-stairs to the dressing-room. Happily there was no one there. She closed the door, and searching the bouquet, instantly found the note, which she now, with eager eyes and brilliant cheeks, read under the gas. The note was in tolerable English, to this effect:

"MY DARLING INEZ—MY WIFE! I am once more in the same city with you. I have visited Mexico, England, France and Italy, and your image has pursued me everywhere. I have been so unhappy, and I feel that I shall soon die. You must see me. I return to Spain within a few weeks. I will give you the certificate of our marriage at the price of one last kiss, and then will trouble you no more. I think I have kept my word, have I not? I said in the hospital, when you came to see me, and told me that the American had offered to marry you, that our secret marriage had been madness, and I felt myself a villain to have betrayed you, so far in station above me, the poor, strolling acrobat—to have betrayed you into a private marriage. Infatuated with each other, we had both lost our senses. Well, when the wealthy American came and lived at your house, and learned to love you, we both returned to our senses again, and became satisfied that it was best for you to marry him, concealing the previous marriage. I left Madrid as soon as my injuries from the fall grew better, and promised never to annoy you. I have kept my word. But you must know that I am far from well, and shall soon be at peace; and, if you can see me once more, pray send me word where we may safely meet, and when. Ever, ever yours, IGNACIO ALTUNA."

A FRIGHTFUL TEST.—"A LOW CRY ESCAPED FROM HIM—WRUNG BY THE UNSPEAKABLE AGONY OF HIS HEART. HE CLINCHED THE NOTE IN HIS FIST, AND, WITH THE LIGHT OF HELL UPON HIS FACE, SAID, HOARSELY, 'FIEND!'"—SEE PAGE 754.

Inez read this letter twice. Suddenly the door opened, and a slight, pretty girl entered—her step-daughter, Kate Cranborne. This young lady, flushed and heated with excitement, had something abrupt and almost rude in her manner. Her self-possession was so strongly marked that, by strangers, it might have been taken for defiance. Her speech was so brusque that it was barely redeemed by the peculiar sweetness of her voice. And yet, under all this—I might almost say—coarseness, there was a very tender disposition and a kind heart, and also much courage.

"Oh, I am so hot!" she said, fanning herself violently. "I do declare I never enjoyed myself so much. How strange you look, Inez! What on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing. I am glad you are happy. I—I have had rather a dull evening, so far."

"No wonder. Papa won't allow you to speak to any one. You sit in the corner and talk to those dreadful old women, with their horrible mumbling and croaking. There is old Madame Gola—such a bore! I wonder how you can endure her. But I must say I never saw people so happy as they seem to be here this evening."

"Ah, my child, they are not all happy!" sighed Inez. She quietly studied the young girl's face, apparently debating something within herself. "Would you believe that there is one woman here who is the most miserable creature on earth. You smile—but it is true. While you were dancing she confided to me her secret. I am very sorry now that she was so frank, for she expects me to do her a kindness which is out of my power."

"I am really interested," said Kate, sitting by the table. "She is married, I know, and there is some romantic intrigue? Pray go on."

"I am afraid it might not be prudent," smiled Inez; "and it is a very dark and dangerous secret."

"So much the better! You know me by this time—would I get any one into trouble?"

"Well, if I tell you, it shall be on the condition that you do this service for the lady instead of myself. It is only to write a simple note. She wishes this note to be returned after it is read; but if it were in her own handwriting, the—the person who will get it would not return it, and some day it might be found."

"Certainly," said the young lady, bluntly. "I'll write it with all the pleasure in the world. And now for the secret."

She composed herself to listen. Inez, after a moment of reflection, proceeded:

"I will reward you additionally, if you write the note. You see that handsome bouquet on the mantelpiece? You may have it. First of all, let me ask if you have forgotten the hospital at Madrid that we used to visit so often together, and the young acrobat named Altuna, who was ill there?"

"Forgotten! How can you ask! He was the handsomest fellow I ever saw in all my life. Oh, wasn't he beautiful!" exclaimed the young lady, rapturously. "He had two deep, dark, tender eyes, like stars, and such lovely blue-black hair! And the chest of a giant, and hands and feet like a woman. And—and his complexion was so clear and dark and pallid! Don't you recollect that we carried him jelly and things, and you sometimes forgot yourself, and called him Ignacio?—and, by-the-way, the fact is, Inez, I always suspected that grand fellow was a good deal more than half in love with you."

"Nonsense! You must not talk so," said Inez, coloring. "No, he was not in love with me, but with the lady I speak of—the unhappy woman who is here to-night."

"Unhappy! She ought to be happy enough to have such a handsome man's love, whether she is married or not. I only wish I were in her place. But tell me about her."

"It is a dreadful story. There was a young girl in Madrid, very poor, but of high birth, who saw this Ignacio Altuna in public, and fell in love with him. She was so foolish that she could not rest until she succeeded in making his acquaintance. The consequence was, he fell in love with her, and they were secretly married. She could not tell her friends, because he was so far beneath her in social position—a strolling acrobat—but she met him frequently when the opportunity offered. At length, by degrees, she began to perceive her folly. A rich man of another country came to her house, and was pleased with her, and offered her marriage. She had a great deal of pride and ambition, and now the time arrived to choose between the wretched, wandering existence that she must have with Altuna, to say nothing of the odium which would ever afterward attach to her upon the exposure of her secret, and the brilliant future she might enjoy as the adored wife of the stranger. She well knew Altuna—he was magnanimous, and loved her too well to be an obstacle in the path of her happiness, and, indeed, had never insisted upon the secret marriage, knowing too truly how such things always end. She went to him and spoke frankly, and he acted just as she had anticipated—he agreed never to reveal their terrible secret. Imagine what this step cost him! He adored her, and she, alas! felt now a renewal of all her old affection for him. But ambition is a stronger passion than love, and the shameful bargain was completed. It was only a little while before the wedding that Altuna met with the accident that placed him in the hospital where you and I saw him, and at the very time we visited him there his wretched wife also came to see him. Well, the lady married the stranger and left Spain, and Ignacio, upon his convalescence, also went away, resuming his profession. He is now in New York. Among the throng here to-night is his wife. She has received a message from him asking her to see him. He is in poor health, and expects soon to die, and he is going back to his own country. He wishes to meet the woman of his love once more. She has shown me his note, and desires me to answer it; but you know how peculiar your papa is, and I dare not do such a thing. You, however, have more courage than I, and——"

"Haven't I promised?" interrupted Kate. "What a very romantic story! But I wish you would tell me who the lady is."

"I have vowed silence upon that point; but you are shrewd, and a judge of faces, and perhaps when you go back to the parlors you can pick out from the crowd the very woman of whom I speak."

"Who brought her the note?"

"An old gentleman who is here. Ignacio's uncle."

"I will write the reply now. Can we find pen and ink?"

Writing materials were speedily discovered at hand, and Miss Cranborne placed herself at the table, to follow her stepmother's dictation. Time was precious, and Inez spoke rapidly:

"IGNACIO: I have received your note, and shall endeavor to see you, but at this moment I cannot name a time or place. I am constantly watched. To be found in communication with you would be absolute destruction. I trembled with fear when your uncle, Mr. Altuna, handed me your letter. I reply in great haste and agitation, and have not opportunity to say more than that I have loved you always, and still love you, Ignacio, and that I shall address you more definitely at the earliest *safe* chance."

"What name shall I sign?"

"Do not sign any. He will know."

So this very curious missive was duly completed. Miss Cranborne glanced at her tiny watch.

"I really must go down-stairs. How time flies! Are you not coming?"

"Presently; and then you will tell me if you have recognized the lady?"

"Yes."

She disappeared. Inez watched her figure as it retreated, and then said, with a sigh of relief:

"She suspects nothing. And now to find some means to convey this note to Ignacio's uncle."

Suddenly there was a sharp tattoo at the door. Her face turned white as death, for she knew that knock. It was her husband's. What to do with the note! The bouquet caught her eye. In a tremor, she hid the missive deep in that nest of lovely flowers. Then, with forced calmness, she said:

"Pray come in."

Cranborne, tall and fierce, entered.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHALLENGE.

He glanced round him with a peevish, suspicious look.

"I came up to see why on earth you mope here, Inez," he said. "People think very strangely of it. Are you not enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, very much," she smiled. "But I have a little headache. The parlors were rather close, didn't you think? The rooms are too small for so large a crowd. The R——'s should not invite so many. Did you hear what old Mrs. Frumply said when Madame R—— did not get up off the sofa and receive her? Madame R—— excused herself on account of the fatigue resulting from having received such a number. 'Madame,' said Mrs. Frumply, 'you should receive oftener, or not invite so many at once!' Was not that cool?"

This beautiful woman was near fainting, but she smiled and rattled on with the glee of a girl.

Cranborne laughed and approached his wife, and was about to kiss her. Just at that instant he caught sight of the bouquet. His face darkened with an awful frown.

"Old Altuna gave you that thing!" he said, sternly. "I saw him! Did I not command you to take no further notice of him?"

"I—I—he forced it on me before I was aware. He is so persistent—so dull, and I was so afraid you would insult him before them all, and create a scene. Do not be angry with me."

She was watching the movement of his arm with dilated eyes. Suddenly his fingers pounced upon the luckless flowers. Even her lips had grown white, and her throat felt parched. She clutched at the mantelpiece to keep herself from falling.

"The old fool!" said Cranborne, contemptuously surveying Mr. Altuna's expensive tribute. "I shall throw it out of the window."

Throw it out of the window! Somebody would find it, and of course find the note also. Inez seized his arm.

"No, don't do that! He is so stupid he will send me another, and perhaps another after that. He will rain bouquets upon me." She was still trying to smile, but it was the smile of the damned. "There is only one way to cure old Mr. Altuna's pig-headed gallantry." A thought had occurred to her. She saw through a crevice the light of heaven. "I shall send his ridiculous bouquet back to him, and tell him I do not wish any more such compliments. But if it is an insult, Ashley, you will be responsible!" she continued, gayly, shaking her finger at him. "Old Mr. Altuna is a very fiery person, I suspect, and no doubt has fought his duels."

"Well, I'll give him a shot if he wants it," returned Cranborne. He pulled the bell-rope. A servant appeared.

"Take this bouquet to Mr. Altuna, and tell him Mrs. Cranborne cannot receive it."

The servant looked a shade surprised in spite of himself.

"Mr. Altuna has just gone home, sir."

"Oh, has he? Well, that's all."

The discreet servant took leave. Cranborne instantly wrenched the bouquet in half—and out fell the note!

With a frightful glance at his wife, he plucked the fatal missive from the floor. His eyes had devoured its meaning in an instant. The terrible sentences of that note rang through his head like thunder.

For the minute he was stunned. A low cry escaped from him—wrung by the unspeakable agony at his heart.

He clinched the note in his fist and raised his arm, and, with the light of hell upon his face, said, hoarsely:

"You fiend!"

I do not know, but I think in his madness and torture he was about to strike her, and the blow would certainly have killed her, for he had a giant's strength. But, be that as it might, the door door now opened and Kate ran in.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter? Look at my bouquet! I came back to get it, and here it is, torn to pieces! Who has done this?"

"*Your* bouquet?" said the father, still in that frenzied voice.

"My bouquet—certainly!" She saw by this time there was trouble of some sort.

She read those two faces—one so full of rage, and the other of terror; but could not interpret the cause.

Her father suddenly examined the note again. He seemed perplexed.

"This looks like your handwriting. Who wrote this note?"

The girl was, if you please, coarse, but not dull, and she had a certain courage and feeling. Inez had been very kind to her, and she loved her for that kindness, and remembered it now in this crisis.

In a flash she understood the whole situation. Inez was the heroine of her own story, told a little while ago—*she* was the unhappy wife of two husbands—the wretched criminal who had betrayed both!

"I wrote that note," said the girl, boldly. "You certainly must have recognized my scrawling."

"*You* wrote it, child? Why, it is addressed to a strolling circus-actor, and is a love letter."

"My dear papa, I know all that. It is addressed to the man I love—Ignacio Altuna. Do you forget how much I talked about him at Madrid, and how often I visited him at the hospital? Well, since you have found me out, I don't mind acknowledging the truth—I fell in love with him. He has come to New York, and this evening sent me a letter, and in your hand you have my reply."

"So then," said Cranborne, with an icy laugh, "my daughter loves and corresponds with an acrobat! She is the affianced of a highly distinguished rope-dancer! Brave alliance! Do you know, my dear child, you can prove this to me only in one way—by avowing your love in public. He sent you the bouquet, you say? Very well, I shall find out at what theatre he is performing, and we will go there to-morrow night. We will take a box, that all may see you. You will give him a pyramid of flowers in return for his single bouquet. Do that, my daughter, and I will believe you. Refuse"—he looked at his wife with a frightful glance—"and I shall know the truth!"

"I accept the challenge!" returned his daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEST.

JUDGING by the greatness of the crowd, old Mr. Altuna's open-air theatre, "La Scala," as he absurdly called it, was a paying investment. It was open at the sides, and somewhat on the order of a garden. Brilliant chandeliers shed their radiance upon the scene, there were high spouting fountains to cool the atmosphere, and flowers everywhere. Waiters in white darted hither and thither with wine and beer and such refreshment, and the audience, which was composed chiefly of foreigners, sat around little tables.

At the extreme end of this garden was the stage, and while the performance proceeded, a very fine band played selections from Offenbach and other composers of the same stamp.

Mr. Cranborne had thoughtfully reserved a proscenium box. He sat there, with his beautiful wife and daughter, still wearing that scoffing, impenetrable smile which had rested upon his cruel countenance all day. Inez seemed frozen. The people in the audience thought her ready to faint with illness. Even Miss Cranborne was quiet. A sinister presentiment seemed to brood upon everything.

A BACKWOODSMAN'S STORY.—"'THERE, YOU DEVIL!' I SAID, THROUGH MY SHUT TEETH. 'NOW RAISE YOUR HEAD AGAIN!' AND WITH MY FOOT I SNAPPED A STICK. UP WENT THE CURSED HEAD, AND THE NEXT INSTANT I PULLED THE TRIGGER."—SEE PAGE 762.

The performance proceeded. There were selections from the comic operas and other humorous acts, in which actors of both sexes took part, and also exhibitions of skillful legerdemain. These followed each other in rapid succession, and in the intervals the orchestra played.

At length a strange hush settled upon the audience. The programme announced that the next act would be "The Leap for Life," by the greatest acrobat in the world, Ignacio Altuna, of Spain.

Many present had already seen this daring exhibition, and were describing it to their neighbors who had not been so fortunate. They said that Altuna would, with the aid of a short rope to give him momentum and a swing, fly through the air from the gallery to the stage; and the bill announced that he would have the assistance of the Señora Delgrado.

People were measuring with their eyes the distance over which the daring acrobat must pass—something like eighty feet, it was conjectured. Forth came the attendants and erected the apparatus—a platform running through the auditorium, a swing depending from the centre of the ceiling, a ladder ascending to the gallery, and a rope hanging also from the ceiling at that point. Altuna would be obliged to rely upon this rope for sufficient momentum to carry him to the swing, probably forty feet, and the swing must give him, in a single instant, further momentum to bear him the remainder of the distance. Everything would depend upon the swing, or, in other words, upon the woman who controlled it. She must so oscillate it that it should meet Altuna in the same second that he met it, and work in a direct mathematical line. The slightest variation in the course of either must produce inevitable and horrible death.

Altuna appeared, the woman Delgrado at his side. The theatre resounded with plaudits. Cranborne turned his eyes, with a stern and dreadful smile, first upon the acrobat and then upon Inez. She trembled visibly. The performers advanced quickly to the centre of the auditorium.

Altuna looked thin and pale; but there was something almost unearthly in his dark, fiery beauty.

The woman, Delgrado, was not without a certain coarse

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

comeliness; but she had a brazen, defiant bearing, and large, dissipated eyes.

Throughout every movement that followed, Cranborne's strange, awful, smiling gaze traveled alternately from the two performers to the faces of his wife and daughter.

The music commenced; Altuna darted quickly up the ladder to the gallery. The woman began to steady the swing. The house had settled into a sepulchral silence.

Cranborne began to speak in a low, icy whisper.

"Do you see that woman, Delgrado, who assists him? Well, I learned to-day she is the only friend he trusts on earth. He thinks she loves him; but I believe he does not love her. Nevertheless, he lavishes money and jewels on her, and freely confides his safety to her every night. Perhaps he treats her so well because he knows it is constantly in her power to let him be hurled, instead of to the stage, into eternity!"

Both ladies shuddered, for in his voice there was something as unfathomable and terrible as that which existed in his mystical and wicked smile.

Altuna now had the rope in his hand. He was looking gravely at his assistant. She had succeeded in steadying the swing. In a moment she would begin to gently oscillate it toward him.

Cranborne proceeded.

"The infatuated man trusts that creature with his life. With her little finger she could cause him to be flung eighty feet into space and crushed to atoms. But he trusts her. Well, my daughter, I suppose you will give him the flowers if all goes well with him, eh?"

Altuna was ready. He announced this in Spanish.

"What if I were to tell you," proceeded Cranborne, "that to-day I had bribed that woman with five thousand dollars to secretly cut through the rope of that swing? You do not believe it. Look! You can even see as much from here. It holds but by a few threads. When he catches it his weight will snap those threads as a giant would break a string of cotton! In a few minutes the famous acrobat, Altuna, will be lying before you a shapeless mass of mangled bones!"

Inez was perfectly still. She did not seem to breathe. One might have supposed she had died suddenly where she sat, with her eyes wide open, and that awful stare in them. Cranborne's merciless gaze continued to transfix her, always with that deadly smile.

All was ready now. Altuna was beginning to swing himself. The woman had succeeded in getting the swing to oscillate.

Kate Cranborne was about to rise; but her father seized her arm.

"Sit still, my child, and hear one word more. You *say* that you love that man, Altuna. Rise and cry out, and alarm him of his danger, if you choose—it is your duty. I give you free leave. But," he added, taking a package from his pocket and opening it before the bewildered girl, "sit still and say nothing, and I present you with these diamonds. Look at them—earrings, bracelets, breastpin, tiara and ring. They are the finest in New York—in the United States. They are worth fifty thousand dollars. No woman, be she whom she may, can rival you when you wear these. Remain motionless for three minutes longer, and I swear to Almighty God those diamonds are yours!"

She stared at him with a gasp and a fallen jaw. The diamonds glittered like the pale eyes of serpents, and fascinated her. For one minute her better nature struggled with the temptation, and then the cupidity, the remorseless selfishness of human nature conquered her. She sank back in her seat, overcome.

Inez, white, fainting, rose like a spectre from the pit of torment. She opened the bosom of her dress, and searched there, and drew forth a revolver. She aimed the weapon at the traitress Delgrado, and fired.

With a shriek, the woman reeled and fell headlong from he platform, and down among the audience.

Altuna, just in the act of taking his leap, caught himself, and shrank back in horror.

"I had intended that bullet for myself this night," said Inez, with a look of hatred and triumph upon her face, as she towered over her crouching husband; "but it has served a better mission!"

And, with a hysterical laugh, she fainted.

* * * * * * *

I have no doubt that Cranborne had bribed old Mr. Altuna as well as the woman Delgrado, else he would never have taken such deliberate and deadly measures to force circumstances, and, in fact, fate itself, to prove his wife's guilt in public and beyond all possibility of doubt. He knew his daughter's character thoroughly, and was well aware how to apply the touchstone.

After that terrible evening he left Inez, and, with his daughter, disappeared. It was said they had gone to Europe; but no one knew anything definitely, beyond the fact that neither could be found when the official inquiry took place.

Inez told her story frankly, and Altuna corroborated every word. Happily, Delgrado's injuries were very tri fling.

We have evidence every day of how unpleasant thing may be skillfully stifled and hushed up. Such was the case here. The sensation was tremendous for a few days; but something else occurred in another direction—a disastrous railway collision, if I remember rightly—and the affair at La Scala was no longer talked of.

Inez rejoined her real husband, Ignacio Altuna, and they went home to Spain. He had accumulated considerable money by his profession, and they bought a house in the country and settled there.

Now that Inez was entirely his own, and his heart at rest, his health began to mend. The physicians attributed the improvement to the absence of that strain upon his nervous system which his performances had required; but, for my part, I doubt if that had anything to do with it. The truth is, he was happy in the possession of the only woman he had ever loved, and he grew better because he wished to live for her sake.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S STORY.

"SELL him? my dog?"

The man stepped down from the prostrate tree-trunk, leaving his ax where his last vigorous stroke had buried it to the eye in the clean, solid timber, and, removing his hat, slowly wiped the perspiration from his brow and face; then, running his fingers through his short, thick hair, and regarding the two young sportsmen with a good-natured, quizzical expression, he continued:

"Well, no—not much, I think. I couldn't do it, gentlemen, even to oblige a friend. You see he belongs to the family, and it might cause hard feelings."

The quizzical manner suddenly changed to one of eager interest, as his eyes wandered to their splendid Remington breech-loaders, and he civilly asked permission to look at them, at the same time inviting the young men to take seats upon the fallen tree and rest themselves, and chat a while; the dog—a pure Newfoundland, by-the-way, a splendid fellow, as large as a yearling calf, with a broad, well-rounded forehead, and full, brown eyes of almost

human intelligence—standing by and looking on with the mien and gravity of a judge.

The backwoodsman examined the elegantly finished fowling-pieces, one after the other, giving vent to his admiration by short ejaculatory remarks the while.

"Pretty pieces—darnation pretty pieces—that's so!" he said, as he returned the last one to its owner; "and I judge they do good execution, too, by the looks of your game-bags. Ah, there ain't much game about here now. Ten years ago it was different, though then the large game was about all gone. Oh, yes, I shoot—I use a rifle, though"—this last was spoken hesitatingly, as though deprecating the implied assumption of superior skill. "I never owned a shotgun. I've got a good rifle; she ain't showy—she wouldn't look like much beside those pieces of yours—but she's true as steel.

"See here! you asked me if I would sell my dog. Now, just let me tell you a little experience of mine, that'll convince you that money can't tempt me to part with him or my rifle.

"It was a little over four years ago that it happened. We'd lived here two years, my wife and I, and had got quite a sizable clearing made, and I was cutting my first wheat crop—about two acres, and pretty grain, too. The field was some forty rods from the house, most of the way through a grove of maples I had left standing for a sugar-bush. I'd finished cutting my wheat in the forenoon, and as I was about going out after dinner to rake and bind and put it up, my wife asked me if I couldn't take the child with me for a while, he pestered her so about a piece of work she was in a hurry to get done. He was our first boy, a keen little fellow, three years old, and nothing pleased him better than to go out with me; but I didn't take him often, for fear of rattlesnakes. I hadn't seen any that Summer, and we began to think less about them. I said I'd take the boy, and Monarch—that's the dog here—could watch him. Having the child to carry, I suppose, was the reason I forgot my gun; for I almost always took it with me.

"Well, I'd been at work an hour, probably, the boy keeping close around me for a while—bothering me like the mischief, too—when he got to amusing himself by picking up straws and flowers, and one thing or another, and playing with the dog, who kept close with him, and I forgot all about him for a few minutes.

"Suddenly remembering, I looked around, and saw him sitting, or half lying rather, leaning back against a clean, smooth stump, fast asleep, his feet spread apart, and his lap full of wheat-heads and flowers, and things that he had been playing with. Monarch was lying a little way off, winking sleepily, but watching him faithfully between winks. I thought to myself I'd stop in a few minutes, and carry him to the house; so I said to Monarch, 'Take care of him, old fellow!' and turned to my work again.

"It couldn't have been five minutes, and I'd glanced that way several times, though I was working further away from them all the time, when the first I knew the dog was a-hold of my sleeve, whining and trembling, and his bristles raised, as though in the greatest terror.

"I dropped the bundle I was binding, and started toward the child, but stopped when I'd got within about two rods or so of him, almost paralyzed with horror; for there—my God! I hope I may never see such a sight again; it makes my blood curdle just to think of it now—right between his legs, almost touching his white, tender flesh, was an enormous rattlesnake, coiled and ready for his deadly spring.

"Without doubt, it was the starting up of the dog that arrested it and put it on the defensive—though why he did not discover it sooner is what I can't account for. He was young then, and hadn't had much experience, and he might have dropped asleep for a minute, and, the snake being to leeward of him, he didn't get the scent of it until it was close to the child.

"If it had been a common black snake, or any kind but a venomous one, he would have made no bones of shaking the life out of it; but all animals, as far as I know, have an instinctive fear of a rattlesnake, and probably of all poisonous reptiles.

"As for me—well, I've been in situations that were trying to a man's courage, and I flatter myself that no one who knows me would call me a coward; but there's something about a snake that chills my blood—fills me with such dread and horror as nothing else can. It is a feeling that has nothing to do with cowardice or fear. It is a magnetism—a devilish magnetism—a magnetism of horror, or something past explaining.

"My mind was a chaos. I could realize but one thing clearly, and that was the peril of my child, and my inability to rescue him without hastening the catastrophe which I would have risked my life to avert. I wrung my hands in despair, my eyes fixed, as though fascinated, upon the terrible spectacle!

"All at once, at some noise which either I or the dog made in moving, the reptile raised its head, evidently to listen. 'Oh, my gun! my gun!' I thought, and I suppose I said the words. It was the first time I had thought of it, and I fairly gnashed my teeth in rage at having left it at home. I cursed myself, and tore my hair. 'Oh!' I thought, 'with only my faithful rifle in my hands, how quickly I would make an end of the devilish thing.'

"I dared not go to the house for it, for the child might move a hand or foot at any moment; and that moment, I knew, would seal its death-warrant if I were not there to snatch him and run to the house with all my might for antidotes for the poison. Suddenly it occurred to me to send Monarch for my gun—we had taught him to carry things to and from the field—a basket, or my coat, or such like—and I turned, expecting to find him at my side. He was gone, nowhere to be seen.

"Again I fell into a frenzy of rage and despair, and cursed him as an ungrateful, cowardly brute, thus to desert me in the time of sorest need, and I vowed in my heart that I would shoot him the moment I could again lay hands upon my gun.

"Talk about moments being hours! They were years, centuries—those that followed, while I walked back and forth there, moving cautiously, from mere instinct more than design.

"I stopped at last, and said to myself: 'I *will* think! I *will* do something! There *must* be some way that I can destroy it without hurting my boy!' and then, a panting, sobbing breath, close beside me, made me turn to look, just as Monarch, the grand old fellow, sunk breathless at my feet, my rifle dropping from his jaws as he fell.

"Yes, he'd been to the house to get it, the noble fellow. My wife said he was nearly frantic till she gave it to him. He barked, and whined, and dragged her from her chair, and across the room, to where the gun hung, tearing her sleeves, and wounding her arm with his teeth in doing it. She wound a large cotton handkerchief about the lock of the gun to guard it, and to give him a better hold, and gave it to him, and then followed as fast as she could, knowing that something unusual was the matter.

"You may easily believe that I was not long in picking up that gun and tearing the handkerchief from around it. I had put in the charge that morning, but I took off the cap and put on another, to make all sure. I was

nearly wild with haste, but I did not make one false motion, and my nerves were steady as a clock. I hadn't the slightest misgiving as to the result of my shot, after I had made sure all was right about the gun. I took a position where I could shoot across the boy's legs, of course, and then laid myself at my length upon the ground, and drew the breech to my shoulder.

"Oh! the sensation of perfect rapture that I felt when my cheek pressed the cool, polished wood of the stock! Never was touch so sweet as that! I'm ashamed to tell it, and I could have pounded myself at the time for being so womanish, but the tears sprang to my eyes and blinded me, so that I was obliged to wait and dry them by my shirt-sleeves before I could distinguish the sights of the rifle. Oh, how I grudged the time thus wasted, for every moment was priceless. If the child should stir now, when a moment would save him! Again I drew the gun into position.

"'There, you devil!' I said, through my shut teeth, 'now raise your head again!' and with my foot I snapped a stick which I had in readiness for the purpose. Up went the cursed head, and the next instant I pulled trigger. Simultaneously with the report, it seemed to me, I sprang to my feet, and with three bounds I snatched my boy away from the touch of the writhing monster before he was fairly awake. I remember that much, and then I grew deathly sick, and I vow I *did* faint that time. And the next I realized I was lying on the ground, my wife bending over me, Monarch licking my hands and whining, and my boy standing by his mother, holding to her dress, looking on with big, wondering eyes. There were one or two spots of blood on his dress and limbs, spattered by the writhing serpent, but he was safe and sound, thank God!

THE WILD-CAT.

THE WILD-CAT.

THIS miniature copy of the veritable tiger is sometimes called the bay lynx. It is distinct from the domestic cat, and closely allied to the panther. The largest American species is the Canada lynx. It is about three feet long, the color gray, with darker clouds. The wild cat, or bay lynx, lives in the deepest woods, and is very ferocious. It lives upon rats, poultry and anything that falls in its way. It has a wonderful gift of sight, being able to see in the darkest nights. The ancients called very sagacious men "lynx-eyed."

HEATING AND LIGHTING AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

There is a separate building of considerable size in the grounds of the Exhibition, which is devoted to a display of the latest inventions for heating, cooking and lighting. A great variety of stoves, furnaces, heaters, fireplaces, ovens, candelabra, gas-fixtures, blowpipes, cooking apparatus, substitutes for matches, kindlers, lamps, etc., are here exhibited collectively, and in a comparatively compact form. In the matter of stoves and ranges, the French are so far behind the Americans, that it is not worth while to lose time in looking at them. They are generally so thoroughly unpractical that it strikes a foreigner with great surprise that so little progress has been made in them, notwithstanding the valuable models they have had before them at previous exhibitions. Still, it must be said in justification of the people, that they make the most of a bad job, and contrive to cook in a way that defies all competition. The culinary art in France is the triumph of man over his accidents, and is so much the more praiseworthy, considering the obstacles to be overcome.

THE PYROPHOROUS OR HYDROGEN LAMP.

The first inquiry on entering the building, is naturally directed to gas stoves, for heating as well as cooking, and a considerable number will be found on exhibition. A careful inspection shows that no great improvement has been effected in these inventions. The principle of the Bunsen burner is applied to nearly all of them, but in some instances the gas is made to pass around a coil within the flame, so as to be heated before it is ignited. This modification would appear to effect a saving of caloric and to give a much higher temperature than is afforded in the ordinary way. Some of the cast-iron supports are nickel-plated, but all of them are too ugly in form to be placed upon the table for making tea or coffee, or for keeping plates warm.

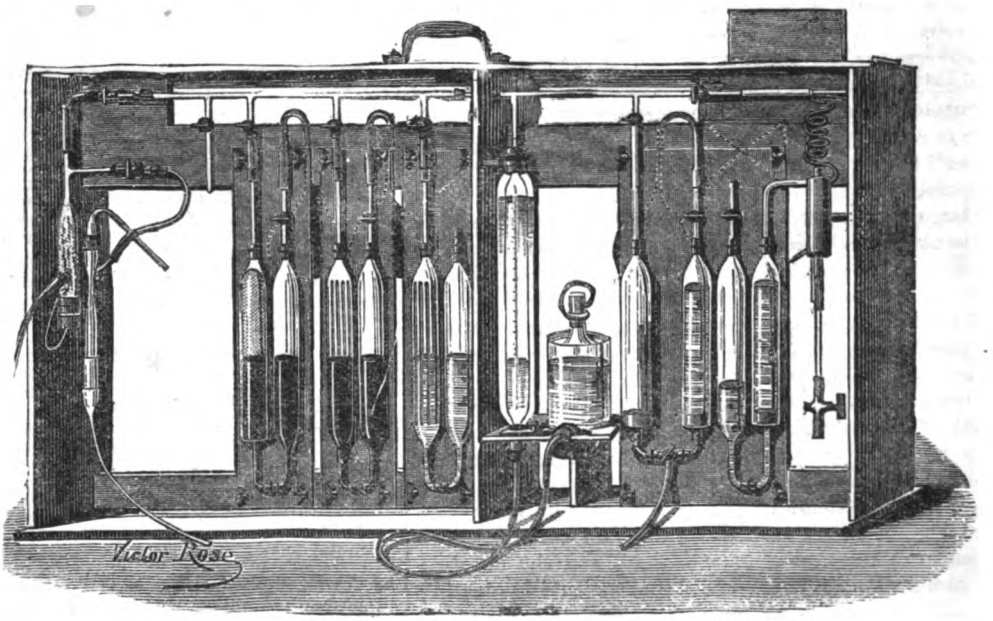
There are stoves and ranges of all sizes, in which gas is used as a fuel, and it is evident that the cleanliness, cheapness and easy handling of this source of heat is coming to be greatly appreciated. Open grates, with perforated iron logs and asbestos plugs, were shown, as usual, and there were handsome reflectors, to give the idea of cheerfulness and warmth.

The use of gas for the purpose of ventilation, much on the principle of Mr. Gouge, of New York, was strongly urged in a circular which was gratuitously distributed. A strong draught is produced in the flues distributed in the walls, and the foul air is thus drawn out of the building.

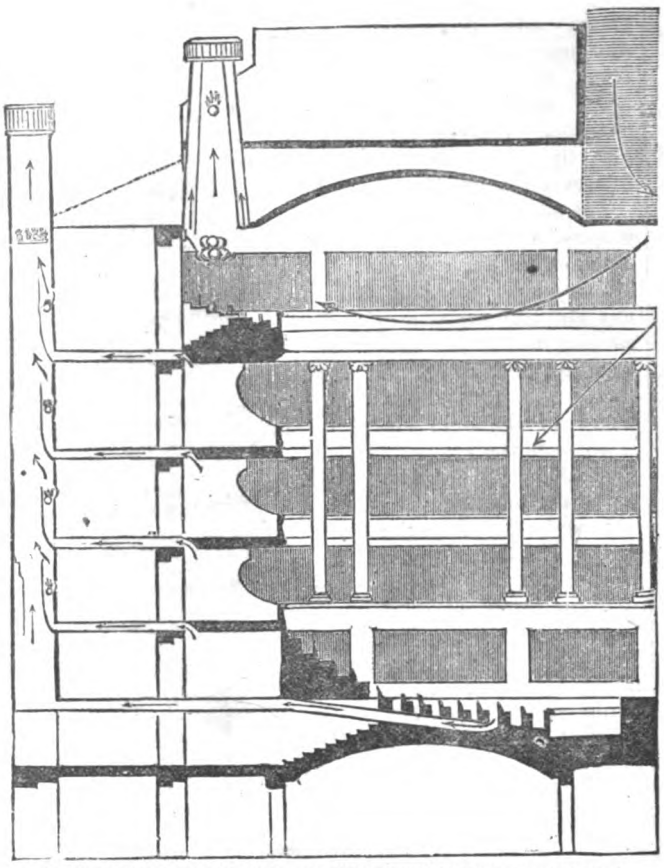
PETROLEUM LAMP EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

In order to make the system effective, it would be necessary to anticipate the introduction of ventilators when the building was being constructed. There is no doubt about the efficiency of this method if architects and builders would agree to introduce it. As none of the gas stoves for heating were in operation, it was impossible to say how far they contaminated the air of a sitting-room. If the products of combustion are removed, there can be no question about the feasibility of this plan, and this has hitherto presented the chief difficulty to be overcome. The French gas stoves offer nothing particularly new in this direction.

In order to show the merits of a gas oven, one of the exhibitors was cooking a leg of mutton, which was kept revolving by clockwork. Just below the gas-burners was a narrow horizontal opening to admit air into the oven, and at the top was a flue to carry off the products of combustion.



APPARATUS FOR THE COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF GAS, EXHIBITED IN PARIS



PLAN FOR THE VENTILATION OF THEATRES BY MEANS OF GAS JETS PLACED IN THE FLUES.

The draft of air thus admitted can be regulated so as to be sufficient for ventilation without occasioning loss of heat by carrying the warm air up the flue. It is claimed that the meat cooked in these ovens loses from twelve to twenty per cent. less than that cooked by coal fires. The juices are retained in the meat, and it is said the flavor is far preferable. Thus the saving in meat, as well as in fuel, is very large.

There were also exhibited gas blow-pipes of peculiar construction. The gas is first driven through benzole to be carbureted, and after the operation is fairly under way, atmospheric air can be gradually substituted for the gas, and the flame is found to remain constant. A small amount of benzole will serve for a considerable length of time. There is a bellows attached to the blowpipe, which furnishes all the air required. Both hands are left free for manipulation.

A large carbureter for the manufacture of home-made gas was also on exhibition. Gas-burners of various forms were shown, but none of them presented any novelty. A very instructive set of apparatus was mounted to show how gases are analyzed, and how the illuminating power is ascertained. There were also gas metres to explain how the measurement of cubic feet was registered.

In the matter of petroleum the display was very unimportant. There were no students' lamps, such as are commonly used in America, and only an inferior pattern of petroleum cooking-stove was exhibited. It is evident that the cost of this material and the fear of explosions have prevented a more general use for lighting and cooking. The comparative cheapness of rape-seed oil and the absolute freedom from danger, have enabled that ancient illuminating material to retain its supremacy, and all the lamps are constructed to burn it. The pattern of a lamp is so much a matter of fashion that even petroleum is burnt in the same shaped holders that have so long been used for the rape-seed. The consequence is that there are no good petroleum lamps on exhibition.

For the purpose of lighting fires there were matches of all kinds—also kindling made of corncobs and shavings. There were also electric lighters; and Doebereimer's philosopher's lamp was shown as usual. The electric light was not exhibited in this building, as it has a separate show of its own in another part of the grounds, and I must refer to it more at length on another occasion.

There were some very compact inventions for boiling water and doing a small amount of cooking, by aid of alcohol, which were novel and curious on account of the extremely small space they were made to occupy. As a part of a traveling equipment they would be found to be very useful.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EXPLOSIVE FORCE AND TEMPERATURE OF COMBUSTION OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.—The temperature developed by the combustion of nitro-glycerine has never been determined with certainty; but, as the combustion is more perfect than that of powder, the elevation of temperature is probably much greater, being considered by some double that of powder. One volume of gunpowder produces, at the ordinary temperature, 190 volumes of gas; in consequence of the heat disengaged, this gas occupies four times its volume, producing 760 volumes immediately after explosion. One volume of nitro-glycerine produces 1,300 volumes of gas at the ordinary temperature, and, admitting as sufficiently exact, that there is two and a half times as much heat disengaged, the gas occupies ten times its original volume— that is, 1,000 volumes. The explosive force of nitro-glycerine is, therefore, 13 times as great as that of gunpowder, and this advantage is still further augmented by the rapidity of the combustion. One explosion of nitro-glycerine has been known to accomplish as much effect as five charges of gunpowder.

A CHEAP TELEPHONE.—Prof. Bassett, in a recent lecture on the telephone, gave a receipt for making a cheap one. Take a wooden tooth-powder box, and make a hole about the size of a half-dollar in the lid and the bottom. Take a disk of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat tin, and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar-magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near—as near as possible without touching—to the disk, and then one part of the telephone is completed. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire, and with this Prof Bassett says he has been able to converse at a distance of about one hundred yards.

ANOTHER POMPEII.—Another buried city has been accidentally discovered in the neighborhood of Mount Gargano, near Manfredonia. There were found an ancient temple of Diana, a magnificent portico about sixty feet long, with an underground necropolis of great extent. A large number of important inscriptions has already been forwarded to the National Museum of Naples. The discovered city is the ancient Sipuntum, near Arpinum, mentioned by Strabo and Titus Livius. The houses are nearly twenty feet beneath the cultivated soil. The town was engulfed in consequence of a terrible earthquake. The Italian Government has ordered researches to be made on a large scale

HONORS TO M. GRAMME.—M. Gramme, the inventor of the magneto-electric machine which bears his name, has recently been decorated by President MacMahon with the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. M. Gramme, like the late M. Ruhmkorff, is of very humble origin, but by force of work, courage and perseverance, he has succeeded in making one of the most important inventions of the nineteenth century. His machine appears to be the best adapted to the electric light, to the deposition of metals, and for constant currents, of any hitherto invented. He has fully earned the honors that have been conferred upon him.

MORE AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.—The African traveler, Herr Gerhard Rohlfs, who lectured in the United States some time since, is now organizing an expedition for the investigation of the eastern part of the Great Sahara. He will be accompanied by a number of scientific men, among others, by Prof. Zittel, of Munich. Tripoli will be the headquarters of the expedition, and its first efforts will be the exploration of the mysterious oases, Wajanga and Kufara, in the south of Anjila, which have never been visited by any European travelers.

THE AROMA OF BUTTER.—Choice butter has a peculiar aroma, much liked by consumers, due to certain vegetables which grow near the sea or among the mountains. Most of the butter is deprived of this aroma, because the fodder given to the cattle does not contain the herbs, and cannot, therefore, yield the coveted perfume. Many attempts have been made to obviate this inconvenience, and with some degree of success, by adding to the butter minute quantities of hazelnut. A farmer in Silesia has introduced the following method: The precious aroma appears to be given to the butter by certain plants which the cows eat, such as the sweet trefoil, asprula, etc. As these are wanting in the pasture, the dried plants are put into a cotton bag and suspended in the empty churn. When the time comes for making butter, small bags containing the dry plants are attached to the dashers of the churn; these dashers, in beating the cream, give to it, and consequently to the butter, an aroma quite as good as the cows can obtain from the most favored pasture. This is an experiment that can be easily tried by those who can procure the dried plants.

CULTURE OF THE CINCHONA TREE IN JAMAICA.—The artificial culture of the quinine tree promises to become an important industry on the Island of Jamaica. The first plantations were begun in 1861, and, according to the London *Times*, they already cover 450 acres, comprising about 80,000 trees. About 50 acres contain 20,000 trees of an inferior quality. The remaining 400 acres are planted with a superior variety. The 60,000 good trees are in every stage of growth, from 30 feet high to young plants. The largest trees are estimated to be worth $5 a foot, and in a few years they will double in value, as the size of the bark increases. The experiment shows that the quinine tree is perfectly naturalized on the island, and that, in this way, the threatened extermination of the tree can be averted.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE TELEPHONE ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL.—One of the wires of the submarine cable was put in communication, and the question asked, "Are you ready?" Conversation was then carried on for two hours, sometimes in French and sometimes in English. A lady asked, "Do you know who I am?" The reply came, "No; but I recognize the voice of a woman." One of the gentlemen, after having made a facetious remark, on putting the instrument to his ear, distinctly heard the laughter of the company on the other side of the Channel. While the experiments were going on, dispatches were being sent through the remaining wires of the cable from London to Paris, according to the Morse system. These were easily heard and understood by the experts.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A GOOD TWO-FOOT RULE.—Keep your feet dry.

CROSS-EYED men need not necessarily be angry.

A DENTIST'S SIGN.—*Drawing*, music and dancing.

TO GUARD AGAINST FITS.—Buy ready-made clothes.

THE most notorious girl of the period is now known as Em. Bezzle.

PEOPLE who are particular, and want something that will answer, should try an echo.

A PECULIARITY of the carpenter is that he may be both a plain-dealer and a deal plainer.

ANY young man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister may do.

THE hard times do not affect the circus performer. He is so accustomed to standing on his head that he does not mind reverses.

PUT CON.-WISE.—What tells one not to hit a man when he is down?—Honor. And what warns one not to hit him when he isn't down?—Discretion.

MUST BE THE HOME OF SAVAGES!—A person lately advertised for a servant, and concluded with this announcement: "No boots, no knives, no windows."

AN Albany lawyer who wanted a postponement, appealed to the judge to "let the broadax of Justice be swung by the hand of Mercy." It was swung.

"AH, Augustus, how soothing is nature! See how beautiful those birds look upon the wing!" "Yes—just so, Angelina. But, excuse me, I—I think the wings are on the birds!"

COMPREHENSIVE.—A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

A MEMBER of a Congressional investigating committee recently said: "It's no use trying to get at the truth with regard to a political quarrel, for the witnesses on both sides would rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

THIS SHOULD BE INQUIRED INTO.—The proprietor of a noted restaurant in Boston has added a dish to his bill of fare which is, judging from his advertisement, decidedly suggestive of cannibalism. After calling attention to his choice wines, cigars and oysters, the advertisement announces, "Families and parties supplied, either in shell, per gallon, or cooked to order."

LITERARY CHARACTERS.—Written recommendations.

WHAT is usually the most striking thing in a room where that striking thing is? A clock.

THE whale-oil business is now a great industry, but Jonah is the first man that ever went into it.

"HERE is your writ of attachment" said a town clerk, as he handed a lover a marriage license.

"WHY don't yer say yer grace, Charlie?" *Charlie:* "Why, 'cos I don't like the looks o' them there taters."

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes," added Smidkins; "I have been straightened by circumstances."

"I'M ashamed of the age in which we live!" said a maiden of about thirty-eight. "You may be ashamed of yours, but I'm not of mine," replied a nineteen-year-old companion. And it wasn't much of a nose that went up, either.

"MA," said a little urchin, peeping beneath the bedclothes, "I am cold; I want more clothes on the bed." "Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "till your sister comes home from church; she's got the counterpane for an adjustment!"

WHEN you see a woman balancing herself on one foot, kicking the other wildly out behind her, and skillfully swooping up in her hand a fantail train, don't be alarmed; she isn't going to have a fit—she is about to cross a twelve-inch gutter.

SAID a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, trying to meet, made me the bankrupt that I am."

AS THE dew falls noiselessly upon the just and unjust; as the present passes silently into the past; and as the perfume of a kindly act rises heavenward unseen; so the servant girl slips out the back way of nights, with a little tea and sugar for her nearest of kin!

"REALLY," said Brown, as he woke in the morning after a serene night, "I don't think there's anything to equal a feather-bed!" "Ain't there?" replied the still, small voice of Jones, who was already up, and thinking about breakfast; "how about a bed of oysters?"

THE VOICE OF A "GOD."—An indifferent actor was playing in "Othello" at the Dunedin Theatre. When he came to the passage, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stentorian voice roared from the gallery, "All right, old man, drink away; you're safe!"

THE cobbler's last words: "I feel that I *wax* weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my *end;* a few more *stitches*, and all will be over; and I shall go where there is rest for the weary *sole*, and every sorrow will be *healed*." Having said *awl* he wished, he calmly breathed his *last*.

MANY years since, a negro having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a slight shower of rain, and to manifest considerable alarm to prevent it from getting wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus having his head exposed, he wittingly observed, "Hat belong to me, head belong to massa."

ABOUT AN EXACT MAN.—A short time back there was on the direction of one of the life assurance offices an exact man, who required a voucher for everything. On one occasion a penny had been paid for cat's meat, for which he required a voucher of the manager. The latter at once complied by bringing him the skewer upon which the meat came, to the annoyance of the exact man, but to the great amusement of the other directors.

MANY mothers are either compelled to stay away from church and theatre, or take their babies with them. A poor woman took her little one in her arms to hear a famous preacher. The loud voice from the platform awoke the child and made it cry, and its mother got up and was leaving the hall, when the minister stopped her by saying, "My good woman, don't go away; the bady doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that, sir, I leave," she replied; "it's because you disturb the baby!"

UNIQUENESS of expression is a great art. To say a great deal in a few words is something not easily learned. Here is an example, however, of putting an obituary notice in the shortest possible space:

"'Twas a cough
That carried him off;
'Twas a coffin
They carried him off in."

BEFORE competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honorable ——. He was telling Lord Guildamore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court. "I say to the fellows that are bothering with foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath, for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out at the other." "No great wonder at that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it!"

A CANADIAN TRAPPER.

1401369

AP
2
.A4
v.6

The American magazine

Ap 7'43M Bindery

1401369

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
74 887 760